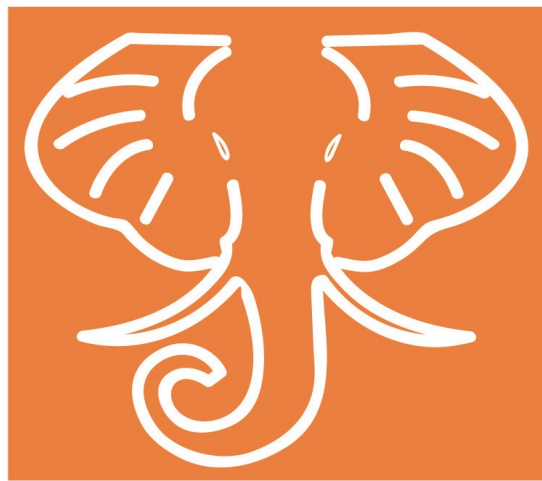


Harper's magazine.

New York, etc. : Harper & Brothers, 1850-

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HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XLIX.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1874.

NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

327 to 335 PEARL STREET,

FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1874.

15597

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112

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XLIX.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1874.

AFRICA (<i>Illustrated</i>).—See "Naturalist in the Heart of Africa".....	Helen S. Conant	16
ALLEGRETTO.....	Ellis Gray	411
AMONG THE WATER-FOWL OF THE WEST (<i>Illustrated</i>)....	Martin A. Howell, Jun.	790
ANCHORS, THE TWO (<i>with One Illustration</i>).....	R. H. Stoddard	662
ARMY ORGANIZATION.—II., III.....	General George B. M'Clellan	101, 401
ART AND ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND, DECORATIVE.....	M. D. Conway	617, 777
ASTRONOMER, SOME TALKS OF AN.....	Professor Simon Newcomb	693, 825

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Constellation of Ursa Major.....	693	The Earth, seen from the Sun.....	823
Imaginary Celestial Sphere.....	694	Circumference of the Solar Globe compared	
Paths of Sun and Moon among the Stars.....	696, 697	to the Orbit of the Moon.....	829
Pendulum Experiment.....	699	Jupiter, as seen by the great Washington	
Galileo.....	703	Telescope.....	830
Huyghenian Telescope.....	703	The Solar Spectrum.....	831
Achromatic Object-Glass.....	704	Spectra of various Bodies.....	832
Lassell's great Reflector.....	704	A Sun Spot.....	832
Horizontal Section of a Newtonian Telescope.....	705	The eclipsed Sun, August, 1869.....	833
Herschellian Telescope.....	705	Orbit of Halley's Comet, showing its Place	
Spider Web in Field of View of a Meridian		in 1874.....	834
Circle.....	707	Donati's Comet of 1868.....	835
Comparative Size of Moon and Earth.....	836	Coggia's Comet, July, 1874.....	836
Explanation of Parallax.....	836	Great Nebular Groups.....	839
Relative proportions of the Sun and Planets.....	837		

AUNT JULIE.....	Translated from the German by C. C. Shackford	707
BAHAMAS, THE.....	S. G. W. Benjamin	761

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Hopetown Harbor, Abaco.....	761	The Hermitage, at Nassau.....	766
Government House.....	762	Public Library, Nassau.....	767
Old Gunnybags.....	763	Royal Victoria Hotel.....	768
Sponge Yard.....	764	Silk-Cotton-Tree, Nassau.....	769
Entrance to Port Nassau.....	764	Street in Nassau.....	770
Blackbeard, the Pirate.....	765	Harbor Island.....	771
Fort Fincastle, Nassau.....	765	Glass Windows.....	772

BEN SADI'S QUEST.....	S. S. Conant	334
BURIAL (<i>Illustrated</i>).—See "The Silent Majority".....	Junius Henri Browne	468
CANZONE.....	Alfred H. Louis	400
CENTURY, THE FIRST, OF THE REPUBLIC.—I. COLONIAL PROGRESS.....		861
DARÀNO, EMILIA, TRAGIC STORY OF.....	R. H. Horne	841
DECORATIVE ART AND ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.....	M. D. Conway	617, 777

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Assize Court, Manchester.....	619	Spandrel Picture.....	631
Minton Tile.....	620	Owen Jones.....	778
Kidderminster Carpet.....	621	Ebony Serving Table.....	782
Minton Tiles for Mantel.....	622	Top of Serving Table.....	783
Albert Memorial. Six Illustrations, repre-		Pot designed by Miss Lévin.....	784
senting "Europe," Painters, Poets, and			
Musicians.....	623-623		

DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN (<i>with Portrait</i>).....	James Grant Wilson	65
DUETS.....	Constance Fenimore Woolson	579
EDITORIAL, MY WIFE'S.....		280

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

DRAWER FOR JUNE.....	147	DRAWER FOR SEPTEMBER.....	603
DRAWER FOR JULY.....	299	DRAWER FOR OCTOBER.....	756
DRAWER FOR AUGUST.....	452	DRAWER FOR NOVEMBER.....	899

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

CHAIR FOR JUNE.....	123	CHAIR FOR SEPTEMBER.....	585
CHAIR FOR JULY.....	282	CHAIR FOR OCTOBER.....	739
CHAIR FOR AUGUST.....	436	CHAIR FOR NOVEMBER.....	879

EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD—Continued.

Anthropology, 750. General Di Cesnola's Explorations, 750. Zoology, 751. Microscopical Science, 752. Fish-Culture, 752. Agriculture, 753. Engineering, 754. Mining, 754. Mechanic Arts, 754. Obituaries, 754. Solar Physics, 889. Transit of Venus Expedition, 889. Physics of the Globe, 890. Meteorology, 890. Molecular Sciences, Optics, Acoustics, Electricity, 890. Microscopical Science, 891. Caries in Teeth, 891. Zoology, 892. Agricultural Science, 892. Report of the Connecticut Board, 892. Engineering, 893. Rocky Mountain Coal-Field Statistics, 894. Seven Astronomers Royal, 894. American Squirrels, 894. Atmosphere of Jupiter, 897. Theory of Errors of Observation, 897.

EMIGRANT'S STORY, THE.....J. T. Trowbridge 609

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-Piece	609	"Blackness ahead"	613
"Thought there was nothing but Fun in a Journey"	610	"Tearing his Shirt into Strips"	614
"After Supper the Little Ones said their Prayers"	611	"And there, as I live, was the Baby"	615
		"Stretched up his Neck, and crowed"	616
		"Baby worth saving, you think?"	616

ENGLISH LAND AND ENGLISH PEASANTSGeorge M. Towle 430

FALSEHOOD IN THE DAILY PRESS.....James Parton 269

FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC, THE.—I. COLONIAL PROGRESS..... 861

FISH COMMISSION, THE UNITED STATES, WORK OF.—See "Net Result"..... 213

GALILEO AND THE PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.....Eugene Lawrence 417

GLIMPSE OF "SEVENTY-SIX," A.....Charles D. Deshler 230

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Female Costume of '76	230	Spinning-Wheels and Reels	240
Washington's Head-Quarters, Newburgh	231	Household Goods	242
Juvenile Patriots of '76	232	Punch Goblet	243
Musket, Sword, Cutlass, etc.	234	Parlor Chair of Mahogany	244
Old Fire-Place	235	Bible and Iron Specs	244

GOLDEN CITY, THE.....Henry Eckford 729

GREEN MOUNTAINS, SPURS OF THE (Illustrated).—See "On the Boundary Line" 335

HIDE-AND-GO-SEEK.....Elizabeth Stuart Phelps 568

HUNTSMEN OF THE SEA..... 650

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"A Nimrod of the Sea"	650	"Cutting in"	656
"There she blows!"	651	Carcass adrift	657
Struck on a Breach	653	Bailing the "Case"	658
In the Whale's Jaws	655	"Trying out"	659

IN THE ABBESS'S PARLOR.....Frank Lee Benedict 549

ISLES OF SHOALS, THE.....John W. Chadwick 663

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Whale's-back Light	663	Captain John Smith's Monument, Star Isl- and	671
Duck Island, from Appledore	664	Londoner, from Star Island	672
Laighton's Grave	665	Covered Walk and Light-House	673
White Island Light	666	Cliffs, White Island	674
Shag and Mingo Rocks	667	Haley Dock and Homestead	675
Southeast End of Appledore	668	Smutty-Nose	675
Old Church, Star Island	669	Ledge of Rocks, Smutty-Nose	676
Gorge, Star Island	670		

JEWS AND THEIR PERSECUTORS, THE.....Eugene Lawrence 79

JOHN AND I.....Ella Rodman Church 267

KEY OF THE FAMILY CLOCK, THE.....By the Author of "Joseph the Jew" 394

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG (Illustrated).—See "On the Boundary Line"..... 335

LEFT ASHORE.....Harriet Prescott Spofford 153

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"And three little happy Faces sped"	153	"Yet still in my Window, Night by Night, the little Candle is burning bright".....	155
"And though every Pool where the full Tides toss"	154		

LIVING LINK, THE.....Professor James De Mille 49, 202, 351

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"He saw her Head fall"	49	"There was the Hiss of something Scorch- ing"	352
"He looked at her with Astonishment"	55	"The fierce Beast, with a sharp Howl"	309
"She was dragged along helplessly"	63	"Upon an Iron Bed was seated a strange Figure"	371
"Their Hands touched"	202		
"Well, really—yes, this is it"	208		
Head-Piece	351		

MACARIUS'S LESSON.....Rose Terry Cooke 127

MARBLEHEAD.....John W. Chadwick 181

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-Piece	181	"There on the highest Point is a simple Mon- ument"	192
"The Churn"	182	"When I was with Snow"	193
Elbridge Gerry	183	"Sitting, stitching in a mournful Muse"	194
Gregory Street	184	Unloading Fish	196
Homes of the Sea Kings	185	Drying Fish, Little Harbor	197
Lee Street	186	The Town-House	198
Ireson's House, Oakum Bay	188	Great Head	199
The Powder-House, 1755	189	Gerrymander	200
"Old North" Church	190	General Glover	200
Tucker's Wharf—the Steps	191		

Prof. Seaving-Murray - 1924-63

MEXICO.—See "Our Nearest Neighbor"..... 1, 168, 323

15597

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Pyramid of Cholula.....	1	Tree of Triste Noche.....	173
Governor's Palace, Vera Cruz.....	2	Canal near the City of Mexico.....	178
Vera Cruz.....	3	The Market-Place, City of Mexico.....	174
Fountain at Vera Cruz.....	5	Palace of Mexico.....	175
Mexican Flower Girl.....	6	Interior of a modern Mexican House.....	176
Old Bridge of Atoyac.....	7	Water-Carrier.....	176
A Peon's House.....	8	Aztec Calendar Stone.....	177
Orange Groves, Cordova.....	8	First Protestant Church.....	178
View of Orizaba.....	9	Soldiers' Monument in the American Ceme- tery.....	178
River at Orizaba.....	10	Inquisition of San Domingo, City of Mexico.....	179
Great Bridge of Mathata.....	11	Prisoners of the Inquisition.....	179
Ruins of Covered Way to the Inquisition, Puebla.....	12	Church built by Cortez.....	324
Street in Puebla.....	12	Mexican Saw-Mill.....	325
Cathedral of Puebla.....	13	Mexican Beggar.....	326
A Mexican General.....	13	Aqueduct of Queretaro.....	327
View from the Pyramid of Cholula.....	14	Mexican Muleteer.....	328
Magney Plant.....	15	Church of San Diego, Guanajuato.....	329
Floating Gardens of Mexico.....	168	The Virgin at San Luis Potosi.....	330
Chapultepec.....	169	Joseph and the Babe at San Luis Potosi.....	331
The Lottery Ticket.....	169	The Organ Cactus.....	333
Tree of Montezuma, Chapultepec.....	170	Cactus, and Woman kneading Tortillas.....	333
Baths of Montezuma.....	170	Saddle Mountain, Monterey.....	333
San Cosme Aqueduct, City of Mexico.....	171	Bishop's Palace, Monterey.....	334

MILDRED IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.....*Kate Hillard* 92
MOUNTAINS, THE.—IX......*Porte Crayon* 156

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The High Ways.....	156	Jollification.....	163
The Buy Ways.....	158	Patent Balance.....	164
Rowzey.....	159	Potato Row.....	165
Disagreement.....	160	Abundance.....	166
Scrapin's.....	161	"Well, darn my Stockings!".....	167
Mammy.....	163	Roses.....	167
Daddy.....	163		

MY BOOKS.....*John G. Saxe* 739
MY MOTHER AND I.....*Dinah Mulock Craik* 118, 246

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-Piece.....	118	Head-Piece.....	246
"For all that, she ought to go".....	123	"Cousin Conrad put his Hand a Moment lightly on my Shoulder".....	248
"He drew my Arm through his".....	125		

MY SLAIN.....*Richard Realf* 180
MY WIFE'S EDITORIAL..... 280
NATURALIST IN THE HEART OF AFRICA, A.—(Second Paper). *Helen S. Conant* 16

ILLUSTRATIONS.

King Munza.....	16	Monbuttoo Water Jars.....	21
Life in Camp.....	17	Akka Pygmy.....	22
Niam-niam Head-Dress.....	18	Crossing the River Tondy.....	24
Niam-niam Clay Pipes.....	18	Slave Woman and Boy.....	26
Niam-niam Troubadour.....	19		

NEGRO SCHOOLS, OUR.....*Porte Crayon* 457

ILLUSTRATIONS.

School's Out—Hurrah!.....	457	The Negro Preacher.....	463
Poor Little Foal.....	457	The Nurse.....	464
Charley.....	458	More Zeal than Discretion.....	464
Don't go to School.....	459	The Cook.....	465
The Great Scholar.....	459	Give it up.....	466
A Collegian.....	460	P's and Q's.....	466
Private Tutor.....	461	Rivalry.....	466
Mathematics.....	461	Hustle Cap.....	467
Clerical.....	463	Biddy.....	467

NET RESULT, THE.....*W. C. Wyckoff* 213

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-Quarters of the Fish Commission.....	213	The Check-Stop.....	223
The Laboratory.....	214	The Trawl.....	223
The Blue-Fish.....	216	The Goose-Fish.....	224
The Porgy.....	216	The Torpedo.....	224
The Sea-Orange.....	217	The Sun-Fish.....	225
The Sea-Cucumber.....	217	Anchors and Skin-Plates of a Holothurian.....	225
The Sea-Horse.....	218	A fixed Jelly-Fish.....	226
The Sea-Potato.....	218	A Worm with Cirri extended.....	226
Hermit-Crab ensconced in Polyps.....	219	A Worm with Cirri retracted.....	227
A Wreath-bearing Worm.....	219	A Worm of three Genders.....	227
New Devil-Fish.....	220	A Parasite.....	227
The Dredge.....	220	Zoëa of Rock-Crab.....	228
The Follage-bearing Mollusk.....	221	Megalops of Rock-Crab.....	228
A very long Polyp.....	221	Very young Lobster.....	229

NEWPORT (Illustrated).—See "Queen of Aquidneck"..... 305
NEW SOUTH, THE.—III......*Edwin De Leon* 555
NYMPHIDIA: THE COURT OF FAIRY (with Ten Illustrations).....*Michael Drayton* 39

OBSERVATORIES IN THE UNITED STATES.—IL *Professor J. E. Nourse* 518

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Cambridge Observatory	519	Spectroscope at Dartmouth	524
Cambridge Equatorial	520	Ground-Plan of Dartmouth Observatory	525
Ground-Plan of Cambridge University	521	Dudley Observatory	526
Cambridge Meridian Circle	522	Observatory at Hamilton College	527
Cambridge Star Spectroscope	523	University of Michigan	528
Cambridge Spectroscope	523	Observatory of Michigan University	529
Dartmouth College Observatory	524	Observatory of Sheffield Scientific School	530

OLD TOWN BY THE SEA, AN *T. B. Aldrich* 632

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Arms of New Hampshire	632	Baptist Church, State Street	641
Portsmouth, New Hampshire	633	First Printing-Office	642
Map of Portsmouth and the Isles of Shoals	634	Governor Langdon's Mansion	642
Navy-Yard, Kittery, Maine	635	The Warner House	643
Liberty Bridge, Water Street	637	Hall of the Warner House	644
Point of Graves	637	Side and Rear of the Stavers House	645
Bow Street	638	Wentworth House, Little Harbor	646
Market Street	638	Governor Benning Wentworth	647
Old Tower, Newcastle	639	A Bit in the Wentworth House	648
Pepperell House, Kittery Point	639	Lady Hancock's Portrait	649
Old North Church	640	Sir Thomas Wentworth's Portrait	649
St. John's Church	640		

ONE OF MANY *Harriet Prescott Spofford* 256ON THE BOUNDARY LINE *F. G. Mather* 335

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Boundary Line	335	Gibraltar Point	344
Map	336	"Model Farm House"	345
French Canadian House	337	Elephant Mountain	345
French Canadian Cart	337	Sailing with the Wind Bags	346
A Habitant	337	Mount Orford, Magog River	346
United States Consul's Office	339	Allan's Point, Molson's Island, and Owl's Head	347
English Church, Frelighsburg	340	An Overturn	347
Interior of English Church	340	Captain Wright	348
Missisquoi Valley and Pass	341	Blue Point, Mount Orford, and Allan's Point	348
Sol Green	341	Farrant's Point, Bear Mountain, and Owl's Head	349
Map of Lake Memphremagog	342		
"The Ripple"	343		
"Tuck's"	343		

OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOR *Rev. Gilbert Haven, D.D.* 1, 168, 323PEARL OF THE PHILIPPINES, THE *R. H. Stoddard* 321

ILLUSTRATION.—"For there the Infant Jesus stands, and holds my Pearl up in his Hands!"

PERFUMERY, THE ART OF *John H. Snively* 570

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Rimmel's Garden and Factory at Nice	570	Ylang-Ylang	575
Frankincense	571	Patchouly	576
The Still	572	Sandal-Wood	576
Pomade Frame	572	Almond	576
Jasmine	574	The Musk-Deer	577
Cassia	574	Musk-Pod	578
Tuberose	575	Musk-Deer Hunting	579

PERSEPHONE *Commander William Gibson, U.S.N.* 203

ILLUSTRATION.—"Calling on her great Mother and the Gods."

PLAINS, THE—A PROPHECY *Joaquin Miller* 879POND LILIES *Margaret E. Sangster* 715PORTSMOUTH (Illustrated).—See "Old Town by the Sea" *T. B. Aldrich* 632PRISONER, THE *Zadel Barnes Buddington* 26

ILLUSTRATION.—"Before his Soul, as in a Glass, a Train of gentle Phantoms pass," 27.

PURITAN BLOSSOM, THE (with One Illustration) *Nelly M. Hutchinson* 532QUEEN OF AQUIDNECK, THE *Junius Henri Browne* 305

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Newport, from Fort Adams	305	The Beach	312
George Fox	306	The State-House	312
Jews' Synagogue	306	The Old Mill	313
The Redwood Library	307	The Perry Monument	314
Judah Touro	307	The Drive	314
Abraham Redwood	308	Graves on the Bluff	315
Friends' Meeting-House	308	The Glen	316
Governor Coddington's Residence	309	The Cliffs	317
Old-time Houses	309	Cliff Walk	318
Coast Scene	310	The Dampings	319
Charlotte Cushman's Residence	311	Boat Landing	319
A Newport Cottage	311	Washington Park	320

RAILROAD, THE AMERICAN *Lyman Abbott* 375

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Engineer	375	Taking a Level	380
George Stephenson	376	Starucca Viaduct	381
The No. 1 Engine at Darlington	376	The Conductor	383
The "Rocket"	377	The Brakeman	383
Locomotive of To-Day	377	The Signal-Man	384
The Cab of the Engine at Night	378	Watering-Place	384
Portage Bridge	379		

RAPE OF THE GAMP.....*C. Welsh Mason* 502, 677, 800

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The rowing Lesson.....	508	"Would you like me to withdraw from the	
"His Serene Highness".....	508	Acquaintance of your Family?".....	806
"Here he would sit and gaze".....	677	"Oh! Ah! By-the-way, shall you look par-	
"She turned to look after him".....	686	ticularly nice to-night, Janet?".....	808

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STAGER.....*T. N. Parmelee* 111

REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE, THE.....*Emilio Castelar* 716, 814

RHINE FROM THE ODENWALD, THE.....*Joseph Cook* 569

ROSES OF FLORENCE.....*C. A. Merighi* 486

ILLUSTRATION.—"Lofty Vaudini turned him in dying."

SALMON SPAWN IN MAINE, COLLECTING..... 29

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fish Weir at Bucksport Narrows.....	29	Taking the Spawn.....	35
Unloading the Salmon Boat.....	31	The Hatching House.....	36
Turning Salmon into the Pond.....	32	Interior of the Hatching House.....	37
Pond, Spawning Shed, and Sluice.....	33	Ova and Parr.....	38
Male and Female Salmon.....	34		

"SEVENTY-SIX," A GLIMPSE OF (*Illustrated*).....*Charles D. Deshler* 230

SIBYLLA CUMANA.....*Commander William Gibson, U.S.N.* 773

ILLUSTRATION.—"He drew me to him one immortal Moment."

SILENT MAJORITY, THE.....*Junius Henri Browne* 468

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Head-Piece.....	468	Plan of Avebury Circle and Kennett Av-	
Egyptian Mummy.....	469	enue, England.....	476
Peruvian Mummies.....	469	The Standing-Stones of Stennis.....	477
Peruvian Sepulchral Tower.....	470	Lead Coffin, Colchester, England.....	477
Interior of Egyptian Tomb.....	470	Dolmen of San Miguel, Spain.....	478
Cinerary Urn, King's Newton, England.....	471	Interior of Dolmen at Antequera.....	478
Inverted Urn, near Wardlow, England.....	471	Senbya Pagoda, Burmah.....	479
Tumuli, Five Brothers, in the Crimea.....	472	Indian Burial Tree.....	480
Tumulus of Alyattes.....	473	Parsee Burial-Ground.....	481
Chamber of Galeassi's Tomb at Cere.....	473	Chinamen bearing a Coffin.....	482
The Cucumella, Vulci.....	473	Interior of Corridor, Catacombs of Rome.....	483
Iron Pillar at Kutub.....	474	Bones in the Ossuary, Battle-Field of Sol-	
Dolmen, Castle Wellan, Ireland.....	475	ferino.....	484
Interment, Hitter Hill, England.....	475	Interior of ancient Tomb in the Crimea.....	485
Stonehenge Restored.....	476	Tomb of Charlotte Canda, Greenwood.....	485

SOME TALKS OF AN ASTRONOMER (*Illustrated*).....*Professor Simon Newcomb* 693, 825

SONG OF THE FLAIL.....*J. T. Trowbridge* 501

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"As he swings the sounding Flail".....	501	"Past and Future whisper".....	502
----------------------------------------	-----	--------------------------------	-----

SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.....*William H. Rideing* 488

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Scene in Banks Island.....	488	King Thakumbau and Son.....	495
Pingasa, or Massacre Bay.....	489	Native House, Vate.....	496
Map.....	490	Hat Island, Havannah Harbor.....	497
Native Teacher, Upolu.....	491	Tinakoro.....	498
Stone Monument, Tongatabu.....	493	Mota, or Sugar-loaf Island.....	498
Queen of Tonga.....	492	Two Tree Island.....	499
King George of Tonga.....	493	Ass's Ears, Florida Island.....	499
King George's House.....	493	Port de France.....	500
Pools at the Water-Fall of Waltoba.....	494	Sea-going War Canoe.....	500
Levuka.....	494		

SOUTH, THE NEW.—III.....*Edwin De Leon* 555

SPANISH SONG.....*Helen S. Conant* 531

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE.....*R. H. Stoddard* 533

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait.....	533	Thackeray's Study.....	536
House at Kensington.....	534	Fac-Simile of Thackeray's Handwriting.....	537

"TINA".....*Mrs. Fannie H. Burnett* 72

TOO LATE.....*Alfred H. Louis* 15

TRAGIC STORY OF EMILIA DARÀNO.....*R. H. Horne* 841

TROUT-FISHING (*with One Illustration*).....*Will Wallace Harney* 350

TWO ANCHORS, THE (*with One Illustration*).....*R. H. Stoddard* 662

VENUS.....*Mrs. Frank M'Carthy* 724

WATER-FOWL OF THE WEST, AMONG THE.....*Martin A. Howell, Jun.* 790

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Mallard.....	790	The Draw—Birds swinging round.....	795
The Teal.....	791	Twenty-eight at one Shot.....	796
Goose-hunting on the open Prairie.....	792	The Goose Pond.....	797
Wild Geese in a Corn Field.....	793	An Old Curmudgeon.....	798
A Chicago Club making it hot for Ducks on		The Draw—Ducks settling to Decoys.....	798
the Calumet.....	794	Duck-shooting in a Prairie Slough.....	799

WHALING.—See "Huntsmen of the Sea"..... 650

WOODED BY AN ATTACHE.....*By the Author of "A Sack of Gold"* 819

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCLXXXIX.—JUNE, 1874.—VOL. XLIX.

OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOR.

[First Paper.]



PYRAMID OF CHOLULA.

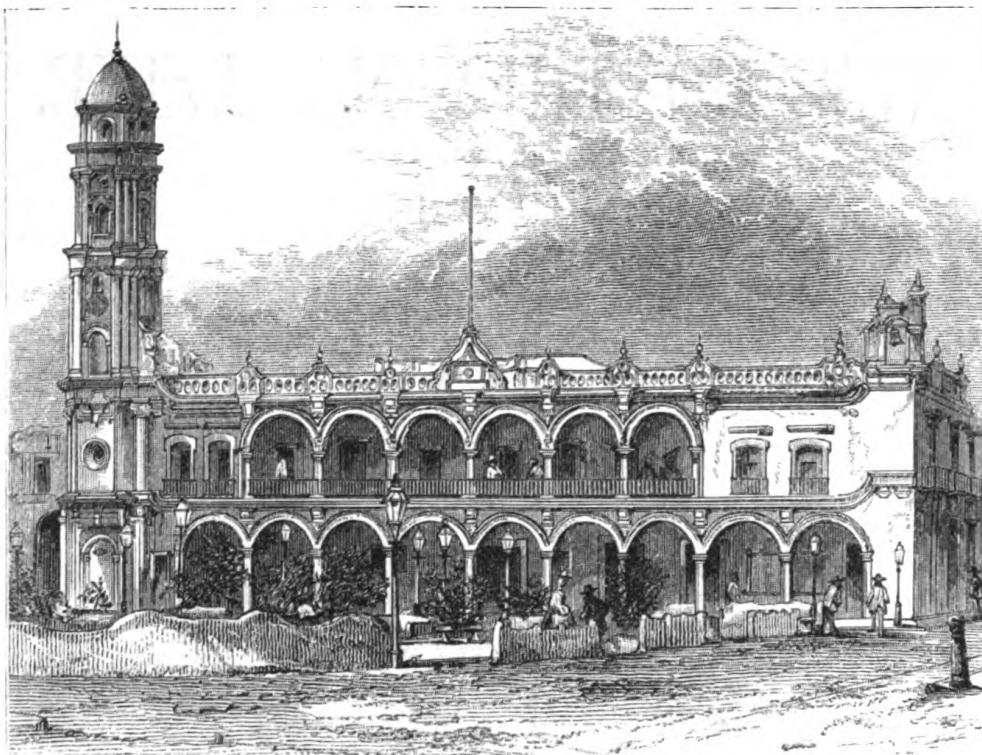
THE nearest things are often the farthest off, and the farthest off the nearest. This is true of places as well as of peoples. We know more of Bismarck than of our next-block neighbor, of Paris than of many an American town. This law is verified in our knowledge, or ignorance rather, of our nearest national neighbor, Mexico. Few books are written, less are read, upon this most novel and interesting land on our continent, and one of the most attractive on any continent. Prescott's *Conquest* is esteemed a sort of historical romance, the very charm of his style adding to the unreality of his theme. And if it be reckoned strict history, it is still history; not a living, breathing power, as is England or Italy, Germany or Russia, but a vivid fact of three centuries

and over ago, a mediæval story of marvels and mystery. In fact, Prescott's "*Conquest*" has made that of its subject, Cortez, to fade. And one is half tempted to believe that the real conquistador was not the strong-brained, strong-limbed, strong-souled Spaniard, but the half-blind and wholly meditative Bostonian. The Achilles and his Homer are worthy of their several fame. Yet the land on which, or out of which, each won his chief glory is still superior to them both. A run along some of its chief paths of interest may make this fact patent to other eyes.

The approach to Mexico is on the same path to-day that Cortez opened. He made its port, and all people have accepted his decision as final. Attempts have been made to erect other coast towns into the chief

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VOL. XLIX.—No. 289.—1



GOVERNOR'S PALACE OF VERA CRUZ.

ports of entry, but so far have utterly failed. The City of the True Cross, built on the hot sands by this adventurer, is the commercial capital still. If all the centre of the country is largely Mexican, the city of Cortez is Spanish to this day. Not in population, for the Indian excels in numbers here as every where in the country, but in influence and character it is a child of Spain.

Look at it as you draw in sight of the wished-for land, especially if a norther has been tossing you on those green, blue, black, and yellow waves, the strata of earth or of herbage under the sea giving its coloring to the waves rolling above them. There rises the grandest of peaks that ever saluted a coming or going traveler. Sixty miles at sea, the mighty cone of Orizaba lifts its white pyramid, glowing like a cloud smitten by the sun, yet fixed and solid in its substance, and light as no cloud can ever be. Though it is eighty miles back of the shore, it seems almost to stand out to sea, so vast are its proportions. Nowhere else can a cone of snow be seen so clear and so near from the ocean level. You can measure from this watery plain the whole enormous height. Over seventeen thousand feet it stands forth in one unbroken eye-glance. It looks as broad as half the western horizon. All that broken group of brown and green mountains forms its base, but from their centre, as if gathering all their voluminous folds into one, it rises fourteen thousand feet,

sheer and unbroken, without a mountain companion. From the sea the effect is felt of the whole four miles of height. You measure from that green below you to that white above, and take in the whole impression at once.

But Orizaba can not keep us from nearer and more human views. A little island lies a mile or two from the shore. A bank runs half-way out to the island. Only a small channel separates the two, which could be easily connected by a breakwater, if wisdom, will, and wealth could unite in the enterprise. The island is the famed fortress of Ulloa, not so named from the ululations of its occupants, although they have suffered successive defeat from every attacking foe.

Behind it, and between it and that spit of land, is the harbor, what there is of it, of Vera Cruz. And not much of a harbor is it. The northers drive their seas clean over the solitary mole, and the few craft that lie near hasten to up anchor if possible, and get into the outer and safer sea. If such a sea happens to be on, there is no communication between vessel and shore, not even between the fort and the main-land. Passengers have been kept a week in a steamer, unable to land, and friends visiting the ship, or passengers the shore, have failed for days to make their desired connections with the mole or vessel. Our luck is better, as we arrive on the dying edge of a storm, and soon find ourselves in an officer's boat, un-

YERBA CRUZ.



der white awnings, rowing to the mole. At the head of this solitary wharf an open plaza, without shade of any sort, welcomes us, famous chiefly as the spot where Santa Anna lost his leg in some gunnery practice against a home or foreign foe. That lost leg helped him on to fame and power as completely as the famous cork leg pushed forward its fortunate (for a time) possessor. Hosea Biglow's wooden leg of Bird o' Freedom Sawin was an equally fortunate limb of Fortunatus.

A short street, clean and white, as all the streets are here, brings us to the little central plaza, and its tiny park of perpetual verdure. The Australian gum-tree, the magnolia, the Chinese laurel, broad-leaved cacti, and lilies of many sorts, cool the fervid air by their dark and glossy greens. Even the flaming flower of the oleander can not make them look uncomfortable.

The Hotel Diligencias occupies one side of the square, a name known and respected over all the country, for it is the house of the company which is the only substitute for the railway from Yucatan to Colorado. Every where the Diligencias Generales is found, and every where it insures you good coaches, good beds, good board, good horses, good drivers—every thing but good roads. This company was formed only a few years ago, chiefly by Señor Escandron, who saw the need of this intercommunication, and who became enormously wealthy by his sagacity and enterprise. It issues letters of credit on deposits, and has administrators at every stopping-place for the night, who will cash these letters according to the traveler's desire, and so keep him in constant relief, without imperiling his life and fortunes by carrying large sums about his person.

Opposite the hotel is the governor's palace, a building of some pretensions, two-storied, with ample halls and broad verandas and many suits of rooms. It was then being tinted with pretty washes without, and cleaned and garnished within, because the President was on his way to open the railroad from the commercial to the national capital. The cathedral, big and not beautiful, ranges along the southern side, and stores, chiefly occupied by Germans, stretch coolingly under the arcades on the northern side. Sippers of coffee sit under the arches before the hotel, and a few loungers dodge away from the sun around the plaza, shifting themselves to its shadiest benches.

Vera Cruz is the smallest, compactest, cleanest, and deadliest of national sea-ports. It lies in the hollow of your hand. It has practically but two streets, one going straight back from the mole to the centre of the wall that swings like a semicircle around the town; the other is the string of this bow, whereof the former is the arrow. It stretches along its diameter the enormous distance

of about a mile. The arrow is about a third that length. Two or three streets cross this at right angles going from the Gulf to the wall, and two others are parallel to Central Street, as it is called, but behind it, and shorter, subtending arcs of lesser area. What makes the city such a victim of the yellow fever is a question often asked and rarely answered. It is not its filthiness, for a cleaner town one never sees. Its block-stone pavements are washed nightly, and shine like Philadelphia door-steps. The big black buzzard acts as scavenger, and clouds of them occupy roof-top and church cross, dipping into the street for stray morsels, and in their ravenous hunger would make nothing of boots and hats and old clothes, if the people ever had such articles to cast away. So far as garbage and dirt are concerned, no city has less fault to find with its fathers.

No more is the affluent and decaying vegetation the cause, or quiet inland waters and semi-waters, such as lie in lagoons and rich but deadly deltas about New Orleans. The bluffs about Vera Cruz are sand, and sand only. You must go miles from the city to reach fat and fatal lands. The walls are thought to be the chief source of the evil, for they shut in the air, and prevent its sweeping easily through the town. They are twenty feet high, and of no value whatever as a protection. They only increase its perils, for they necessitate bombardment in all civil wars, which ruins roofs and churches and destroys lives, while they do not prevent the capture of the town. If they also cause the pestilence, then there is every reason for their removal.

Central Street has one characteristic of Venice. It is without carriages. Not a four-wheeled, or a two-wheeled, or even a one-wheeled vehicle did I see in all its tiny thoroughfares. The horse and its rider, the donkey and its pack, were the only representatives of carts and carriages, except the Indian loaded like his brother, the ass, with burdens grievous to be borne. The levees of the great are attended by gentlemen and ladies on foot. Even to the Presidential reception, which flashed with diamonds and grand turn-outs of apparel, every body went afoot. But Venice is without horse or mule, and so Vera Cruz hath pre-eminence.

In another thing it surpasses. Without public or private carriages, strangely enough it has a horse-car. I shall have to revise my first statement. This four-wheeled car exists. It goes up and down this single avenue every fifteen minutes, and will carry you for a real (twelve and a half cents) the whole distance of a mile, or less. But it carries nobody save driver and conductor. People have no call to either extreme, and the shops, cafés, and churches are all within biscuit toss of each other and of the houses



FOUNTAIN AT VERA CRUZ.

of the gentry, the very few that have a real to spend. The horse railway, like many a Northern steam road, is simply a superfluity, no call arising in either case for the extravagant enterprise. It may by this time have ceased to be.

The prettiest ride from the city is by cars to Medellin, some ten miles south, a little back from the sea, along the bank of a muddy and shaded river. This was the favorite resort of Cortez, and it bears the name of his birth-place over the sea. We pass down Calle Centrale by many a workshop and wine-shop. In the former you see tailors, hatters, cordage-twisters, candle-makers, shoe-makers, iron-workers, each busy at his hot trade this hot December day. There is no privacy. All their works are manifest to all passers-by.

The wine and coffee shops are equally open, and more attractive. Hot to the hot is the law, whether it be delicious coffee or fiery spirits. Ice-water and iced drinks are things unknown. What the acute Hazewell, of the *Boston Traveller*, asserts should be our law of conforming to nature, ice-water for winter and tea for summer, is here carried out, and the heating liquids refresh heated frames.

A church, well battered by the shot of Scott, stands near the southern gate, rent and abandoned. A bridge is just outside the gate, perhaps thirty feet long, stone, with a low parapet, and benches for loun-

gers. The broad path to it on either side for a hundred feet is lined with young cocoa-nut trees. That bridge was first built by Cortez for a sum so fabulous that his emperor staggered when the bills came in. It is of no use except as a lounging-place, and not much for that, for the trees are too small, the promenade too short, and the means of getting to it too scant for the fashionables to frequent it, even if the horse-car runs thither; so it is left to dogs and loungers of the lower sort, or, more commonly, to silence and emptiness, save the croaking presence of buzzards, and the stray foot of the foreigner "doing" the town.

The cars for Medellin start from near Cortez Bridge and its petty alameda. They run through a wild, rough, low country, well covered with thorns and briars, sometimes marshy and watery, where the July pond-lily of the North is sending forth its December fragrance, or would, if it sent forth any fragrance at all, which it is said not to do in this land. It looks as sweet, if it does not smell as sweet, as when nestling in the mid-summer ponds of New England.

Alongside of the road for "quite a piece" runs a sort of water-dike. Horsemen are wending their way to the town, for it is Saint Somebody's day, and so every non-saint must off work and on toggerly, and be up to the drink shops for a godly carousal. One of these caparisoned horsemen, well bedizened with rows of shining buttons all adown

the sides of his pantaloons, with like rows on either side of his dark jacket, upon a horse alike arrayed, seeks to get out of too near proximity to the train, backs off the narrow roadway into the canal-like sludge, and horse and rider go floundering in mud and water, to the immense delight of spectator and disgust of the victim. The bemired costume is a poor preparation for his day's expectations.

The cocoa-palm begins to assume lofty proportions, its bark seamed and ridged with the annual fall of its leaf: a fall not like that of most trees, for its leaf grows out of its trunk, rises high and stiff as a branch, ripens, withers, falls backward over itself, drops off little by little, until naught remains but the scar, a rim of green and then of brown, which shows its successive annual growths, as rings inside the bark do those of other trees.

Medellin is a collection of bamboo huts and cottages of varied pretension, situated amidst rose-bushes laden with flowers, orange groves laden with fruit, and mango and acacia trees of height and breadth and foliage and greenness beyond compare. These bamboo palaces are for coolness, and they look airy and comfortable. Most are deserted, except those the poorest inhabit, and the one or two still open for occasional parties from the town. It is out of season now, and so the shaded stores, cafés, and gambling-houses are without inhabitant. One pleasant restaurant is open. We pace its cool halls, sit in its cane seats, wander among its blooming gardens which lead to the river's bank, with its deep shade of refreshing coolness, and sit down to a delicious breakfast of fish, flesh, eggs, and coffee, with bread to match, no better than which can one find in the finest banqueting-room of Paris. It was a novel sensation this garden meal on New-Year's Day—a beginning of the year that New York visitors would be glad to enjoy.

The roses are fragrant if the lilies are not, and big bouquets for a penny or two are forced on you at the stopping-places. The people love flowers. The natives take delight in raising them, and show much taste in arranging them. The flower vendors of the capital are among its chief institutions. They occupy the corners of the street, their bouquets lying on mats on the ground. These bouquets are sometimes half a yard across; from that to half a foot. Their base is usually violets, crowded and solid and smooth, a dark background for the brilliant colors that crown them. Trimmed and scalloped paper incloses the flowers. They are sold for a few cents, if the customer knows how to buy.

The chief road from the sea-port to the capital formerly led through Jalapa, famous for its tropical gardens, its outlook of sea



MEXICAN FLOWER GIRL.

and its uplook of mountains; famous also for the nauseous jalap it has contributed to pharmacy, and for which it has fallen into such disrepute among children, and those who retain the memory of childhood, that its rare beauty of location and surroundings can not make it entirely agreeable. One does think of rose and sweetness at the same time, no matter what Shakspeare says; and if that word were united with an asafetidian odor, the very name of rose would cause an upward movement of its rhythmical fellow, the nose. So Jalapa suffers from its bad name. Yet if we pronounce it Halapa, and spell it thus, we escape the memory; for no one would think of finding in that name the horrid jalap of his sick boyhood.

The railroad has spoiled this road to the capital. It goes to the southward, making Cordova and Orizaba its half-way houses. For eighty miles it runs through a level, unsettled country, full of capabilities. The rank foliage of field and forest shows what it might be if reduced to cultivation. A few cattle occasionally appear, a hamlet or two by the road-side, orchards of bananas flourish and show off as a fruit in their own country, like all natives, appearing better at home than abroad. Orchids hang on the crotches of trees, having ate up all the foliage to make themselves beautiful. These fungi or parasites have their chief home along this valley. They are of every sort of color and quality, and as useless as flowers on a lady's hat, or three tails to any thing but a bashaw. Yet if beauty be its own utility, they have a right to be, for in rich and delicate tints they are above all their fellows of the field, these hanging gardens of dead trees.

Chiquihuite welcomes us to its cooling for-

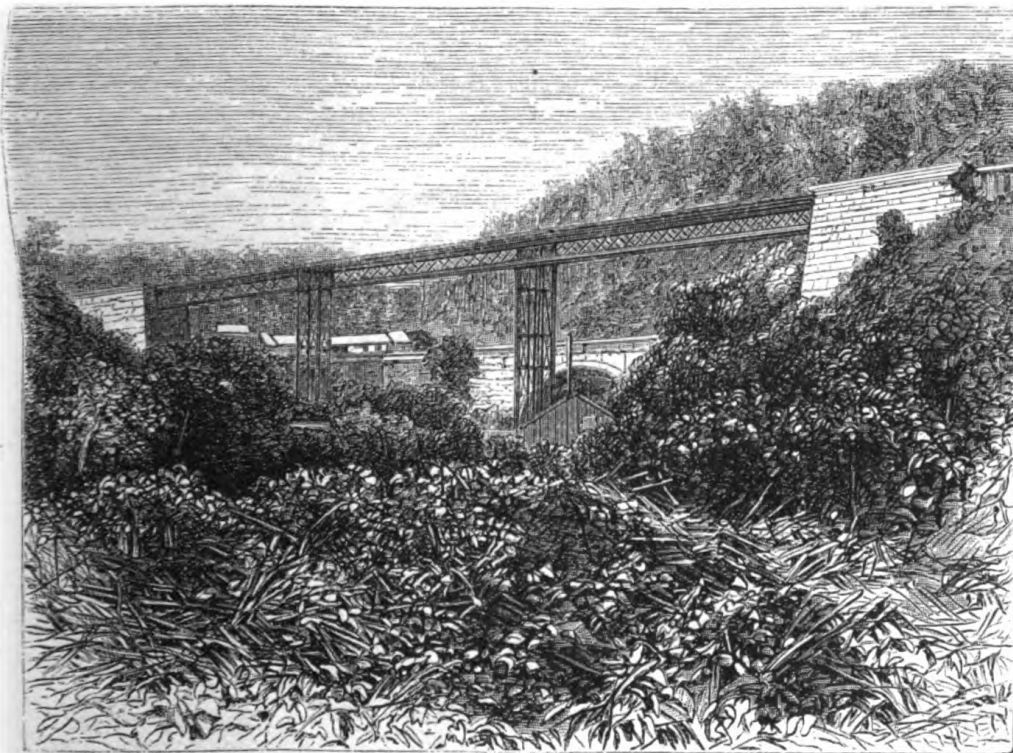
ests, the beginning of the mountains. Orizaba had been haughtily glancing at us with his "stony British stare" all the way from Vera Cruz. The bottom of his hills began to hide from us his icy countenance. It was a luxurious exchange. Nowhere has nature piled up more magnificence in forest shape. The road winds on semicircular bridges amidst ash, beech, acacia, mango, castor-oil, cocoa-palm, and unnumbered varieties of forest and flower. The morning-glory, elaborated here into convolvuli, hangs on every bush and tree, a mass of tangled color of every hue. The hills hollow out a basin, into which, hundreds of feet below, leaps the Atoyac. It is a wide, high tunnel of densest foliage, with a tiny stream pouring from near its base into a darkling pool. You can go the world around and not find a more charming picture than this of Atoyac.

We plunge out of its sight, and all sight, into another sort of tunnel, and then debouch upon the plains of Orizaba, the first terrace, three thousand feet above the sea, half-way up to the capital.

This is an open plain, bounded by big mountains. For twenty miles the road runs on a comparative level, amidst wildness of nature and fields of culture. The huts of the villagers line the road-side, sometimes thirty feet in roof and not six feet at the eaves, loftiness within and lowliness without being their desiderata—a grace of nature that souls might safely imitate.

Paroquets chatter on their perches, loose of foot as well as tongue, held probably by the clipped wing, as strong a chain as any cage or fetter can be. The coffee bush hides itself among the banana thickets, craving shade with its heat. It is a slim, loose-jointed bush, that sprawls round like a tall ungainly boy who does not know what to do with his legs or arms. Its bean lies darkening on the mats around the cottages, the gathered and the ripened article differing greatly in color.

Cordova—not the ancient of Spain, but the hardly less ancient of Mexico—salutes us with cries of 'bus and carriages, as well as of oranges, bananas, and stranger if not better fruit. For a medio, or six and a quarter cents, they will give four such oranges as you never tasted elsewhere. The Jaffa, the Messina, the Neapolitan, the Havana, all lose their lusciousness beside the Cordovan. It overflows with juiciness. It can hardly wait to have its skin removed. It spurts out of the under skin, that type, modern antiresurrectionists might say, of the spiritual body hidden under the outer and grosser covering. It is pressed down, shaken together, and running over, is the orange of Cordova; and yet these United States try to squeeze life out of the fibrous Havana and sweetness out of the sour Messina, bringing the latter by heavy ship-loads across the Atlantic and half across the Mediterranean, when this queen of them all is not three days from



OLD BRIDGE OF ATOYAC.



A PEON'S HOUSE.

New Orleans. The old town looks old from the dépôt, though it is not of Aztec but of Spanish origin, one which Cortez built for his delight and repose, and which holds memorials of his presence as its chief heirlooms.

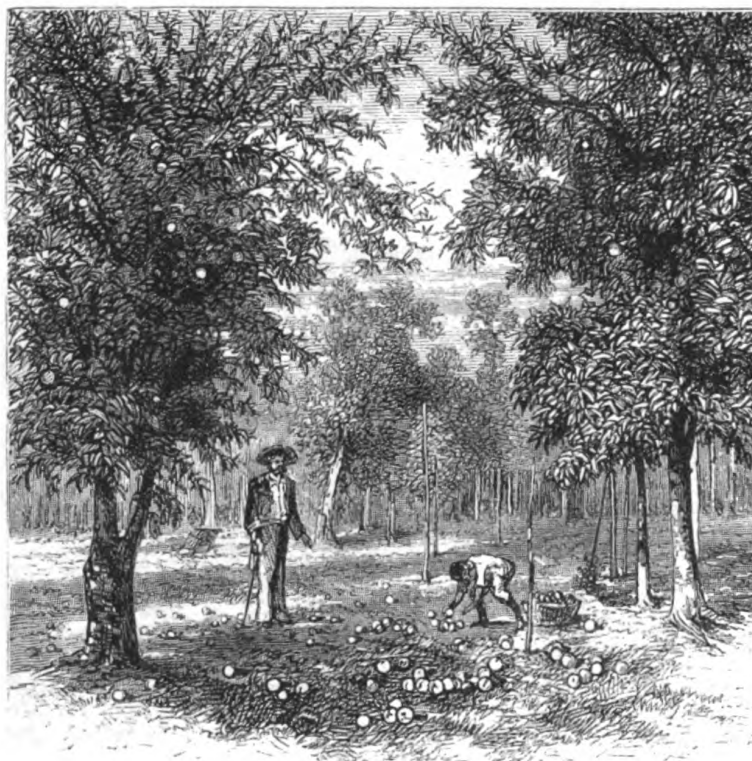
The preacher of a better faith is here also, preparing the way of the Lord and making these paths straight. It will be one of the loveliest appointments when the new gets well established, and the old gets well renewed.

In this hollow among the hills Orizaba puts on especial majesty. You are well up to its base. The distant ocean and sea-port view is exchanged for one near at hand. Though still sixty miles away, it seems to rise at your very feet. How superbly it lifts its shining cone into the shining heavens! Clouds had lingered about it on our way hither, touching now its top, now swinging round its sides. But here they are burned up, and only this

pinnacle of ice shoots up fourteen thousand feet before your amazed, uplifted eyes. Mont Blanc at Chamouni has no such solitariness of position, nor rounded perfection, nor rich surroundings. Every thing conspires to give this the chief place among the hills of earth. None these eyes have seen equals or approaches it in every feature. It will yet win the crowd from Europe to its grander shrine.

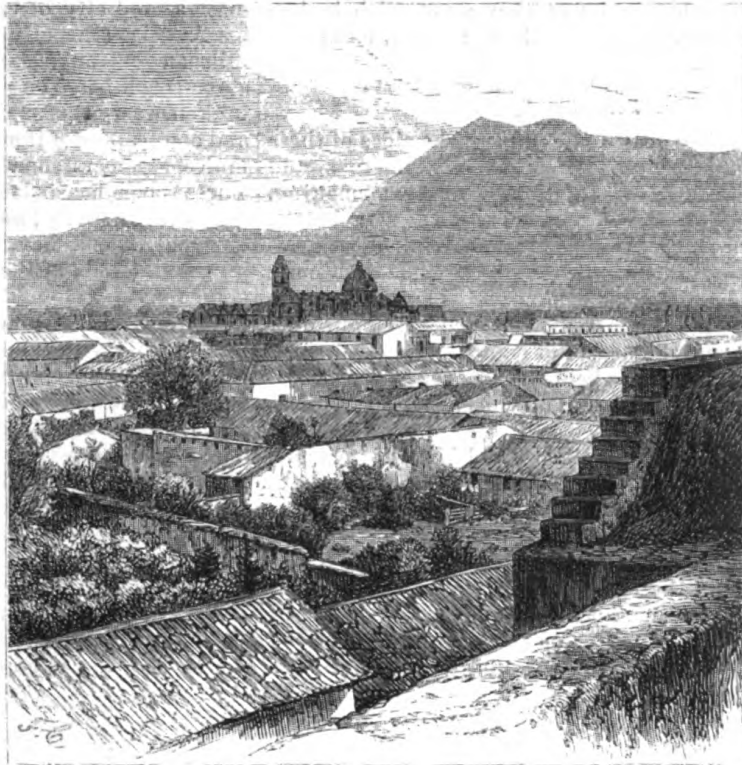
It is not difficult of ascent, in this being inferior to Europe's Mont Blanc, if that be an inferiority which makes its summit and the view therefrom accessible to ordinary daring.

The three Mexican volcanoes have been often under foot, though not till Cortez came was this achievement known. His men, in the exuberance of their superiority, scaled the peaks near the city, and astonished the natives by their feat. They brought back sulphur from the crater for the manufacture of powder, thus bringing the fatal mountain in more deadly shape home to the poor Aztec.



ORANGE GROVES IN CORDOVA.

Orizaba is not only a mountain, but a town. The last was reached by a coach from Fortin, then the terminus of the road. We plunged down a steep place, a race of the horses' heels with the coach's wheels as to which should touch bottom first. The heels touched bottom all the time, and of course reached the bottom of the hill ahead of the wheels, but only a length ahead. High along the side of this exceedingly steep hill creeps the railroad, making some of its most surprising feats of engineering as it winds and leaps across this chasm. It becomes almost circular in its twists and turns.



VIEW OF ORIZABA.

The ride down hill and then up again was amidst the richest tropical delights. There was no end of heavy, deep foliage, of thick-set banana orchards, of hide-and-go-seek coffee bushes and beans, of flaming rhododendron, and every shade of cactus blossom—if that can be called a shade which shone with such marvelous beauty. The uncomely parts hath the more abundant honor, one clearly sees, when such spined and gray and beardless forms glow with purple, scarlet, crimson, deep-hued pink, and grateful blue, yellow, and violet.

The town is entered, its street rough beyond conception. Great boulders lie thickly scattered over it, and greater holes lie beside the boulders, the former extinct paving-stones, the latter the holes of the pit whence they were digged. These were all once in proper symmetry, the stones compact, upon a level road; but time and a New York lack of street inspectors have torn up the pavement, which tears up every passer over it.

The coach pays no regard to our feelings, but gallops swiftly over the holes and the rocks, tossing us from side to side, and from bottom to top, as if we were having a young earthquake all to ourselves. This continues for a mile, when the untorn pavement is struck, and we bowl away at a break-neck pace through the slightly startled town, whose one-story plastered huts are prettily washed in light and grateful colors. The rattle and toss of the coach increase at every whirl of the wheels, till we rush fero-

ciously up to a long high wall, pierced with long high windows, well protected with long high bars, a single story, and striped prettily in fancy colors. At the big portal we stop, with a jounce worse than all that preceded, and beggars of every degree welcome us to the Hotel Diligencias of Orizaba. How they whine and grin and show off their horrid rags and sores! What a commentary on Romanism! It breeds these human vermin as naturally as the blankets of its worshipers do the less noisome sort. The more "piety," the more poverty; the more of workless faith, the more of this idle work.

A live mill keeps the town chattering, and gives it an unusual activity. But for that, only earthquakes, of which it has a goodly share, would keep it in motion. This mill is romantically set in a luscious ravine, over a rattling river, where bananas and all tropical fruits and flowers overflow it with their luxuriance.

Orizaba is the favorite resort of the gentry of Mexico. Being on the railroad, it has outstripped its rivals, Jalapa and Cuernavaca, and bids fair to be the winter home of the big city. Some of the finest estates in the world are perched on its hills and hidden in its hollows. They enjoy the perpetual luxury of every tropical product, with the pyramid of ice ever cooling the fancy, if not the air. It will be the favorite resort as well of wanderers from the United States of the North.

The cars begin to climb up the Cumbres;

four thousand feet they accomplish in less than thirty miles. It is holding on by the eyelids.

"The boldest held their breath
For a time."

As they go, step by step, up the sides of these gorges, which "ope their ponderous and marble jaws" to swallow up that smoking, puffing insect which crawls like a beetle, its rings each separate car, along the almost precipitous sides of the huge barrancas, a hand thrust out on one side would touch the mountain, on the other stretch out over thousands of feet of empty space between it and the rocks below. The road is the finest bit of engineering on this, if not on any continent.

At length the Boca del Monte is reached (the mouth of the mount), and smoother ways are before us. The table-land and the temperate zone are ours. The famed valley of Anahuac, the most famed mountain valley in the world, is before us, with its pueblitos, pulque, and historic charms. We will run off a matter of twenty miles before we visit the central city, and get a look at the

most sacred city of the country, Puebla de los Angeles (the city of the angels). The railroad entrance is not attractive; the stage-coach is. You run down a long, wide, broken, dusty thoroughfare, filled with asses and asseeters—for if muleteers are drivers of mules, asseeters should be drivers of asses. These poor beasts, four-legged and two-legged, are heavily loaded with earthenware, charcoal, wood, hay, stone, corn, coffee—all the products of the country. Men carry three hundred pounds laid along their backs from far above the head. Women are not less heavily laden. Children grow up to these carriages. No wonder, seeing such—for such the hills and valleys of Palestine alone possessed in His days—the Master cried out, "Woe unto you, Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders, but ye yourselves will not move them with one of your fingers." It is so here to-day, bodily and spiritually. The lords of the church and the state move not with one of their dainty fingers the grievous burdens which they lay upon the backs and brains

and hearts of their brethren. They have filled religion with masses and festas and forms, and every thing but Christ and peace. Again we hear Him, turning from the pharisaic masters to the toiling people, cry out, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." May they soon respond,

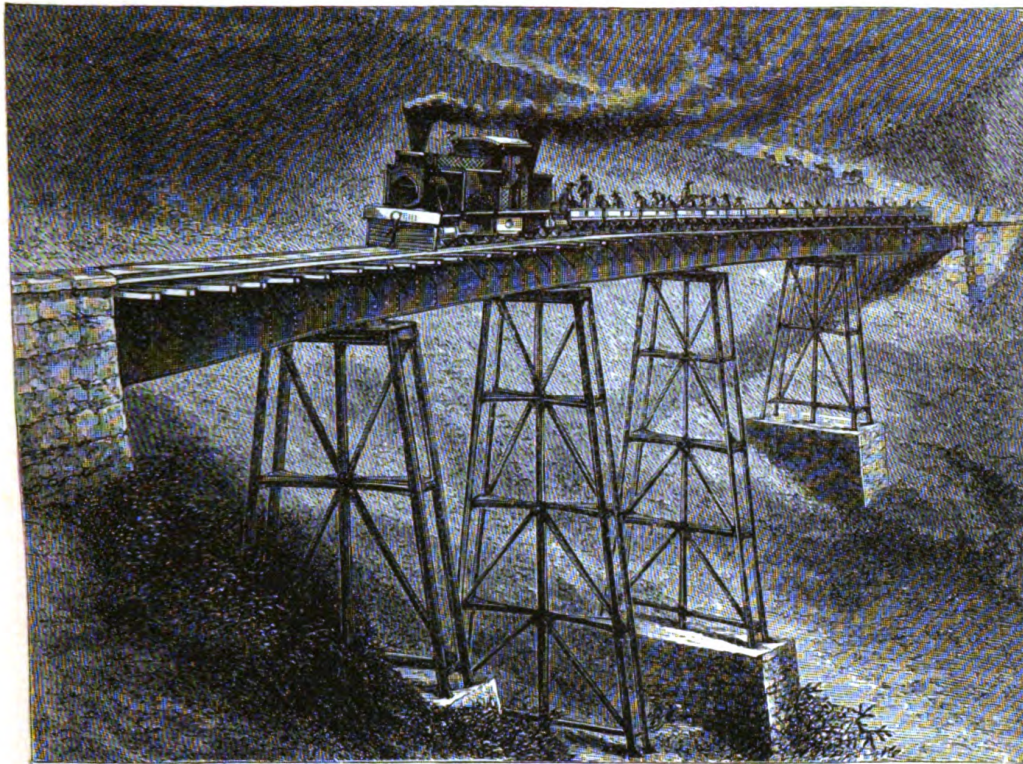
"Yes, gracious Saviour,
we will come,
Obey, and be forever
blessed."

Then will their burdens roll off their shoulders as well as their souls. Christianity puts the load from the head of man and woman to the back of beast, to the cart and the car. Stephenson is simply a fulfiller of the prophecies. These rushing cars are carrying off the burden of superstition as well as more marketable commodities.

The broad way gathers itself up a



RIVER AT ORIZABA.



GREAT BRIDGE OF MATHATA.

little, and passes between the Alameda—a pleasant shady public drive and walk—and the Church of San Francisco, with its paved court along the street side covering an acre or more, its deep arcades, once for priestly refreshment, now soldiers' barracks, and its tall, square, not ungainly towers, that look as if they could stand many an earthquake and bombardment still, as they have already for a hundred years or more.

The clean streets are washed by rivulets from Iztacihuatl, which lies right over our heads, though forty miles away. How superbly sleeps that snow range above this green meadow and gray town! Were it not too sad a reflection, one might fancy it a body shrouded and laid in state on that high catafalque ten thousand feet above our eyes. Its name means the White Woman, and the sleeping form too painfully suggests death.

The city lieth four square. It was constructed under priestly direction, from a stone opposite where the Convent of the Inquisition stands, or stood, for it is mostly in ruins to-day. A street has been cut through it, and the covered way by which the priests and friars traversed its broad acres lies open to the day.

The Methodist Episcopal Church holds a portion of these ruins, and has already established its mission here. In opening these ruins a well in the wall was struck, and a mass of human bones rolled out. They had

been cast in from above, and in the long years had filled the horrid well. Close by a cell was opened large enough to hold three persons in a semi-crouching posture. A little hole let in food and air, if the keepers so pleased; but walled in otherwise, doubtless this hole was also closed, and the victims left to starve here, as they were found in a like Inquisition at Mexico.

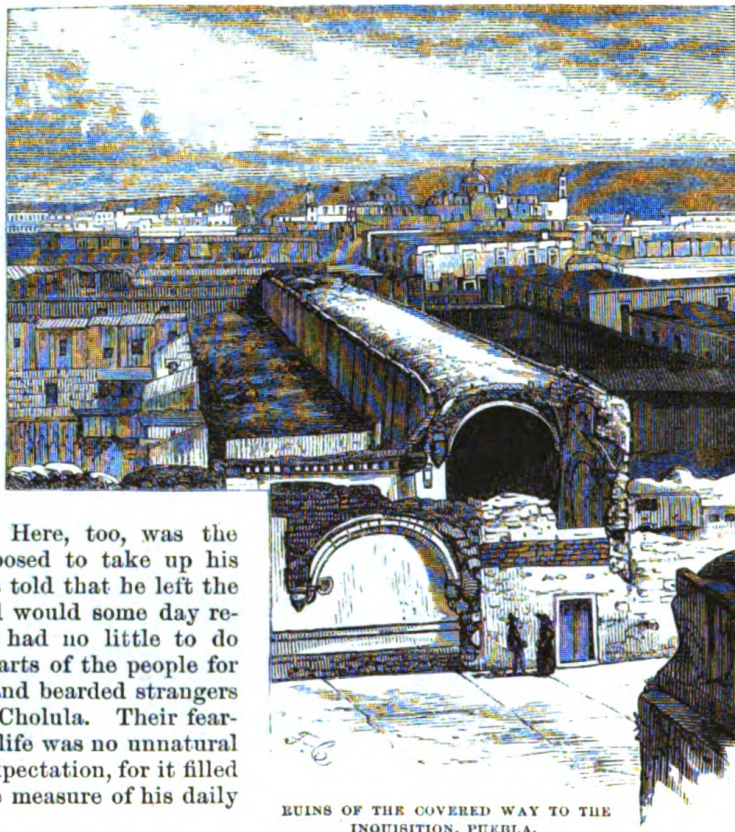
The chief attraction of the city is the cathedral. None more magnificent exists in the country. It has a broad paved area between its wall and the street, lifted up some three feet above the sidewalk. On the opposite side of the street is a pretty plaza studded with trees. The towers rise in grand proportions, and the big bells drop down the mellowest fruit of melody. The inside is simple and rich. The grooved pillars, three feet in diameter, rise ninety feet to the groined ceiling, whose springing arches bend like a hand of heaven, each ridge a finger, above the prostrate worshippers. The high altar is a marvel of alabaster, or what shines like unto it, of malachite, or its best imitation, of ruddy marble fluted columns, the edge faced with gold, presenting a bewildering blaze of burnished stone and flashing gold.

The services are as powerless as the temple is powerful. The mass is said, loud rings of bells striking harshly the command to bow and bewail; singers sing their artistic utmost; changing robes and genuflections

and gymnastics, and other paraphernalia of costume and conduct, fill up the weary hour, set off with a brief sermon by a junior preacher. The temple is grand. When will the worshipers be also?

A more sacred city lies a dozen miles away, or did lie, when Cortez conquered the country. Cholula was its name. Here was many a teocalli, and human victims daily wet their hundred altars with their heart's blood. Here, too, was the white-faced god supposed to take up his abode, of whom it was told that he left the land for the East, and would some day return. This prophecy had no little to do with preparing the hearts of the people for accepting the white and bearded strangers as the ancient god of Cholula. Their fearful sacrifice of human life was no unnatural commentary on this expectation, for it filled up in another form the measure of his daily service.

The ride hither on horseback on a charming spring morning, as springs are in Northern latitudes, was itself enchanting. Such



RUINS OF THE COVERED WAY TO THE INQUISITION, PUEBLA.

verve is in the horse and its rider, the horse that only knows a rider, and the rider that

only knows a horse. Our leader was of this last sort, an old cavalier, who was got up in old Mexican fashion, regardless of expense. Like Old Grimes, his coat was "all buttoned down," and pantaloons too, but not before; the side was the favorite place to show off these string-lets of silver knobs. Three hundred dollars his array sometimes costs. The broad felt hat, itself girt with a silver band, and the silver trappings on saddle and bridle, completed the outfit of the gay old man, who trolled love-songs with broken voice as though he were still a beardless bravo of twenty instead of one past his three-



STREET VIEW IN PUEBLA.



CATHEDRAL OF PUEBLA.

score. I have no picture of his face, so weakened, but the Mexican horse and his rider are well set forth in this actual portrait.

The city of the plain is only distinguishable by a single mound, that towers to a respectable hill. Mr. Beecher says somewhere that one can understand the labor involved in making a mountain by shoveling and wheeling and dumping a few barrows of earth in his own lot. The Cholulans shoveled, wheeled, and dumped (if, indeed, they did wheel, and did not carry it on their shoulders and heads, which is the more likely) not less than a score or two of millions of such barrow-loads, to make a temple for their chief god, and on which many of those who built it, or their children, were offered in sacrifice. It is a big as well as a bad faith that would thus make multitudes erect joyfully their own funeral pyre.

This pyre has a base of forty acres, the size of Boston Common. Conceive of those free-religion Puritans leveling off that sacred place, and bringing loads of earth from Brighton, Brookline, Dorchester, and Somerville to erect the whole level square into a pyramid as high as the pine-apple of its State-house! Up, up, up slowly creeps the mighty plateau, growing narrow as it grows taller, like many uplifted men. Yet when above the tallest house of Beacon Street, it is twenty acres across; and when it reaches the dome of the

Capitol, it is ten acres across; and when it stops at the pine-apple knob, it is two or three acres across. And all this for faith, and a faith which involved their own immolation, or that of their nearest friends and kindred! How happens it that Boston goes to Buddha for its god? He lies nearer



A MEXICAN GENERAL.

home on these Aztec plains; he is a native American, the better suiting their national or continental conceit; he shows us a faith that makes Buddha's nirvana tame, for suicide is always baser than submission to another's knife. The pyramid of Cholula is the shrine that should draw these worshippers. Here is the eleventh religion that should swallow up all their ten, for it is more majestic than any, save the one that builds its temple in the skies, and offers up its one victim, the Divine Author thereof, freely and of His own will, for the world's salvation.

The pyramid is mounted by a roadway cut to the top. You see along the cleft edge the strata of thin brick and other substances which went to its composition. Orchards open half-way up, ravines drop down near the summit; all the traits of natural hills appear. A winding row of steps makes the last ascent. The prospect is one of great breadth and beauty and desolation. Scores of empty churches stand in an empty town. The population has dwindled to its shortest span; a few hundreds hug the broad plaza, bigger than any in the country save that of the capital, and as void of life at mid-day as a grave-yard. "Great expectations" is written all over this place. A tiny church, fresh in stucco and colored washes, flush with the street, accommodates all the people of the town. A tinier one going up on this summit, still more richly arrayed in fresco and fiction, is for festal uses, and as a monument of the triumph of the Church over fratricide.

Cortez recognized the value of this spot, both by his leaving here the little image of the Virgin which he carried in all his campaigns, and by his planting so many churches here, and a whole sacred city only ten miles away. The image and the Spanish city remain, but the Indian town vanished with the Indian faith, and no attempts to save it by inoculation of temples of another creed, though they be over forty in number, shall avail to preserve it from becoming a desolation. The hundreds to which it is reduced will become tens, and the tens a ci-



VIEW FROM THE PYRAMID OF CHOLULA.

pher, unless a more stimulant faith seize and is seized by the people.

The superb snow hills of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl look down on the dead city, its lustrous monuments. When will these tombstones see the dead town below them rise again? When?

The plain of Anahuac welcomes us from the junction of the Puebla and Vera Cruz roads. It opens up before that, for Puebla is on the same general plateau, and we ride on a level, without break, except ravines cracked by heat and rain, from its gates to those of the capital. The pulque drink and the maguey plant appear first on these high and dry plains. The latter is the familiar broad, green, long, lance leaf of the *Agave americana*, so well known in our conservatories. The latter is the drink gotten from its bowl just before its bud bursts into flower. The plain is lovely to the eye. Stretching for miles in straight rows some eight feet apart, it gives the bare and blazing land a refreshment of green that is gladdening to the eye.

But when the white sour swill is thrust under your nose by these brown hags, and its nasty smell strikes through the sense into the soul, you see or smell how the gifts of God can be perverted by the depravity of man. The taste is as bad as the smell, as one touch of the tongue to the "white trash" sufficed to prove. Yet at the start it is sweet as new cider, as delectable and as harmless. But, like that, it rapidly breeds sourness and

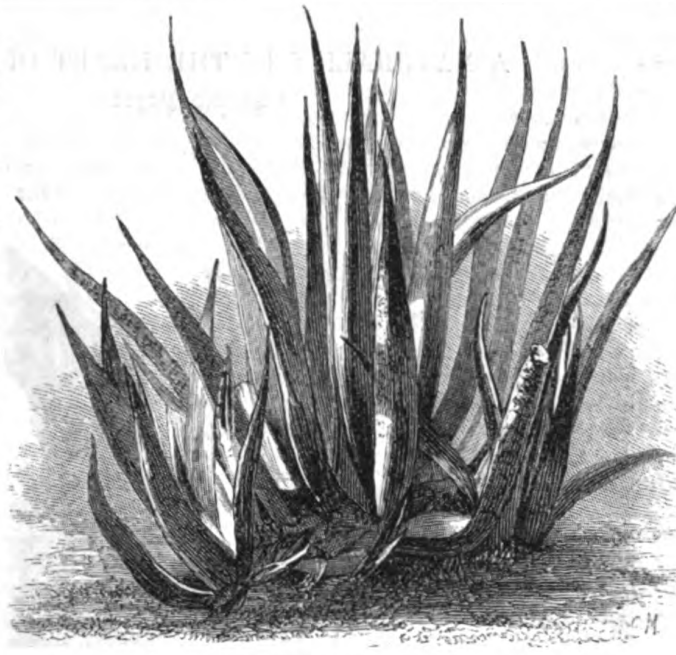
nastiness, and comes to the front rank with London porter, Bavaria beer, and Albany ale, "stinkingest of the stinking kind" to which the appetite of man uncontrolled drags his body and his soul.

We swing round the lowest eastern spurs of the two snow volcanoes. The lake flashes upon us on which Cortez made his boats, over which Prescott spends a large and needless amount of romance; for the lake is a shallow salt pond, and the boats were mere scows. On the opposite side, sixty miles back, are the silver hills of Pachuca and the sierras of Zumpango. Soon Otumba appears, where Cortez fought his greatest fight, without a gun, or pistol, or horse, reduced with a score of reckless followers

to the level of his foes. As he debouched through yonder western hills on this broad plain, after the Triste Noche, he met here hundreds of thousands of the Aztecs in solid rank. Cutting his way through till his arm and sword failed, seeing the palanquin of the chief, rushing for it, and striking him dead, he sent a panic into the multitude, who let him through to these lower spurs round which we have just run, on whose farther side, looking toward Puebla, or Cholula then, dwelt his faithful allies, the Tlascalans, who received him, and helped him organize a victory that has continued until now.

Not far from Otumba stand forth two pyramids of earth, like those of Cholula, called the Sun and Moon, each several hundred feet square and high, on a geometric line with each other as perfect as a Hoosac Tunnel engineer could have carved them, each now surmounted with a tiny chapel, emblem of their conversion to the Roman faith. They are the only Aztec remains of mark in all the valley; and they are probably Toltec, an ante-Aztec race to which that warlike people were indebted for all their arts and refinements, perhaps also for their horrid barbarities of worship.

Guadalupe soon appears on the right, a sierra not three miles from the city, the most sacred mountain of Mexico or America, and the most profane. A *via sacra* ran from it to the town, on which the penitent myriads walked upon their knees. Now our train rushes over it regardless of shrines and kneelers and other vanities of faith. The worshipers have accepted the situation, and ride to and from the favorite seat of their goddess in the railway car, even as



MAGUEY PLANT.

pilgrimages are now going on over Europe in first and third class trains. The times change, and we change with them.

The city glitters in the light of the setting sun. Its last beams are gathering on the peaks of the silent Alps that stand forth on our eastern sky, as they had stood on the western when at Puebla. We have run clear round them. They change their light to color, grow rosy in that flush sent from between the saws of Ajusco on the west, and then turn to the awful white of death.

Ere that the Hotel Gillow has welcomed us to its comfortable chambers, and we are housed like Cortez in the Aztec capital.

TOO LATE.

With burning brow on fevered hand,
Slow fading with the fading day,
I sit beside the darkling strand
While moaning tide and land-wind say:
"Thy wide world died by land and sea
With that great heart that died for thee."

The sighings of her wasting breast
Were breathed to cold, unanswering night—
Alone, forsaken, and unguessed,
She passed, a blighted flower, from sight;
And now the land-wind bears my cry
To deaf abyss of seaward sky.

A single star's un pitying gleam
Lights up the storm-weed at my feet;
And, shore-cast wreck, I sit and dream
While my lost heart, with waning beat,
Breaks slowly, by the breaking sea,
For that great heart that brake for me.

A NATURALIST IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.

[Second Paper.]



KING MUNZA.

THE country of the Niam-niams, that savage tribe whose very name signifies "great eaters," is situated between the fourth and sixth parallels of north latitude. Dr. Schweinfurth's travels were confined exclusively to the eastern portion, and of the extent of the country toward the west he was unable to gain any definite information. Desirous as he was to follow the Welle River far into the unknown interior, he was obliged to content himself with only partial surveys and explorations, as the great trading caravan to which he had attached himself completed its collection of ivory, and

proceeded no farther southward than the land of King Munza.

Dr. Schweinfurth lived among these Niam-niams long enough to make a very thorough study of their character. He possesses such large insight that even here among cannibals we find him searching out the good and the human in these creatures, who seem but little above the beasts, and declaring them to be men of like passions with ourselves, equally subject to the same sentiments of grief and joy, and even with a keen appreciation of humor. With the exception of their appetite for human flesh, their cus-

toms are substantially the same as those of other wild African tribes. They wear very little clothing, and spend all their energy on their head-dresses. A remarkable but common head-dress among these curious savages is made by a hoop, which is fastened to the lower rim of a straw hat. Single tresses of hair are then taken from all parts of the head and stretched tightly over the hoop, producing an effect like the rays of glory which adorn the pictures of a saint. This elaborate coiffure demands great attention, and much labor must be spent upon it every day.

Whenever a Niam-niam has lost any very near relative, the first token of his bereavement is shown by his shaving his head. His elaborate coiffure—that which had been his pride and his delight, the labor of devoted conjugal hands—is all ruthlessly destroyed, the tufts, the braids, the tresses, being scattered far and wide about the roads in the recesses of the wilderness.

The time of these people, when they are not at war with surrounding tribes, is divided between hunting and tilling the soil. Sweet-potatoes and yams are easily cultivated, and the tobacco crop is large and of excellent quality. All the Niam-niams are great lovers of tobacco. They never chew,

but smoke the fragrant weed from neat little clay pipes. Of all the plants which are cultivated by the natives of Central Africa, none excites a feeling of greater interest than tobacco, suggesting, as it does, a curious conformity of habit among peoples far remote. Although the wanderer in the wilderness may not eat the food of his African entertainer, nor drink his curious decoction of various herbs, he still can sit down and smoke with him, enjoying a feeling of brotherhood in that particular at least. The same two kinds which are cultivated among ourselves have become most generally recognized. These kinds are the Virginian tobacco (*Nicotiana tabacum*) and the common tobacco (*N. rustica*). The Virginia tobacco grows abundantly in this locality, but the leaves never attain a large size, and there is difficulty in obtaining them of sufficient size to be made use of in rolling cigars. Negroes always sow tobacco in a frame before they plant it out; the mid-day sun of Central Africa is too powerful for the seed, which infallibly perishes in a parched soil. It is a sure indication of the foreign origin of this plant that there is not a tribe from the Niger to the Nile which has a native word of its own to denote it. Throughout all the districts over which Schweinfurth traveled



LIFE IN CAMP.

Vol. XLIX.—No. 289.—2



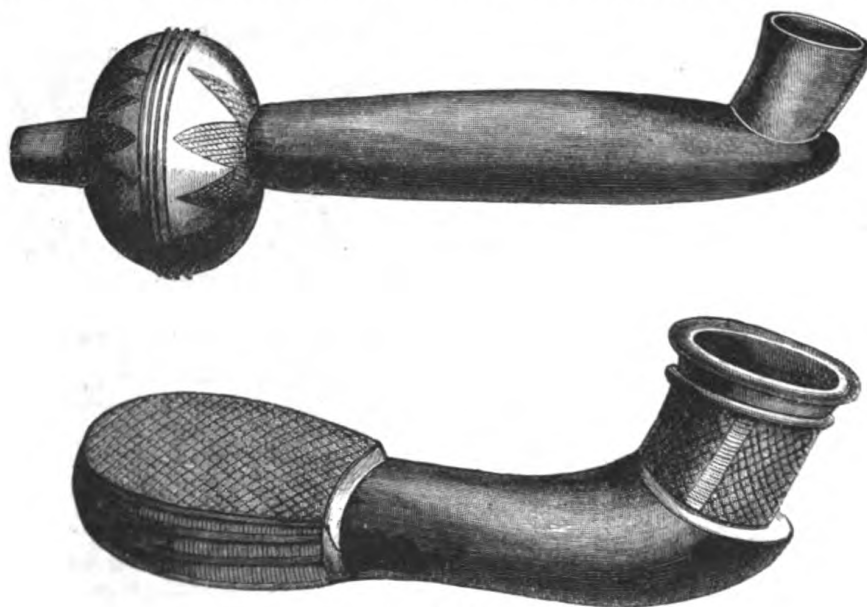
NIAM-NIAM HEAD-DRESS.

the Niam-niams formed the solitary exception to this by naming the Virginian tobacco "gundeh;" but the Monbuttoos, who grow only this one kind, and are as little familiar with *N. rustica* as the Niam-niams, call it "E-taboo." The rest of the people ring every kind of change upon the root word, and call it "tab," "tabba," "tabdeet," or "tom."

The Niam-niams show much skill and artistic taste in moulding clay and in wood-carving. They manufacture all kinds of dishes and bowls, and water flasks of divers

patterns, some being really beautiful in design. They appear to have an instinctive love of art, and music rejoices their very soul. The little mandolin, which they carve from wood, is the most perfect musical instrument found among the wild Africans. It has five or six strings, arranged on strict acoustic principles, with screws for tightening and tuning them. The music of these little instruments is wild, melancholy, and monotonous, but it thrills the inmost nature of the native. There is a singular class of professional musicians among the Niam-niams which seem to be a grotesque echo of the wandering troubadours of olden time. These musicians present a remarkable appearance. They are always decked out in the most fantastic way with feathers, and

covered with a promiscuous array of bits of wood and roots, and all the pretentious emblems of magical art, the feet of earth-pigs, the shells of tortoises, the beaks of eagles, the claws of birds, and teeth in every variety. They wander about from village to village, reciting tales of ancient heroes as well as their own adventures, never forgetting to conclude by an appeal to the liberality of the audience, reminding them that a reward either of copper rings or beads would be thankfully received. These



NIAM-NIAM CLAY PIPES.

wandering minstrels are occasionally met with among other African tribes, but nowhere do they present such an exaggeration of minstrelsy as among the Niam-niams.

The Monbuttoo country, where King Munza lived in barbaric magnificence, lies several degrees to the westward of the Albert Nyanza Lake. Munza was impatiently awaiting the arrival of the Khartoomers. His store-houses were piled to the full with ivory, the hunting booty of an entire year, which he was eager to exchange for the produce of the north, or to see replaced by new supplies of the red ringing metal which should flow into his treasury.

It was in March, 1870, nearly two years after his departure from Europe, that Dr. Schweinfurth arrived at the court of this Central African king. On the morning after the caravan had formed its camp Schweinfurth was informed that all arrangements were complete, and that his African majesty was waiting to receive the stranger. The royal residence was half an hour's march from the camp, and thither Schweinfurth proceeded with all possible solemnity and magnificence. A black body-guard went with him as escort, and the trumpeters had orders to usher him into the royal presence with a flourish of the Turkish reveille. Three black squires bore his rifles and revolvers, followed by a fourth with his cane chair. Next in order, and in awe-struck silence, came several Nubian servants clad in festive garments of unspotted whiteness, and bearing in their hands the offering that had been so long and carefully reserved for the Monbuttoo king.

As the party approached the royal hut the drums and trumpets were sounded to their fullest power, and the natives pushed forward in such crowds that the strangers could scarcely force their way along. When



NIAM-NIAM TROUBADOUR.

at last they entered the hut, an officer, who appeared to be master of ceremonies, took Schweinfurth by his right hand, and conducted him to the interior of the hall. Here, like the audience at a concert, were arranged according to their rank hundreds of nobles and courtiers, each occupying his own ornamental bench, and decked out with all his war equipments. At the other end of the building a space was left for the royal throne, which differed in no respect from the other

benches except that it stood upon an outspread mat. Schweinfurth's own chair was placed near the royal bench, and he sat down, with his people standing and squatting behind him, and the Nubian soldiers forming a guard around.

For a long time he had to sit waiting before the empty throne, as Munza was in his private apartments undergoing a process of anointing, frizzing, and bedizening at the hands of his wives, that he might appear in the imposing splendor of his state attire.

The grand reception hall of the African king was an architectural curiosity. It was at least a hundred feet in length, forty feet high, and fifty broad. It had been quite recently completed, and the fresh bright look of the materials gave it an enlivening aspect, the natural brown polish of the woodwork looking as though it was gleaming with the lustre of new varnish. Considering the part of Africa in which this hall was found, it might be called one of the wonders of the world. The bold arch of the vaulted roof was supported on three long rows of pillars formed from perfectly straight tree stems, the countless spars and rafters, as well as the other parts of the building, being composed entirely of the leaf-stalks of the wine-palm. The floor was covered with a dark red clay plaster as firm and smooth as asphalt. The sides were inclosed by a low breastwork, and the space between this and the arching roof, which at the sides sloped nearly to the ground, allowed light and air to pass into the building.

After waiting an hour, a loud beating of drums and ringing of bells was heard, and the tawny Cæsar came striding in, followed by a number of his favorite wives. The costume of this cannibal king was most extraordinary. His appearance was decidedly marked with his nationality, for every adornment that he had about him belonged exclusively to Central Africa, as none but the fabrications of his native land are deemed worthy of adorning the person of a king of the Monbuttoo.

Agreeably to the national fashion, a plumed hat rested on the top of his chignon, and soared a foot and a half above his head; this hat was a narrow cylinder of closely plaited reeds; it was ornamented with three layers of red parrots' feathers, and crowned with a plume of the same; there was no brim, but the copper crescent projected from the front like the visor of a Norman helmet. The cartilages of Munza's ears were pierced, and copper bars as thick as the finger inserted in the holes. The entire body was smeared with the native unguent of powdered camwood, which converted the original bright brown tint of his skin into the color that is so conspicuous in ancient Pompeian halls. With the exception of being of an unusually fine texture, his single garment differed in

no respect from what was worn throughout the country; it consisted of a large piece of fig bark impregnated with the same dye that served as his cosmetic, and this, falling in graceful folds about his body, formed breeches and waistcoat all in one. Round thongs of buffalo hide, with heavy copper balls attached to the ends, were fastened round the waist in a huge knot, and like a girdle held the coat, which was neatly hemmed. The material of the coat was so carefully manipulated that it had quite the appearance of a rich moiré antique. Around the king's neck hung a copper ornament, made in little points which radiated like beams all over his chest; on his bare arms were strange-looking pendants, which in shape could only be compared to drumsticks with rings at the end. Half-way up the lower part of the arms and just below the knee were three bright horny-looking circlets cut out of hippopotamus hide, likewise tipped with copper. As a symbol of his dignity, Munza wielded in his right hand the sickle-shaped Monbuttoo cimeter—in this case only an ornamental weapon, and made of pure copper.

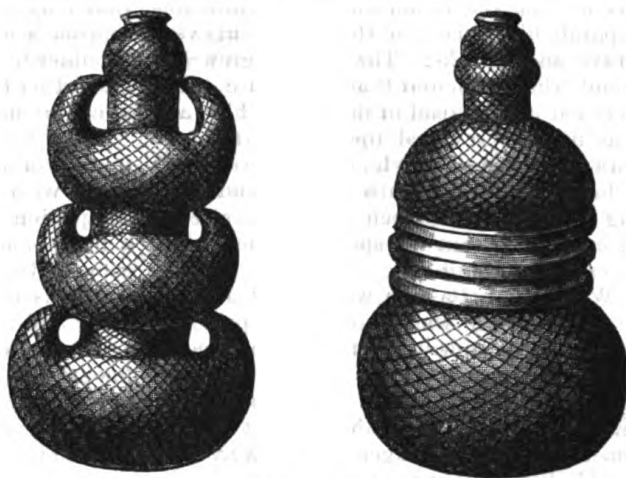
Munza seated himself carelessly on his throne, and continued for some time to preserve a dignified silence. At length he unbent a little, and by means of an interpreter asked a few commonplace questions of his visitor. The presents, consisting of mirrors, beads, porcelain, and various specimens of carved ivory, were now brought forward and spread at the king's feet. Munza regarded all these offerings with great attention, but without committing himself to any audible expression of approval. His fifty wives, however, were loud in their expressions of delight, and, woman-like, chose the looking-glass as the object of their special admiration.

And now commenced a wonderful performance, which had been arranged out of compliment to the guests. All manner of horrible musicians sang and played and danced; jesters and court fools played all sorts of pranks, venturing even to indulge in familiarities with the person of the great king himself; and, last of all, Munza rose solemnly from his bench, and proceeded to make a speech, welcoming his visitors and thanking them for their presents.

The Monbuttoo land, apart from its inhabitants, appears like an Eden upon earth. Unnumbered groves of plantains bedeck the gently heaving soil; oil-palms incomparable in beauty, and other monarchs of the stately woods, rise up and spread their glory over the favored scene; along the streams there is a bright expanse of charming verdure, while a grateful shadow ever overhangs the domes of the idyllic huts. The general altitude of the soil ranges from 2500 to 2800 feet above the level of the sea; it consists of alternate depressions, along which the

rivulets make their way, and gentle elevations, which gradually rise till they are some hundred feet above the beds of the streams below. Belonging to one of the most recent formations, and still in process of construction, the ferruginous swamp-ore is found very widely diffused over the Monbuttoo country, and, indeed, extends considerably farther to the south, so that the red earth appears to be nearly universal over the greater part of the highlands of Central Africa. But all this tropical beauty is marred by the dreadful character of the natives. The Monbuttoos are the most pronounced cannibals of all known African tribes, and devour every luckless prisoner who falls into their hands. On several occasions Dr. Schweinfurth came suddenly upon groups of women who were preparing the body of some poor victim for consumption, and in nearly every hut were human arms and legs hanging over the fire, obviously with the design of being at once dried and smoked.

All the way southward Dr. Schweinfurth had listened with eager ears to the talk of the natives of a race of little people dwelling far south of the great Niam-niam land, who seldom grew to more than three feet in height. It was affirmed of them that, armed with strong lances, they would creep underneath the belly of an elephant, and dextrously kill the beast, managing their own movements so adroitly that they could not be reached by the creature's trunk. Their services in this way were asserted to contribute very largely to the resources of the ivory traders. Legends of Pygmies had mingled themselves already with the earliest surviving literature of the Greeks, and the poet of the *Iliad* mentions them as a race that had long been known. Not only the classic poets mention these little human curiosities, but sober historians and geographers speak of their existence as an undisputed fact. Nothing, for instance, could be more definite than the statement of Herodotus about the Nasamonians after they had crossed the Libyan deserts: "They at length saw some trees growing on a plain, and having approached, they began to gather the fruit that grew on the trees; and while they were gathering it some diminutive men, less than men of middle stature, came up and seized them and carried them away." The testimony of Aristotle is yet more precise when he says, plainly: "The cranes fly to the lakes above Egypt, from which flows the Nile; there dwell the Pygmies, and this is no fable, but the pure truth." It is cer-



MONBUTTOO WATER JARS.

tain that three or four centuries before the Christian era the Greeks were aware of the existence of a people inhabiting the districts about the sources of the Nile who were remarkable for their stunted growth, and therefore one is not surprised at the excitement of Dr. Schweinfurth on learning that a small colony of these dwarfs were held in bondage near to the royal residence of King Munza. For several days he was unsuccessful in his attempts to see these men in miniature; the Pygmies, having an idea that the strangers would certainly eat them if they could catch them, kept out of sight. But one morning there was a great shouting in the camp, and Schweinfurth learned that Mohammed, the chief of the trading caravan, had surprised one of the Pygmies in attendance upon the king, and was conveying him, in spite of a strenuous resistance on the part of the little man, straight to the camp. Schweinfurth hurried forward to meet the strange visitor, and there was the little creature, perched upon Mohammed's right shoulder, nervously hugging his head, and casting glances of alarm in every direction. He was seated in a chair, and his fears pacified by means of various presents and some good things to eat. Dr. Schweinfurth drew his portrait, and by means of an interpreter succeeded in gaining much valuable information respecting his tribe and their country.

The name of his nation was Akka, and he asserted that they inhabit large districts lying southeast of the Monbuttoo country. A portion of them are subject to the Monbuttoo king, who, desirous of enhancing the splendor of his court by the addition of any available natural curiosities, had compelled several families of the Pygmies to settle in the vicinity.

The first of the Akka villages, he said, was four days' journey from the residence of Munza, on the farther side of the river Nalobe, one of the great tributaries of the

Welle; that the nation was divided into nine separate kingdoms, and the inhabitants very brave and warlike. The Pygmy grew less timid when he found that the white strangers fed him instead of devouring him, and was finally prevailed upon to perform an Akka war-dance, in which he showed marvelous agility, his leaps and attitudes being accompanied by such grotesque varieties of expression that the spectators held their sides for laughing.

When the little man was at last allowed to go home, he was loaded with presents, and made to understand that all his people would be welcome at the camp, and should lose nothing by coming. In consequence many of this singular tribe came at various times to visit the strangers. They were very nimble little fellows, jumping about in the grass like so many grasshoppers, and so sure in eye and hand, that they could drive a lance or shoot an arrow with never-failing accuracy. The average height of the Akka is about four feet six inches. The head is large, and out of proportion to the weak, thin neck on which it is balanced. The shape of the shoulders is peculiar, differing entirely from that of other negroes in a way

that may probably be accounted for by the unusual scope required for the action of the shoulder-blades; the arms are lanky; and altogether the upper portion of the body has a measurement disproportionately long.

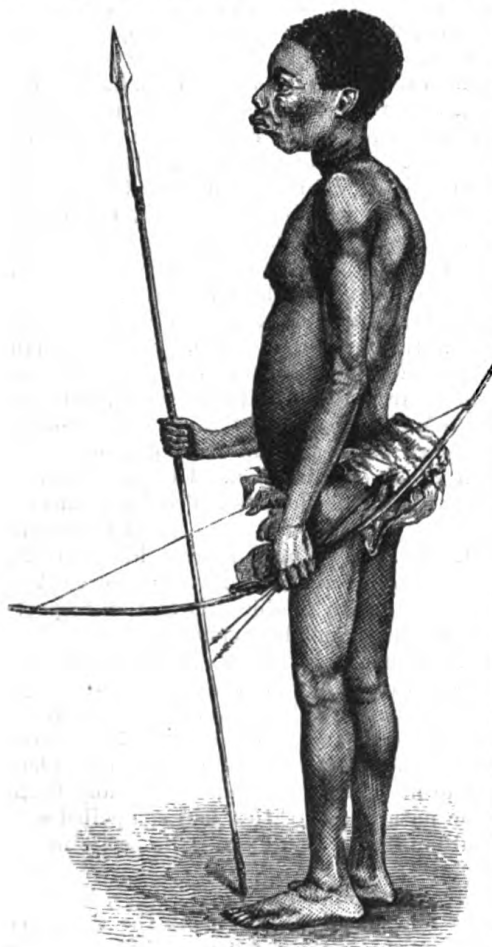
Dr. Schweinfurth asked and obtained a present of a little Pygmy, whom he carried away with him, and kept as his constant companion for more than a year. He was a horrid-looking creature, and although he came in time to manifest some affection toward his protector, he was the most malicious and mischievous of all monkeys. In acuteness, dexterity, and cunning he was unequalled. He was always fond of torturing animals, and took a special pleasure in throwing arrows at the dogs by night. During the period in which the caravan was involved in war with hostile tribes, and while the servants were almost beside themselves with anxiety, nothing afforded him greater amusement than to play with the heads that had been severed from the slain A-Banga, and when Schweinfurth boiled some of the skulls his delight knew no bounds. He rushed about the camp shouting, "Bakinda" (a derisive nickname) "nova? Bakinda he he koto!" (Where is Bakinda? Bakinda is in the pot!)

Dr. Schweinfurth was so devoted to science that he actually allowed this creature to be his companion at meals, and kept him with him constantly, that he might watch the natural development of this freak of nature. He desired to carry the boy with him to Europe; but all his assiduity and attention was in vain. The poor creature died in Berber from a prolonged attack of dysentery, originating not so much in any change of climate or any alteration in his mode of living as in his immoderate excess in eating, a propensity which no influence was sufficient to control.

During the last ten months of his life he did not grow at all. It is probable, therefore, that his height would never have exceeded four feet seven inches, which was his measurement at the time of his death.

It was with a sad and heavy heart that Dr. Schweinfurth began retracing his steps toward the north. It was impossible for him to proceed southward alone with his small number of Nubian followers, and he was obliged to follow the plans of the trading caravan, contenting himself with the fact that the journey northward would pursue a different route through new kingdoms and new countries.

The journey proved to be surrounded with dangers. Hostile natives were swarming on all sides, and more than once the caravan received an official declaration of war, consisting of maize, a feather, and an arrow hung across the path as emblems of defiance. An encounter generally followed these declarations, in which many natives were killed, and



AKKA PYGMY.

often the caravan suffered the loss of numbers of bearers and slaves.

Quite worn out with constant battling with these savages, the caravan at length came to a halt, and went into camp to recruit after the fatigue and excitement. Spacious grass huts were erected, and a palisade was built of trunks of trees as a protection against attack. During the twenty days that the caravan was stationary Dr. Schweinfurth made use of his time to visit a picturesque group of mountains lying to the eastward. They were mostly formed of rough crags of gneiss. The first one reached was Mount Damoo. It was a pointed gneiss mound, rising about two hundred feet above the level of the plain. The rugged rocks were covered with gay blossoming vines and shrubs, and from the summit the view was magnificent. All around were elevations more or less conspicuous, rising like bastions isolated on the plain, while high over all reared the lofty crest of Mount Baginze, four miles away. This short distance had to be accomplished by a circuitous and troublesome route, leading across deep fissures and masses of loose rock, and often through grass of enormous height. Before actually setting foot upon Baginze, there was an ascent to be made through a thick forest, but in due time the mountain was reached, and an encampment made close beneath the perpendicular wall of the western flank. The halting-place was upon the edge of a deep ravine, where a bright thread of water rippled merrily along over rocks covered with moss and graceful ferns. It was too late in the day to attempt to ascend further than to the summit of a sloping spur projecting toward the northwest from the southern side of the mountain, and which was about half the height of the mountain itself.

The flora which covered the rocks was of a gorgeous and tropical character. Masses of brilliant aloes, with their scarlet and yellow blossoms, grew luxuriantly upon the slopes of gneiss; rich green mosses grew as a border to the clear streams, which were bubbling down over the rocks on all sides, while clusters of blue lobelia reared themselves like violets, only of a brighter hue, from the surface of the soil.

The ascent of Mount Baginze was a very difficult task, but after several hours' hard climbing the summit was reached, and the magnificent view amply repaid all the labor to attain it. The prospect extended over fifty miles of territory, and not less than a hundred different mountain peaks were visible. Mount Baginze is estimated to be about 3900 feet above the level of the sea. The bulk of the rock of which the mountain is composed consists of a gneiss so abundant in mica that in many places it has the appearance of being actual mica schist, a specialty in its formation being the immense

number of cyanite crystals that pervade it in all directions: a similar conglomeration of "cyanite gneiss" is very rare, but among other places it may be observed on Mount St. Gotthard in Switzerland. Wherever the springs issue at the foot of the mountain there are wide boulder flats of broken stones, and here the sheets of mica and the prisms of cyanite, an inch or two in length, lay cleanly washed and strewn one upon another in thick confusion.

Massive in its grandeur, isolated, and worn by time, Mount Baginze stands as a witness of a former era in the world's history, and as a remnant of the lofty mountain chain which must have once formed the southern boundary of the Nile district.

One of the greatest difficulties encountered by the caravan was the crossing of streams and rivers. It was not always so fortunate as at the Keebaly, where King Munza placed a large number of canoes at its disposal, but the passage across the rapidly flowing stream was often made at the risk of much loss of merchandise, and with great personal danger. Often there would be a delay of many hours, in order to construct a rude bridge by felling trees across the stream, over which, with much caution, the ivory and bales of various barks and skins would be carried by the bearers. At times when the road lay through the territory of a friendly king, messengers were sent on ahead to warn him of the approach of the caravan, and to beg him to prepare a bridge over some deep and rapid river. This was done as the caravan was drawing near to the river Tondy, and on arriving at the bank of the river a suspension-bridge of a very curious and original construction was found to be already thrown across the rushing water. This aerial pathway, as might be expected, oscillated like a swing, and to convey the baggage across this tottering erection was the work of nearly an entire day. The place of the present transit was four miles to the east of the spot at which the caravan had crossed on its outward journey; it had been chosen higher up the river for several reasons—not only because the stream was narrower and the banks were higher, but principally because the trees were of a larger, more substantial growth, better adapted for the purpose of being converted into piers for the suspended ropes which formed the bridge. The river was here sixty feet wide, but near the banks it was so full of fallen trees and bushes, of which the boughs projected as though growing in the water, that the width of the stream was practically diminished one-half. The velocity of the current was about one hundred and fifteen feet a minute, the depth nowhere being less than ten feet.

The materials of the suspension-bridge consisted exclusively of branches of the wild vine intertwined with thick elastic ropes of



CROSSING THE RIVER TONDY.

unusual strength. In order to get the ropes raised to a sufficient height, a regular scaffolding of fallen stems had to be erected on either side of the river, by means of which the festoons of cords were raised to a proper altitude. The clambering from cross-piece to cross-piece upon this unstable structure, poised in mid-air, seemed to require little less than the agility of an orang-outang; while the very consciousness of the insecurity

of the support was enough to make the passenger lose his composure, even though he were free from giddiness, and already an adept in the gymnastic art.

During the long journey northward, Dr. Schweinfurth found it at times interesting to fall in with some of the natives who had been his friends the year before, but nowhere did he come upon such a tragic history as when he reached the home of Old

Shol, the cattle-princess of Lao village. On approaching the spot, tall columns of smoke were seen rising from the murab of Kurdyook, the husband of Shol. Kurdyook himself soon appeared, and expatiated in very bitter terms upon the lamentable fate of his wife. The natives, it seems, had accused the wealthy Dinka princess of inviting the "Turks" into the country; and as many of the tribes in the neighborhood had been exposed to attacks from the soldiers attached to the trading caravans, they determined to avenge themselves on Shol as being an ally and friend of the Khartoomers. Knowing that she slept alone in her hut, a troop of men belonging to a neighboring tribe set out by night, and under pretext of having business with Kurdyook, her husband, knocked at her door. She had no sooner appeared in answer to their summons than they attacked her with deadly blows; and setting fire to all the huts, drove off nearly all the cattle that were to be found in the place. Dr. Schweinfurth passed close to the spot where her huts had stood, and where the caravan had been so hospitably entertained on taking leave of her. The great kigelia alone remained undisturbed in its glory; the residence was a heap of ashes, and there was nothing else to tell of poor old Shol's former splendor than the strips and shreds of a few charred rafters.

Nowhere in the world has slavery been so thoroughly ingrafted and so widely disseminated as in Africa; the earliest mariners who circumnavigated its coasts found a system of kidnaping every where established on a firm basis, and extending in its business relations far into the interior of the continent; the idea arose how advantageously the owners of land in the distant East might cull the costly products of their soil by the hands of slaves, and the kernel of a single plant, the coffee berry, became the means of uniting the remotest lands, and had the effect of throwing a large portion of the human race into subjection to their fellows, while Christian nations became the patrons and the propagators of the disgraceful traffic. It has therefore happened in the natural course of things that philanthropists have first applied their energies to the slave-trade in the West; the East has still to tarry for an enlightenment which is destined in the fullness of time to gladden a future chapter of history.

The overland slave-trade in the eastern portion of Africa was never so flourishing as in the winter of 1870-71, when Dr. Schweinfurth was at its very fountain-head. The scenes of cruelty he witnessed are almost incredible. Along the Nile, it is true, where the route was open and every thing obliged to be above-board, the Governor-General had commenced proceedings for the suppression of the slave-trade by a series of bombastic

and pompous proclamations; but here, in the deep interior, there was every facility for the carrying on of the avowedly prohibited traffic.

There are no slave-dealers more cruel than the commanders of the small detachments of Egyptian troops; as they move about from seriba to seriba, they may be seen followed by a train of their swarthy property, which grows longer and longer after every halt.

But quite apart from these pettifogging traders, there are numbers of more important investors, who, protected by a large retinue of armed slaves, and accompanied by long trains of loaded oxen and asses, carry on a business which brings many hundreds of their fellow-creatures into the market. Their store of slaves appears absolutely inexhaustible; year after year the territories which they hold under control go on yielding thousands upon thousands of these poor savages, who are sold at the seribas sometimes for copper, but more often given in exchange for calico and cotton goods.

The slaves brought from the Bahr-el-Ghazal districts vary in value according to their nationality. The Bongos are the most prized, as they are easily taught, and are docile and faithful, and are, besides, good-looking and industrious. True Niam-niams, especially young girls, are, however, much dearer than the best Bongo slaves, but they are so extremely rare as hardly to admit of having a price quoted. The Mittoos are of little value, being ugly, lean, and incapable of enduring fatigue, or even of undertaking any regular work. No amount of good living or kind treatment can overcome the love of freedom of the Babuckurs; they take every opportunity of effecting an escape, and can only be secured by fetters and by the yoke; and it is very common in Central Africa to see bands of these poor creatures following the caravans, tethered together by heavy thongs around the neck. The hunting down of these slaves, if by any chance they escape, is pursued without mercy, and woe to the poor runaway who is recaptured by his cruel keepers! It were better for him to die of hunger in the swamps than to fall into the hands of his merciless captor.

Even boys of seven and eight years of age are kept in slavery to the soldiers, who employ them to carry guns and ammunition. Every Nubian soldier possesses at least one of these juvenile armor-bearers, who, as they grow large and strong, are put to the hardest work in the seribas.

But the most hapless creature of all is the single female slave of the poorer soldier. She is a regular drudge: she has to bring water from the well in great pitchers, which she carries on her head; she does all the washing, if there is any thing to wash; she grinds the corn upon the murhaga, makes the dough, roasts the kissere on the doka,



SLAVE WOMAN AND BOY.

and finally prepares the melah—a horrible greasy concoction of water, sesame-oil, or pounded sesame, bamia pods, and corchorus leaves, beautifully seasoned with cayenne pepper and alkali. Not only has she to do the sweeping of the whole house, but she has to get wood from the wilderness, and, when on a journey, to carry all the lumber of her lord and master. The very laborious process of grinding the corn is performed by pounding the grain on a large stone, called murhaga, by means of a smaller stone held in the hand; it is the only meth-

od known to the majority of African nations, and is so slow that by the hardest day's work a woman is able to prepare only a sufficient quantity of meal for five or six men. A newly captured slave woman may often be seen working at the murhaga, with a heavy yoke fastened to the neck to prevent any chance of escape. A boy is generally placed as a spy upon her conduct, whose duty it is to support one end of the yoke, that its weight may not prevent her from doing a full day's work.

The worst feature of the slave-trade is the depopulation of Africa. Whole tracts

of country are turned into barren, uninhabited wildernesses, because all the young girls have been carried out of the country. Turks and Arabs urge that they are only drawing off useless blood, that if these people are allowed to increase and multiply, they will only turn round and kill one another. But the truth is far otherwise. The time has come when the vast continent of Africa can no longer be dispensed with; it must take its share in the commerce of the world, and this can not be effected until slavery is abolished.

THE PRISONER.

For years upon his dungeon floor
He sat and counted o'er and o'er
The hopeless links that, grim and fast,
Chained out the Future and the Past;
Trailing in rugged ruthless twist
Down to the ankle from the wrist,
Thence gliding, like a living thing,
To grapple with an iron ring.
He sat and counted, vaguely smiling,
Himself with gibberish beguiling.
For years like this; and then one night,
Awaked as by a piercing call,
Aroused as by a blinding light,
With groping hands upon the wall,
He caught his breath, remembering all!

Save the hoarse rattle of his breath,
There fell long stillness, mute as death.
Upward and fixed his blood-shot eyes;
His bosom strives with death-like sighs;
He feels no hope; but one desire
Now burns him with a growing fire—
To climb and reach yon window bar,
And, hanging thence, behold afar
The soft pale glimmer of a star,
Or stray white cloud afloat and free
Upon the morning's golden sea,
Or curling smoke of village fires,
Or glittering tips of distant spires,

And feel—oh, nameless ecstasy!—
Descending from the radiant skies,
To breathe upon his weary eyes,
The ministering Angel of the Air;
To feel her light and close embrace,
Her silent kisses on his face,
Her viewless fingers lift his hair,
As through his trance of helpless woe
Her sweet mysterious whispers flow.

To hear, far down, the hollow boom
Of waves that beat his living tomb,
The free wild waste that ever glides,
Its restless surge and sounding dash
Changed only for the softer plash
And murmur of receding tides.

He gazes, gropes, and crouching, springs;
His chain clanks harshly on the walls;
He clutches wildly, clasps and clings
To empty air, and moans and falls;
There pants a little while, and then
Attempts the hopeless toil again;
And many times, for many days,
The ever-baffled task essays.

Against the wall, his vigor spent,
He leans, an old man, gray and bent,



BEFORE HIS SOUL, AS IN A GLASS, A TRAIN OF GENTLE PHANTOMS PASS.

With hands that, locked in gusts of pain,
Shake sullen murmurs from his chain.
He sits and broods with bended head—
Despair has gnawed him to the core:
"There is no God! or God is dead!"
He mutters, and looks up no more.

But suddenly the silence heard
The carol of a little bird.
Far up, alighting on the sill
With faintest whirr of folding wing,
Between the bars its little bill
Of clearest chirp and tuneful trill
Poured forth its pearly twittering.

Its song was like a happy heart
That could not bear its joy alone,
But gushed and bubbled—never art
Attained such miracle of tone.

Like trembling crystal bells, each note,
Responsive to a silvern tongue
Suspended in its swelling throat,
In breath-vibrations softly swung.

It sang and sang, until the lay
Its bounding heart could not repress
By faint gradations sank away,
Hushed sweetly in its own excess.

He looks not up, but through his tears,
In speechless tension listening, hears,
A moment plumed with gentle care,
The rustling flutter of the wing
By which the free and heavenly thing
Sails o'er the silver seas of air.

So deeply sank the artless strain
His soul forgot the clanking chain;
Only a shudder told he knew
The moment when the minstrel flew.

He cast himself upon the floor,
His cold cheek to the colder stone;
His heart, though desolate and sore,
Cries inly, with a patient moan,
"God is, and God is love alone!
I will have faith for evermore!"

Hour after hour the sad one lay,
In silence rapt, as in a swoon.
From languid arms of sleeping Noon
To evening slipped the waning day,
And blushed along the prison bars;
Above, the glimmering Milky Way
Unrolled its wide white belt of stars.

He tries to rise, but only kneels;
For with new solemn joy he feels
In laboring chest and failing breath
The promise of the angel Death.
Cold dews upon his forehead start;
His lips in trembling whispers part:

"Ah me! who knows? perhaps that little bird
Has sung in distant bow'rs where *she* has heard—
Has heard, alas! and never dreamed that strain
Was the one break in my long night of pain.

"Sometimes I fancy that sweet breast of thine
Gives nightly rest to other head than mine;
Sweet wife! lost wife! so sweet! so lost to me!
If this be true, I would not I were free.
So dear I loved thee, darling, ah! so well,
That here, forsaken, in this dreadful cell,
I could wish only good, yea, *any* good, to thee!
I would not have thee live alone, as I,
Nor in such solitude as mine to die.
Thou wouldst not know me if to-day I stood
Freed from my shackles and my solitude.
I can, in fancy, see the tender grace
With which thou wouldst avert thy pitying face,
Nor think one moment of the mournful truth,
Nor deem such wreck the lover of thy youth!

"This bent and shaking form, this whitened hair,
This brow o'erwritten by the hand of care,
And pale with such unspeakable despair
As leaves death's livid impress there;
These cheeks with hollows scooped by scalding
tears
And the slow famine of the heart for years,
In which no human voice, no light of day,
Pierced the dim dungeon in whose depths I lay—
This is the story nothing else can tell
Like the stern rigors of the prison cell.

"There was a time, long since, I raved,
And night and day unceasing craved
For death to reach me in this tomb
Of loneliest silence, rayless gloom.

"But human love, nor tears, nor prayers,
Can enter here, or hence depart;
There is but One who knows or cares
For this forgotten breaking heart.

"But now the dreadful strain is past;
O dungeon, thou must yield at last!
Would, dearest, thou wert gone before,
To meet me on life's further shore;
But yet, whatever change betide,
True hearts forever true abide,
And somewhere in that blessed life
We shall be sure to meet, sweet wife!"

His half-freed spirit, deeply wrought,
Sublimely poised in quickened thought,
Lifts suddenly the partial mist
Where memory keeps eternal tryst.

Before his soul, as in a glass,
A train of gentle phantoms pass.
O holy vision! In the dim
Far dawn his mother smiles on him;
He feels her bosom softly rise,
Her kisses on his lips and eyes;
In her bright hair his dimpling hands,
Unchided, twist the silken strands,
While he, in rosy infant charms,
Once more lies nestling in her arms.

The greensward in the setting sun;
The eager play when school was done;
The little girl who pulled his hair,
And, when he kissed her, cried, "No fair!"
Swift set her little buskin down,
And pushed him from her with a frown,
Yet smiled and blushed a moment after,
O'erripping in coquettish laughter;

To whom he used to shyly bring
The earliest blossoms of the spring,
The nuts he gathered when the year
Put on her gold and purple gear—
Ah, how she took, with simple grace,
His humble gifts as homage due,
And flashed across his dazzled face
Her thankless eyes of sparkling blue!

At length, most near, most like to life,
The image of his girlish wife—
The graceful shape, the beaming eye,
The warm lips parted musingly,
The white young arms upon her breast,
Crossed in the guise of guileless rest—
They weave a dream of other days:
He could believe his loss a lie,
So clear her fixed and loving gaze.

Though something in the soft still beam
Transcends the purport of a dream,
And while he feels that death is kind
To yield such visions to his mind,
His eyes with swift sweet wonder shine—
Their lifted gaze no prison walls confine!

The night passed on, and at break of day
They pushed from his cell the bolts away.
"He sleeps," they said; but he lay so still
Their hearts were stirred with a prescient thrill.
"Awake! arise! *thou art free!*" they cried.
The dungeon echoes alone replied.

COLLECTING SALMON SPAWN IN MAINE.



FISH-WEIR AT BUCKSPORT NARROWS.

NOT far beyond the memory of men now living salmon abounded in nearly every New England river north of the Connecticut, which appears to have been their southern limit, and in all the tributaries of the St. Lawrence below Niagara, with rare exceptions. Under provident management the salmon fishery of these rivers might have continued for an indefinite number of years to yield a large supply of nutritious food for the sustenance of our teeming population; but the greed of the few and the indifference of the many have resulted in the extermination of this noble fish in nearly all those waters. Of the tributaries of the St. Lawrence within the limits of the United States, Salmon River, in New York, is the only one now annually frequented by salmon, and on the Atlantic coast they are constant visitors only in the Kennebec, Penobscot, Muscongus, East Machias, Dennys, and St. Croix. Of these, the Penobscot furnishes more than all the others, and its ordinary annual yield may be put at from five to ten thousand salmon. This does not exceed the twentieth part of its capacity, if the latter may be measured by the product of some Irish salmon rivers, and certainly bears a small proportion to the former actual yield of the Penobscot itself.

When the work of restoring the migratory fishes to their barren rivers was first under-

taken by the New England States, the salmon naturally received a large share of attention, and from that time till the present persistent efforts have been made to re-establish him in his old haunts. It is a well-known habit of migratory fishes, such as the shad and salmon, to return, when full-grown, from the sea to the rivers where they were reared, and there deposit their spawn. In order, therefore, to restock an exhausted salmon river, it is only necessary to place in its upper waters very young salmon, in sufficient numbers to insure the growth of a considerable number to full size, after allowing for all losses by the ordinary perils incident to fish life. The only practicable way of securing an ample supply of the young fish is to obtain the eggs and hatch them.

The importance of restoring salmon rivers to the fullest possible yield will be better understood by our citizens when they learn the almost incredible growth of the fish. This is asserted by some close observers to be nearly a pound a month. The experiments thus far made in this country are not sufficiently complete to give perfect information on this point, but they do not vary greatly from facts which have been gathered by persons in Scotland and elsewhere, who seem to agree that spawn deposited in November is hatched in the following March; in May the "smolts" have attained two or

three inches in length, and take their course toward salt-water, from which they return in the fall greatly increased in size. Shaw, in his *Zoology*, mentions that a salmon of seven and three-quarter pounds was marked with scissors on the back fin and tail, and turned out on the 7th of February, and being retaken in March of the following year, was found to have increased to a weight of seventeen and a half pounds. Mr. Michael Carroll, of Newfoundland, gives instances nearly as remarkable.

The first attempts at collecting the spawn were made in New Brunswick, whose rivers still abound with salmon. New Hampshire had the honor of sending out the pioneer expedition, under charge of Dr. W. W. Fletcher, who succeeded in bringing back a lot of healthy eggs. The same gentleman made a second expedition, and subsequently Mr. Livingston Stone, under the patronage of several States, erected a large hatching house on the Miramichi River, and prepared to collect eggs on a large scale. But, for reasons that it is unnecessary to discuss here, it was found impracticable to carry on these operations, and they had to be abandoned. The only remaining way of obtaining salmon eggs was to buy them at the Canadian governmental establishment in Ontario, where they were sold at forty dollars in gold per thousand, a price which would have placed the purchase of an adequate supply entirely beyond the means at the command of the State Commissioners, even had the establishment been on a sufficiently large scale to furnish them, which was not the case. Thus, before any thing adequate to the situation had been done, the cultivation of salmon was brought to a stand-still. At this juncture an enterprise was inaugurated on the Penobscot River, the success of which has put a new aspect on the matter.

The Penobscot, being the most productive salmon river at the present day on the Atlantic coast of the United States, offered better facilities than any other for the collection of spawn. It was proposed to buy a number of living salmon in the month of June, when they are ascending the river and are caught in weirs near Bucksport, and confine them in a small pond or inclosure, in fresh-water, until the maturity of their eggs, which occurs about the 1st of November. This scheme appeared to possess important advantages over the plan of capturing the fish on the upper waters of the river, at or near the spawning season, as had been commonly done in previous operations, and the Commissioners of Maine, Massachusetts, and Connecticut united in its execution. The first experiment was tried in Orland; and though the conditions under which the salmon were confined were so singularly unfortunate as to cause the loss of more than eighty per cent. of the salmon bought, yet

seventy thousand eggs were obtained at a cost less than half the price asked in Canada. The result was so encouraging that in the following year the same parties, joined by the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries and the Commissioners of Rhode Island, founded the establishment at Bucksport which is the subject of the present sketch.

The majority of travelers obtain their first view of Bucksport from the deck of one of the Portland or Boston steamers, and there is not another village of its size on the Penobscot River that makes a show so imposing. Four or five miles below the town the voyager leaves the broad Penobscot Bay, on which he has been sailing for five or six hours, and enters the river. If of an observant turn, particularly if it be near low water, he discerns along the shore numerous fish weirs, built of stakes, brush, and netting, running from high-water mark straight out into deep water. The part near shore always consists of a straight hedge, called the "leader," which, as its name indicates, serves to lead the fish into a large inclosure or "pound" at its outer end. This inclosure opens into a smaller one, and this into a third, all these being so ingeniously constructed that the fish readily pass forward into the last pound, but rarely find their way out into freedom. In the third pound the captured fish are left by the retreating tide on a floor, from which they are gathered by the fisherman at low water. Salmon are the principal fish caught in the weirs on the Penobscot; but many other kinds, such as shad, alewives, herring, menhaden, etc., are caught with them.

The average yield of the fifty-pound nets in the immediate vicinity of Bucksport is not less than four thousand salmon per annum. Quite two-thirds of this number could be secured by purchase for the hatching works, if such a vast number could be handled. At present the catch of salmon from a few nets is quite sufficient to furnish all the eggs which can be conveniently handled. Fortunately, too, the salmon delivered at the hatching house, and the average catch of the nets, will not vary much from three females to the single male, and with this run the eggs may be perfectly impregnated.

Almost any day during the latter part of June there may be seen a number of novel-shaped boats, covered with old duck or some coarse cloth, sunk deep in the water, and in tow of other boats propelled by oars, or by the wind if it be fair, gliding on the flood-tide through the narrows toward Bucksport. The covered boats in tow contain living salmon, which were carefully dipped out of the weirs just before the last ebb-tide left them high and dry. There are large holes opened in each side, near the bow and stern, below the water-line when

the boat is loaded, so that when in motion the water passes freely in at one end and out at the other; iron gratings prevent the escape of the fish. The boat is of the size of a common fisherman's dory, and carries from a dozen to twenty, and sometimes as many as thirty, salmon at a single load. At a landing between two of the wharves stands a dray, backed down into the edge of the water, and on it is a large wooden box partly filled with water. As soon as a salmon boat arrives it is drawn up to the dray, and its living freight is transferred by heavy duck bags to the box. From five to seven only are put into one box, and three or four drays are hardly enough to haul away the salmon as fast as they can be dipped out. On a good fish day several hours are occupied in unloading the boats. As soon as the proper number of salmon are in a box it is filled with water, its cover is shut, and away it goes through the village streets to a freshwater pond that lies about a mile distant over the hills.

This pond has an area of sixty acres, is fifteen feet deep in the spring, and ten feet in midsummer. It receives the drainage of an extensive tract of marsh and bog land, which has colored its water dark brown, and has covered its bottom with a deep deposit of soft mud, in which the roots of water-lilies and various other aquatic plants find generous nourishment, but which is not the kind of bottom most persons would select for a salmon pond. But since this en-

terprise was started salmon have been confined experimentally in several places under varying conditions of water and bottom, but nowhere have they survived the season's confinement in any better condition than here.

The muddy bottom is found in the fall to be of positive advantage. Salmon will not lay their eggs on it, and in seeking for gravel and for running water, which they much prefer, they come in large numbers into the brook by which the pond discharges its water into the Penobscot, and here they can be easily caught and deprived of their spawn.

During June and July the salmon in the pond are constantly jumping, and their agility is remarkable. On two occasions they have been seen to jump clear over a hedge five and a half feet high above the water. It is not supposed they did this with the design of passing the hedge, but accidentally, it being quite common to see them jump to an equal height in the middle of their inclosure, as though the leap were entirely aimless. During the early days of their confinement they are frequently seen swimming in great schools about the shores of the pond. As the summer advances they become more quiet, retreating to the deep water—not very deep, however, for in the drought of August and September the greatest depth in the pond is twelve feet, and in the inclosure where the salmon were kept the past season only nine feet. In such a shallow pond, with such dark water and bottom, the sun's



UNLOADING THE SALMON BOAT.



TURNING SALMON INTO THE POND.

rays exert a powerful influence in midsummer. At one time the temperature of the water at the bottom reached 72° F. Yet this excessive heat has no perceptible effect on the health of the salmon.

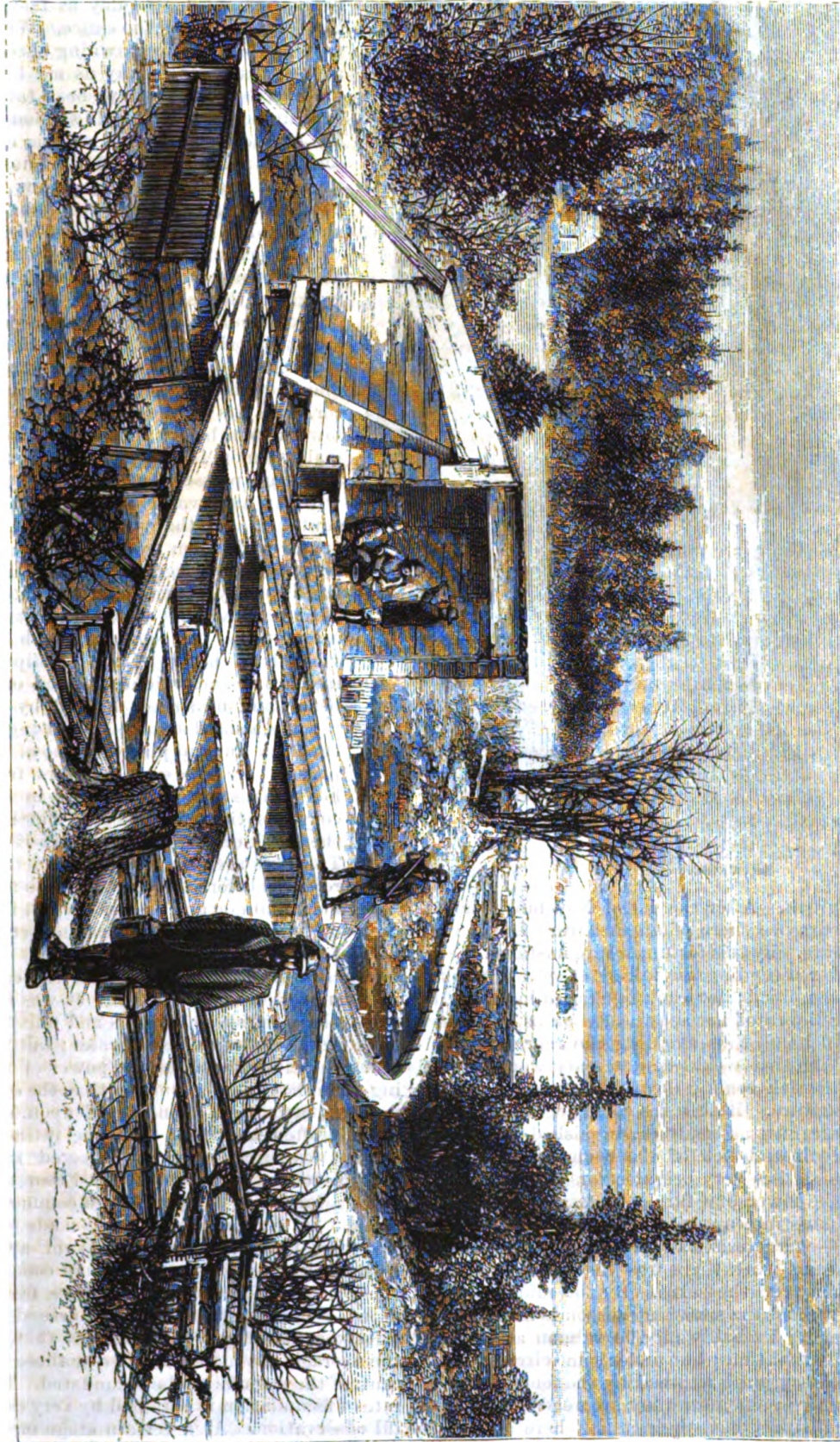
During all this time the salmon eat nothing. In fact, there is little room for doubt that their stay in the rivers is one long fast, lasting from six to twelve months. They do seize the sportsman's fly, but it is probably not for the purpose of food, but rather akin to the action of a turkey or a bull rushing after a red rag. It is a common opinion among sportsmen that salmon will not rise to a fly in still water, but this has been plainly disproved at Bucksport. On several occasions in May, September, and October the trial was made for the purpose of testing the matter, and the salmon in the pond were found to take the fly with as much eagerness as in the favorite pools of the Canadian salmon rivers. These were, so far as known, the first instances of salmon being caught with the fly in the Penobscot River, not because their habits are unlike those of their brethren in other rivers, but probably because they have not been fished for enough in the right places.

The salmon are not allowed to range over the whole pond, which has an area of sixty acres, but are confined in a cove containing about ten acres by a strong net, whose top is attached to stakes and whose bottom is held down by a heavy chain. Out of this cove runs the brook where the hatching

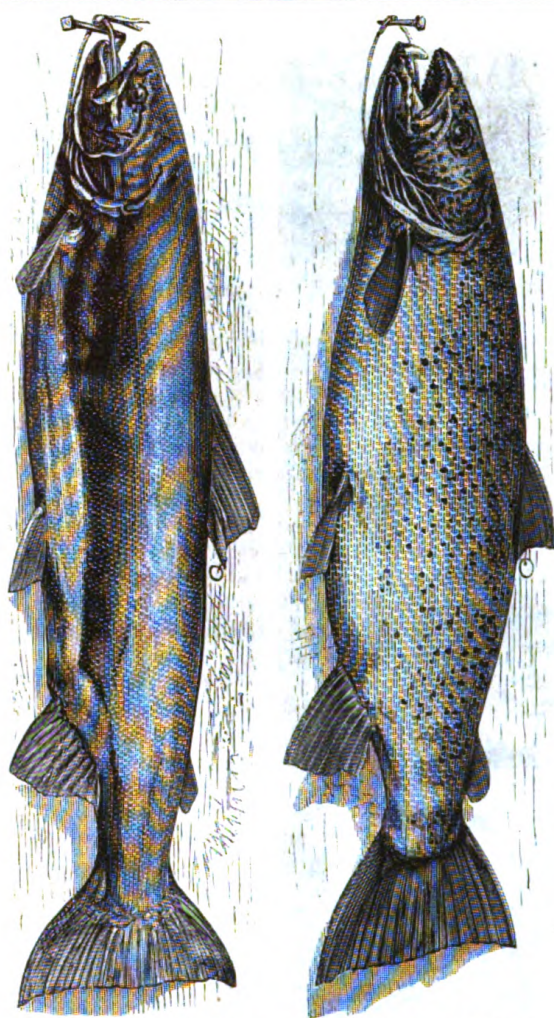
house and spawning shed and other fixtures are situated. When October comes, and the salmon exhibit the uneasy, roving disposition that presages the spawning season, a new and smaller inclosure is made near the outlet, with a passage into it from the large inclosure, so contrived that the salmon readily pass through from the larger into the smaller, but can not find their way back. Thus, by the last week in October, a considerable part of the salmon are already collected within a space of about an acre, in close proximity to the brook. A dam and gate regulate the flow of water, and the fall rains have now raised the pond to such a level that when the gate is open a plentiful supply of water rushes out. Until this time a grating has been kept in front of the gate to prevent the salmon from entering the brook prematurely, but this is now removed, and the fish allowed to pass through the gate at their pleasure.

Having once passed the gate, the salmon fall over a drop which effectually prevents their returning to the pond, and are then in a long narrow sluice, which leads them some two hundred feet down the stream into a small pen, from which they are dipped when wanted. Here the whole breadth of the stream is occupied by similar pens, used for assorting and keeping the salmon during the spawning season; and close at hand is a rude shed built to shelter the operators while at work. It is during the last week in October that the first salmon enter the

GENERAL VIEW OF THE POND, SPAWNING SHED, AND SLUICE.



Vol. XLIX.—No. 289.—3

FEMALE SALMON AFTER
SPAWNING.THE MALE SALMON IN
NOVEMBER.

brook. After the 1st of November the occurrence there of an immature fish is very rare. By this fortunate circumstance the labor attending the taking of spawn is much simplified; for each female salmon can be relieved of her spawn as soon as she comes in hand, thus avoiding the repeated handling that would be necessary were part of the fish coming down the sluice to be immature. Both sexes come together. They are now as easily distinguished as are the cock and hen of the common fowl. The male has very bright colors, has long jaws, the lower one furnished with a hook that shuts into a cavity in the roof of the mouth—characteristics that he has assumed since June, when there was very little difference between the sexes. By the middle of November the spawning season is nearly at an end. Probably all the salmon are mature by that time; but under some circumstances the eggs are retained by the female for several weeks after they are ready to be laid, and they have been taken here as late as December.

The taking of spawn commonly proceeds from day to day as fast as the fish come down the sluice. When they are plenty the spawning shed is a busy place. As many as six hundred thousand eggs have been taken in a single day. A female salmon of the smallest size weighs at this season eight pounds, and yields about six thousand eggs. The largest thus far handled weighed twenty-two pounds, and yielded sixteen thousand eggs, which measured nearly four quarts, and subtracted six pounds from the weight of the fish.

From four to six men form a convenient working party. The fish are dipped out of the pens one by one, and brought to the principal operator, who sits on a stool with a shallow tin pan before him. First a female salmon is taken in hand, and her eggs pressed out into the pan without any water other than that contained in the viscid fluid that comes with them from the fish. In clear water the eggs would soon lose the capacity of fecundation, but in their natural fluid they retain it for a long time. As soon as the fish has yielded all her eggs she is slipped into a bag and weighed, placed on a bench and measured, marked by attaching a small stamped metal tag to the back fin, and placed in one of the pens, where she soon recovers from her exhaustion, and whence in due course of time she is turned out into the brook or carted down to the river. The eggs are also weighed, and then replaced before the operator, who now

takes a male salmon and presses his milt into the same pan. This is the most important part of the whole process, for without the fecundating influence of the milt the eggs would never develop into fish. It was formerly the practice to let eggs and milt fall from the fish into a dish of water; but the milt, when in water, loses the power of acting upon the eggs even quicker than the eggs lose the capacity of being acted upon, and it thus often happened that the intimate contact essential was not effected soon enough to insure fecundation. From this cause a large percentage of eggs commonly failed. A Russian gentleman made the discovery that if water were kept away from the eggs until fresh milt had come in contact with them, nearly all were fecundated. This is the method pursued at Bucksport, and with such success that, on the average, not more than two or three per cent. of the eggs fail to be fecundated. The rate of fecundation is obtained by very careful observation. At a certain stage of the development of a fecund egg the germ be-

gins to expand laterally, sending out a thin fold, which at last completely incloses the yolk. At any time during the growth of this fold the position of its advancing margin can be traced by a line of colored oil globules, arranged in a circle on the surface of the yolk. This circle is at first quite small, and surrounds the colored disk so plainly visible on the upper side of the yolk. It enlarges day by day, until it divides the surface of the yolk into two equal parts. As it progresses beyond this point it becomes smaller, and finally it closes entirely. This process begins, in water of the temperature of 43° F., at about the thirtieth day, and is completed in seven or eight days. As it never takes place in an unfecund egg, its occurrence is positive proof of fecundation. To observe it a strong light should be thrown up through the egg, and the most convenient way of effecting this is to place the egg over a hole in a piece of sheet metal, and hold it up to a window. To obtain the ratio of fecundation a definite number of eggs is examined from each lot, and the result made the basis of a strict calculation. After they have been treated with milt the pan is partly filled with water, and placed on a shelf in the spawning shed, where it is allowed to stand half an hour or longer, before it is carried to the hatching house.

As may be supposed, the salmon do not willingly submit to manipulation. They are very strong, particularly the males, and

occasionally offer the most violent resistance, struggling and squirming until the patience and strength of the operators are overtaxed, and their clothes well smeared with odorous slime. But if the weather be mild, and the fish come into the brook as fast as they are wanted, the work proceeds not only rapidly, but even merrily. Hard times come with cold weather, especially if at the same time the salmon are backward about running. Then every thing about the spawning shed is covered with ice, clothes are stiff with it, the wet fingers freeze to the utensils, and it is only with great care that the eggs themselves are kept from freezing. The pond is covered with ice. This must be broken up and got out of the way, or the seine must be drawn under it; at any rate, the seine must be drawn, and the salmon driven into the brook or swept ashore.

At last the out-door work is done, the salmon sent away, and all the eggs safely deposited in the hatching house. This is the principal building of the establishment, and is a few rods down stream from the spawning shed. Here is a large room, seventy feet by twenty-eight, whose floor is closely covered with wooden troughs. The distributing trough traverses the whole length of the building, standing close against the wall on one side. Into it are brought spring water and filtered and unfiltered brook water, the last in much greater volume than the others. Forty hatching troughs, each one foot wide, run across the room, having their



TAKING THE SPAWN.



THE HATCHING HOUSE.

heads against the distributing trough, from which they receive a constant supply of water, amounting in the aggregate to about ten thousand gallons per hour. The eggs lie in these troughs on trays made of wire-cloth smeared with a water-proof varnish, and tacked to a light wooden frame. A tray one foot wide and two feet long holds 4000 eggs. There are in most of these troughs two or three tiers of trays, one on top of another, so arranged that the water circulates freely among them. The eggs are as large as pease, or, to be more exact, an egg of average size measures a little less than a quarter of an inch in diameter. They are semi-transparent, and of a color varying from pink to salmon-color, or sometimes a deep orange-red. Very pretty objects they are.

From the time the eggs are deposited in the water a constant development goes on. On coming from the fish the outer shell is relaxed, and feels soft to the touch. After being impregnated and in the water a short time the eggs expand by absorbing water, until the shell is distended and feels very firm. After this there is no further change in size, but the embryo is steadily developing within. In spring water the eyes would become visible through the shell in about a month. But the water used here is so cold that the same stage of growth is not reached under two or three months, and the young fish hatched here, for the most part, leave the shell in April and May, about six months after the eggs are laid.

The water used for hatching is very cold, though not quite as cold as that used by Mr. Leonard at the Sebec Salmon-breeding Works, where the temperature has been above 33° but three days since November

15. At the Bucksport hatching house the temperature of the water ranges from 32½° to 34° F. through most of the winter. When the earliest eggs are first deposited it is about 44° F., and before the last of those kept here hatch out, early in May, it rises again to the same point. The lowest temperature of the whole season is experienced in April, when the snow and ice are melting.

Development goes on very slowly, and the eggs are not generally in the proper state for transportation, ac-

cording to the common standard—the coloring of the eyes—until February, at which time they are divided among the several patrons of the enterprise. Of those falling to the share of Maine in 1873 a portion were kept and hatched at Bucksport. The most forward of them began to hatch in March, but only a few individuals came out then, the fall of temperature that accompanied the opening of spring appearing to almost suspend growth. The hatching proceeded very slowly until the last week in April, when the ice was all thawed in the pond above, and the temperature began to rise. I do not know that there is any disadvantage connected with this low temperature. On the contrary, I think it quite likely that the delay of hatching until April and May is rather advantageous to young fish that are to be turned out to seek their own food. Fish hatched out in January, and grown to the feeding stage in February or early in March, must either be turned out into streams that are so cold as to arrest their growth and keep them a long time small and weak, besides being perhaps lacking in natural food, or they must be fed artificially. If the latter course be adopted, I fear the fish will be unfitted, to a certain extent, to take care of themselves. The natural date of hatching in these waters must correspond closely with that of those hatched artificially. Only a small part of the eggs are hatched here, however, all of those belonging to other States, and part of those belonging to Maine, being sent away during the winter and hatched elsewhere.

The present patrons of the enterprise are the Commissioners of Fisheries of all the New England States and of Michigan, and

the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. The latter, besides distributing large numbers of eggs among the rivers known to have been the natural homes of salmon, is trying the experiment of introducing them into the rivers of the Middle States, and into the tributaries of the great lakes. The eggs collected in 1872 were distributed as far south as Pennsylvania, and as far west as Wisconsin. In the month of February they are in a proper state for shipment, having attained that stage of development at which they can be handled without harm. For transportation they are packed up in wet bog-moss in boxes that are protected from the effects of extreme cold by an envelope of sawdust or some other non-conductor of heat, and in this way can be kept packed up for weeks, and sent hundreds of miles.

Though the aim of this establishment is the collection of salmon eggs on as large a scale as the funds at command will admit, the opportunities presented for the study of the natural history of the species are not neglected, it being wisely held that no sort of knowledge on the subject can come amiss, and that some of the new facts learned may prove of immense importance in the future prosecution of the art of fish-culture. At the present time the natural history of the salmon is involved in much obscurity, and it is hoped that the observations made here will contribute something toward clearing it up. It is with this view that pains are taken, after spawning, to mark each fish before it is set at liberty in such a way that if it be ever caught again it can be identified. The mode of marking now employed is the attachment of a small aluminum tag by means of fine platinum wire to the rear margin of the first dorsal fin. Each tag is stamped with a number, which is recorded, together with the sex, length, and weight of the fish, the date when liberated, and

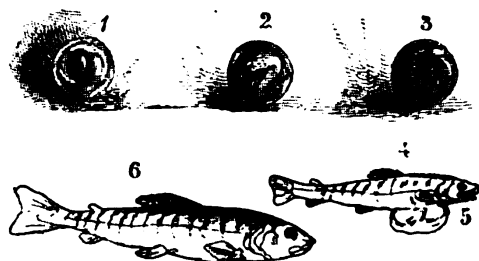
other facts. When, therefore, one of these fish is caught again, a reference to the record will show the length of time intervening between the liberation and recapture of the fish, its rate of growth meanwhile, and various other facts. A reward is offered to all fishermen in Penobscot bay and river and adjacent waters for the delivery of any tagged salmon; and even if none should ever be caught, that fact will afford negative evidence of some value.

During the last session of the American Fish-culturists' Association, held in New York, February 10, Mr. Samuel Wilmot, of the Dominion government hatching house, situated at Newcastle, Ontario, stated that he had at different times marked salmon in various ways, principally by clipping their fins, and some of these marked fish had returned considerably increased in weight to their early play-ground. To which Mr. Seth Green responded, heartily, "That's so; I saw some of those marked ones, and it reminds me how I stood some long hours of watching, for several days, from among the branches of a tree into which I had climbed to get out of sight of two salmon—that was away back in 1835—that were working their spawn in the natural way. They would come to the trench which they had prepared, and, rubbing side by side, deposit their spawn. When they had finished, they covered it up and went off—so did I. That was in Wilmot's Creek." Mr. Green subsequently stated that the percentage of fish hatched in the natural way was almost insignificant as compared with that of those hatched by artificial means.

That the mature salmon returns to the waters in which it is hatched is attested by many competent observers, and it is also known that it returns, season after season, to its early spawning ground. M. De Lande fastened a copper ring round a salmon's tail, and found that for three successive seasons it returned to the same place. In some of



INTERIOR OF THE HATCHING HOUSE.



1. An unfecund Egg.—2. 103 Days; Water 34°.—3. 117 Days; Water 34°.—4. Parr at two Weeks.—5. Sac.—6. Five or six Weeks.

OVA AND PARR.

the rivers of the British Islands the salmon are marked annually, and some specimens have become so familiar that they are known by name.

The number of eggs collected at Bucksport during the first season was a million and a half. The second season was still more prosperous, and two millions and a quarter of eggs were obtained, at a cost of about \$3 50 per thousand, a very gratifying reduction from the old price. When it is mentioned that a considerable expenditure for permanent fixtures enters into the cost of these eggs, it appears by no means improbable that in future spawn will be collected at a still lower cost. As it is already, with proper facilities for hatching, and with good success therein, living salmon can be put into the rivers at the rate of two for a cent. Were all the young to grow, the two salmon would be worth say five dollars in four years. But as the majority of them will perish before reaching full size, let it be stated in another way. To put two thousand young salmon into a river costs ten dollars. If one out of a hundred survives, there will in four years be twenty adult salmon, worth fifty dollars, which may be regarded as the return from the investment of ten dollars. Truly the fish-culturist has a wide margin.

Although the establishment is now conducted on such a scale that it quite eclipses all other collections of spawn of sea-going salmon in America, except those of Mr. Stone in California, the superintendent of the works does not think it wise to rest contented with its present development status, but to enlarge until the eggs annually collected shall be counted by tens of millions. Then when the commissioners wish to restock a river with salmon, they can put in a million young at once, and a proper stream thus stocked, and reasonably protected by laws which are generally enforced, will quickly develop an abundant food supply. It is not expected—having in view the increased population—that salmon will ever swarm so thickly in our rivers as to require the insertion of the old clause which may be found in some of the apprentice papers of colonial date, “and

y^e lad may not be feed y^e salmon fishe but twice the week.”

Simple laws well enforced will, it is believed, afford quite sufficient protection to any suitable stream that may be each season supplied with any considerable number of parr (newly hatched salmon). Such water should be entirely free from nets from Saturday sundown until daybreak on the following Monday. This will permit the fish to ascend the river to chosen spawning grounds near the source of the stream.

The early Scotch laws have the Sabbath close time written, “Satterdaye's sloppe,” and in those days the fish laws were not fractured without personal peril or great cost. Alexander I. enacted this weekly freedom from nets forever. “The streame of the water sal be in all parts swa free that ane swine of the age of three years, well feed, may turn himself within the streame round about, swa that his snout nor taile sal not tuch the bank of the water.” James IV. made things still more uncomfortable for the breaker of fish laws, for he enacted that a third offense should receive capital punishment.

It is believed by many persons wise in piscatorial lore that the Hudson River, the Delaware, Susquehanna, Potomac, and possibly the James rivers, may be successfully stocked with salmon—not those from the Bucksport hatching house probably. Experiments now going rapidly forward with spawn from the Pacific coast are expected to confirm this theory, and eventually furnish our tables with fresh salmon which shall not be for the rich alone.

That the Hudson River ever abounded with salmon seems improbable, and the fact that any considerable number was ever taken therefrom is more than questioned by our best-informed scientists. Hendrick Hudson told a fish story when he wrote that he “tooke y^e salmon” in this water, and showed that he did not know a big river trout from a salmon.

The eggs distributed in 1873, numbering 1,241,800, were sent to every State in New England, and also to New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, and Wisconsin. The young fish hatched were in every instance set at liberty as soon as the yolk sac was absorbed. The whole number thus turned out was 876,000. The present season the number of eggs distributed will probably exceed 2,200,000, and, unless some extraordinary mishap interferes, the number of young fish will be more than double that of last year. The distribution is so wide that hardly any river receives an adequate stock, but in some instances the number will be sufficient to produce a decided impression.

NYMPHIDIA: THE COURT OF FAIRY.

By MICHAEL DRAYTON. BORN 1563. DIED 1631.



"As Imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the Poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

OLD Chancer doth of "*Topas*" tell,
Mad Rabl'ais of "*Pantagruell*,"
A later third of "*Dowsabell*,"

With such poor trifles playing:
Others the like have labour'd at,
Some of this thing, and some of that,
And many of they know not what,
But what they may be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
Be talking of the Fairies still,
Nor never can they have their fill,
As they were wedded to them;
No tales of them their thirst can slake,
So much delight therein they take,
And some strange thing they fain would make,
Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no Muse hath been so bold,
Or of the later, or the old,
Those elvish secrets to unfold,
Which lie from others' reading;
My active Muse to light shall bring
The court of that proud Fairy King,
And tell there of the revelling.
Jove prosper my proceeding!

And thou, NYMPHIDIA, gentle Fay,
Which meeting me upon the way,
These secrets didst to me bewray,
Which now I am in telling;
My pretty light fantastic Maid,
I here invoke thee to my aid,
That I may speak what thou hast said,
In numbers smoothly swelling.



This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempest needs to fear,
Which way so e'er it blow it.
And somewhat southward tow'rd the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the Fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs are made,
Well mortised and finely laid;
He was the master of his trade,
It curiously that builded:
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of slats;
Is cover'd with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded.



Hence Oberon him sport to make,
(Their rest when weary mortals take)
And none but only Fairies wake,
Descendeth for his pleasure:
And Mab his merry Queen by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the mare that hight)
Which plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,
Of little frisking elves and apes,
To earth do make their wanton 'scapes,
As hope of pastime hastes them;
Which maids think on the hearth they see,
When fires well near consumed be,
There dancing hays by two and three,
Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their sluttish rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping:
And in their courses make that round,
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so call'd, the *Fairy Ground*,
Of which they have the keeping.

These when a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folk perceive it thrive not,
The fault therein to smother,
Some silly doting brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
Say that the Fairy left this oaf,
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell
A chance in Fairy that befell,
Which certainly may please some well,
In love and arms delighting,
Of Oberon that jealous grew,
Of one of his own Fairy crew,
Too well (he fear'd) his Queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggin was this Fairy knight,
One wond'rous gracious in the sight
Of fair Queen Mab, which, day and night,
He amorously observed;
Which made King Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness had often check't,
And could have wish'd him starved.

Pigwiggin gladly would commend
Some token to Queen Mab to send,
If sea, or land him aught could lend,
Were worthy of her wearing:
At length this lover doth devise
A bracelet made of emmets' eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
No whit or state impairing.

And to the Queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
Of Love, she would be pleased
To meet him, her true servant, where
They might, without suspect or fear,
Themselves to one another clear,
And have their poor hearts eased.

At midnight the appointed hour,
 "And for the Queen a fitting bower,"
 Quoth he, "is that fair cowslip flower,
 On Hipcut hill that groweth;
 In all your train there's not a Fay,
 That ever went to gather May,
 But she hath made it in her way,
 The tallest there that groweth."

When by Tom Thum, a Fairy page,
 He sent it, and doth him engage,
 By promise of a mighty wage,
 It secretly to carry:
 Which done, the Queen her maids doth
 call,
 And bids them to be ready all;
 She would go see her Summer Hall,
 She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready straight is made,
 Each thing therein is fitting laid,
 That she by nothing might be staid,
 For nought must her be letting;
 Four nimble gnats the horses were,
 Their harnesses of gossamere,
 Fly Cranion her charioteer,
 Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
 Which for the colours did excel;
 The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
 So lively was the limning:
 The seat the soft wool of the bee;
 The cover (gallantly to see)
 The wing of a pied butterfly;
 I trow t'was simple trimming.

The wheels compos'd of crickets' bones,
 And daintily made for the nonce;
 For fear of rattling on the stones,
 With thistle-down they shod it;
 For all her maidens much did fear,
 If Oberon had chanc'd to hear,
 That Mab his Queen should have been there,
 He would not have abode it.

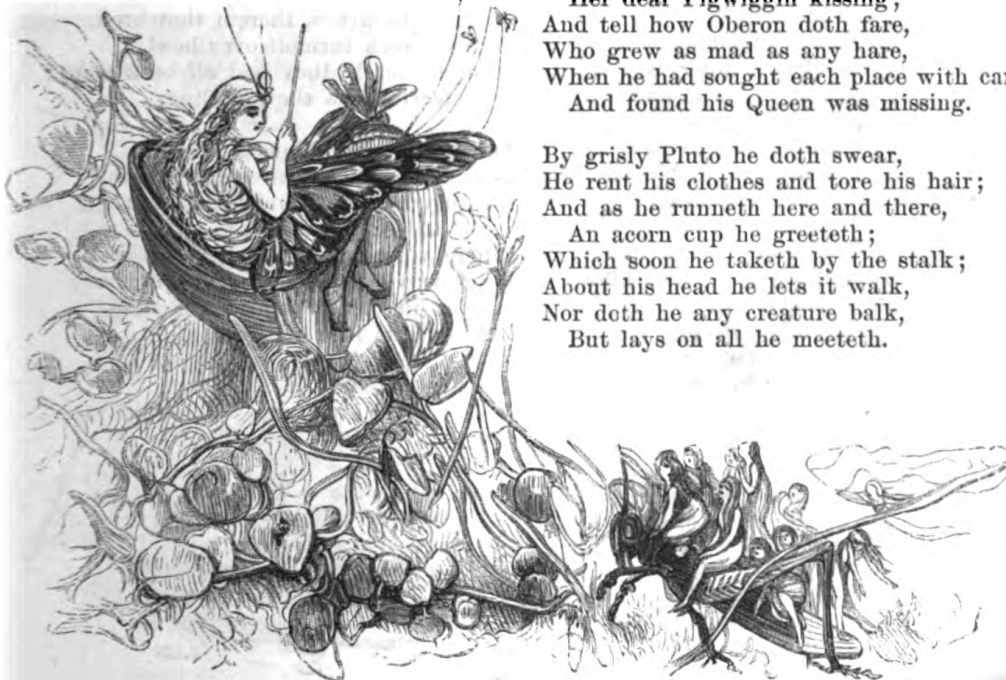
She mounts her chariot with a trice,
 Nor would she stay for no advice,
 Until her maids, that were so nice,
 To wait on her were fitted;
 But ran herself away alone;
 Which when they heard there was not one,
 But hasted after to begone,
 As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drop so clear,
 Pip, and Trip, and Skip that were
 To Mab their sovereign ever dear;
 Her 'special maids of honour:
 Fib, and Tib, and Pink, and Pin,
 Tick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
 Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
 The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
 And what with amble, and with trot,
 For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
 But after her they hie them:
 A cobweb over them they throw,
 To shield the wind if it should blow,
 Themselves they wisely could bestow,
 Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave Queen Mab awhile,
 Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
 That now had gotten by this wile
 Her dear Pigwigin kissing;
 And tell how Oberon doth fare,
 Who grew as mad as any hare,
 When he had sought each place with care,
 And found his Queen was missing.

By grisly Pluto he doth swear,
 He rent his clothes and tore his hair;
 And as he runneth here and there,
 An acorn cup he greeteth;
 Which soon he taketh by the stalk;
 About his head he lets it walk,
 Nor doth he any creature balk,
 But lays on all he meeteth.



The Tuscan poet doth advance
The frantic Paladin of France,
And those more ancient do inance
Alcides in his fury:
And others Ajax Telamon;
But to this time there hath been none,
So Bedlam as our Oberon,
Of which I dare assure you.

And first encountering with a Wasp,
He in his arms the fly doth clasp,
As though his breath he forth would
grasp,
Him for Pigwiggin taking:
"Where is my wife, thou rogue?" quoth he,
"Pigwiggin she is come to thee;
Restore her, or thou diest by me!"
Whereat the poor Wasp quaking,

Cries, "Oberon, great Fairy King,
Content thee, I am no such thing,
I am a Wasp, behold my sting!"
At which the Fairy started:
When soon away the Wasp doth go:
Poor wretch was never frightened so;
He thought his wings were much too
slow,
O'erjoy'd they so were parted.

He next upon a Glow-worm light,
(You must suppose it now was night,)
Which, for her hinder part was bright,
He took to be a devil:
And furiously doth her assail,
For carrying fire in her tail;
He thrash'd her rough coat with his flail;
The mad King fear'd no evil.



"O," quoth the Glow-worm, "hold thy hand,
Thou puissant King of Fairy Land.
Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?
Hold, or of life despair I!"
Together then herself doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole,
She seem'd as black as any cole,
Which vex'd away the Fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive;
Amongst the bees he letteth drive;
And down their combs begins to rive,
All likely to have spoiled;
Which with their wax his face besmear'd,
And with their honey daub'd his beard,
It would have made a man afeard,
To see how he was moiled.

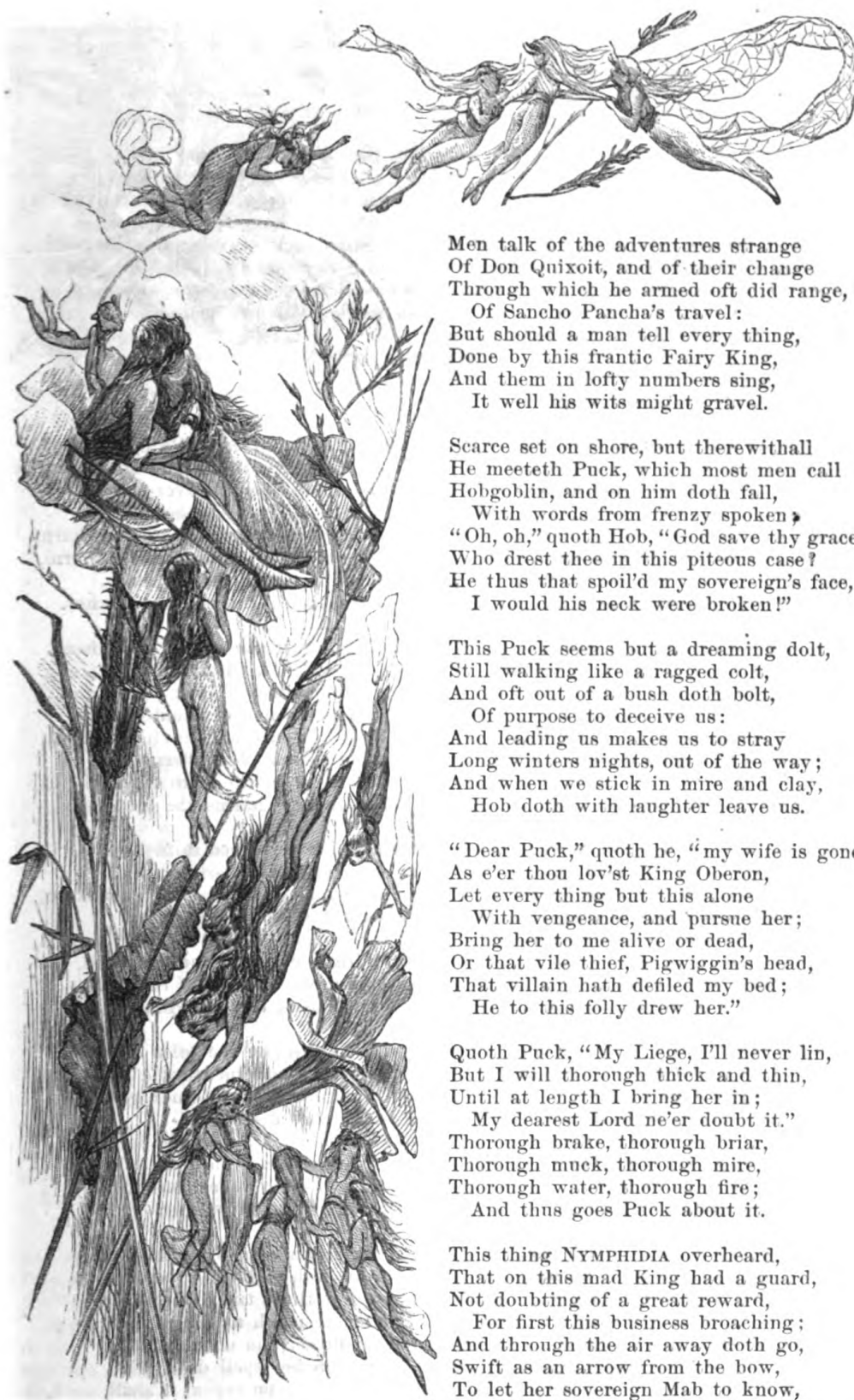
A new adventure him betides;
He met an ant, which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble;
And came full over on her snout,
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,
And all be-slurred head and face,
On runs he in this wild-goose chase,
As here and there he rambles:
Half blind, against a mole-hill hit,
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit,
Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himself he could not stop,
But down on th' other side doth chop,
And to the foot came rumbling:
So that the grubs, therein that bred,
Hearing such turmoil over head,
Thought surely they had all been dead;
So fearful was the jumbling.

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury somewhat it doth slake;
He calleth for a ferry;
Where you may some recovery note;
What was his club he made his boat;
And in his oaken cup doth float,
As safe as in a wherry.





Men talk of the adventures strange
Of Don Quixoit, and of their change
Through which he armed oft did range,
Of Sancho Pancha's travel:
But should a man tell every thing,
Done by this frantic Fairy King,
And them in lofty numbers sing,
It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithall
He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall,
With words from frenzy spoken;
"Oh, oh," quoth Hob, "God save thy grace!
Who drest thee in this piteous case?
He thus that spoil'd my sovereign's face,
I would his neck were broken!"

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us:
And leading us makes us to stray
Long winters nights, out of the way;
And when we stick in mire and clay,
Hob doth with laughter leave us.

"Dear Puck," quoth he, "my wife is gone,
As e'er thou lov'st King Oberon,
Let every thing but this alone
With vengeance, and pursue her;
Bring her to me alive or dead,
Or that vile thief, Pigwigin's head,
That villain hath defiled my bed;
He to this folly drew her."

Quoth Puck, "My Liege, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in;
My dearest Lord ne'er doubt it."
Thorough brake, thorough briar,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire;
And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing NYMPHIDIA overheard,
That on this mad King had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
For first this business broaching;
And through the air away doth go,
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her sovereign Mab to know,
What peril was approaching.



The Queen, bound with Love's powerful charm,
Sate with Pigwiggin arm in arm;
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,
About the room were skipping:
A humble-bee, their minstrel, play'd
Upon his hautboy; ev'ry maid
Fit for this revel was array'd,
The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes NYMPHIDIA, and doth cry,
"My sovereign for your safety fly,
For there is danger but too nigh;
I posted to forewarn you:
The King hath sent Hobgoblin out,
To seek you all the fields about;
And of your safety you may doubt,
If he but once discern you."

When, like an uproar in a town,
Before them every thing went down;
Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
'Gainst one another justling:
They flew about like chaff i'th' wind;
For haste some left their masks behind;
Some could not stay their gloves to find;
There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they, by a secret way,
Into a brake that near them lay;
Yet much they doubted there to stay,
Lest Hob should hap to find them:
He had a sharp and piercing sight,
All one to him the day and night;
And therefore were resolv'd, by flight,
To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to find a nut,
In th' end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root,
There scatter'd by a squirrel:
Which out the kernel gotten had;
When quoth this Fay, "Dear Queen, be glad;
Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
I'll set you safe from peril.

Come all into this nut," quoth she,
"Come closely in; be rul'd by me;
Each one may here a chooser be,
For room ye need not wrestle:
Nor need ye be together heap'd;"
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down they soundly slept,
And safe as in a castle.

NYMPHIDIA, that this while doth watch,
Perceiv'd if Puck the Queen should catch
That he should be her over-match,
Of which she well bethought her;
Found it must be some powerful charm,
The Queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
For thoroughly he had sought her.

And listening if she ought could hear,
That her might hinder, or might fear;
But finding still the coast was clear,
Nor creature had descried her;
Each circumstance and having scann'd,
She came thereby to understand,
Puck would be with them out of hand,
When to her charms she hied her.

And first her fern seed doth bestow,
The kernel of the missleto;
And here and there as Puck should go,
With terror to affright him,
She night-shade strews to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hind'reth witches of their will,
Of purpose to despight him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew;
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
From lunary distilling;
The molewarp's brain mixt therewithall;
And with the same the pismire's gall:
For she in nothing short would fall,
The Fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a briar doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times she leap;
Her magic much availing:
Then on Proserpina doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
Not in one tittle failing.

"By the croaking of the frog;
By the howling of the dog;
By the crying of the hog,
Against the storm arising:
By the evening curfew bell,
By the doleful dying knell,
O let this my direful spell,
Hob, hinder thy surprising!

By the mandrake's dreadful groans;
By the lubrican's sad moans;
By the noise of dead mens' bones,
In charnel houses ratling:
By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake,
I charge thee thou this place forsake,
Nor of Queen Mab be pratling!

By the whirlwind's hollow sound,
By the thunder's dreadful stound,
Yells of spirits under ground,
I charge thee not to fear us:
By the screech-owl's dismal note,
By the black night-raven's throat,
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
With thorns, if thou come near us!"



Her spell thus spoke, she stept aside,
And in a chink herself doth hide,
To see there of what would betide,
For she doth only mind him:
When presently she Puck espies,
And well she mark'd his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he pries,
In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin;
For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels,
Alas! his brain was dizzy!

At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets;
And as again he forward sets,
And through the bushes scrambles,
A stump doth trip him in his pace;
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case,
Amongst the briars and brambles.

"A plague upon Queen Mab!" quoth he:
"And all her maids where'er they be,
I think the devil guided me,
To seek her so provok'd!"
Where, stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he stood,
In danger to be choak'd.

Now worse than e'er he was before,
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar;
That wak'd Queen Mab, who doubted sore
Some treason had been wrought her:
Until NYMPHIDIA told the Queen,
What she had done, what she had seen,
Who then had well near crack'd her spleen
With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
Queen Mab and all her Fairy rout;
And come again to have a bout
With Oberon yet madding:
And with Pigwiggin now distraught,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he so long the Queen had sought,
And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs he still doth cry,
"King Oberon I thee defy,
And dare thee here in arms to try,
For my dear Lady's honour:
For that she is a Queen right good,
In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
And that thou in this jealous mood
Hast laid this slander on her."

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield;
Yet could it not be pierc'd:
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long;
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
Whose sharpness nought revers'd.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing:
His rapier was a hornet's sting;
It was a very dangerous thing,
For if he chanc'd to hurt the King,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet did it well become him:
And for a plume a horse's hair,
Which, being tossed with the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to King Oberon of kin;
Quoth he, "Thou manly Fairy,
Tell Oberon I come prepar'd,
Then bid him stand upon his guard;
This hand his baseness shall reward,
Let him be ne'er so wary.

Say to him thus, that I defy
His slanders and his infamy,
And as a mortal enemy
Do publicly proclaim him:
Withall that if I had mine own,
He should not wear the Fairy crown,
But with a vengeance should come down,
Nor we a king should name him."

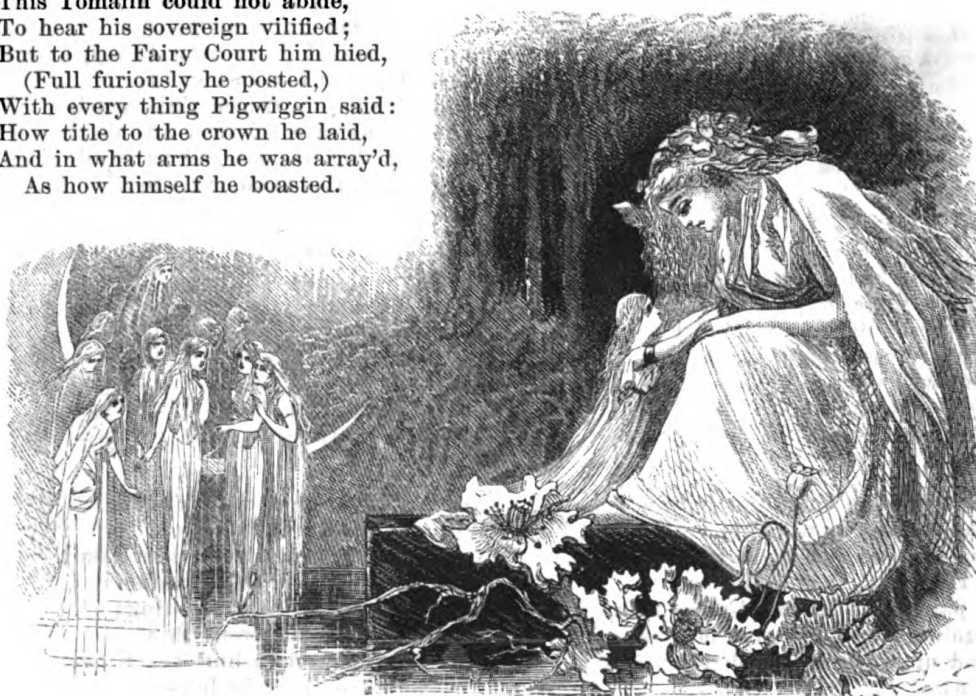
This Tomalin could not abide,
To hear his sovereign vilified;
But to the Fairy Court him hied,
(Full furiously he posted,)
With every thing Pigwiggin said:
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was array'd,
As how himself he boasted.

Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quaint,
For Tomalin could do it:
How fair he sat, how sure he rid,
As of the courser he bestrid,
How managed, and how well he did,
The King which listen'd to it.

Quoth he, "Go, Tomalin, with speed,
Provide me arms, provide my steed,
And every thing that I shall need;
By thee I will be guided:
To straight account call thou thy wit,
See there be wanting not a whit,
In every thing see thou me fit,
Just as my foes provided."

Soon flew this news through Fairy Land,
Which gave Queen Mab to understand
The combat that was then in hand
Betwixt those men so mighty:
Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all Fairy knew,
The first occasion from her grew
Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore attended with her maids,
Through fogs, and mists, and damps she
wades,
To Proserpine the Queen of Shades,
To treat, that it would please her,
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendship's sake,
And soon thereof an end to make,
Which of much care would ease her.





Their seconds minister an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their knightly faith and troth
No magic them supplied;
And sought them that they had no charms,
Wherewith to work each others harms,
But came with simple open arms
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man;
The blood out of their helmets span,
So sharp were their encounters;
And though they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regain'd their own,
Such nimbleness was never shown,
They were two gallant mounters.

A while there let we Mab alone,
And come we to King Oberon,
Who, arm'd to meet his foe, is gone,
For proud Pigwigginn crying:
Who sought the Fairy King as fast,
And had so well his journies cast,
That he arrived at the last,
His puissant foe espying:

Stout Tomalin came with the King,
Tom Thum doth on Pigwigginn bring,
That perfect were in every thing,
To single fights belonging:
And therefore they themselves engage,
To see them exercise their rage,
With fair and comely equipage,
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear,
That either had been either;
Their furious steeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way;
Their staves upon their rests they lay;
Yet ere they flew together,

When in a second course again
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,
The seconds could not judge yet;
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left,
These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw,
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew;
They every stroke redoubled:
Which made Proserpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
Which wondrously her troubled.

When to th' infernal Styx she goes,
She takes the fogs from thence that rose,
And in a bag doth them enclose:
When well she had them blended,
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing,
Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone,
Unto the place where Oberon
And proud Pigwigin, one to one,
Both to be slain were likely:
And there themselves they closely hide,
Because they would not be espied;
For Proserpine meant to decide
The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke,
As ready was them all to choke,
So grievous was the pother;
So that the knights each other lost,
And stood as still as any post;
Tom Thum, nor Tomalin could boast
Themselves of any other.

But when the mist 'gan somewhat cease,
Proserpina commandeth peace;
And that a while they should release,
Each other of their peril:
"Which here," quoth she, "I do proclaim
To all in dreadful Pluto's name,
That as ye will eschew his blame,
You let me hear the quarrel:

But here yourselves you must engage,
Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage;
Your grievous thirst and to assuage,
That first you drink this liquor,
Which shall your understanding clear,
As plainly shall to you appear;
Those things from me that you shall hear,
Conceiving much the quicker."

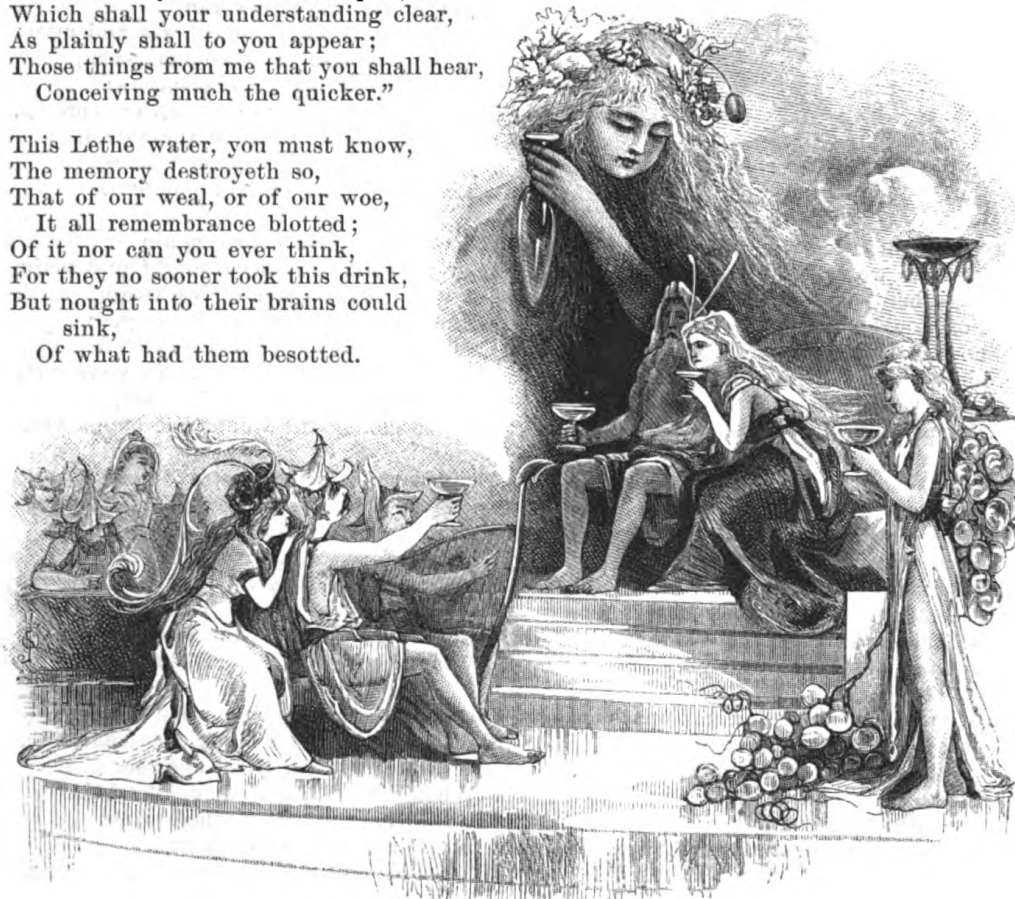
This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weal, or of our woe,
It all remembrance blotted;
Of it nor can you ever think,
For they no sooner took this drink,
But nought into their brains could
sink,
Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had,
That he for jealousy ran mad,
But of his Queen was wondrous glad,
And ask'd how they came thither:
Pigwigin likewise doth forget
That he Queen Mab had ever met;
Or that they were so hard beset,
When they were found together.

Nor neither of them both had thought,
That e'er they each had other sought,
Much less that they a combat fought,
But such a dream were lothing:
Tom Thum had got a little sup,
And Tomalin scarce kist the cup,
Yet had their brains so sure lockt up,
That they remember'd nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids, the while,
Amongst themselves do closely smile,
To see the King caught with this wile,
With one another jesting:
And to the Fairy Court they went,
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent,
And thus I left them feasting.

[NOTE.—The *Nymphidia* appeared in the folio edition of Drayton's *Poems*, in 1619, three years after Shakspeare's death.]



THE LIVING LINK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.



"HE SAW HER HEAD FALL."

CHAPTER XLI.

A REVELATION.

IF any thing could have added to the misery of Edith and her general despondency, it would have been the revelations of Miss Fortescue. It had certainly been bad enough to recall the treachery of a false friend; but the facts as just revealed went far beyond what she had imagined. They revealed such a long course of persistent deceit, and showed that she had been subject to such manifold, long-sustained, and comprehensive lying, that she began to lose faith in human nature. Whom now could she believe? Could she venture to put confidence in this confession of Miss Fortescue? Was that her real name, and was this her real story, or was it all some new piece of acting, contrived by this all-accomplished actor for the sake of dragging her down to deeper abysses of woe? She felt herself to be surrounded by remorseless enemies, all of whom were plotting against her, and in whose hearts there was no possibility of pity or remorse. Wiggins, the archenemy, was acting a part which was mysterious just now, but which nevertheless, she felt sure, was aimed at her very life. Mrs. Dunbar, she knew, was more open in the manifestation of her feelings, for she had taken up the cause of the murdered man with a warmth and vindictive zeal that showed Edith plainly what she might expect from

her. Her only friend, Miss Plympton, was still lost to her; and her illness seemed probable, since, if it were not so, she would not keep aloof from her at such a moment as this. Hopeless as she had been of late, she now found that there were depths of despair below those in which she had thus far been—"in the lowest deep, a lower deep."

Such were her thoughts and feelings through the remainder of that day and through the following night. But little sleep came to her. The future stood before her without one ray of light to shine through its appalling gloom. On the next day her despair seemed even greater; her faculties seemed benumbed, and a dull apathy began to settle down over her soul.

From this state of mind she was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of a visitor. Turning round, she saw Wiggins.

This was the first time that she had seen him since she left Dalton Hall, and in spite of that stolid and apathetic indifference which had come to her, she could not help being struck by the change which had come over him. His face seemed whiter, his hair grayer, his form more bent; his footsteps were feeble and uncertain; he leaned heavily upon his walking-stick; and in the glance that he turned toward her there was untold sympathy and compassion, together with a timid supplication that was unlike any thing which she had seen in him before.

Edith neither said any thing nor did any thing. She looked at him with dull indifference. She did not move. The thought came to her that this was merely another move in that great game of treachery and fraud to which she had been a victim; that here was the archtraitor, the instigator of all the lesser movements, who was coming to her in order to carry out some necessary part.

Wiggins sat down wearily upon one of the rude chairs of the scantily furnished room, and after a brief silence, looking at her sadly, began.

"I know," said he, "how you misunderstand me, and how unwelcome I must be; but I had to come, so as to assure you that I hope to find this man who is missing. I—I hope to do so before the—the trial. I have been searching all along, but without success—thus far. I wish to assure you that I have found out a way by which you—will be saved. And if you believe me, I trust that you will—try—to—cherish more hope than you appear to be doing."

He paused.

Edith said nothing at all. She was silent

partly out of apathy, and partly from a determination to give him no satisfaction, for she felt that any words of hers, no matter how simple, might be distorted and used against her.

Wiggins looked at her with imploring earnestness, and seemed to wait for her to say something. But finding her silent, he went on:

"Will you let me ask you one question? and forgive me for asking it; but it is of some importance to—to me—and to you. It is this: Did—did you see him at all—that night?"

"I have been warned," replied Edith, in a dull, cold tone, "to say nothing, and I intend to say nothing."

Wiggins sighed.

"To say nothing," said he, "is not always wise. I once knew a man who was charged with terrible crimes—crimes of which he was incapable. He was innocent, utterly. Not only innocent, indeed, but he had fallen under this suspicion, and had become the object of this charge, simply on account of his active efforts to save a guilty friend from ruin. His friend was the guilty one, and his friend was also his sister's husband; and this man had gone to try and save his friend, when he himself was arrested for that friend's crimes."

Wiggins did not look at Edith; his eyes were downcast. He spoke in a tone that seemed more like a soliloquy than any thing else. It was a tone, however, which, though low, was yet tremulous with ill-suppressed agitation.

"He was accused," continued Wiggins, "and if he had spoken and told what he knew, he might have saved his life. But if he had done this he would have had to become a witness, and stand up in court and say that which would ruin his friend. And so he could not speak. His lips were sealed. To speak would have been to inform against his friend. How could he do that? It was impossible. Yet some may think—you may think—that this man did wrong in allowing himself to be put in this false position. You may say that he had more than himself to consider—he had his family, his name, his—his wife, his child!"

"Yes," resumed Wiggins, after a long pause, "this is all true, and he did consider them, all—all—all! He did not trifle with his family name and honor, but it was rather on account of the pride which he took in these that he kept his silence. He was conscious of his perfect innocence. He could not think it possible that such charges could be carried out against one like himself. He believed implicitly in the justice of the courts of his country. He thought that in a fair trial the innocent could not possibly be proclaimed guilty. More than all, he thought that his proud name, his stainless character, and even his wealth and posi-

tion, would have shown the world that the charges were simply impossible. He thought that all men would have seen that for him to have done such things would involve insanity."

As Wiggins said this his voice grew more earnest and animated. He looked at Edith with his solemn eyes, and seemed as though he was pleading with her the cause of his friend—as though he was trying to show her how it had happened that the father had dishonored the name which the child must bear—as though he was justifying to the daughter, Edith Dalton, the acts of the father, Frederick Dalton.

"So he bore it all with perfect calmness," continued Wiggins, "and had no doubt that he would be acquitted, and thought that thus he would at least be able, without much suffering, to save his friend from ruin most terrific—from the condemnation of the courts and the fate of a felon."

Wiggins paused once more for some time. He was looking at Edith. He had expected some remark, but she had made none. In fact, she had regarded all this as a new trick of Wiggins—a transparent one too—the aim of which was to win her confidence by thus pretending to vindicate her father. He had already tried to work on her in that way, and had failed; and on this occasion he met with the same failure.

"There is no occasion for you to be silent, I think," said Wiggins, turning from the subject to the situation of Edith. "You have no friend at stake; you will endanger no one, and save yourself, by telling whether you are innocent or not."

These last words roused Edith. It was an allusion to her possible guilt. She determined to bring the interview to a close. She was tired of this man and his attempts to deceive her. It was painful to see through all this hypocrisy and perfidy at the very moment when they were being used against herself.

She looked at him with a stony gaze, and spoke in low, cold tones as she addressed him. "This is all useless. I am on my guard. Why you come here I do not know. Of course you wish to entrap me into saying something, so that you may use my words against me at the trial. You ask me if I saw this man on that night. You ask me if I am innocent. You well know that I am innocent. You, and you only, know who saw him last on that night; for as I believe in my own existence, so I believe, and affirm to your face, that this Leon Dudleigh was murdered by you, and you only!"

He looked at her fixedly as she said this, returning her stony gaze with a mournful look—a pitying look, full of infinite sadness and tenderness. He raised his hand deprecatingly, but said nothing until she had uttered those last words.

"Stop!" he said, in a low voice—"stay! I can not bear it."

He rose from his seat and came close to her. He leaned upon his stick heavily, and looked at her with eyes full of that same strange, inexplicable tenderness and compassion. Her eyes seemed fascinated by his, and in her mind there arose a strange bewilderment, an expectation of something she knew not what.

"Edith," said he, in a sweet and gentle voice, full of tender melancholy—"Edith, it would be sin in me to let you any longer heap up matter for future remorse; and even though I go against the bright hope of my life in saying this now, yet I must. Edith—"

He paused, looking at her, while she regarded him with awful eyes.

"Edith!" he said again—"my—my—child!"

There were tears in his eyes now, and there was on his face a look of unutterable love and unspeakable pity and forgiveness. He reached out his hand and placed it tenderly upon her head.

"Edith," he said again, "my child, you will never say these things again. I—I do not deserve them. I—am your—your father, Edith!"

At these words a convulsive shudder passed through Edith. He felt her frail form tremble, he saw her head fall, and heard a low sob that seemed torn from her.

She needed no more words than these. In an instant she saw it all; and though bewildered, she did not for a moment doubt his words. But her whole being was overwhelmed by a sudden and a sharp agony of remorse; for she had accustomed herself to hate this man, and the irrepressible tokens of a father's love she had regarded as hypocrisy. She had never failed to heap upon that reverend head the deepest scorn, contumely, and insult. But a moment before she had hurled at him a terrible accusation. At him! At whom? At the man whose mournful destiny it had been all along to suffer for the sins of others; and she it was who had flung upon him an additional burden of grief.

But with all her remorse there were other feelings—a shrinking sense of terror, a recoil from this sudden discovery as from something abhorrent. This her father! That father's face and form had been stamped in her memory. For years, as she had lived in the hope of seeing him, she had quickened her love for him and fed her hopes from his portrait. But how different was this one! What a frightful change from the father that lived in her memory! The one was a young man in the flush and pride of life and strength—the other a woe-worn, grief-stricken sufferer, with reverend head, bowed form, and trembling limbs. Besides, she had long

regarded him as dead; and to see this man was like looking on one who had risen from the dead.

In an instant, however, all was plain, and together with the discovery there came the pangs of remorse and terror and anguish. She could understand all. He, the escaped convict, had come to England, and was supposed to be dead. He had lived, under a false name, a life of constant and vigilant terror. He kept his secret from all the world. Oh, if he had only told her! Now the letter of Miss Plympton was all plain, and she wondered how she had been so blind.

"Oh!" she moaned, in a scarce audible voice, "why did you not tell me?"

"Oh, Edith darling! my child! my only love!" murmured Frederick Dalton, bending low over her, and infolding her trembling frame in his own trembling arms; "my sweet daughter, if you could only have known how I yearned over you! But I delayed to tell you. It was the one sweet hope of my life to redeem my name from its foul stain, and then declare myself. I wanted you to get your father back as he had left you, without this abhorrent crime laid to his charge. I did wrong not to trust you. It was a bitter, bitter error. But I had so set my heart on it. It was all for your sake, Edith—all, darling, for your sake!"

Edith could bear no more. Every one of these words was a fresh stab to her remorseful heart—every tone showed to her the depth of love that lay in that father's heart, and revealed to her the suffering that she must have caused. It was too much; and with a deep groan she sank away from his arms upon the floor. She clasped his knees—she did not dare to look up. She wished only to be a suppliant. He himself had prophesied this. His terrible warnings sounded even now in her ears. She had only one thought—to humble herself in the dust before that injured father.

Dalton tried to raise her up.

"My darling!" he cried, "my child! you must not—you will break my heart!"

"Oh," moaned Edith, "if it is not already broken, how can you ever forgive me!—how can you call me your child?"

"My child! my child!" said Dalton. "It was for you that I lived. If it had not been for the thought of you, I should have died long since. It was for your sake that I came home. It is for you only that I live now. There is nothing for me to forgive. Look up at me. Let me see your darling face. Let me hear you say one word—only one word—the word that I have hungered and thirsted to hear. Call me father."

"Father! oh, father! dear father!" burst forth Edith, clinging to him with convulsive energy, and weeping bitterly.

"Oh, my darling!" said Dalton, "I was to

blame. How could you have borne what I expected you to bear, when I would not give you my confidence? Do not let us speak of forgiveness. You loved your father all the time, and you thought that I was his enemy and yours."

Gradually Edith became calmer, and her calmness was increased by the discovery that her father was painfully weak and exhausted. He had been overwhelmed by the emotions which this interview had called forth. He now sat gazing at her with speechless love, holding her hands in his, but his breath came and went rapidly, and there was a feverish tremulousness in his voice and a flush on his pale cheeks which alarmed her. She tried to lessen his agitation by talking about her own prospects, but Dalton did not wish to.

"Not now, daughter," he said. "I will hear it all some other time. I am too weary. Let me only look at your dear face, and hear you call me by that sweet name, and feel my child's hands in mine. That will be bliss enough for this day. Another time we will speak about the—the situation that you are in."

As he was thus agitated, Edith was forced to refrain from asking him a thousand things which she was longing to know. She wished to learn how he had escaped, how he had made it to be believed that he was dead, and whether he was in any present danger. But all this she had to postpone. She had also to postpone her knowledge of that great secret—the secret that had baffled her, and which he had preserved inviolable through all these years. She now saw that her suspicions of the man "John Wiggins" must have been unfounded, and indeed the personality of "Wiggins" became a complete puzzle to her.

He bade her a tender adieu, promising to come early on the following day.

But on the following day there were no signs of him. Edith waited in terrible impatience, which finally deepened into alarm as his coming was still delayed. She had known so much of sorrow that she had learned to look for it, and began to expect some new calamity. Here, where she had found her father, where she had received his forgiveness for that which would never cease to cause remorse to herself, here, in this moment of respite from despair, she saw the black prospect of renewed misery. It was as though she had found him for a moment, only to lose him forever.

Toward evening a note was sent to her. She tore it open. It was from Mrs. Dunbar, and informed her that her father was quite ill, and was unable to visit her, but hoped that he might recover.

After that several days passed, and she heard nothing. At length another note came informing her that her father had

been dangerously ill, but was now convalescent.

Other days passed, and Edith heard regularly. Her father was growing steadily better. On one of these notes he had written his name with a trembling hand.

And so amidst these fresh sorrows, and with her feelings ever alternating between hope and despair, Edith lingered on through the time that intervened until the day of the trial.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE TRIAL.

At length the day for the trial arrived, and the place was crowded. At the appearance of Edith there arose a murmur of universal sympathy and pity. All the impressions which had been formed of her were falsified. Some had expected to see a coarse masculine woman; others a crafty, sinister face; others an awkward, ill-bred rustic, neglected since her father's trial by designing guardians. Instead of this there appeared before them a slender, graceful, youthful form, with high refinement and perfect breeding in every outline and movement. The heavy masses of her dark hair were folded across her brow, and wreathed in voluminous folds behind. Her pallid face bore traces of many griefs through which she had passed, and her large spiritual eyes had a piteous look as they wandered for a moment over the crowd.

No one was prepared to see any thing like this, and all hearts were at once touched. It seemed preposterous to suppose that one like her could be otherwise than innocent.

The usual formulas took place, and the trial began. The witnesses were those who had already been examined. It was rumored that Sir Lionel Dudley was to be brought forward, and "Wiggins," and Mrs. Dunbar, but not till the following day.

At the end of that day the opinion of the public was strongly in favor of Edith; but still there was great uncertainty as to her guilt or innocence. It was generally believed that she had been subject to too much restraint, and in a foolish desire to escape had been induced to marry Dudley. But she had found him a worse master than the other, and had hated him from the first, so that they had many quarrels, in which she had freely threatened his life. Finally both had disappeared on the same night. He was dead; she survived.

The deceased could not have committed suicide, for the head was missing. Had it not been for that missing head, the theory of suicide would have been plausible.

The second day of the trial came. Edith had seen her father on the previous evening, and had learned something from him which

had produced a beneficial effect, for there was less terror and dejection in her face. This was the first time that she had seen him since his illness.

There was one in the hall that day who looked at her with an earnest glance of scrutiny as he took his place among the witnesses.

It was Sir Lionel Dudleigh, who had come here to give what testimony he could about his son. His face was as serene as usual; there was no sadness upon it, such as might have been expected in the aspect of a father so terribly bereaved; but the broad content and placid bonhomie appeared to be invincible.

The proceedings of this day were begun by an announcement on the part of the counsel for the defense, which fell like a thunder-clap upon the court. Sir Lionel started, and all in the court involuntarily stretched forward their heads as though to see better the approach of the astonishing occurrence which had been announced.

The announcement was simply this, that any further proceedings were useless, since the missing man himself had been found, and was to be produced forthwith. There had been no murder, and the body that had been found must be that of some person unknown.

Shortly after a group entered the hall.

First came Frederick Dalton, known to the court as "John Wiggins." He still bore traces of his recent illness, and, indeed, was not fit to be out of his bed, but he had dragged himself here to be present at this momentous scene. He was terribly emaciated, and moved with difficulty, supported by Mrs. Dunbar, who herself showed marks of suffering and exhaustion almost equal to his.

But after these came another, upon whom all eyes were fastened, and even Edith's gaze was drawn away from her father, to whom she had longed to fly so as to sustain his dear form, and fixed upon this new-comer.

Dudleigh! The one whom she had known as Mowbray. Dudleigh!

Yes, there he stood.

Edith's eyes were fixed upon him in speechless amazement.

It was Dudleigh, and yet it seemed as though it could not be Dudleigh.

There was that form and there was that face which had haunted her for so long a time, and had been associated with so many dark and terrible memories—the form and the face which were so hateful, which never were absent from her thoughts, and intruded even upon her dreams.

Yet upon that face there was now something which was not repulsive even to her. It was a noble, spiritual face. Dudleigh's features were remarkable for their faultless outline and symmetry, and now the expres-

sion was in perfect keeping with the beauty of physical form, for the old hardness had departed, and the deep stamp of sensuality and selfishness was gone, and the sinister look which had once marred those features could be traced there no more.

It was thinner than the face which Edith remembered, and it seemed to her as if it had been worn down by some illness. If so, it must have been the same cause which had imparted to those features the refinement and high bearing which were now visible there. There was the same broad brow covered with its clustering locks, the same penetrating eyes, the same square, strong chin, the same firm, resolute mouth, but here it was as though a finer touch had added a subtle grace to all these; for about that mouth there lingered the traces of gentleness and kindness, like the remnant of sweet smiles; the glance of the eye was warmer and more human; there was also an air of melancholy, and over all a grandeur of bearing which spoke of high breeding and conscious dignity.

This man, with his earnest and even melancholy face and lofty bearing, did not seem like one who could have plotted so treacherously against a helpless girl. His aspect filled Edith with something akin to awe, and produced a profound impression upon the spectators. They forgot the hatred which they had begun to feel against Dudleigh in the living presence of the object of their hate, and looked in silence first at Edith, then at the new-comer, wondering why it was that between such as these there could be any thing less than mutual affection. They thought they could understand now why she should choose him as a husband. They could not understand how such a husband could become hateful.

In all the court but one object seemed to attract Dudleigh, and that was Edith. His eyes had wandered about at first, and finally had rested on her. With a glance of profoundest and most gentle sympathy he looked at her, conveying in that one look enough to disarm even her resentment. She understood that look, and felt it, and as she looked at him in return she was filled with wonder.

Could such things be? she thought. Was this the man who had caused her so much suffering, who had blasted and blighted the hopes of her life? or, rather, had the man who had so wronged her been transformed to this? Impossible! As well might a fiend become changed to an archangel. And yet here he was. Evidently this was Dudleigh. She looked at him in speechless bewilderment.

The proceedings of the court went on, and Dudleigh soon explained his disappearance. As he spoke his voice confirmed the fact that he was Dudleigh; but Edith listened to it

with the same feelings which had been excited by his face. It was the same voice, yet not the same; it was the voice of Dudley, but the coldness and the mockery of its intonations were not there. Could he have been playing a devil's part all along, and was he now coming out in his true character, or was this a false part? No; whatever else was false, this was not—that expression of face, that glance of the eye, those intonations, could never be feigned. So Edith thought as she listened.

Dudley's explanation was a simple one. He had not been very happy at Dalton Hall, and had concluded to go away that night for a tour on the Continent. He had left so as to get the early morning train, and had traveled on without stopping until he reached Palermo, from which he had gone to different places in the interior of Sicily, which he mentioned. He had climbed over the gate, because he was in too much of a hurry to wake the porter. He had left his valise, as he intended to walk. He had, of course, left his dog at Dalton, because he couldn't take him to the Continent. He had forgotten his watch, for the reason that he had slept longer than he intended, and dressed and went off in a great hurry. The pocket-book which he left was of no importance—contained principally memoranda, of no use to any but himself. He had no idea there would have been such a row, or he would not have gone in such a hurry. He had heard of this for the first time in Sicily, and would have come at once, but, unfortunately, he had an attack of fever, and could not return before.

Nothing could have been more natural and frank than Dudley's statement. A few questions were asked, merely to satisfy public curiosity. Every one thought that a trip to Sicily was a natural enough thing for one who was on such bad terms with his wife, and the suddenness of his resolution to go there was sufficient to account for the disorder in which he had left his room.

But all this time there was one in that court who looked upon the new-comer with far different feelings than those which any other had.

This was Sir Lionel Dudley.

He had heard the remark of the counsel that Dudley had returned, and looked toward the door as he entered with a smile on his face. As he saw Dudley enter he started. Then his face turned ghastly white, and his jaw fell. He clutched the railing in front of him with both hands, and seemed fascinated by the sight.

Near him stood Mrs. Dunbar, and Dalton leaned on her. Both of these looked fixedly at Sir Lionel, and noticed his emotion.

At the sound of Dudley's voice Sir Lionel's emotion increased. He breathed heavily. His face turned purple. His knuckles turned white as he grasped the railing. Sud-

denly, in the midst of Dudley's remarks, he started to his feet, and seemed about to say something. Immediately in front of him were Dalton and Mrs. Dunbar. At that instant, as he rose, Mrs. Dunbar laid her hand on his arm.

He looked at her with astonishment. He had not seen her before. She fixed her solemn eyes on him—those eyes to which had come a gloom more profound, and a sadness deeper than before. But Sir Lionel stared at her without recognition, and impatiently tried to shake off her hand.

"Who are you?" he said, suddenly, in a trembling voice—for there was something in this woman's face that suggested startling thoughts.

Mrs. Dunbar drew nearer to him, and in a whisper that thrilled through every fibre of Sir Lionel's frame, hissed in his ear,

"I am your wife—and here is my brother Frederick!"

Over Sir Lionel's face there came a flash of horror, sudden, sharp, and overwhelming. He staggered and shrank back.

"Claudine!" he murmured, in a stifled voice.

"Sit down," whispered Lady Dudley—now no longer Mrs. Dunbar—"sit down, or you shall have to change places with Frederick's daughter."

Sir Lionel swayed backward and forward, and appeared not to hear her. And now his eyes wandered to Dalton, who stood gazing solemnly at him, and then to Dudley, who was still speaking.

"Who is that?" he gasped.

"Your son!" said Lady Dudley.

At this instant Dudley finished. Sir Lionel gave a terrible groan, and flung up his arms wildly. The next instant he fell heavily forward, and was caught in the arms of his wife. A crowd flew to his assistance, and he was carried out of court, followed by Lady Dudley.

There was a murmur of universal sympathy.

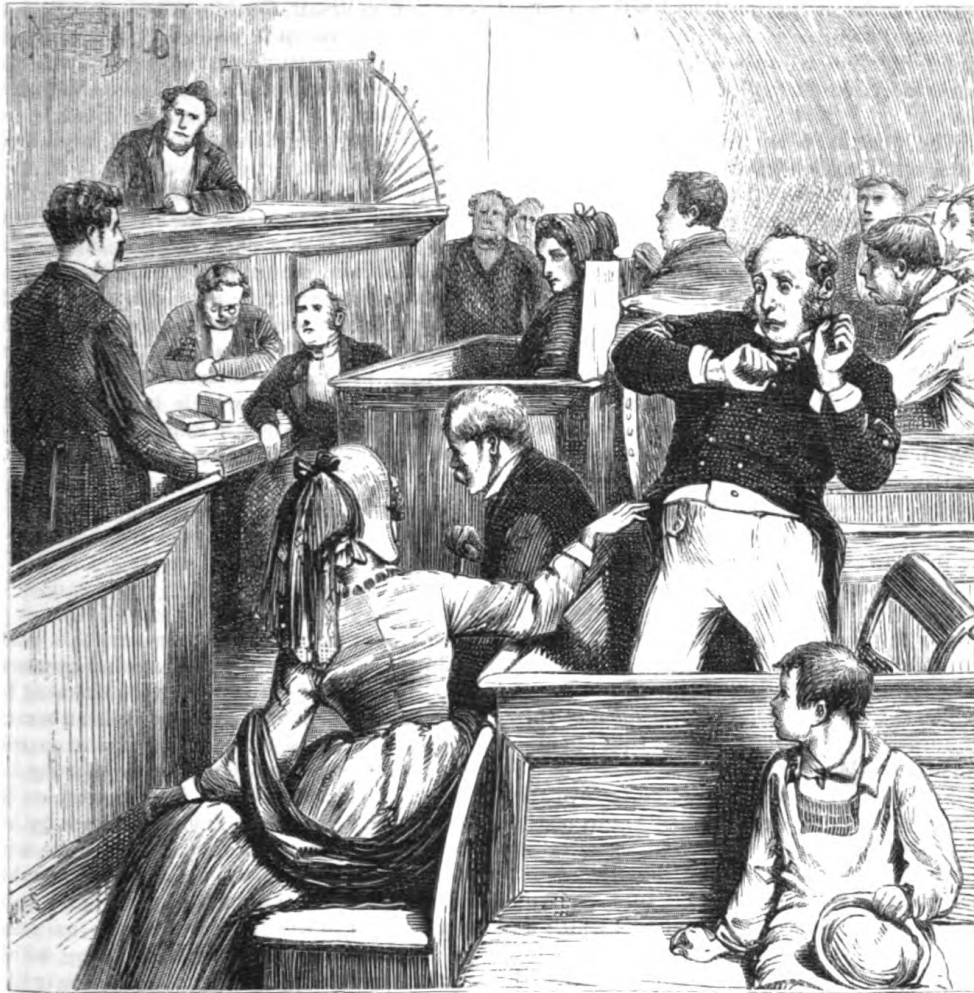
"Poor Sir Lionel! He has been heart-broken, and the joy of his son's safety is too much."

After this the proceedings soon came to an end.

Edith was free!

Dalton tried to get to her, but in his weakness sank upon a seat, and looked imploringly at his daughter. Seeing this, Dudley sprang to his assistance, and gave his arm. Leaning heavily upon this, Dalton walked toward Edith, who was already striving to reach him, and, with a low cry, caught her in his arms.

Sir Lionel had been taken to the inn, where Lady Dudley waited on him. After some time he recovered his senses, and began to rally rapidly. It had been feared that it was apoplexy, but, fortunately for the



"HE LOOKED AT HER WITH ASTONISHMENT."

sufferer, it turned out to be nothing so serious as that. After this Lady Dudleigh was left alone with her husband.

Ten years of separation lay between these two—a separation undertaken from causes that still existed to alienate them beyond the hope of reconciliation. Yet there was much to be said; and Lady Dudleigh had before her a dark and solemn purpose.

On the next day Sir Lionel was able to drive out. Lady Dudleigh seemed to have constituted herself his guardian. Sir Lionel's face and expression had changed. The easy, careless bonhomie, the placid content, the serene joyousness, that had once characterized him, were gone. In the place of these there came an anxious, watchful, troubled look—the look of a mind ill at ease—the furtive glance, the clouded brow. It was as though in this meeting Lady Dudleigh had communicated to her husband a part of that expression which prevailed in her own face.

Sir Lionel seemed like a prisoner who is attended by an ever-vigilant guard—one who watches all his movements, and from whom he can not escape. As he rolled along

in his carriage, the Black Care of the poet seemed seated beside him in the person of Lady Dudleigh.

While Sir Lionel thus recovered from the sudden shock which he had felt, there was another who had endured a longer and severer course of suffering, and who had rallied for a moment when his presence was required, but only to sink back into a relapse worse than the illness from which he had begun to recover. This was Frederick Dalton, who had crawled from his bed twice—once to his daughter's prison, and once to the scene of her trial. But the exertion was too much, and the agitation of feeling to which he had been subject had overwhelmed him. Leaning heavily on Dudleigh, and also on Edith, he was taken by these two to his carriage, and thence to the inn; but here he could walk no further. It was Dudleigh who had to carry him to his room and lay him on his bed—and Dudleigh, too, who would intrust to no other person the task of putting his prostrate form in that bed. Dudleigh's own father was lying in the same house, but at that moment,

whatever were his motives, Dalton seemed to have stronger claims on his filial duty, and Edith had to wait till this unlooked-for nurse had tenderly placed her father in his bed.

The doctor, who had found Sir Lionel's case so trifling, shook his head seriously over Frederick Dalton. Dudleigh took up his station in that room, and cared for the patient like a son. The day passed, and the night, and the next morning, but Dalton grew no better. It was a strange stupor which affected him, not like paralysis, but arising rather from exhaustion, or some affection of the brain. The doctor called it congestion. He lay in a kind of doze, without sense and without suffering, swallowing any food or medicine that might be offered, but never noticing any thing, and never answering any questions. His eyes were closed at all times, and in that stupor he seemed to be in a state of living death.

Edith's grief was profound; but in the midst of it she could not help feeling wonder at the unexpected part which Dudleigh was performing. Who was he that he should take so large a part in the care of her father? Yet so it was; and Dudleigh seemed to think of nothing and see nothing but that old man's wasted and prostrate form.

For the present, at least, departure from the inn was of course out of the question. Edith's position was a very distressing one. Every feeling of her heart impelled her to be present at her father's bedside, but Dudleigh was present at that same bedside; and how could she associate herself with him even there? At first she would enter the room, and sit quietly by her father's bedside, and on such occasions Dudleigh would respectfully withdraw; but this was unpleasant, and she hardly knew what to do.

Two or three days thus passed, and on the third Dudleigh requested an interview, to ask her, as he said, something about "Mr. Wiggins"—for this was the name by which Mr. Dalton still was called. This request Edith could not refuse.

Dudleigh entered with an air of profound respect.

"Miss Dalton," said he, laying emphasis on that name, "nothing would induce me to intrude upon you but my anxiety about your father. Deep as your affection for him may be, it can hardly be greater than mine. I would gladly lay down my life for him. At the same time, I understand your feelings, and this is what I wish to speak about. I would give up my place at his bedside altogether if you wished it, and you should not be troubled by my presence; but I see that you are not strong enough to be sole nurse, or to undertake the work that would be required of you, and that your own affection for him would impose upon you. You yourself are not strong, and you must take

care of yourself for his sake. I will not, therefore, give up to you all the care of your father, but I will absent myself during the afternoon, and you will then have exclusive care of him."

Edith bowed without a word, and Dudleigh withdrew.

This arrangement was kept up, and Edith scarcely saw Dudleigh at all. She knew, however, that his care for her father was incessant and uninterrupted. Every thing that could possibly be needed was supplied; every luxury or delicacy that could be thought of was obtained; and not only were London physicians constantly coming up, but from the notes which lay around, she judged that Dudleigh kept up a constant correspondence with them about this case.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SIR LIONEL AND HIS "KEEPER."

SIR LIONEL, who had come to this place with the face that indicated a mind at peace, thus found himself suddenly confronted by a grim phantom, the aspect of which struck terror to his heart. That phantom was drawn up from a past which he usually did not care to remember. Now, however, he could not forget it. There was one by his side to remind him of it always—one who had become his guard, his jailer—in fact, his keeper—a word which signifies better than any other the attitude which was assumed by Lady Dudleigh. For the feeling which Sir Lionel had toward her was precisely like that which the lunatic has toward his keeper, the feeling that this one is watching night and day, and never relaxes the terrible stare of those vigilant eyes. There are those who on being thus watched would grow mad; and Sir Lionel had this in addition to his other terrors—this climax of them all, that upon him there was always the maddening glare of his "keeper's" eyes. Terrible eyes were they to him, most terrible—eyes which he dared not encounter. They were the eyes of his wife—a woman most injured; and her gaze reminded him always of a past full of horror. That gaze he could not encounter. He knew without looking at it what it meant. He felt it on him. There were times when it made his flesh crawl, nor could he venture to face it.

A few days of this reduced him to a state of abject misery. He began to fear that he was really growing mad. In that case he would be a fit subject for a "keeper." He longed with unutterable longing to throw off this terrible restraint; but he could not and dared not. That woman, that "keeper," wielded over him a power which he knew and felt, and dared not defy. It was the power that arises from the knowledge

of secrets of life and death, and her knowledge placed his life in her hands.

This woman was inflexible and inexorable. She had suffered so much that she had no pity for his present sufferings. These seemed trivial to her. She showed a grand, strong, self-sufficient nature, which made her his superior, and put her above the reach of any influences that he might bring. He could remember the time when she was a fair and gentle young girl, with her will all subject to his; then a loving bride with no thought apart from him; but now years of suffering and self-discipline had transformed her to this, and she came back to him an inexorable Fate, an avenging Nemesis.

Yet Sir Lionel did not give up all hope. He could not drive her away. He could not fly away from her, for her watch was too vigilant; but he hoped for some chance of secret flight in which, if he once escaped, he might find his way to the Continent. With something of that cunning which characterizes the insane, and which, perhaps, is born of the presence of a "keeper," Sir Lionel watched his opportunity, and one day nearly succeeded in effecting his desire.

That day Lady Dudleigh was in her brother's room. Sir Lionel had waited for this, and had made his preparations. When she had been gone for a few minutes, he stole softly out of his room, passed stealthily down the back stairs of the inn, and going out of the back-door, reached the rear of the house. Here there was a yard, and a gate that led out to a road at the end of the house. A carriage had been in waiting here for about an hour. Sir Lionel hurried across the yard, passed through the gate, and looked for the carriage.

He took one glance, and then a deep oath escaped him.

In the carriage was Lady Dudleigh.

How she could have detected his flight he could not imagine, nor did he now care. She had detected it, and had followed at once to circumvent him. She must have gone down the front stairs, out of the front-door, and reached the carriage before him. And there she was! Those hateful eyes were fixed on him—he felt the horrid stare—he cowered beneath it. He walked toward her.

"I thought I would go out too," said she.

Sir Lionel said not a word. He felt too much ashamed to turn back now, and was too politic to allow her to see any open signs that he was in full flight; so he quietly got into the carriage, and took his seat by her side.

Whipping up the horses, he drove them at a headlong rate of speed out through the streets into the country. His whole soul was full of mad fury. Rage and disappointment together excited his brain to madness; and the fierce rush of the impetuous steeds was in accordance with the excitement of

his mind. At length the horses themselves grew fatigued, and slackened their pace. Sir Lionel still tried to urge them forward, but in vain, and at last he flung down the whip with a curse.

"I'll not stand this any longer!" he cried, vehemently, addressing his "keeper," but not looking at her.

"What?" said she.

"This style of being dogged and tracked and watched."

"You allude to me, I suppose," said Lady Dudleigh. "At any rate, you must allow that it is better to be tracked, as you call it, by me, than by the officers of the law."

"I don't care," growled Sir Lionel, gathering courage. "I'll not stand this style of thing any longer. I'll not let them have it all their own way."

"I don't see what you can do," said Lady Dudleigh, quietly.

"Do!" cried Sir Lionel, in a still more violent tone—"do! I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll fight it out."

"Fight!"

"Yes," cried Sir Lionel, with an oath. "Every one of you—every one. Every one without a single exception. Oh, you needn't think that I'm afraid. I've thought it all over. You're all under my power. Yes—ha, ha, ha! that's it. I've said it, and I say what I mean. You thought that I was under your power. Your power! Ha, ha, ha! That's good. Why, you're all under mine—every one of you."

Sir Lionel spoke wildly and vehemently, in that tone of feverish excitement which marks a madman. It may have been the influence of his "keeper," or it may have been the dawns of actual insanity.

As for Lady Dudleigh, she did not lose one particle of her cold-bloodedness. She simply said, in the same tone,

"How?"

"How? Ha, ha! Do you think I'm going to tell you? That's my secret. But stop. Yes; I don't care. I'd just as soon tell as not. You can't escape, not one of you, unless you all fly at once to the Continent, or to America, or, better yet, back to Botany Bay. There you'll be safe. Fly! fly! fly! or else," he suddenly added, in a gloomy tone, "you'll all die on the gallows! every one of you, on the gallows! Ha, ha, ha! swinging on the gallows! the beautiful gallows!"

Lady Dudleigh disregarded the wildness of his tone, or perhaps she chose to take advantage of it, thinking that in his excitement he might disclose his thoughts the more unguardedly.

"You can do nothing," she said.

"Can't I, though?" retorted Sir Lionel. "You wait. First, there's Dalton."

"What can you do with him?"

"Arrest him," said Sir Lionel. "What is

he! An outlaw! An escaped convict! He lives under an assumed name. He must go back to Botany Bay—that is, if he isn't hanged. And then there's that pale-faced devil of a daughter with her terrible eyes." He paused.

"What can you do to her?"

"Her! Arrest her too," cried Sir Lionel. "She murdered my boy—my son—my Leon. She must be hanged. You shall not save her by this trick. No! she must be hanged, like her cursed father."

A shudder passed through Lady Dudleigh.

Sir Lionel did not notice it. He was too much taken up with his own vengeful thoughts.

"Yes," said he, "and there's that scoundrel Reginald."

"Reginald!" cried Lady Dudleigh, in a stern voice. "Why do you mention him?"

"Oh, he's one of the same gang," cried Sir Lionel. "He's playing their game. He is siding against his father, as he always did, and with his brother's murderers. He shall not escape. I will avenge Leon's death on all of you; and as for him, he shall suffer!"

It was with a strong effort that Lady Dudleigh restrained herself. But she succeeded in doing so, and said, simply, as before,

"How?"

"Arrest him!" cried Sir Lionel. "Arrest him too. He is guilty of perjury; and if he doesn't hang for it, he'll go back again to Botany Bay with that scoundrel with whom he sides against me—his own father—and against his brother."

"Are there any more?" asked Lady Dudleigh, as Sir Lionel ended.

"More! Yes," he said.

"Who?"

"You!" shouted Sir Lionel, with a voice of indescribable hate and ferocity. He turned as he spoke, and stared at her. His wild eyes, however, met the calm, cold, steady glance of those of his "keeper," and they fell before it. He seized the whip and began to lash the horses, crying as he did so, "You! yes, you! you! most of all!"

"What can you do to me?" asked Lady Dudleigh.

"You? Arrest you."

"What have I done?"

"You? You have done every thing. You have aided and abetted the escape of an outlaw. You have assisted him in his nefarious occupation of Dalton Hall. You have aided and abetted him in the imprisonment of Dalton's brat. You have aided and abetted him in the murder of my boy Leon. You have—"

"Stop!" cried Lady Dudleigh, in a stern, commanding voice. "You have been a villain always, but you have never been so outspoken. Who are you? Do you know what happened ten years ago?"

"What?" asked Sir Lionel. "Do you mean Dalton's forgery, and his assassination of that—that banker fellow?"

Lady Dudleigh smiled grimly.

"I am glad that you said that," said she.

"You remove my last scruple. My brother's wrongs have well-nigh maddened me; but I have hesitated to bear witness against my husband, and the father of my children. I shall remember this, and it will sustain me when I bear my witness against you in a court of law."

"Me?" said Sir Lionel. "Me? Witness against me? You can not. No one will believe you."

"It will not be only your wife," said she, "though that will be something, but your own self, with your own hand."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what you know very well—your letter which you wrote to Frederick, inclosing your forged check."

"I never forged a check, and I never wrote a letter inclosing one!" cried Sir Lionel. "Dalton forged that letter himself, if there is such a letter. He was an accomplished forger, and has suffered for it."

"The letter is your own," said Lady Dudleigh, "and I can swear to it."

"No one will believe you," cried Sir Lionel. "You shall be arrested for perjury."

Lady Dudleigh gave another grim smile, and then she added, "There is that *Maltese cross*. You forget that."

"What *Maltese cross*?" said Sir Lionel. "I never had one. That wasn't mine; it was Dalton's."

"But I can swear in a court of law," said Lady Dudleigh, "that this *Maltese cross* was yours, and that it was given to you by me as a birthday gift."

"No one will believe you!" cried Sir Lionel; "no one will believe you!"

"Why not? Will they refuse the oath of Lady Dudleigh?"

"I can show them that you are insane," said Sir Lionel, with a chuckle at the idea, which seemed to him like a sudden inspiration.

"You will not be able to show that Reginald is insane," said she.

"Reginald?"

"Yes, Reginald," repeated Lady Dudleigh.

"Reginald knows that *Maltese cross*, and knows when I gave it to you. He too will be ready to swear to that in a court of law whenever I tell him that he may do so."

"Reginald?" said Sir Lionel, in a gloomy voice. "Why, he was—a child then."

"He was sixteen years old," said Lady Dudleigh.

This mention of Reginald seemed to crush Sir Lionel. He was silent for a long time. Evidently he had not been prepared for this in his plans for what he called a "fight." He sat in moody silence therefore. Once or

twice he stole a furtive glance at her, and threw upon her a look which she did not see. It was a look full of hate and malignancy, while at the same time there was an expression of satisfaction in his face, as though he had conceived some new plan, which he intended to keep a secret all to himself.

CHAPTER XLIV.

LADY DUDLEIGH'S DECISION.

DURING the remainder of that drive nothing was said by either. Sir Lionel had his own thoughts, which, whatever they were, appeared to give him a certain satisfaction, and his brow was more unclouded when they reached the inn than it had been ever since the day of the trial. Evidently the new design which he had conceived, and which remained unuttered in his mind, was very satisfactory to him.

That evening he himself began the conversation with Lady Dudley, a thing which he had not before done.

"It's all very well," said he, "for you to carry on your own plans. You may carry them on and welcome. I won't prevent you; in fact, I can't. It's no use to deny it; I'm in your power. You're determined to crush me, and I must be crushed, I suppose. You are going to show to the world the strange spectacle of a wife and a son rising up against a husband and father, and swearing his life away. You will lead on, and Reginald will follow. This is the education that you have given him—it is to end in parricide. Very well; I must submit. Wife, slay your husband! mother, lead your son to parricide! Of course you comfort your conscience with the plea that you are doing justice. In the French Revolution there were wives who denounced their husbands, and sons who denounced their fathers, in the name of 'humanity,' and for the good of the republic. So go on. See that justice be done. Come on yourself to assassinate your husband, and bring on your parricide! Take sides with those who have murdered your son—the son whom you bore to me, and once loved! Unsex yourself, and become a Fury! It is useless for me to make resistance, I suppose; and yet, woman! wife! mother! let me tell you that on the day when you attempt to do these things, and when your son stands by your side to help you, there will go up a cry of horror against you from outraged humanity!"

At this Lady Dudley looked at him, who, as usual, averted his eyes; but she made no reply.

"Bring him on!" said Sir Lionel—"your son—my son—the parricide! Do your worst. But at the same time allow me to inform you, in the mildest manner in the

world, that if I am doomed, there is no reason why I should go mad in this infernal hole. What is more, I do not intend to stay here one single day longer. I'm not going to run away. That is impossible; you keep too sharp a look-out altogether. I'm simply going away from this place of horrors, and I rather think I'll go home. I'll go home—yes, home. Home is the place for me—Dudleigh Manor, where I first took you, my true wife—that is the place for me to be in when you come to me, you and your son, to hand me over, Judas-like, to death. Yes, I'm going home, and if you choose to accompany me, why, all that I can say is, I'll have to bear it."

"I'll go," said Lady Dudley, laconically.

"Oh, of course," said Sir Lionel, "quite a true wife; like Ruth and Naomi. Whither thou goest, I will go. You see, I'm up in my Bible. Well, as I said, I can not prevent you, and I suppose there is no need for me to tell you to get ready."

Whether under these bitter taunts Lady Dudley writhed or not did not at all appear. She seemed as cool and calm as ever. Perhaps she had so schooled her nature that she was able to repress all outward signs of emotion, or perhaps she had undergone so much that a taunt could have no sting for her, or perhaps she had already contemplated and familiarized herself with all these possible views of her conduct to such an extent that the mention of them created no emotion. At any rate, whatever she felt, Sir Lionel saw nothing.

Having discharged this shot, Sir Lionel went to his desk, and taking out writing materials, began to write a letter. He wrote rapidly, and once or twice glanced furtively at Lady Dudley, as though he was fearful that she might overlook his writing. But there was no danger of that. Lady Dudley did not move from her place. She did not seem to be aware that he was writing at all.

At length Sir Lionel finished, and then he folded, sealed, and addressed the letter. He finished this task with a face of supreme satisfaction, and stole a look toward Lady Dudley, in which there was a certain cunning triumph very visible, though it was not seen by the one at whom it was directed.

"And now," said he, waving the letter somewhat ostentatiously, and speaking in a formal tone, in which there was an evident sneer—"and now, Lady Dudley, I have the honor to inform you that I intend to go out and post this letter. May I have the honor of your company as far as the post-office, and back?"

Lady Dudley rose in silence, and hastily throwing on her things, prepared to follow him. Sir Lionel waited with mocking politeness, opened the door for her to pass out first, and then in company with her went to

the post-office, where he mailed the letter, and returned with the smile of satisfaction still upon his face.

Early on the next morning Lady Dudley saw her son. He had watched all that night by Dalton's bedside, and seemed pale and exhausted.

"Reginald," said Lady Dudley, "Sir Lionel is going away."

"Going away?" repeated Reginald, absently.

"Yes; back to Dudley Manor."

Reginald looked inquiringly at his mother, but said nothing.

"I intend," said Lady Dudley, "to go with him."

"You?"

"Yes."

Reginald looked at her mournfully.

"Have you done any thing with him yet?" he asked.

Lady Dudley shook her head.

"Do you expect to do any thing?"

"I do."

"I'm afraid you will be disappointed."

"I hope not. I have at least gained a hold upon him, and I have certainly worked upon his fears. If I remain with him now I hope in time to extort from him that confession which will save us all from an additional sorrow; one perhaps as terrible as any we have ever known, if not even more so."

"Confession!" repeated Reginald. "How is that possible? He will never confess—never. If he has remained silent so long, and has not been moved by the thought of all that he has done, what possible thing can move him? Nothing but the actual presence of the law. Nothing but force."

"Well," said Lady Dudley, "it is worth trying—the other alternative is too terrible just yet. I hope to work upon his fears. I hope to persuade him to confess, and fly from the country to some place of safety. Frederick must be righted at all hazards, and I hope to show this so plainly to Sir Lionel that he will acquiesce in my proposal, confess all, save Frederick, and then fly to some place where he may be safe. If not, why, then we can try the last resort. But oh, Reginald, do you not see how terrible that last resort is?—I against my husband, you against your father—both of us bringing him to the gallows! It is only the intolerable sense of Frederick's long-sufferings that can make me think of doing so terrible a thing. But Frederick is even now in danger. He must be saved; and the question is between the innocent and the guilty. I am strong enough to decide differently from what I did ten years ago."

"Oh, I know—I feel it all, mother dear," said Reginald; "but at the same time I don't like the idea of your going away with him—alone."

"Why not?"

"I don't like the idea of your putting yourself in his power."

"His power?"

"Yes, in Dudley Manor, or any other place. He is desperate. He will not shrink from any thing that he thinks may save him from this danger. You will be his chief danger: he may think of getting rid of it. He is unscrupulous, and would stop at nothing."

"Oh, as for that, he may be desperate, but what can he possibly do? Dudley Manor is in the world. It is not in some remote place where the master is superior to law. He can do no more harm there than he can here."

"The man," said Reginald, "who for all these years has outraged honor and justice and truth, and has stifled his own conscience for the sake of his comfort, must by this time be familiar with desperate deeds, and be capable of any crime. I am afraid, mother dear, for you to trust yourself with him."

"Reginald," said Lady Dudley, "you speak as though I were a child or a school-girl. Does he seem now as though he could harm me, or do I seem to be one who can easily be put down? Would you be afraid to go with him?"

"I—afraid? That is the very thing that I wish to propose."

"But you could not possibly have that influence over him which I have. You might threaten, easily enough, and come to an open rupture, but that is what I wish to avoid. I wish to bring him to a confession, not so much by direct threats as by various constraining moral influences."

"Oh, as to that," said Reginald, "I have no doubt that you will do far better than I can; but at the same time I can not get rid of a fear about your safety."

"And do you really think, Reginald, that I would be less safe than you? or, from what you know of me, should you suppose that I have much of that woman's weakness about me which might make me an easy prey to one who wished to do me harm?"

"I know well what you are, mother dear," said Reginald, taking her hand tenderly in both of his. "You have the tenderness of a woman and the courage of a man; but still I feel uneasy. At any rate, promise me one thing. You will let me know what you are doing."

"I do not promise to write regularly," said Lady Dudley, "but I do promise to write the moment that any thing happens worth writing about."

"And if you are ill, or in danger?" said Reginald, anxiously.

"Oh, then, of course I shall write at once. But now I must go. I shall not see you again for some time. Good-by."

Lady Dudley kissed her son tenderly as she said this, and left him, and Reginald re-

turned to his place by Frederick Dalton's bedside.

That same day, shortly after this interview, Sir Lionel and Lady Dudleigh drove away from the inn, *en route* for Dudleigh Manor.

CHAPTER XLV.

LADY DUDLEIGH IS SHOWN TO HER ROOM.

AFTER driving for about a mile Sir Lionel and Lady Dudleigh took the train, securing a compartment to themselves.

During this part of the journey Sir Lionel's face lost much of that gloom which of late had pervaded it, and assumed an expression which was less dismal, though not quite like the old one. The old look was one of serene and placid content, an air of animal comfort, and of easy-going self-indulgence; but now the expression was more restless and excited. There was a certain knowing look—a leer of triumphant cunning—combined with a tendency to chuckle over some secret purpose which no one else knew. Together with this there was incessant restlessness; he appeared perpetually on the look-out, as though dreading discovery; and he alternated between exultant nods of his head, with knowing winks at vacancy, and sudden sharp furtive glances at his companion. Changed as Sir Lionel's mood was, it can hardly be said that the change was for the better. It would have been obvious even to a more superficial observer than that vigilant "keeper" who accompanied him that Sir Lionel had lost his self-poise, and was in rather a dangerous way. Lady Dudleigh must have noticed this; but it made no difference in her, save that there was perhaps a stonier lustre in her eyes as she turned them upon him, and a sharper vigilance in her attitude.

In this way they rode on for several hours; and whatever Sir Lionel's plans might have been, they certainly did not involve any action during the journey. Had he been sufficiently violent he might have made an assault upon his companion in the seclusion of that compartment, and effectually prevented any trouble ever arising to him from her. He might have done this, and made good his escape in the confusion of some station. But no such attempt was made; and so in due time they reached the place where they were to get out.

"This is the nearest station to Dudleigh Manor," said Sir Lionel, gayly. "This road has been made since your time."

Lady Dudleigh said nothing, but looked around. She saw nothing that was familiar. A neat wayside station, with the usual platform, was nearest; and beyond this arose trees which concealed the view on one side, while on the other there were fields and

hedges, and one or two houses in the distance. It was a commonplace scene, in a level sort of country, and Lady Dudleigh, after one short survey, thought no more about it. It was just like any other wayside station.

A common-looking hack, with a rather ill-dressed driver, was waiting, and toward this Sir Lionel walked.

"This," said he, "is the Dudleigh coach. It isn't so grand an affair as it used to be; but my means have dwindled a good deal since your day, you know, and I have to economize—yes—ha, ha, ha!—economize—queer thing too, isn't it? Economizing—ha, ha, ha!"

Sir Lionel's somewhat flighty manner was not at all congenial to Lady Dudleigh, and she treated him as the vigilant "keeper" always treats his flighty prisoner—that is, with silent patience and persistent watchfulness.

In a few minutes they were both seated inside the coach, and were driving away. The coach was a gloomy one, with windows only in the doors. The rest was solid woodwork. These windows in the doors were small, and when let down were scarcely large enough for one to put his head through. When sitting down it was impossible for Lady Dudleigh to see the road. She could see nothing but the tops of the trees, between which the sky appeared occasionally. She saw that she was driving along a road which was shaded with trees on both sides; but more than this she could not see.

They drove for about an hour at a moderate pace, and during this time Sir Lionel preserved that same peculiar demeanor which has already been described, while Lady Dudleigh maintained her usual silent watchfulness.

At length they stopped for a moment. Voices sounded outside, and then Lady Dudleigh saw that she was passing through a gateway. Thinking that this was Dudleigh Manor, she made no remark, but calmly awaited the time when she should reach the house. She did not have to wait long. Sooner than she expected the coach stopped. The driver got down and opened the door. Sir Lionel sprang out with surprising agility, and held out his hand politely to assist his companion. She did not accept his offer, but stepped out without assistance, and looked around.

To her surprise, the place was not Dudleigh Manor at all, but one which was entirely different, and quite unfamiliar. It was a brick house of no very great size, though larger than most private houses, of plain exterior, and with the air of a public building of some sort. The grounds about were stiff and formal and forbidding. The door was open, and one or two men were standing there. It did not look like an inn,

and yet it certainly was not a private residence.

"I have to stop here for a little while," said Sir Lionel, "to see a friend on business. We are not half-way to Dudleigh Manor yet; it's further than you think."

He turned and went up the steps. Lady Dudleigh looked around once more, and then followed him. The men at the head of the steps looked at her curiously as she went in. She took no notice of them, however, but walked past them, looking calmly beyond them.

On entering the house she saw a bare hall covered with slate-colored oil-cloth, and with a table against the wall. A gray-headed man came out of one of the rooms, and advanced to meet Sir Lionel, who shook hands with him very cordially, and whispered to him a few words. The gray-headed man wore spectacles, was clean shaven, with a double chin, and a somewhat sleek and oily exterior.

"Lady Dudleigh," said Sir Lionel, leading the gray-headed man forward by the arm, "allow me to make you acquainted with my particular friend, Dr. Leonard Morton."

Lady Dudleigh bowed slightly, and Dr. Morton made a profound obeisance that seemed like a caricature of politeness.

"Will you have the kindness to walk up stairs?" said he, and led the way, while the others followed him. Ascending the stairs, they reached a large room at the back of the house, which was furnished in the same stiff and formal way as the hall below. Over the mantel-piece hung an engraving, somewhat faded out, and on the table were a Bible and a pitcher of water.

The doctor politely handed Lady Dudleigh a chair, and made one or two remarks about the weather.

"Sir Lionel," said he, "if Lady Dudleigh will excuse us for a few moments, I should like to speak with you in private."

"Will you have the kindness, Lady Dudleigh," asked Sir Lionel, "to excuse us for a few moments? We shall not leave you long alone. And here is a book—an invaluable book—with which you may occupy your time."

He said this with such exaggerated politeness, and with such a cunning leer in his eyes, that his tone and manner were most grotesque; and as he concluded he took up the large Bible with ridiculous solemnity.

Lady Dudleigh merely bowed in silence.

"A thousand thanks," said Sir Lionel, turning away; and thereupon he left the room, followed by the doctor. Lady Dudleigh heard their footsteps descending the stairs, and then they seemed to go into some room.

For some time she forgot all about him. The place had at first surprised her, but she gave it little thought. She had too much

to think of. She had before her a task which seemed almost impossible; and if she failed in this, there was before her that dread alternative which Sir Lionel had presented to her so plainly. Other things too there were besides her husband—connected with all who were dearest to her—her brother, perhaps, dying before he had accomplished his work; her son so mysteriously murdered; her other son awaiting her command to assist in bringing his father to death. Besides, there was the danger that even now might be impending over these—the danger of discovery. Sir Lionel's desperate threats might have some meaning, and who could tell how it might result if he sought to carry out those threats?

Brooding over such thoughts as these, she forgot about the lapse of time, and at last was roused to herself by the entrance of a woman. She was large and coarse and fat. At the door stood another woman.

"Your room's ready, missus," said the woman, bluntly.

Lady Dudleigh rose.

"I don't want a room," said she. "I intend to go in a few minutes."

"Anyway, ye'd better come to your room now, and not keep us waitin'," said the woman.

"You needn't wait," said Lady Dudleigh.

"Come along," said the woman, impatiently. "It's no use stayin' here all day."

Lady Dudleigh felt annoyed at this insolence, and began to think that Sir Lionel had run away while she had forgotten about him. She said nothing to the women, but walked toward the door. The two stood there in the way.

"I will go down," said she, haughtily, "and wait below. Go and tell Sir Lionel."

The women stared at one another.

"Sir Lionel Dudleigh," said Lady Dudleigh, "is with Dr. Morton on business. Tell him that I am tired of waiting, or take me to the room where he is."

"Oh yes, 'm," said one of the women; and saying this, she went down stairs.

In a few moments Dr. Morton came up, followed by the women. The two men who had been standing at the door came into the hall, and stood there at the foot of the stairs.

"Where is Sir Lionel?" was Lady Dudleigh's first words.

The doctor smiled blandly.

"Well, he has just gone, you know; but he'll soon be back—oh yes, quite soon. You wait here, and you may go to your room."

He spoke in an odd, coaxing tone, as though he were addressing some fretful child whom it was desirable to humor.

"Gone!" exclaimed Lady Dudleigh.

"Yes, but he'll soon be back. You needn't wait long. And these women will take you to your own room. You'll find it very pleasant."



"SHE WAS DRAGGED ALONG HELPLESSLY."

"I have no room here," said Lady Dudleigh, haughtily. "If Sir Lionel has gone, I shall go too;" and with these words she tried to move past the woman who was in front of her. But the woman would not move, and the other woman and the doctor stood there looking at her. All at once the truth dawned upon her, or a part of the truth. She had been brought here, and they would keep her here. Who they were she could not imagine, but their faces were not at all prepossessing.

"Oh, it's all right," said the doctor, in a smooth voice. "You shall go to-morrow. We'll send for Sir Lionel."

"Dr. Morton," said Lady Dudleigh, solemnly, "beware how you detain me. Let me go, or you shall repent it. I don't know what your motive is, but it will be a dangerous thing for you. I am Lady Dudleigh, and if you dare to interfere with my movements you shall suffer."

"Oh yes, oh yes," said the doctor. "You are Lady Dudleigh. Oh, of course. And now come, Lady Dudleigh; you shall be treated just like a lady, and have a nice room, and—"

"What do you mean?" cried Lady Dudleigh, indignantly. "This insolence is insufferable."

"Oh yes," said the doctor; "it'll be all right, you know. Come, now; go like a good lady to your room."

"Are you mad?" exclaimed Lady Dudleigh, in amazement.

The doctor smiled and nodded.

"What do you intend to do?" asked Lady Dudleigh, restraining herself with a strong effort.

"Oh, nothing; we shall put you in a nice room, you know—all so pleasant—for you are not very well; and so, Susan, you just take the lady's hand, and, Martha, you take the other, and we'll show her the way to her room."

At this each of the women seized one of Lady Dudleigh's hands quickly and dextrously, the result of long practice, and then they drew her out of the room. Lady Dudleigh resisted, but her strength was useless. She was dragged along helplessly, while all the time the doctor walked after her, prattling in his usual way about "the nice room," and how "comfortable" she would find it. At length they reached a room, and she was taken in. One of the women entered with her. Lady Dudleigh looked around, and saw that the walls were bare and white-washed; the floor was uncarpeted; an iron bedstead and some simple furniture were around her, and a small grated window gave light.

It looked dreary enough, and sufficiently prison-like to appall any one who might be thus suddenly thrust in there. Lady Dudleigh sank into a chair exhausted, and the woman began to make her bed.

"My good woman," said Lady Dudleigh, anxious to get some clew to her position, "can you tell me what all this means?"

"Sure it's all for the good of your health," said the woman.

"But I'm not ill."

"No, not to say ill; but the body's often all right when the mind's all wrong."

"The mind? There's nothing the matter with my mind. Dr. Morton has been deceived. He would not dare to do this if he knew it."

"Sure, now, it's nothing at all, and ye'll be well soon."

At these simple words of the woman Lady Dudleigh began to understand the situation. This must be a lunatic asylum, a private one. Sir Lionel had brought her here, and told the doctor that she was insane. The doctor had accepted his statement, and had received her as such. This at once accounted for his peculiar mode of addressing her.

"There's a mistake," said Lady Dudleigh, quietly. "Dr. Morton has been deceived. Let me see him at once, please, and I will explain. He does not know what a wrong he is doing. My good woman, I am no more mad than you are."

"Dear, dear!" said the woman, going on placidly with her work; "that's the way they all talk. There's not one of them that believes they're mad."

"But I'm not mad at all," said Lady Dudleigh, indignant at the woman's obtuseness.

"There, there; don't you go for to excite yourself," said the woman, soothingly. "But I s'pose you can't help it."

"So this is a mad-house, is it?" said Lady Dudleigh, gloomily, after a pause.

"Well, 'm, we don't call it that; we call it a 'sylum. It's Dr. Morton's 'sylum."

"Now see here," said Lady Dudleigh, making a fresh effort, and trying to be as cool as possible, "I am Lady Dudleigh. I have been brought here by a trick. Dr. Morton is deceived. He is committing a crime in detaining me. I am not mad. Look at me. Judge for yourself. Look at me, and say, do I look like a madwoman?"

The woman, thus appealed to, good-naturedly acquiesced, and looked at Lady Dudleigh.

"Deed," she remarked, "ye look as though ye've had a deal of sufferin' afore ye came here, an' I don't wonder yer mind give way."

"Do I look like a madwoman?" repeated Lady Dudleigh, with a sense of intolerable irritation at this woman's stupidity.

"Deed, then, an' I'm no judge. It's the doctor that decides."

"But what do you say? Come, now."

"Well, then, ye don't look very bad, exceptin' the glare an' glitter of the eyes of ye, an' yer fancies."

"Fancies? What fancies?"

"Why, yer fancies that ye're Lady Dudleigh, an' all that about Sir Lionel."

Lady Dudleigh started to her feet.

"What!" she exclaimed. "Why, I am Lady Dudleigh."

"There, there!" said the woman, soothingly; "sure I forgot myself. Sure ye are Lady Dudleigh, or any body else ye like. It's a dreadful inveiglin' way ye have to trap a body the way ye do."

At this Lady Dudleigh was in despair. No further words were of any avail. The woman was determined to humor her, and assented to every thing she said. This treatment was so intolerable that Lady Dudleigh was afraid to say any thing for fear that she would show the excitement of her feelings, and such an exhibition would of course have been considered as a fresh proof of her madness.

The woman at length completed her task, and retired.

Lady Dudleigh was left alone. She knew it all now. She remembered the letter which Sir Lionel had written. In that he had no doubt arranged this plan with Dr. Morton, and the coach had been ready at the station. But in what part of the country this place was she had no idea, nor could she know whether Dr. Morton was deceived by Sir Lionel, or was his paid employé in this work of villainy. His face did not give her any encouragement to hope for either honesty or mercy from him.

It was an appalling situation, and she knew it. All the horrors that she had ever heard of in connection with private asylums occurred to her mind, and deepened the terror that surrounded her. All the other cares of her life—the sorrow of bereavement, the anxiety for the sick, the plans for Frederick Dalton—all these and many others now oppressed her till her brain sank under the crushing weight. A groan of anguish burst from her.

"Sir Lionel's mockery will become a reality," she thought. "I shall go mad!"

Meanwhile Sir Lionel had gone away. Leaving Lady Dudleigh in the room, he had gone down stairs, and after a few hurried words with the doctor, he left the house and entered the coach, which drove back to the station.

All the way he was in the utmost glee, rubbing his hands, slapping his thighs, chuckling to himself, laughing and cheering.

"Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!" he laughed. "Outwitted! The keeper—the keeper caught! Ha, ha, ha! Why, she'll never get out—never! In for life, Lionel, my boy! Mad? Why, by this time she's a raving maniac! Ha, ha, ha! She swear against me! Who'd believe a madwoman, an idiot, a lunatic, a bedlamite, a maniac—a howling, frenzied, gibbering, ranting, raving, driveling, maundering, mooning maniac! And now for the boy next—the parricide! Ha, ha, ha! Arrest him! No. Shut him up here—both—with my friend Morton—both

of them, mother and son, the two—ha, ha, ha!—witnesses! One maniac! two maniacs! and then I shall go mad with joy, and come here to live, and there shall be *three maniacs!* Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha-a-a-a-a-a!"

Sir Lionel himself seemed mad now.

On leaving the coach, however, he became calmer, and taking the first train that came up, resumed his journey.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.



JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, the author of *The Culprit Fay* and the hitherto unpublished poems appended to this paper, was born in the city of New York August 7, 1795, the year that gave birth to the eccentric poet Percival, and the accomplished author of *Swallow Barn* and *Horseshoe Robinson*. His ancestors were among the earliest of the Pilgrim Fathers—not a bad genealogy for the American who celebrated in patriotic song the glory of the starry "flag of the free." John Drake, of Devonshire, a kinsman of the redoubtable rover of the seas, Sir Francis, a member of the Council of Plymouth, and one of the original company established by Queen Elizabeth's successor to the English crown for settling New England, came to Boston in the summer of 1630, accompanied by several sons, and soon after settled at East Chester, in the State of New York, where the family acquired a large estate, bounded on one side by the beautiful Bronx, whose attractions were described by their gifted descendant. Jonathan Drake, the poet's father, and a lineal descendant of the member of the Plymouth company, was a colonel in the Revolutionary army, who, after the war, married Miss Hannah Laurence, the daughter of Effingham Laurence,

of Flushing, a highly respectable Long Island family, with as ancient an American ancestry as the Drakes.

The poet was an only son, one of four children, who, early bereaved of their parents, were subjected to many of the pains and privations incident to poverty and the loss of their natural protectors. It was after their death that he wrote, at the early age of fifteen:

"Home! sacred name, at thy endearing sound
What forms of ravished pleasures hover round!
What long-lost blisses, mourned, alas! in vain,
Awakened memory gives my soul again!
Joys mine no more, yet sweeter, dearer still
Than all that wait me in this world of ill.
Thou gnawing canker in misfortune's breast,
Is this thy beam to soothe a wretch to rest?
No, 'tis the light that glimmers on a tomb,
To add a deeper horror to the gloom.
Sad is the homeless heart: and mine hath known
Neglect's cold blasts unpitied and alone;
I meet no eye that, softening, rests on mine,
No hand whose heart-warm pressure says 'Tis
thine!"

No lip whose smile a ready welcome bears,
No heart to share my joys and soothe my cares."

Drake was by nature and birth a gentleman, noble, generous, and ambitious, and possessed with an implicit confidence from childhood that by patient perseverance he could surmount every obstacle, and replace his family in the position to which it was entitled. Like his sisters Caroline and Louise, he was a poet from childhood. The few anecdotes of his early years which have been preserved in the memories of surviving contemporaries include an incident which occurred when he was seven years of age. Having been punished for some childish offense, and imprisoned in a portion of the garret shut off by wooden bars, which had originally inclosed the place as a wine closet, his eldest sister stole up stairs to observe how he bore his punishment, and found Joe pacing the apartment with something like a sword on his shoulder, watching an incongruous heap on the floor, in the character of Don Quixote at his vigils over the armor in the church. At the same early age his ideas gleaned from books sought living shapes before him in the world. A hard-drinking squire who resided near the house of a relative was dubbed "Tam O'Shanter," while a small boy of his acquaintance, named Oscar, was entitled "Little Fingal." His straitened circumstances did not prevent the precocious boy from picking up a tolerable English education, some little knowledge of Latin and French, and a vast amount of general information. He possessed a remarkably retentive memory, that held fast like hooks of steel, and he was then and always a great reader, resembling the hero of *Waverley* in "driving through the sea of books like a vessel without pilot or rudder."

At the age of five Drake composed highly admired conundrums, and at ten wrote some

promising juvenile poems—"the flight of a noble bird for the first time essaying his own wings"—spring-time memorials of genius.

At fourteen Drake wrote *The Mocking-Bird*, and *The Past and the Present*, a portion of which furnished the concluding passage of *Leon* in the published volume of his poems. Four years later he abandoned merchandise, a fellow-clerk states, "from a distaste for business," and began the study of medicine with Drs. Bruce and Romaine. It was at this time, at the age of eighteen, that Drake and Halleck first met. In the summer of 1812 James E. De Kay, then a medical student pursuing his studies at Guilford, became acquainted with Miss Halleck, the belle of that ancient and enterprising New England town, who, before his return to New York, gave him a letter of introduction to her brother, who had the year previous gone, in Connecticut phraseology, "a-tradin' down to York." During the winter of 1812-13 Drake and Halleck were introduced by De Kay, and from a little incident which occurred while the three young men were sailing on New York Bay, in the spring of 1813, the party became warmly attached friends. It was a sunny afternoon, after a shower, when Halleck, in the course of a conversation on the delights of another world, fancifully remarked that "it would be heaven to lounge upon the rainbow and read Tom Campbell." Drake was delighted with the thought, and from that time they maintained a devoted friendship, only severed by death. When the young and handsome physician was married, in the summer of 1816, to a daughter of the eminent and opulent ship-builder, Henry Eckford, of New York, it was Halleck who officiated as groomsman; when he went to Europe with his accomplished wife, it was to his brother poet that he addressed several amusing poetical epistles; when their daughter and only child was born, she was christened Halleck; when the pulsations of his gentle heart were daily growing feebler, it was his faithful friend "Fitz" who, with more than a brother's love, soothed his dying pillow; and when the grave had forever closed over Drake, and his sorrowing friend had said, as Sir Walter Scott did when standing by the last resting-place of Johnny Ballantyne, "There will be less sunshine for me hereafter," it was the same sorrow-stricken friend who wrote those exquisitely touching lines so familiar to the English-speaking world, and which will ever continue to be among Halleck's and Drake's most enduring monuments.

One of Drake's resorts in the days when he and Halleck were in "the sugar and cotton line" was the residence of Colonel Russell, whose cook was celebrated for her succotash, a dish of which the young poets were extravagantly fond. It is, however, ques-

tionable whether the corn and beans of which it was compounded would have had sufficient attraction to draw them there so often had there not been domiciled under the hospitable roof of the venerable and gallant colonel certain young ladies—two fair Elizas—whose charms were celebrated by both of the admiring poets. Another of their haunts was the house of Mrs. Peter Stuyvesant, with whose nephew, Egerton Winthrop, Drake was afterward a fellow-pupil under Drs. Bruce and Romaine. The residence, long since destroyed, stood in the neighborhood of St. Mark's Church, with a beautiful lawn and gardens extending to the East River. They spent many happy hours in the old mansion, and often during their visits would take fishing-rods and proceed to Burnt Mill Point, near what is now Tenth Street. On one of these excursions, as a venerable contemporary reports, Drake had a nibble, when, giving a sudden jerk, he lost his fish, but, singular to say, brought up a beautiful bass whose tail had accidentally come in contact with his hook. "There, Fitz," shouted the elated embryo doctor, "I've caught a striped bass!" "No, no, Joe," answered Halleck, "I should say that he caught himself."

In alluding to the wonderful growth of the city, Halleck, a few years ago, remarked to the writer that in Drake's days his New-Year's calls were all, with a single exception, made below Canal Street. "Now, I suppose, you young gentlemen would decline visiting any one who did not live above Bleecker." The exceptional call was made upon Mrs. Stuyvesant; "and," said Mr. Halleck, "her residence was considered so remote that we always took a carriage to go there on New-Year's Day. She lived a few blocks south of the square which at present bears her name." On one occasion, upon entering the spacious mansion, the lady said to the poet, "My heart is broken." "Who is the base deceiver?" asked Halleck. "Ah!" replied the disconsolate widow, "it's not that; but the authorities are about to open a street through my garden!" That street is First Avenue; and since the poet's death the famous pear-tree which stood on the corner of Thirteenth Street and Third Avenue—the last vestige of Mrs. Stuyvesant's garden—Drake's favorite resort, and one of the landmarks of old New York, has been swept away.

Another of Drake's favorite haunts was the country-house of Henry Eckford, who resided several miles from New York. It is now in the very centre of the city. His fine residence, the approach to which was by a beautifully shaded avenue, called Love Lane, stood near what is now Twenty-first Street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues. Dr. De Kay and Halleck were also frequent visitors, and the quartette was completed by Charles P. Clinch, then confidential secretary to Mr. Eckford. Many jovial evenings

were spent by these young gentlemen under the roof of the rich Scotch ship-builder, and two of the number became his sons-in-law. Still another of Drake's resorts was Hunt's Point, the residence of a relative, by whose family—the Hunts—the property has been owned and occupied, till quite recently, for two hundred years. The old Grange, still in good preservation, situated at the southeast extremity of the Great Planting Neck, called by the Indians Quinnahung, was erected in 1688 on a beautiful point overlooking the East River, Flushing Bay, and Long Island Sound. Drake and his almost inseparable companion on all such excursions sometimes reached Hunt's Point by taking the stage to West Farms, about two miles distant, or drove out with Mr. Eckford's horses. Their usual course was, however, by hiring a small boat, which they rowed there in the afternoon, returning to town the following morning.

Langstaff's first appearance at Hunt's Point was described to me recently by a person who witnessed the amusing scene. It was on a summer evening in 1816 that the poets entered, followed by the eccentric apothecary, who was introduced by Drake to the lady of the house. She, in courteous terms, welcomed him to Hunt's Point, and expressed a hope that he was well. "By heavens, madam, I *am* well!" was Langstaff's reply, in a tremendously loud voice, which both exceedingly surprised and very greatly disconcerted the lady and her young female friends who were present, and who were unacquainted with the new-comer's eccentricities. Another of the ladies, who was an occasional visitor at Hunt's Point at that period, and who is now a resident of Philadelphia, said to the writer: "We were always delighted to see Mr. Halleck at Hunt's Point, as he would remain and entertain us, while Drake would be off in an old coat with his fishing-tackle;" adding, "Drake used to sing to us, and Halleck would delight us with his poetical recitations and amusing anecdotes."

The exquisite poem of *The Culprit Fay*, on which Drake's reputation as a poet chiefly rests, was written in his twenty-first year, and not, as it has always been said, in the summer of 1819. The production of his *chef-d'œuvre* arose out of a conversation in which he and his friends, Fenimore Cooper, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and De Kay, were speaking of the Scottish streams and their adaptation to the uses of poetry by their numerous romantic associations. Cooper and Halleck maintained that our American rivers furnished no such capabilities, when Drake, who was fond of argument, took the opposite side of the question, and to make good his position, produced, in three days, *The Culprit Fay*. The scene is laid in the Highlands of the Hudson, but it is notice-

able that the chief associations conjured up relate to the salt-water, Drake drawing his inspiration from a familiar haunt on Long Island Sound. In a manuscript copy of *The Culprit*, still in a good state of preservation, the author left a note ingeniously removing the difficulty:

"The reader will find some of the inhabitants of salt-water a little further up the Hudson than they usually travel, but not too far for the purposes of poetry."

On another manuscript copy of the poem, now before me, in Halleck's handwriting, is the indorsement herewith appended:

"The following lines were written by Joseph Rodman Drake, in New York, North America, August, 1816, and copied from the author's manuscript in January, 1817, by Fitz-Greene Halleck."

Writing to his sister, January 29, 1817, Halleck says:

"I send you herewith two manuscript poems, written by a friend of mine, Mr. Drake, whose name, I believe, I once mentioned to you. He is a young physician, about twenty. *The Culprit Fay* was written, begun and finished, in three days. The copy you have is from the original, without the least alteration. It is certainly the best thing of the kind in the English language, and is more strikingly original than I had supposed it possible for a modern poem to be. The other *Lines* were written to a lady after an evening's ramble near a river, on whose opposite bank a band of music was playing. 'Tis a hackneyed subject, but he has given it beauty and novelty. I will send you in a short time some other pieces equally good. . . . The poem was written in August last, since which its author has married, and, as his wife's father is rich, I imagine he will write no more. He was poor, as poets of course always are, and offered himself a sacrifice at the shrine of Hymen, to shun the 'pains and penalties' of poverty. I officiated as groomsman, though much against my will. His wife is good-natured, and loves him to distraction. He is, perhaps, the handsomest man in New York—a face like an angel, a form like an Apollo, and, as I well know that his person was the true index of his mind, I felt myself during the ceremony as committing a crime in aiding and assisting in such a sacrifice."....

In a torn and tattered fragment of another letter, Halleck, in allusion to Drake, remarks:

"Even to the most common and trifling subjects he will give an interest wholly unexpected and unlooked for. His manner of reading Shakespeare is unique, and to the bombast of our old friend Ancient Pistol he will give a force beyond description. He has a taste for music, and plays the flute admirably. As I owe to his acquaintance many a pleasant hour, he has become endeared to me, and I must apologize for dwelling so long on a picture the details of which are so uninteresting to one who has not seen the original."

Drake's own description of himself, contained in half a dozen hitherto unpublished lines, entitled *Moi-même*, present a ludicrous contrast to his friend's enthusiastic encomiums. They are without date, but were presumably written prior to his marriage, which placed him in affluent circumstances:

"A comical mixture, half bad and half good,
Who has skimmed over all things, and naught understood;
Too dull to be witty, too wild to be grave,
Too poor to be honest, too proud for a knave—
In short, a mere chaos, without form or rule,
Who approaches to all things, but nearest a fool."

Halleck's prediction, contained in the letter to his sister, would have probably proved true. Drake would have written little if any more but for the purpose of inciting to poetic effort his friend, of whose abilities he perhaps formed an exaggerated estimate, as expressed in the poem he addressed to Fitz-Greene Halleck, a few years after their remarkable friendship began in 1813. He was nobly ambitious for himself, but still more so for Halleck, to achieve poetic fame, and often urged him to act on Sidney's gallant and lofty motto, "*Aut riam inveniam aut faciam.*" He also vainly advised him to abandon "Jacob Barker and business," and to embark upon the career of a man of letters—a calling which Carlyle has humorously described as "an anarchic, nomadic, and entirely aerial and ill-conditioned profession." Drake, in his spirited address to Halleck, says:

"Are there no scenes to touch the poet's soul?
No deed of arms to wake the lordly strain?
Shall Hudson's billows unregarded roll?
Has Warren fought, Montgomery died in vain?
Shame! that while every mountain stream and plain
Hath theme for truth's proud voice or fancy's wand,
No native bard the patriot harp hath ta'en,
But left to minstrels of a foreign strand
To sing the beauteous scenes of nature's loveliest land.

"Be these your future themes: no more resign
The soul of song to land your lady's eyes;
Go! kneel a worshiper at nature's shrine;
For you her fields are green and fair her skies;
For you her rivers flow, her hills arise;
And will you scorn them all, to pour forth tame
And heartless lays of feigned or fancied sighs?
Still will you cloud the muse, nor blush for shame
To cast away renown, and hide your head from fame?"

There can be no doubt that to Drake's influence the world is more indebted than to any of Halleck's other associates for inciting him to produce some of his noblest strains, while we have evidence that the latter was inspired by the same generous ambition for Drake's fame, as shown by the following invocation to activity and exertion, which was addressed to him by Halleck some months before the invalid doctor sailed, in the spring of 1818, for Europe, accompanied by his wife and his friends De Kay and Langstaff:

"Come, then, dear Joseph, come away;
'Tis criminal to lose a day
With talents bright as thine.
Let indolence on beds of flowers
Consume the weary, lagging hours:
Action's thy nobler line."

A few days after Drake's return from his visit to Europe, of which unfortunately no memorials are preserved, with the exception of his humorous poetical epistles included in the life of Halleck, the young poets were spending a Sunday evening with Langstaff, who conducted a drug establishment in the basement of Drake's residence on the corner of Park Row and Beekman Street, the firm being Drake and Langstaff, when Drake, for

his own and his friends' amusement, wrote, on the spur of the moment, several burlesque stanzas *To Ennui*, Halleck answering them in some lines on the same subject. They decided to send their productions, with others of a similar character, to Coleman, the editor of the *Evening Post*. Drake accordingly sent three pieces of his own signed "Croaker," a signature adopted from an amusing character in Goldsmith's comedy of *The Good-natured Man*. To the astonishment of the trio of friends, a paragraph appeared in the *Post* the day following, acknowledging their receipt, promising the insertion of the poems, pronouncing them to be the productions of superior taste and genius, and begging the honor of a personal acquaintance with the author. The lines *To Ennui* appeared March 10, 1819, and the others in almost daily succession, those written by Halleck being usually signed "Croaker Junior," while those which were their joint composition generally bore the signature of "Croaker and Co."

The remarks made by Coleman had excited public attention, and "The Croakers" soon became a subject of conversation in drawing-rooms, bookstores, coffee-houses on Broadway, and throughout the city; they were, in short, a town topic. The two friends contributed other pieces, and when the editor again expressed great anxiety to be acquainted with the writer, and used a style so mysterious as to excite their curiosity, the literary partners decided to call upon him. Drake and Halleck accordingly one evening went together to Coleman's residence in Hudson Street, and requested an interview. They were ushered into the parlor, the editor soon entered, the poets expressed a desire for a few moments' strictly private conversation, and the door being closed and locked, Drake said, "I am Croaker, and this gentleman is Croaker Junior." Coleman stared at the young men with indescribable and unaffected amazement, at length exclaiming, "My God! I had no idea that we had such talent in America!" the delighted editor continuing in a strain of compliment and eulogy that put them both to the blush. Before taking their leave the poets bound Coleman to the most profound secrecy, and arranged a plan of sending the MS. and of receiving the proof in a manner that would avoid a possibility of the secret of their connection with "The Croakers" being discovered. The poems were copied from the original by Langstaff, that their handwriting should not betray them, and were either sent through the mail or delivered by Benjamin R. Winthrop, then a fellow-clerk with Halleck in the counting-house in Wall Street of the well-known Quaker merchant and banker, Jacob Barker, who died in December, 1871, at the age of ninety-four.

Hundreds of imitations of "The Croakers"

were daily received by the different editors of New York, to all of which they gave publicly one general answer, that they lacked the genius, spirit, and beauty of the originals. Coleman showed one of the poets fifteen that he had received in a single morning, all of which, with a single exception, were consigned to the waste-basket. The friends continued for several months to keep the city in a blaze of astonishment; and it was observed by one of the editors "that so great was the wincing and shrinking at 'The Croakers,' that every person was on tenter-hooks; neither knavery nor folly has slept quietly since our first commencement."

In a letter to Miss Halleck, dated April 1, 1819, her brother writes:

"Can you believe it, Maria, Joe and I have become authors? We have tasted all the pleasures and many of the pains of literary fame and notoriety under the assumed name of 'The Croakers.' We have had the consolation of seeing and of hearing ourselves praised, puffed, enlogized, execrated, and threatened as much, I believe I can say with truth, as any writers since the days of Junius. The whole town has talked of nothing else for three weeks past; and every newspaper has done us the honor to mention us in some way, either of praise or censure, but all uniting in owning our talents and genius.... As luck would have it, Joe was under the necessity of going to Albany, and I have been compelled to carry on the war alone for ten days past, during which time I furnished Coleman with one piece each day."

Of this series of satirical and quaint chronicles of New York life more than half a century ago, Halleck, in 1866, said that they were good-natured verses contributed anonymously to the columns of the *New York Evening Post* from March to June, 1819, and occasionally afterward. The writers continued, like the author of Junius, the sole depositaries of their own secret, and apparently withal, with the minstrel in Leyden's *Scenes of Infancy*, to

"Save others' names, but leave their own unsung."

The pieces were collected and surreptitiously published by some unknown person in a small 18mo pamphlet of thirty-six pages, and sold for twenty-five cents. The title of the brochure was "*Poems by Croaker, Croaker and Co., and Croaker Junior*, as published in the *Evening Post*. Published for the reader, New York, 1819." For a ragged and soiled copy of this pamphlet, issued in September, and which appears to have been the property of Dr. Langstaff, a dealer in literary wares in Nassau Street had the modesty to demand of the writer the sum of five dollars. In 1860 the Bradford Club of New York issued a handsome quarto edition, and in 1868 they were included, with several unpublished "Croakers," in an edition of Halleck's poems. In lieu of the original signatures the editor of the volume made known for the first time the respective author of each poem, indicating also by the

letters D. and H. the joint authorship of the literary partners, or, to quote Halleck's familiar words to the writer, that "we each had a finger in the pie."

Whoever among the present generation would desire to learn something of the leading men of the city and State, and of the social, scientific, and political events of a decade so interesting as that of 1819-29 in New York history, can not but be enlightened, as well as greatly amused, by a perusal of these poems from the pens of two such well-informed and witty men as Drake and his friend. I trust, however, that no one will understand me as meaning that there is any matter interposed in the shape of *précis* upon the affairs of that day, or that either of the poets was acquainted with the *arcana imperii* of that interesting period.

The surviving partner of the poetical firm told the late Frederick S. Cozzens that after Drake's proposal to form a literary partnership, many of the "Croakers" were written in this wise: he or Drake would furnish a draft of a poem, and one or the other would suggest any alteration or enlargement of the idea, a closer clipping of the wings of fancy, a little epigrammatic spur upon the heel of a line. I doubt very much whether I have the right to disclose the method by which poets work in their workshops, but as I am only repeating Halleck's ideas, I hold it to be no base betrayal of the craft. To show how delightful these joint labors were to both of these illustrious men, Halleck told me that upon one occasion, Drake, after writing some stanzas, and getting the proof from the printer, laid his cheek down upon the lines he had written, and, looking at his fellow-poet with beaming eyes, said, "Oh, Halleck, isn't this happiness!"

The *American Flag*, Drake's best-known poem, written in his own house between the 20th and 25th of May, 1819, originally concluded with the following lines:

"As fixed as yonder orb divine,
That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,
Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine,
The guard and glory of the world."

These not satisfying their author, he said, "Fitz, can't you suggest a better stanza?" Whereupon Halleck sat down and wrote on the spur of the moment the lines, which Drake immediately accepted, and incorporated in his most popular poem:

"Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?"

Drake's nephew, C. Graham Tillou, to whom I am indebted for much of the original matter contained in this paper, is the fortunate possessor of the first draft of the poem. The four concluding lines are stricken out, and immediately below, in Halleck's handwriting, are added the lines commencing

"Forever float," etc. When the poem was first published it was introduced by Coleman, the editor of the *Post*, with the following remarks: "Sir Philip Sidney said, as Addison tells us, that he never could read the old ballad of *Chey Chase* without feeling his heart beat within him as at the sound of a trumpet. The following lines, which are to be ranked among the highest inspirations of the muse, will suggest similar associations in the breast of the gallant American officer."

Another of the literary recreations of the young poets "in those happy days when we only lived to laugh," as Halleck remarked to the writer, was the composition of sermons in answer to the Calvinistic discourses of Dr. Cox, then attaining considerable celebrity as an eloquent and promising divine. These sermons were delivered to a less numerous if not a less appreciative audience, consisting usually of De Kay and Langstaff. Unfortunately their manuscripts, which might have made a majestic volume, to be entitled *Drake's and Halleck's Sermons*, were not preserved. Alas that they should be lost to an admiring posterity!

Drake's physician, alarmed by his premonitory symptoms of consumption, advised riding, even to the extent of a horseback journey to New Orleans. The poet, although manifesting little anxiety about his health, and remarking to a friend, in reference to certain dietary restrictions, that when he sat down at the table the doctor's directions were forgotten, as a favorite dish, however hurtful in theory, could not be resisted, was at length prevailed upon to spend the winter in the South. A lady who sojourned for several months at the poet's residence during his absence informs me that he wrote alternately to Mrs. Drake and to Halleck, and that his letters and others' from New Orleans concerning the invalid's health were eagerly sought after by his troops of friends, who would besiege the house for news on the arrival of letters. Drake returned from Louisiana, where he enjoyed the tender and loving attentions of his sister Louise, then the wife of Judge Nichols, in the spring, fatally smitten with consumption. He lingered during the summer, growing daily weaker and weaker, and constantly ministered to by De Kay, Halleck, and Langstaff. The attachment displayed by the latter was extremely touching. For several months he continued daily, and occasionally as often as three or four times each day, to go up stairs from the shop to Drake's bedside, and say, with tears in his eyes, and with the tenderness of a girl, "My dear Joe, is there not something I can get for you?" or, "Can't I do any thing for you, Joe?" And the invalid would make him happy by devising some trifling commission for his affectionate admirer to execute.

Drake died September 21, 1820, his frame "weak as a broken wave," but his mental faculties clear and unimpaired, his smile as sweet and his eyes as bright as in his best days. When he first reposed in death, as I learn by a MS. from the pen of the poet's brother-in-law, the late Francis R. Tillou, "a circumstance occurred which, in superstitious times, would have established the idea that he was peculiarly a child of heaven. At midnight of the day he died the sky was quite cloudless; myriads of bright stars glittered there; and, like a glowing ball, the moon hung in the azure heavens, eclipsed, shrouded in a dark veil—an elegant type, a token of sympathy for the departure of a spirit once so warmly its votary." He was buried at Hunt's Point; and as Halleck returned from the funeral, he said to De Kay, "There will be less sunshine for me hereafter, now that Joe is gone." The inimitable monody on Drake by his literary partner has perhaps never been equaled for beauty and tenderness, as it has been surpassed in popularity by but few, if any, American poems. A low monument of black marble, surmounted by a quadrangular pyramid, rises above the grave where the poet's remains have reposed for fifty-three years. The inscription is on one side, and reads thus: "Sacred to the memory of Joseph Rodman Drake, M.D., who died September 21, 1820.

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

These lines were afterward slightly varied and improved by their author, and now read:

"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

When Drake was on his death-bed, at his wife's request Dr. De Kay collected and copied all his poems which could be found, and took them to him. "See, Joe," said he, "what I have done." "Burn them," said the dying poet; "they are valueless." A fastidious selection of her father's poems was, however, made in October, 1835, by the poet's daughter and only child, who fitly dedicated the volume to Fitz-Greene Halleck, who was once solicited by a publisher to write a memoir of Drake, but declined. He remarked to a friend, in alluding to the subject, "What could I say about a young poet whose uneventful career was closed at twenty-five? I should necessarily have been as brief as Stevens, whose life of Shakspeare was compressed, as you remember, into some half dozen lines."

Something more than a score of years after Drake's death, Halleck, in an epistle to a lady who was associated with their happiest hours at Hunt's Point, said:

"Gone are the days of sunny weather
(I quote remembered words), when we
'Reveled in poetry' together,
And frightened leaves from off their tree,

With declamation loud and long,
 From epic sage and merry song,
 And odes and madrigals and sonnets,
 Till all the birds within the wood,
 And people of the neighborhood,
 Said we'd 'a bee in both our bonnets.'
 And he sat listening—he the most
 Honored and loved, and early lost—
 He in whose mind's brief boyhood hour
 Was blended, by the marvelous power
 That Heaven-sent genius gave,
 The green blade with the golden grain,
 Alas! to bloom and beard in vain,
 Sheathed round a sick-room's bed of pain,
 And garnered in the grave."

"A man that is young in years may be old in hours," remarks Bacon, "if he have lost no time; but that happeneth rarely." Measured by such a standard, judged by what he did, Drake's life was longer than that of many a man who attains the allotted threescore and ten. It is perhaps idle now to speculate as to what his poetic genius could have produced had he been spared to the world like Dana and Bryant and Longfellow, or even to the age attained by his poetic favorites, Burns and Byron. Many of his poems were left unfinished, among the number one entitled *Leon*, clearly manifesting his knowledge of the human heart. The first part of this incomplete work appeared in the published volume of Drake's poems; the second part—a fragment—is appended to this paper, and is now printed for the first time.

LEON.—PART II.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."—*Shakespeare*.

I wish I had a small secluded spot,
 Some wild-wood dell and bower-enshaded grot,
 Where never glimpse of human face was seen,
 And none but fairy feet have trod the green,
 That with one trusting friend who loved me well,
 Unseen, unknown, I might forever dwell;
 And, far from woman's spell, sequestered move
 Beyond the doubts, the fears, the crimes, the woes,
 Of love.

Poor son of sorrow, child of sighs and tears,
 Born in wild hopes, and nursed in wilder fears,
 Short are the joys that glad thy weeping eyes
 As rainbow tints that vanish while they rise,
 Glimpses of heaven that only serve to show
 The double deepness of succeeding woe.
 Oh, why, sweet cherub of celestial birth,
 In mercy sent to light and warm the earth,
 Why are thy purposed gifts forever lost,
 Crushed by cold prudence, or in passion tossed?
 Still the warm hearts that bend to thy control
 Must bend in sorrow, or in frenzy roll,
 And reason only wakes to tell despair
 How blest they might have been, how curst they are.
 But why should dark, foreboding dreams destroy
 The fleeting forms of momentary joy?
 Why damp the bliss with such presagings sad
 While eyes around are bright, and hearts are glad?
 For her, in every corner of the place,
 Dressed up in smiles is seen each happy face,
 Grandfire and crone, brisk youth and maiden gay,
 And children pranked in holiday array
 Around the castle stand, or sit, or trip,
 Joy in each eye and smiles on every lip;
 While talk and whisper buzzes far and wide,
 Of the brave bridegroom and the bonny bride.
 Some crowd the gates, some lie along the grass
 On the green road through which the train will pass;
 Some, more impatient to behold the band,
 Around the chapel archway take their stand,

• Joseph Rodman Drake.

Or, climbing to the windows, strive in vain
 To send their glances through the painted pane.
 The nearest bend their ears toward the lay,
 And strive to hear, although they can not see;
 While some, more daring, forward thrust the chin,
 And set the door acrack and peep within.
 Oh, 'tis an awful and a glorious sight!
 The dim sun flings his unstained light,
 The flame-tipt columns of the altar torch
 Strike a long gleam along the fretted porch,
 And lustres, with their branchy arms outspread,
 From pendent drops ten thousand sparkles shed;
 The velvet surface of the pulpit pall
 In gentle waves and crimson flashes fall,
 While the gay arches of the ceiling throw
 Broad, massy shades and darkening streaks below.
 Then might you see, with nod and smile and stoop
 Of knights and dames, a gallant, joyous group,
 Filling the space, and glancing here and there
 A brilliant eye, or turning smooth and fair
 A neck of marble white, or with a bow
 Shaking the plume that quivers on the brow.
 Within the altar palling stands the choir,
 The mitred priest, the cowed and shaven friar,
 And novice boy, who with a holy look
 Carries the pyx, or bears the sacred book,
 Or, as the words of reverent praise are spoke,
 Heaves to the Saviour-cross the curling incense
 smoke.

But hark! from yonder sable-curtained dome
 In long low strains the feeble voices come,
 Swell, fall, subside, and as the murmur dies,
 Full, clear, and strong the solemn chantings rise,
 And gentle organ stops, with breathing sound,
 Like songs of distant angels, float around;
 And now they mingle, pause, and now alone
 Peals in deep majesty the lengthened tone;
 Slowly, as sinks the faint receding wall,
 The cowed priest advances to the pale.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

In the history of literary partnership I know of none more beautiful than that of the sweet companionship of Drake and Halleck. Genius does not readily amalgamate; hence partnerships in the literary world are more rare than they are in the commercial. Almost the only parallel to the young American poets is that of Beaumont and Fletcher, "the rich conception of whose twin-like brains" sprang from an equally thorough and genuine union of congenial minds. In both cases the poet-partners had much besides genius in common. Contemporary critics give to Beaumont the credit of restraining the exuberant wit and fancy of Fletcher; but truly, such was the "wondrous consimilarity of fancy," as Aubrey calls it, between them, that it is utterly impossible to guess at the share of the dramatists in the plays bearing their joint names, for there is nothing to distinguish them in any way from those written by Fletcher after the grass was growing over his friend's grave. The same, I think, may be said of those sprightly *jeux d'esprit*, "The Croakers," concerning which the public were equally in the dark respecting the source from which individual poems emanated, even after it was well known that they were the handiwork of the literary partners Fitz-Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake, the Damon and Pythias of American poets.

"TINA."

"ALWAYS missing their opportunities," grumbled the doctor; "always getting into the wrong places, somehow, and doing the wrong things. That is the way with people. Now there is Welby—look at Welby: the idea of Welby settling down into a country parson simply because his mother's aunt regarded the Church as his vocation, and could have made it inconvenient for him if he had disagreed with her. Dear me"—dropping suddenly into a wearied sort of abstraction, and staring at the brown-stone front on the opposite side of the street—"what fools women make of honest men sometimes, and—what knaves!"

It seemed as if the sight of the brown-stone front was suggestive, and added a spark to a new train of thought, for he sighed again, and rumbled his shaggy hair with his large white hand in an odd, disturbed fashion.

"And Durant," he said, in a lower voice, "kindly, gentle little fellow as he is, made for home life, and simple, tender home pleasures—to think of his marrying a woman like that, and being worked to death by her, and disappointed to the core of his soft heart by her, and dragged from post to pillar, to her balls and parties and feasts and watering-places! God bless my soul"—shaking his broad shoulders like a big water-dog—"what a blunder it was! And then there's the child," he went on the next minute, "and that slip of a governess girl, with her novels and her romance and her big lost-looking dreamy eyes. What right has a pretty, silly, vague creature like that to make a governess of herself? What does she know about moulding a child's mind, and rooting out evil tendencies, and checking little offshoots of wrong, and all that sort of thing? She's a baby herself. Ah! there she is at the window—star-gazing, I suppose."

The nursery was in the highest story of the house, and the house was a large one, so the window at which the solitary young figure stood was high enough, and near enough to the stars for all star-gazing purposes. The window itself was thrown open, and the light within showed the girl leaning upon the sill and resting her chin on her hand. But she was not looking up; she was looking down. The stars her forlorn girlish eyes saw were the twinkling street lamps, stretching themselves down the street in a narrowing vista. If the doctor himself felt rather neglected and out of sorts to-night, he was not alone in his temporary dejection, for his young acquaintance across the way was out of spirits too. It was so lonely in Teddy's pretty nursery there when Teddy was asleep, and the world that seemed so far below the high window was all lighted up, and Teddy's mamma was out enjoying

herself in all her bravery and beauty, and even the servants were having a sociable sort of gathering in their own domains.

"It isn't so dreadful in the daytime, when Teddy talks and people seem to be properly alive," said Tina, her great melancholy black eyes roving here and there until at last they settled on the doctor's study window. "I suppose it is because I am up here all by myself in the silence that every body who passes appears like a sort of ghost. There is Doctor Theobald looking out, and he looks like a ghost too. I wonder what he is thinking about? It would be safe enough to ask him from here; one needn't be afraid of being answered. What are you thinking about, Doctor Theobald?" she said, softly; and she gave him a little nod under cover of the darkness, a slow, dreamy smile touching her lips.

She had observed him far oftener than he had observed her. He had been an object of interest to her from the first day of her arrival, when she had seen his comfortable carriage drawn up before the pavement, and had watched for his outcoming with the dreary curiosity of utter loneliness. Her life at the third-rate boarding-school at which she had been educated had not been a pleasant one, but she had become used to its dull routine, and being only a girl, there had been other girls among the fifty third-rate pupils whom she had learned to like, and whom she was sorry to leave. There had been poor, much-snubbed Jenny Ackersbury, whom she had clung to and pitied simply because Jenny was the shabbiest and loneliest and least popular among them, because her bills and her lessons were always behindhand, and her weekly allowance was such a spectre and mockery. She had cried over Jenny piteously when she had bidden her good-by, and she had given her a new cherry-colored neck-tie, with vows of eternal fidelity. Indeed, she had cried over a great many people that last day, and had not even been able to restrain her emotion over the farewell glass of severely tart currant wine condescendingly presented to her in the snuff-colored parlor by Miss Bilkerson the elder, whose habit it was to preside solemnly upon all such occasions. She had felt a yearning even toward the Misses Bilkerson, notwithstanding their rather sharp discipline. So when she had landed at her destination, with her sole worldly possessions in her small trunk, she had felt her desolation strongly. She had neither father nor mother. A distant relative had educated her rather grudgingly, with the understanding that, once educated, she must take care of herself; and there the matter stood. She was educated as far as the Bilkerson resources went, and a situation as nursery governess had been supplied her, and she was considered provided for. But after her

first awkward attempt at putting Teddy to bed, she had been ungrateful enough, despite this bounty, to cry herself to sleep, with a half-frightened feeling of desolateness, and a terrible longing even for the weak tea, thick bread-and-butter, and narrow bed of the Bilkerson establishment. She would have had Jenny and Georgina Blair and Sophy Adams to confide in at least if she had been there, and here there was nobody.

But in a few days the grandeur about her began to attract her attention somewhat by its novelty. She found out that Mrs. Durant was young and a beauty, and that she lived a wondrous exciting life, full of what seemed to her young nursery governess the most gorgeous romance, though it was withal a trifle startling in some of its fashionable phases. She wore dresses such as Tina's favorite heroines indulged in, and seemed to have been every where; in fact, she interested her inexperienced admirer so deeply that Jenny received a six-page letter upon the subject, and all Miss Bilkerson's elder pupils were stirred with envy and excitement for a week. But it was not very long before Tina lost her eager interest in the mistress of the household, or at least lost the greater part of it, and by that time she was beginning to be fond of Teddy. She could not have lived without a fondness for somebody or something, and the pretty neglected child wound himself round her soft, impressionable heart. She was not so awkward about dressing and undressing him after all, and in a certain inexperienced and perhaps rather desultory fashion she managed to teach him for a short time each day, though the truth was, she was more nurse than governess. She took him out every morning, and it was in one of these morning walks that the doctor had first encountered her strolling on the grass in the nearest park, an open novel in her hand, and her small charge wandering before her. The fact was, she had been so much interested in her book that she had almost tumbled over the doctor, and had looked up at him with such a frightened start, and such an almost childish appeal in her great melancholy eyes, that he had smiled in spite of himself. They had often met since then, though they had not spoken to each other, and Tina had watched the great man from her nursery window, never dreaming that now and then he was watching her too. In his profession Dr. Theobald was a great man. He had done much for science, and his fellow-workers regarded him as an authority; he had been a man of ideals and enthusiasms, and had possessed courage and power enough to live up to them. He had even become a fashion, too, with great people who would never be great enough to understand him. He had been generous and steadfast, and had reaped his reward as few men have the for-

tune to reap such rewards. So Tina heard of his fame and prowess more than once, and in her innocent romantic admiration for all great things, became quite interested in secret. She liked to watch him from her window when the study was lighted and she could see him at work; she liked to weave grandiloquent romances about him; she even went so far as to plan a three-volumed novel, built upon one of her pet plots, of which he was the hero, and a certain large-eyed, rather vague young person, who died early, after a most touching death-bed scene, the heroine. It was because Ethelinda had died young that he had not married. Sometimes she even fancied that she could tell by his air when he had been to visit the spotless cross of marble on which was inscribed her name, "Ethelinda," and nothing else. She would not have been sorry to have been Ethelinda herself, and died young, and have been mourned for by such a man.

"He looks so kind," she said, watching him. "I don't think I should fancy he was a great man if I had not been told."

In truth, Dr. Theobald was a sort of companion for her in many of her lonely hours. She talked to his silent, unresponsive figure often when she was tired of her novels, and Teddy was asleep; and the fact that he seemed entirely unconscious of her existence at such times was to her the great charm of her conversations.

But she did not talk to him long this evening. In a short time he turned away from the window, and was lost to her sight for a few minutes, and when he appeared in view again he had his hat on, and was drawing on his gloves.

"He must be going out," murmured Tina; "I dare say to see a patient—perhaps a poor one. They say he is very good to poor people." And she watched him until he left the room, and then watched him descend the stone steps into the street, and then she smiled her dreamy, half-unconscious smile again. "Good-night, Dr. Theobald," she said; and when he was out of sight, she turned away from her window.

The room seemed more silent and desolate than ever. Teddy's soft regular breathing only added to the general loneliness. She took up a book and turned the leaves listlessly, but she was too restless to read, and even the adventures of one of the most thrilling of heroines failed to interest her.

"It is very tiresome," she said, with a little yawn. "I wish I dare go out." And then, brightening suddenly, "And why can't I? It is not late, and I could buy Teddy's birthday present to-night instead of waiting until morning."

It was such a novel idea, this one of going out into the world below herself, and having a share of the light, and passing to and fro, that it quite took possession of her, and

in two minutes she was standing before the glass buttoning her sacque up to the throat, and tying her hat under her hair, feeling half excited and half timid. She had promised herself the luxury of buying Teddy a modest birthday present. No one else would remember him, poor little man! and it would be so much nicer to have it ready for him as soon as he awoke; and then where could be the harm of going out? Miss Bilkerson had often gone out shopping at night.

So it came about that, an hour later, Dr. Theobald, turning the corner of the street on his way home, was startled by the sound of his own name uttered in a girlish voice, with such a ring of terror in its tones that he turned in some alarm.

"Doctor!" the cry came to him. "Dr. Theobald! Oh! please, please!"

He saw what it meant then. Two rough-looking fellows, who had evidently been annoying some one, turned sharply away, and were out of sight before he could reach the spot where they had stood, and a girl who had broken loose from them flew to meet him in such a tremor of fright that for a moment she could not speak.

"Don't be frightened," he said, kindly; "I will take care of you. Take my arm and stand still for a minute or so. You are scarcely equal to walking just yet. There, there!" patting her small, cold, clinging hand soothingly. "You must not cry. Nobody shall hurt you."

"I am little Teddy Durant's governess," she said, lifting her face and showing him her great eyes, almost wild with her childish terror. "I am Tina Floyd, and I went out to buy him a birthday present. And as I was coming home those dreadful men followed me, and they would talk to me, though I begged them to go away. And one of them tried to kiss me, but I saw you just in time, for as soon as I called you they ran away. I can't tell you how thankful I am to you—I can't, indeed." And she ended with an innocent sob and a fresh burst of tears. "I should have *died* if he had kissed me!" she cried, clinching her little hand; "I should have *died*!"

Her hat had fallen off in the struggle, and hung by its elastic from her hand just as she had caught it, the tears in her eyes, the passionate little air of fear and disgust in her whole face and figure. Even this last childish, angry gesture itself roused in her deliverer's mind a curious sort of interest and admiration.

"I am very glad to have been of service to you," he said, rather awkwardly.

"I am afraid," faltered Tina, "that I ought not to have been out alone, but I did not think that any one could be so—so cruel, and it is so dull in the nursery after Teddy is asleep. I shall never go out by myself again."

"I think," said Theobald, "that I would not, in your place. You are too young and—unaccustomed to the city." But he had barely escaped adding "too pretty," which was the truth.

They were only a few yards from the house, and when they reached it, Tina turned round upon the threshold with a timid, troubled air.

"I beg pardon," she hesitated—"but if you would not mind my saying so, I should like to ask you not to mention it to—any body. I am afraid Mrs. Durant might be angry, and if she were to send me away from here I have nowhere else to go."

"I will say nothing about it," he replied. "You may rely upon me." And he held out his hand to her.

The small brown glove touched his timidly. "Thank you," said Tina, "and good-night."

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It was quite natural that she should take a greater interest in the tall, loose-jointed figure, and its passings to and fro from the house to the carriage, and from the carriage to the house, after this. She felt as if she had a greater right to be interested now. He had been kind to her too, and she was grateful as well as admiring. When he met her in her walks he always bowed to her as if he had not forgotten, and once or twice he stopped and asked about Teddy, in that kind yet half-abstracted way of his. It was because he had so much to think about that he had that abstracted air, Tina fancied. She did not know that he was so little used to the society of women that even the dark eyes of a pale-faced young governess made him somewhat awkward and confused. She sometimes saw him at the house, when he came to spend an evening with Mr. Durant, and he often looked thoughtful and careworn; so she was sure that it was because he was so overworked and studious.

But she was destined to gain a nearer view of the greatness she set so far apart from herself and her ignorant girl's romance. One winter night, as the doctor sat at work among his books, a visitor was announced, whose hurried entrance roused him abruptly from his studies. It was Mrs. Durant's nursery governess, her pale young face looking paler than ever under the black shawl she had thrown over her head, and her eyes full of tears.

"I do not know what is the matter with Teddy, Dr. Theobald," she cried, breathlessly. "I think he is dying, and Mr. and Mrs. Durant are out. You will come, won't you? We don't know what to do, and the servants are so frightened that I was obliged to come for you myself."

"I will come at once," he said, and hurried out of the room with her, muttering two words to himself, "Poor Durant!"

But when he saw Teddy he said, "Poor little fellow!" Teddy was in strong convulsions, and a French cook and an Irish chamber-maid were wringing their hands over him. The other servants had followed their mistress's example, and gone out.

"Nobody but a slip of a school-girl," he said, in a vexed under-tone. "The wrong place again. Poor child!" And he scarcely knew whether he meant Teddy or his governess by this last pitying phrase.

But in ten minutes he reproached himself for having been so rash. She was not so awkward after all. She touched the little fellow with hands so deft and tender that he saw she might be trusted, and in all service for him she was so ready and simply tractable and gentle that she might have shamed an older and wiser woman. And once, between the convulsions, when the child was quiet for a few minutes, and lay with closed eyes in her arms, she took the little hand that rested on her bosom and touched it softly with her lips, with a sorrow his mother might have shown.

"I love him," she said; "and he loves me. Don't die, Teddy—don't die!"

Theobald remembered this when, at midnight, Mrs. Durant returned. She came into the room in her rich dress, a feverish flush on her beautiful face, a tired-out look in her eyes, and, standing at Tina's side, she looked down at the child with an air half impatient, half wearied.

"Is he really ill?" she said. "I hope not. I don't understand children, and Mr. Durant is so easily frightened! He does not look ill now, but I suppose he is better than he was. You are very kind to pay him so much attention, doctor."

She did not remain in the room long. She was worn out, she said, and nervous; and indeed she seemed both. If she was wanted, Tina must call her. And so she left them, sighing a little as she turned away.

But she was not disturbed. When Dr. Theobald left the house, Tina was sitting at Teddy's bedside, with that soft, almost motherly look on her pale girlish face, and it was plainly her intention to remain at her post all night. "I would not like to leave any one with him who might fall asleep," she said. "And I am sure I shall not fall asleep. I couldn't, you know, while I am so anxious about him."

Mr. Durant was away from home, and his wife's engagements were of such a nature that she had little time to spend in the nursery; and besides, as she had said, she did not understand children. So this was by no means the last night Tina spent with her charge. In fact, she spent both day and night with him. When he was a little better, she played with him and tried to amuse him, with a simple patience which

quite touched Theobald's heart; and when he was not so well, she nursed him, sang to him, and carried him to and fro in her slender arms, without a shadow of impatience at his childish fretfulness. Often and often, when the lights were burning in the nursery at night, Theobald, standing at his study window, saw the slight pretty figure pacing slowly and rather wearily backward and forward across the floor, with its burden in its arms; and watching it, he went back to certain old grumbings of his about this "pretty, silly slip of a governess girl." There was something in her after all—there must be, notwithstanding her big melancholy eyes, and her romances and novels and school-girl ways. She was very shy and timid in her manner toward himself. Indeed, she was so evidently afraid of him that sometimes he almost fancied that he lost patience with her. But that way of hers with the child—that unselfish, uncomplaining, simple tenderness—always moved him.

As to Teddy, he was in rather an uncertain condition, sometimes better, sometimes worse; sometimes promising to be strong enough to run about very soon, and then again falling back into weakness or fever, or some other state equally discouraging.

"Late hours and polite dissipation and fashionable folly have left their mark upon him," growled Theobald to himself. "What can one expect with such a mother?" The great Dr. Theobald, be it known, had certain old-fashioned notions of his own.

But with Tina's help the boy wearied through a few changeful weeks without seeming at any time so seriously ill as to give rise to fresh alarm. But at the end of the month a sudden change came, as it were, without a moment's notice. He had been a little stronger, to all appearances, for a day or so, though he had been more than usually fretful; and one evening Dr. Theobald, making his daily call, found him lying upon the hearth-rug watching Tina, who knelt near him, building a castle of blocks, and at the same time telling him a story. He was very much interested, and rather resented Theobald's entrance upon the scene.

"I'm very well, only I've got a headache," he said, with a queer old-sounding sigh. "Tina can'tend to me. Go on, Tina. 'And so the giant carried the beautiful lady to the castle, and dragged her into the dungeon—and that's the dungeon—by her golden hair, and—' Go on."

"In a minute," said Tina, raising her eyes to Theobald's. "I think he is better, thank you, and he is very good about his medicine."

When Mrs. Durant came in to see him before going out that night, she thought that he was better too, and said so to Tina, with a relieved air.

"I hope he will be quite well by the time

Mr. Durant returns," she added, and then kissed him, and bade him good-night.

But at half past ten a messenger flew across the street to Theobald with news that struck him with alarm. Teddy had been seized with convulsions again, and seemed worse than ever. And when the doctor entered the nursery, he saw that all was over.

"Send for his mother," he said, briefly.

But no one knew where she had gone except the coachman who had driven her. The household seldom knew where she spent her evenings.

"And Mr. Durant is away on business," said Tina.

They did their best, but every effort was useless. The time had come now, and the hours of the brief life were numbered. Tina could not believe it; she could not believe the truth even when she read it on Theobald's face.

"He can not be going to *die*," she cried. "He was so much better only a few hours ago! I told him stories until he fell asleep."

She had never seen any one die in her life, and a strange awe took hold upon her when at last she began to realize what was going to happen. Only her innocent love supported her. Would it hurt him to die? Would he be afraid? Would he know?

It was midnight when the end came, and Theobald was with her, standing at the bedside. The convulsions ceased, and a slow, subtle change began to creep over the childish face. There was a new pallor, a faint gray shadow, as it were, a curious solemn settling of the pretty features, at the sight of which Tina broke into a low hushed cry.

"Doctor," she said—"doctor, look! Oh, what is it?"

He touched her trembling hand in kind restraint.

"It is death," he said, gently; "but you need not fear it. Why should you?"

But it was not exactly fear that stirred her so deeply. It was something else. He was so all alone, poor little fellow! All the sorrow in her innocent affectionate nature broke forth in one burst of grief at that moment.

"And his mother is away!" she said; "and there is no one to say one little prayer, or to help him to say one if he could speak! Oh, let me speak to him—let me try! I taught him a little prayer once, if he could remember it. Teddy dear! oh, Teddy dear, look at Tina!"

Perhaps it was because her voice had made itself dear to him that it had power to reach the dulling sense. His languid eyes opened slowly, and fixed themselves wearily upon her face. She had knelt down beside him, and she took his hand, bending over him, weeping softly.

"If Teddy could remember his prayer," she said, tremulously—"if Teddy would try

to say it!" He looked at her for a few seconds, and then his eyes, still fixed upon her, filled with a sudden light—a mysterious, awful, unconscious brightness.

"When I lay me down to sleep," he murmured, slowly, "I pray—the Lord—my soul to—keep."

"And if I die—" said Tina.

"Before I wake," the slow, child's voice went on, sinking a little, "I pray—the Lord my—my soul to take. Amen."

"Amen!" said Tina. "And good-by, Teddy; good-by." And she hid her face upon the small hand, for as the "Amen" died away the mysterious, awful brightness suddenly died out, and left the little face upon the pillow fair and cold.

"Don't cry," said the doctor, touching her on the shoulder a few moments later. "It is far better as it is."

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It was a terrible blow to Mr. Durant, but he made no outcry over it. It was not his way to be demonstrative. Perhaps his time for that was past. Chance brought him home the next morning, entirely unprepared to hear the news, and he found his boy laid in his coffin, the household full of mourning, and his wife shut up in her room, all responsibility having fallen upon Tina and Theobald.

He went to the darkened chamber of death, looked at the solemn, childish figure for a while in a stunned silence, and then spoke to Theobald.

"Where was Belle when—when this happened?" he asked.

"She was out. It was very sudden. She did not know."

He bent over the coffin, and with a trembling hand moved a flower.

"She was out," he said, in a low, hard voice. "And did not know?" Then he looked up suddenly. "Was *any body* with him?" he demanded.

Theobald laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Miss Floyd was with him," he said, "and I myself. He was not alone."

"Thank you," brokenly. "I did not even know that he was ill. She did not tell me."

After the funeral was over, and the sorrowful excitement had to some extent passed away, Doctor Theobald, in his study, began to look at the nursery windows across the way with a new wonder. What were they going to do with the governess? What would she do with herself, rather? And then remembering that simple speech of hers, "I have nowhere else to go," he felt a little disturbed. She was not the sort of girl who might safely face the world alone. And then his mind would return to that simple, sorrowful scene at the bedside, to the slight kneeling figure clasping the little listless hand, to the innocent prayer so innocently uttered, to that last Amen, when the awful

brightness died out, and to the sad, low cry, "Good-by, Teddy; good-by." And somehow or other, sad as the picture was, he would not have forgotten it for a great deal.

He did not see Tina for several days after the funeral; indeed, might not have seen her again at all, but that, going to the house one morning, he saw a cab standing before the door with a small trunk upon it, and hurrying up the steps, he met the girl face to face.

She was looking paler and more youthful than ever, he thought; and when he held out his hand to her, she made a poor little effort at a smile.

"I am going back to Miss Bilkerson's," she said, in rather a timid way. "They were so good as to say that I might come and help to teach the little ones until I could find somewhere to go. You know there is nothing more for me to do here. Good-by, Dr. Theobald."

It was a curious thing to acknowledge, even to himself; but the truth was that he had never before felt exactly the pang he felt that moment at the tone of her simple "good-by, Dr. Theobald." She spoke somehow as if they were so far apart from each other that it was impossible that he could care very much—as if it had never presented itself to her mind that he could be moved by her going or staying. And, indeed, such a fancy never had presented itself to her mind. How *could* such a man be touched by any thing that happened to her? Only Tina Floyd, who knew barely enough to make a nursery governess, and who had no friends but the third-rate pupils at the third-rate "seminary for young ladies." There was a little pain at her heart when she remembered how far she stood below him; but romantic and ignorant and fond of novels as she was, she had never had any sentimental fancies of Dr. Theobald's descending to her level; so if she said "good-by" a little sadly, she said it quite simply, and left him no alternative but to reply in the same manner.

"Good-by," he said. "I am sorry it is good-by, though. I have been wondering what you would do."

"Thank you," she answered; "you were very kind to think of me. Every one is very kind. Mr. Durant"—but there her voice faltered somewhat—"Mr. Durant has been very good to me," she added; "and he said it was for Teddy's sake."

The cab drove away ten minutes after, and left Theobald standing upon the stone steps feeling curiously disturbed.

"Back to Miss Bilkerson's," he said to himself. "Is that the right place, I wonder? Let us hope that Miss Bilkerson's will treat her well."

So back to Miss Bilkerson's Tina went, and

was re-installed in the bare bedroom with Jenny Ackerbury, and taught the smaller pupils grammar and geography, and was rather envied as one who had seen the world. She was as fond of Jenny Ackerbury, too, as ever, and as ready to help her and listen to the relation of her woes; and yet Jenny Ackerbury, with all her dullness, saw what Tina did not know herself, namely, that a change had come over her, that the melancholy black eyes had an absent look sometimes, that now and then they seemed sad or wistful.

One day, walking at the head of her procession of pupils, the elder Miss Bilkerson saw that a gentleman, in passing, bowed to somebody behind her, and turning with some sharpness, she found that it was Tina who had been bowed to, and that Tina looked frightened. She beckoned to her with her parasol.

"Who was that—person who bowed to you?" she demanded, when the culprit came.

"It was Dr. Theobald," said Tina. "He was Mr. Durant's family physician, and when Teddy was ill I saw him very often."

"Is it *the* Dr. Theobald?"

"I think so," Tina faltered. "He is very celebrated."

"Oh!" said Miss Bilkerson, in a rather mollified tone. "You may go back to your place."

And Tina went.

She had a great deal to do at Miss Bilkerson's, and her small charges kept her very busy, and yet the time seemed to pass very slowly. She did not find another situation for so long that she had quite settled down into her old place, when the prospect of a change came, and even this, when it came, was the prospect of such a change as she had never dreamed of.

She was sitting by the piano in the parlor one afternoon, giving a music-lesson to a dull little girl, and feeling rather weary and spiritless, when a ring at the front-door attracted her attention, and in a moment or so more some one was ushered into the room. She rose from her seat rather hurriedly; but when she confronted the visitor, she turned first red and then white. It was Dr. Theobald, and Dr. Theobald advanced toward her with outstretched hand.

"Miss Floyd!" he said. And then in a strange voice, almost as if he could not control it, "Tina!"

She did not know what to say. Often as she had thought that she would like to see him again, she had never fancied that the sight of his face and the sound of his voice could move her as it did. She scarcely dare trust herself to speak. And yet, of course, he could only have come on business.

"Miss Bilkerson is in the school-room," she faltered. "Did Janet take your name?"

"No," he said, with a curious, almost des-

perate decision. "It was not Miss Bilkerson I came to see. Can you postpone the rest of this music-lesson?"

"I think it is finished," said Tina. "You may go up stairs again, Nannie."

But when the child had left the room, she was so frightened that she would have liked to run away herself. She felt as she had never done before. She was full of a strange tremor, and could not look up. And in a few moments she became conscious that her visitor was disturbed too. The hand with which he held hers was unsteady, and for a little while he did not speak—only stood looking down at her drooping face. But at last he broke the silence. He led her to the sofa, and made her sit down.

"Will you sit there," said he, "and have patience with me for a little while?"

She could not make any pretense at being calm, or believing that he was calm. She said "Yes" in a low, timid voice, and sat still, looking at the pencil with which she had been pointing out notes to her pupil. Theobald turned about and began to walk up and down the room before her, his hands clasped behind him, a singular excitement in his manner.

"Tina," he said, "I have come to make an appeal to you."

"To me?" she said, with an innocent start.

"To you," he went on, his voice shaking. "And it is such a presumptuous appeal that I can hardly hope that you will hear it to the end. I have been passing through a sort of mental crisis lately. I have been slowly discovering that—that my life is worth very little to me without one thing which you have taught me to long for. I do not know exactly how it has been that all my life I have somehow or other missed what usually comes early enough to both men and women. Perhaps it has been through some fault of my own. I dare say it has, but now the longing has come, and I can not bear it. I have been a man of fancies and theories. I have had theories of wrong and right. I have even had a theory about *you*; and it has ended in this way, that you, innocent child, have taught me that I was a blundering fool, wise only in my own stubborn crotchets. Nay," turning round to her, pale-faced and humble, agitated beyond measure—"nay, let me end. I have not words to tell you how I have learned all this. Only I love you—I love you!" And then that moment he was kneeling at her side, holding her small cold hand, and bending down to kiss it with a wondrous reverence.

Tina, trembling, could only let him hold and kiss it. The little pencil slipped down upon the floor. Was this herself—Tina—whom the Misses Bilkerson snubbed, and

who had nobody but Jenny Ackerbury to care for her much? Was this Dr. Theobald, of whom she had thought in that sad secret way as a hero, who would forget all about her because she was not worth remembering? A wild bliss filled her heart, and a little sob broke from her throbbing throat.

"You are so young," said Theobald, almost mournfully, "that it is hard for you to understand all at once; and I do not ask that you will. Only I have thought of it so long alone that I could bear it no longer, and to-day I vowed to myself that I would tell you, and ask you at least to let me try to teach you to think kindly of me—only that until you are ready. God knows I would rather lose my poor life than shock or wound you. Will you say that I may come here to see you and try? I will speak to these people and make them understand, if you will only say that I may."

There was a sound as of a rustle of silk upon the stairway, and Tina heard it, and knew it was Miss Bilkerson coming to demand an explanation. The girl's black eyes dilated like a child's, and she was paler than ever; but when she rose to her feet as the door opened, something in her face—a something new and sweet and brave—told Theobald that he had not lost his cause.

"I was not aware, Tina," said Miss Bilkerson, grandly, "that you were entertaining a visitor."

Tina stepped forward.

"This is Dr. Theobald, Miss Bilkerson," she said, "and—and he wishes to speak to you." And with one innocent speechful look at her lover, slipped out of the room.

He told her afterward what he had intended to tell her that day if he had not so broken down. How he had missed her from the nursery window; how he had thought of her almost unconsciously at first, and quite consciously after; how his memory of her had grown into his life, until he had begun to long for something more real; how he had failed to understand himself, until the truth had come upon him like a shock; how he had feared and wondered and theorized, until the sight of her as she walked among the pupils that day had struck him to the heart, and forced him to take the strange step of coming to her with no excuse but the one of his overwhelming love. And the end of it was that of course he won her. Indeed, the truth was that he had won her long ago, even before she ever guessed that her sad shy thoughts of him were more than reverently admiring ones. And when she was his wife, the wife of the great Dr. Theobald, and the beloved young mistress of the house she had regarded with such awe, the time came when she told him so.

THE JEWS AND THEIR PERSECUTORS.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

BORN amidst the Egyptian persecutions, stricken by the fires of Sinai, the Israelites begin their wanderings in the dawn of history, and have never known any long repose.¹ From age to age and from land to land they have been tossed and driven by their fellow-men from every place of rest. They glide amidst the throng of nations always the victims of a strange hostility. Yet they have outlived all their foes, and might well boast that the vengeance of Heaven had fallen upon their persecutors. The Pharaohs who chased them to the sea have been engulfed in the abyss of time. The cities and the shrines the Israelites helped to build sit in desolation by the side of the sacred river. Philistines and giants of Gath are no more. The Persian capital that preyed upon the Holy City, and Babylon that in its commercial prosperity enslaved all its neighbors, are lonely ruins. Rome next persecuted Salem. The bitterest days of the Jews were when the Temple lay a smouldering pile of ashes, and cruel laws banished them forever from the land whose very dust was dearer to them than gold. But the hand of fate smote Rome, and it perished like Dagon. Then came the Northern barbarians, and, with a half-savage Christianity, knelt in Jerusalem and cursed its gifted founders. Moslem followed Goth and Hun, worshiped at the shrine of David, and bore a less heavy hand toward his descendants. The Papal Church arose; all Christendom turned toward Jerusalem; and in the midst of feigned or fanatical contrition, began the fiercest persecution the Jews had ever known. From the time of the Crusades their sorrows deepened to the lowest abyss. No people ever knew, no family of man ever bore, such unmerited and such persistent woes. Fierce inquisitors in Spain, saintly kings in France, English monks and German burghers, fastened their maledictions on the hated race, and Christian people pursued the Jews with a furious rage that even Pharaoh or Nebuchadnezzar, Babylon or Persia, had never felt. No Jew was permitted to live in England, France, or Spain. His only refuge was the doubtful protection of the German emperor, a shelter in cities where the streets had often run red with Jewish blood, or a hovel in the Ghetto at Rome.

But at length that usurping Church which had taught the descendants of Goth and Hun the lesson of cruelty fell, with all its throng of ensanguined inquisitors, prelates,

kings, and nobles, before the light of a growing humanity. The Reformation came, and slowly the natural right of men to live on the same earth, unmolested by each other, was acknowledged. The harsher traits of the first reformers were amended by their disciples. The sixteenth century saw some improvement in the condition of the Jews. The succeeding centuries opened to them a home in all Protestant lands. They began to flourish with fresh vigor. Their cultivated scholars and acute merchants, their learning and their industry, raised them at once to a singular prosperity. Again they saw the hand of fate fall heavily upon their persecutors. Spain, the home of the Inquisition, sank into decay. France and England were torn by fierce revolutions that redounded to the future prosperity of the Jew. A fair republic sprang up in the New World, that was the first of all the nations to offer a peaceful and happy home to the persecuted people.¹ It was only within a few years that the last trace of its cruel legislation disappeared from the statutes of England. It is not long since that the Mortara was stolen from his weeping family, and was imprisoned in the convents at Rome. It was not till the pope fell before the indignation of Italy that the Jew was released from the Ghetto, and the long persecution that had begun with the rage of Pharaoh ended with the impotent maledictions of Pius IX.

Yet it is rather as intellectual agents moving among the nations that I propose to sketch the later history of the Jews. Like a long line of light reaching back to the dawn of human progress, their higher cultivation shines out through every age of darkness. Every where they held up before Greek and Roman, popes and crusaders, Gothic kings and mad inquisitors, the sacred table that had been given amidst the thunders of Sinai, and on which was engraved, in letters of fire, "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal." The law was the foundation of all Jewish morals, letters, philosophy, and on the front of the clouded mount had been written forever the first principles of human progress. It was to these that the Jews pointed the barbarous races by whom they were surrounded. Of every sect and every tribe, the schools of Gamaliel or of Shammai, rigid Karaite or fanciful Talmudist, all conspired to hold up before mankind one code of morals, and to raise as their standard that sacred law that has enlightened the conscience of all modern civiliza-

¹ Jost, *Geschichte der Israeliten*. Baasage, Juifa. Milman, *Hist. Jews*. Deutsch, *The Talmud*. The *letz talmud*, Deutsch relates, "is unknown to the Talmud." and the Jews have ever suffered without a thought of retaliation.

¹ Jost, *Geschichte*, 8. Thell, p. 26, notices the kind treatment of the Jews in all the American colonies and States. Sie kleiden sich, he says, with some surprise, völlig gleich mit den Einwohnern, etc.

tion.¹ Softened by a milder dispensation, it is yet the thunders of Sinai that startled Greek and Roman from their sensual apathy; that subdued the rude natures of the barbarians from the forests of Germany and Scandinavia; that echoed through the cathedrals of savage Europe, and are resounding in every Christian land. We write the law over every altar, and expand it in every code. It is passing over all the world, and is at the front of the highest civilization; and it is a Jewish rather than a Greek or Roman culture that has controlled the conduct of modern families and nations.

In one instance only have the Jews consented to change their habits of life, and in that we discover anew the marks of their perpetual suffering. From active and successful husbandmen and tillers of the soil they have been transformed into merchants and money-lenders.² They seem to have wholly lost that love for nature and that agricultural skill that made Palestine a land of plenty. In Babylonia and Persia, under a comparatively gentle rule, they were rather farmers than traders. Even late in the Roman period, and probably until near the sixth century, they were chiefly an agricultural people. The Talmud abounds in allusions to the cultivation of fields and gardens, of oil, wine, and wheat, fruit and flowers. Its nice and varied rules of conduct relate chiefly to the people of rural districts rather than of cities. When the great schools of Babylon and Pumbeditha were flourishing, and the vivid intellect of the Israelites was expanding into a literature of commentators and professors, the race was marked by an intense love for the Oriental lands they cultivated. But when the universal persecution fell upon them, when they were hunted from Babylonia and Persia, and began that remarkable series of wanderings from city to city, and from realm to realm, that has lasted for more than a thousand years, the manners of the race changed. They became a nation of traders.³ Industry, thrift, learning, and rare acuteness they never lost, but they were never again to become peaceful tillers of the soil. They were forced to snatch opportunities of gain from the midst of their wanderings. They became the most acute and untiring of traders. Their wares

and their profits were such as could be most easily handled and secured. They supplied the barbarous princes of Germany with the most costly drugs and spices of the East. They dealt in jewels that they could easily conceal or swallow, and in Oriental cloths that were of priceless value. They were the most active slave-traders of the Middle Ages, and the Church vainly heaped its maledictions on the Jew who should dare to purchase Christian slaves. Their capital in money probably grew from age to age.¹ They were the common money-lenders of the early period. The Jews seemed to have concentrated the wealth of the Middle Ages among themselves; they lent their money at an enormous interest and upon ample security; they accumulated immense fortunes, which they were obliged to hide from their persecutors in an aspect of extreme poverty. But their home was never again to be amidst the soft landscapes of Babylonia and Persia; and crowded together in a miserable Ghetto, living apart accursed and forsaken in the walled, fortified, and secure cities of Western Europe, they counted their secret gains, and sometimes displayed in their obscure dwellings a suspicious and Oriental splendor. Their daughters were clad in the rich silks of Persia, and shone with the gold and gems of the East.

It does not appear that the Jews ever ventured to show any resentment against their oppressors. From the beginning of their wanderings they bore patiently every outrage, and submitted with a strange resignation. Once only they were enabled to taste a momentary revenge. When Chosroes, the Persian king, on the decay of the Roman empire, invaded Palestine, the Jews sprang up in arms against their Christian tyrants, and aided in the siege of Jerusalem. The city fell, and the enraged Israelites rushed to the massacre of the Roman Christians. They purchased the captives of the Persian conqueror at a lavish price, and 40,000 Christian slaves, who might have been sold for large sums in the Persian cities, are said to have perished miserably at the hands of their pitiless owners. Avarice had yielded to revenge, and the Jews, who had so often been wasted and decimated by their Christian tyrants, now repaid their wrongs by an unnatural cruelty. For a moment they seemed to rule once more in their holy city. They pillaged the magnificent Christian temples that had been raised by Helena, desecrated and defiled the shrines of Calvary and the crucifixion, and perhaps leveled the sacred edifices to the ground. But their triumph was only for a moment. The Roman Emperor Heraclius soon after drove

¹ Jost, Fünfter Theil, 24. Jeder Jude hingegen war mehr oder minder in der Geschichte seines Volkes unterrichtet; konnte schreiben und lesen, etc. So Deutsch, Talmud.

² Jost, Offenes Sendschreiben an —, Streckfuss, Berlin, 1838, p. 41, explains the change. In ihren heimathlichen Gegenden, in Palästina, Syrien, Babylonien, Mesopotamien, bildeten die Juden . . . die Landbau und bürgerliche Gewerbe treiben mussten um sich zu ernähren, p. 41.

³ Jost, Sendschreiben, p. 41. Der ganze Talmud treats of Feldarbeit, Feldgeräthe, Wein- und Oelpressen, Fruchtverkauf, etc. Ich erinnere mich aber keines Gesetzes das darauf hinderten könnte, den Kaufmannstand als vorherrschend.

¹ Jost defends effectually (p. 48, Sendschreiben) the reputation of the Jews; and Macaulay, *Disabilities of the Jews*.

the Persians from Palestine, reduced the Jews to submission, and rebuilt or embellished anew the holy shrines with the last wealth of his decaying realm.¹

In all their earlier sufferings the Jews had never neglected their mental culture, and when the schools of Hillel and Shammai were driven from Jerusalem they sprang up again in the farther East. It was the boast of the Jews that all their children were educated, and that each of them had learned some useful trade.² While the Roman races were sinking into indolence, when all Europe fell into a barbarous ignorance, the Jewish schools of Babylon, Pumbeditha, and afterward of Egypt and of Spain,³ flourished in extraordinary renown. Their scholars of rare fame, their men of science, and their physicians, learned in all the highest cultivation of the Greeks, were perpetuated from age to age. Of all the European races alone the Jews never yielded to the barbarism of the Dark Ages, to the decay that fell upon the European mind, to the common degradation of mankind. Their intellects have remained clear and active, eager for knowledge, laborious in study, fertile in production, from the days when David sang, and Solomon taught a wisdom he had forgotten to practice. They were poets, musicians, scholars, thinkers, when the earth was thinly peopled by copper-colored races around the banks of the Euphrates and the Nile, when Europe was a savage and lonely wilderness, and its inhabitants, if it possessed any, hid in caves like wild beasts, or built like the beaver in the midst of lakes and stagnant pools. And as if to refute the notion that the intellect of any people must of necessity decline with years, that races have their seasons of progress and of decay, the Jew, whose ancestor guided the politics of Egypt and of Babylon, may be found equally active and valuable in modern states and nations.

There can be no plainer cause of this singular intellectual fertility than that the Jews founded their whole domestic life upon the general education of the people. In some instances, no doubt, poverty and extreme oppression reduced them to an ignorance not unequal to that of the savage Europeans. In the Ghettos of Rome and Germany, in the wilds of Poland, and on the shores of Hindostan, they produced no Gamaliels nor Hillels, no learned doctors nor acute priests, but wherever a momentary relief from suffering the most abject gave them an opportunity of mental culture, we find them at once founding their schools and colleges.⁴ For several centuries after the fall

of Jerusalem a shadowy and half-mythical kingdom of the Jews existed under the friendly shelter of Parthians or Persians on the plains of Mesopotamia. A prince of the house of David, a descendant, it was believed, of the royal race, ruled over a loyal people. The Jews submitted without a murmur to the various conquerors who overran the country in the neighborhood of the Euphrates; they opposed no invader, and took no share with any faction; they obeyed Parthian or Persian in turn. But the Prince of the Captivity, as was his title, exercised his regal powers over his own race with an authority not inferior to that of David or of Solomon, and the crown and the royal state seem to have been preserved until the last heir of the divine line disappeared, and the race had perished, it was supposed, forever. It was under the Princes of the Captivity, in the rich fields of Mesopotamia, that the most eminent of the Jewish schools arose. From Tiberias, where the learning of Jerusalem had found a refuge after the fall of the city, the teachers of the law were driven to the farther East. In the second and third centuries the schools of Babylon, of Pumbeditha, Surra, and other Eastern towns, attained a fame and an authority that extended over all the Jewish race. Scholars from all the Jewish colonies came to be educated in the lecture halls of the East; eminent doctors like R. Asche or R. Jehuda held a mental control over their countrymen that has had no parallel in European letters; all the great questions of the law and all the politics of Judaism were discussed and decided in the Eastern schools; their authority seems never to have been questioned; and at length their decisions, their casuistry, their nice conscientiousness, their bitter hatred for Christendom and the name of Christ, were condensed in that immense literary collection known as the Talmud.

Whatever was the natural bitterness of the Oriental school against its persecutors—and it is more than equaled in the acts as well as the words of Christian bishops and barbarous kings—its writings show a liberality that spoke of progress. The Talmud is an effort to accommodate the law of Moses to the varied circumstances of Jewish life,¹ and through all their pains and terrors of the Middle Ages the Jewish scholars found in its pages perpetual sources of consolation. To their oppressors the name of the learned volumes seemed terrible and mysterious. It was believed that the Jews were often magicians, and that their sacred books, hidden in a rude and dissonant language, contained

¹ Milman, *Hist. Jews*, III. 82.

² Jost, *Geschichte*, v. 24.

³ Lindo, *Jews in Spain*, gives a long series of eminent scholars.

⁴ Jost, *Geschichte*, iv. 272. Diese Akademie bildet zugleich den Obersten Gerichtshof der Babylonier.

Jost's history is filled with the long line of Jewish scholars, who seem, however, not to have been free from an irrational pride.

¹ Jost, *Geschichte*, v. p. 24. Die Mischna, abgesehen von der Eigenthümlichkeit ihres Verfassers, ist die Darstellung der Art und Weise, etc.

secrets that might prove of fatal import to Christian men and women, that they taught how to transmute dross to gold, the arcana of demonology, and the command over evil spirits. Nor were the ignorant Christians altogether mistaken. The Talmud founded schools and perpetuated education. It was a source of intellectual life to the Jewish doctors, who carried their rare learning to the court of the caliphs of Bagdad, and to the Spanish colleges, from whence Gerbert borrowed the elements of science. It is, indeed, quite impossible to limit the amount of the influence of the Talmudical writings upon the early culture of Europe. Their aphorisms and parables, responses and questions, their interesting legends and startling mysteries, their constant encouragement to intellectual labor and the cultivation of the finer faculties, must have had no small share in keeping alive the mental powers of the West, where Christian barons could not write their names, and Christian priests could scarcely spell out their breviaries. It is not difficult to believe that learned Jews were the first to found medical schools in Italy, colleges in Spain, and Hebrew lecture-rooms at Oxford; and the world has yet to learn how much it owes to the students of the Talmud.¹

A schism, however, followed the general reception of the Babylonian Talmud and the rapid spread of rabbinism. The sect of the Karaites, the strict followers of the law, who admit no comments, and consent to no novelties, began at an early period their struggle against innovation. Often severe in morals, always rigid in forms, the Karaites read in their synagogues only the teachings of Moses and the prophets, and would be bound by none of the popular speculations of the Babylonian school. They separated with stern disapproval from their erring brethren, and the two Jewish sects were divided by an animosity not inferior to that which had severed the Arian and the Catholic. But the schism of the Karaites has had but little prosperity. It has produced some eminent intellects and some profound scholars. But its numbers have decreased, and its influence is in a measure lost. In a half-ruined city of the Crimea, still the chief seat of the Karaites, may be found the lingering remnants of a devoted race, who point to the inscriptions in their crowded and ancient cemetery as the proofs of their former greatness, and who still refuse to hold friendly intercourse with the disciples of the philosophical school.

The fate of the wandering Israelites among the Western nations was varied by a con-

stant succession of adverse or of prosperous epochs. Under the rule of their Semitic relatives, the Saracens and Mohammedans, they were often treated with a marked toleration.¹ Jewish scholars were welcomed and prized at the court of Haroun-al-Raschid, and were received with equal favor in the Moslem cities of Spain. Even Charlemagne, when planting anew his system of education in the barbarous realms of Germany and France, seems to have suffered them to live unmolested in his dominions, and sent Isaac the Jew as one of his ambassadors to the Caliph of Bagdad. It was this famous mission that was supposed to have obtained for the German emperor a certain sovereignty over the holy places of Jerusalem, and that certainly brought back to him from Bagdad some curious presents—an immense elephant that was long the wonder of Germany, an organ, and a collection of apes—and, what was of more importance, conveyed to the German schools a knowledge of the progress of the East. But it is sufficient for our purpose to know that in the opening of the ninth century the Jews were still a conspicuous people, noted in the three great centres of dawning civilization for their energy and mental vigor, and that no trace of decay had yet subdued the adventurous spirit of the children of Israel. Their close relatives, the dark-complexioned, impulsive, industrious throngs of Assyria and Tyre, of Sidon and Carthage, had perished from the face of the earth. The Semitic race was now represented by the Jews and the Arabs. And it is probable that a large share of the mental progress that was to illustrate the later period of the Arabian conquerors in the East and West was due to the teachings of Jewish rabbins, that the example of the Hebrew colleges and schools may have inspired with a love of knowledge their savage relatives, who had sprung from their native deserts to follow the heroes of the Crescent.

It is, indeed, one of the rare peculiarities of the Jewish race that, unlike all its Semitic allies, it flourishes in every climate, and is as vigorous and as prolific in the frosty North or the American wilderness as it was amidst the soft landscapes of Granada or on the hot plains of Mesopotamia. No Arab ever founded a colony far from the tropics. The Phœnicians and Carthaginians have left no trace of their settlements on the shores of Cornwall, or even of France. The tropical races have seemed incapable of expansion beyond their own torrid region. But the Jews from an early period not only wandered to the extreme North, but settled in lands where the perpetual frosts and chilling mists must have proved repulsive and apparently fatal to the offspring of the gentle

¹ Deutsch, Talmud. The reverence paid to learned doctors was sometimes excessive; yet they were often weavers, tanners, tent-makers, and maintained themselves by some useful trade. "Work," Deutsch tells us, "was honored among the Jews."

¹ Milman places the golden age of the Jews under the rule of the caliphs.

South. They are found in Germany under Charlemagne; they multiplied in England under Edward the Confessor and the Norman kings; they made up a large part of the population of Paris when Philip Augustus persecuted them; they have flourished in Poland, and thriven under the shelter of the czars; and it may be a not unnatural inference from their history that a regular and rational system of mental cultivation, joined with industry and moral restraint, is of more influence upon the perpetuation of races than the triumphs of Cæsar and the glories of Cyrus and Alexander; that the cultivated man flourishes in every clime, and the educated race conquers the apparent limitations of nature.

From the friendly shelter of the Moslem caliphates and their native East the Jews, apparently possessed by a strong taste for wandering, or an insatiable love of gain, planted their unsteady colonies in all the Western nations, and sought humbly a hospitality that was never shown. Every where they were received with aversion and disgust. The dark-skinned and alien race, speaking an Oriental language that no European could master, and governed by customs of neatness and propriety that seemed to Goth and Hun an excess of fastidiousness, unwarlike, and highly educated, were met every where by an unvarying cruelty and scorn. In Germany they were reduced to a peculiar form of slavery. A Jew was not a person, but a thing, a chattel, and a waif.¹ The emperor took possession of the Oriental strangers as his own peculiar heritage. They were his bondmen. He protected them when he was able, and plundered them when he wanted money. Yet they soon grew numerous and wealthy in the cities along the Rhine, and aroused the envy of their Christian neighbors by an opulence which they sometimes incautiously displayed.² They were forced, or probably preferred, to live apart in a quarter of the city by themselves. They founded their synagogues and built their school-houses amidst ceaseless dangers. The ignorant priests followed them with maledictions, and the still more ignorant populace pelted them with stones, and beat and pummeled them at will. Accomplished and gifted rabbins were often looked upon as magicians. The Jews' quarter seemed to the barbarous Germans a centre of mysterious and fearful deeds. It was believed that the Jews were in the habit of stealing the Host from the altar in order to mock once more at the crucifixion with secret rites, or that they enticed away Christian children to

stab them with sharp knives and sacrifice them in a frightful ceremony. When a child strayed away in the German or Italian cities, the Christian mother at once fancied that it had been lured into the Jewish quarter to be put to death. The Jews were all supposed to be acquainted with magic, and capable of weaving dark spells that brought disease and decay, misfortune and shame, to Christian households.¹ Yet they were wonderfully prosperous, and might have outlived their early unpopularity had not a sudden wave of religious fanaticism swept away what little humanity and intelligence had yet sprung up among the European nations. The preaching of the Crusades turned back the course of human progress for three hundred years. The passion for bloodshed and for barbarous cruelty revived under the fanatical eloquence of popes and prelates. The Roman Church taught that it was no crime to kill a heretic or an infidel, and it had never paused to exclude the Jew from its inhuman inculcations. "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal," were erased from the Decalogue, and the wild and cruel throngs, dissolute and infamous, that gathered under the banners of the Cross made their first essays in robbery and bloodshed among the wealthy and cultivated Jewish colonies on the banks of the Moselle and the Rhine. They burst into the Jewish quarters; they sacked the rich houses, and drove their wretched inmates to suicide and death. Fair women stabbed themselves in Mentz and Treves. Husbands first killed their wives, and then themselves. The Rhine floated thick with the corpses of murdered Jews. Rich with spoil and drunken with license, the Crusaders swept on, carrying devastation to all the Jewish settlements through which they passed in Hungary and in Austria, and at last perished themselves in countless numbers, in unutterable torments of thirst and hunger, disease, labor, by the darts of the Saracens, and the hatred of mankind. Nor was the second army, under Baldwin, the chivalry of the age, more merciful. When Jerusalem fell they massacred all the Jews—men, women, and children—whom they found in the city, and with tears of joy knelt before the Holy Sepulchre. Yet they might have heard, in the lull of their fanaticism, the thunders of Sinai, and their own condemnation uttered from the flaming mount.

From this period (1100) history is laden with the cries of the Oriental wanderers for

¹ Jost, Sendschreiben.

² Basnage, xiv. xv. xvi. p. 657, describes and ridicules the stories of Jews sacrificing children, etc. Milman seems sometimes to doubt. Je suis l'historien des Juifs, etc., says Basnage. Je ne crois pas tout.... le meurtre des enfans.

¹ *Fortalicium Fidel contra Judeos*, a monkish production written toward the close of the fifteenth century, enumerates the crimes laid to the charge of the Jews, lib. iii. p. 143. In regno Francia occiduntur infantes per Judeos. It tells how the corpse of a murdered girl at Cologne pointed out her Jewish murderers, and how they stabbed themselves. No miracles would convert them. They laughed at the bleeding images and winking pictures, etc.

mercy from the persecutors of the West. England was the first of the Western nations to drive them wholly from its borders. They had reached the shores of the misty island during the rule of the Saxon kings, had thriven amidst the constant warfare of its barbarous races, had been tolerated by the humane Alfred, and favored by the Norman William. Henry II. had granted them his royal protection, and profited by their industry.¹ They seem to have lived in fine houses in the older parts of London. At York they were numerous and wealthy; at Oxford they had even established three Hebrew halls or lecture-rooms. A bishop complained of the splendor of their synagogues, and their wealth and prosperity attracted the envy of the less prudent Christians.² Their debtors were found in every city; their pawns and pledges had increased year by year; they had often paid enormous assessments, and had borne patiently burdens that must have brought bankruptcy to the whole Christian community. The immense wealth of this industrious race is proved by a long series of exactions that were met with ease, and of various disabilities that did not interrupt their course of accumulation. In Old Jewry, London, some traces of Jewish opulence have been discovered—some inscriptions on stone that point to a crowded and well-built quarter. It is probable that the chief financial affairs of England were transacted by the dark-hued strangers, who had their stone mansions and secret warehouses around Old Jewry, and their cemetery at Cripplegate, and whose keen capacity for trade must have had no small share in founding the commercial greatness of London. Thus might the Jews have enjoyed an interval of beneficial rest under the rude protection of the Norman chiefs, had not a sudden outbreak of popular fanaticism, envy, and rage destroyed in a moment all their felicity.

Westminster Hall and all its ancient environs were thronged with the chivalry and the populace of England when Richard the Lion-hearted was about to take the coronation oath in the presence of his turbulent and barbarous subjects.³ All the people were summoned to witness the spectacle; but the Jews alone, by a special exception, were forbidden to enter the sacred precinct. It was feared that by spells and sorcery they might bring mischief to the cruel Richard. Some of them, however, strangers perhaps, who were unacquainted with the usages of

the time, ventured to mingle with the throng. They hoped to remain undiscovered. They may have thought it their duty to assist at the coronation of the valiant king. But one of them was recognized by a Christian neighbor. The Christian, enraged, ordered him to leave the place, and when he refused, struck him a heavy blow. The populace joined in the assault in the very presence of the king, and the unhappy Jew fell dying beneath their inhuman rage. They next chased the Jews whom they found in the Abbey or its neighborhood, with fierce imprecations, along the devious roads that led from Westminster to the Hebrew quarter. The Jews took refuge in their houses. The people, now stimulated by the hope of plunder, broke into the fair mansions around Jewin Street or Gresham, sacked the rich quarter laden with the gold and jewels, the fine robes and rich wares, of the successful traders, inflicted terrible outrages, spared neither sex nor age, and at length set the Jewish houses on fire. All night the flames blazed over medieval London, threatening the destruction of the city. Richard in vain sent his Chancellor (Glanville) and a troop of horsemen to suppress the tumult. The savage populace pursued their work of robbery and death unmolested. In their rage they even burned or sacked the houses of their fellow-Christians. When there was nothing left to plunder or destroy, they ceased from their dreadful labors. Some of the Jews had found a shelter in the Tower or in the houses of Christian neighbors less savage than the rest of their countrymen. Some were saved by Glanville. But even the lion-hearted Richard did not dare to punish their persecutors. The news of the massacre and robbery at London spread through England. It incited every where the wild people to similar outrages. At Oxford, at York, and wherever the Jews had amassed wealth and attracted notice, they were maltreated, robbed, and massacred with hideous malice.¹ Yet they were apparently soon restored to something of their former prosperity, and Richard having laid on them a heavy tax to pay the expenses of his crusade, set out to rescue Jerusalem from the avenging arms of Saladin.

Wherever the Jews settled, it is the boast of their historian, they strove to perform their duty as subjects, to obey the laws, to become attached to the country, and to remain no alien race. They were Englishmen in England, Frenchmen in France. They formed a natural fondness for the land in which they lived, and clung with a strong affection to their homes amidst the cruel English, or in the dangerous precincts of the

¹ Jost, *Geschichte*. The Jews seem to have come over in large numbers with William the Conqueror. Jost thinks they were first tempted to England by the slave-trade. See *Anglia Judaica*.

² The *Liber Albus* tells us that no house in London could be let to a Jew except it was in their own quarter.

³ Jost, 1189. All the monkish chronicles relate the frequent persecutions of the Jews in England.

¹ Jost, *Geschichte*, 1189. In the Oxford schools not only Jews, but any student, might acquire Hebrew. Nicht allein Juden sondern auch Studirende, etc.

German cities. It might well be supposed that the massacre at London and the fearful scenes at York would have frightened them from the land that seemed the abode alone of robbers and malefactors. But they still lingered amidst their foes. King John, when he ascended the throne, treated them with a suspicious gentleness;¹ he even called them his dear friends and brethren; he lulled them into a fancied security. But he soon imposed upon them such severe exactions as must have wasted all their gains, and when an opulent Jew refused to pay his demands, ordered his teeth to be drawn out one by one until he yielded. The Jew lost seven teeth before he paid the contribution. Torture and torment, robbery and scorn, were the common traits of Jewish life under John. His successors, Henry and Edward I., were no more lenient, or were unable to restrain the hatred of their people. At last, in 1290, the chivalric Edward, without warning, and for no known offense, ordered every Jew to leave England forever. The hated race were no longer to be suffered to live in a land whose prosperity they had enlarged, and where they had first planted commerce and refinement. Their fine houses in London and York were seized by their persecutors; their synagogues were given to the Church; part of their rare collection of Oriental literature enlarged the library at Oxford.² The king seems to have been willing to suffer them at least to depart in peace; but the people followed them with incessant persecutions. A large number of Jews had gathered on the banks of the Thames, below London, before setting sail in a ship in which they had engaged their passage. The tide was rising around them; the master of the vessel, who had persuaded them to land on the shore, with scoffs and cruel mockeries now refused to take them in. The water rose, and the unhappy Israelites sank forever in the turbid Thames.³ It is said that the master was afterward punished for his crime; yet the cries of the perishing Jews seem still to sound over the dark waters of the pitiless river.

Nearly four centuries passed away, and still no Jew had ventured to enter the forbidden land. At last, when Cromwell became ruler of England, a remarkable assembly gathered at Whitehall by order of the Protector, to discuss the question whether the Jews should once more be allowed to settle and trade unmolested in England.⁴ The Rabbi Manassas, followed by a number

of Jewish merchants, had come to London with a petition that the unnatural restriction should be taken from his race. The Jews asked for the same toleration which they already enjoyed in Holland and Poland, and offered, it is said, £200,000, an immense sum at that period, for the privilege of trade. Cromwell, surrounded by Puritan preachers, eminent lawyers, the Lord Mayor of London, and his chief counselors, proposed the question to the assembly at Whitehall. He was anxious, it is said, to accept the offer of the Jews, but his council did not adopt his opinion. The Jewish merchants went away disappointed, and it was not perhaps until after the Restoration that the Jews began timidly to return to the land from which they had been driven four centuries before. They still labored under many disabilities.¹ The Church and the people looked upon them with dislike. The magic pen of Shakspeare had drawn from the realm of fiction the portrait of a Jew that must remain as immortal as it is untrue.² Yet the Oriental strangers slowly won their way to a respect that was at length freely awarded them. Their legal disabilities were gradually removed. They became eminent in every commercial enterprise. They aided once more in building up the financial supremacy of England. The example of the American republic, where the Jews had always been welcomed with a perfect equality of rights, and where they had always ranked with the most patriotic and useful of our citizens, was not without its influence upon English thought. The last disability was removed from the Jew in England within a few years. After a violent opposition from Churchmen and Tories, after a brilliant defense of the Jewish race from its latest persecutors by Macaulay,³ by the united strength of the whole Liberal party, the Jews were admitted to all public offices and to Parliament. They share in the government of the land from which they were banished for four centuries, and have triumphed over all their opponents. Nor is it the least remarkable trait of their varied history that one of their race now rules England as the head of that Conservative faction which was the last to persecute them, with an intellectual acuteness and versatility that recall the keen dialectics of the Talmud, with a sharp and glittering logic, with a delicate yet remorseless sarcasm, that

¹ In 1758 they obtained citizenship through much opposition. See "A Candid and Impartial Examination," etc., 1758, p. 10, 11, 19.

² The story of Shylock, it seems, had long been familiar to the Jews before Shakspeare's time, except that in their narrative Shylock was a Christian.

³ Macaulay's *Essays*, The Disabilities of the Jews. Even in 1830 Macaulay was obliged to rebuke severely the uncharitableness of Christians.

⁴ The magnanimity or the inconsistency of Mr. Disraeli must be admired, since he is now the chief upholder of that Church and that party which were longest the foes of Israel.

¹ Milman, iii.

² Jost, vii. p. 171. Many of the books were sold, and probably still more destroyed. Yet the English Jews, says Jost, produced few eminent scholars.

³ *Jews' Advocate*, 1758, p. 27. The story is told by Coke.

⁴ *Harleian Miscellany*, vii. p. 576-578. Many Jewish merchants, the narrative relates, had come from beyond the seas to London. They went away grieved.

might have been hailed with boundless applause in the casuistical discussions of the Babylonian schools.

The story of the Jews in France represents a far higher degree of mental and material prosperity than they had attained in England, and a still more lamentable fall. They were welcomed apparently by bishops and statesmen in the sixth century to the French cities. They must have exercised a valuable influence on the civilization of the Frankish invaders. Through varied scenes of persecution and of progress, they rose gradually to form a numerous and important part of the French population.¹ In the south of France they attained an ease and an opulence that were equaled in no other land. The dark-skinned, gifted, and active Orientals found no prejudice of race or of faith to disturb their tranquillity in the fair cities that had been touched by the refinements of Greece, and that gave birth to the songs of the Troubadours. It is indeed a somewhat striking trait in their history that their chief persecutor in all their wanderings was the Papal Church, and that by all other Christian sects they were treated with comparative favor, and looked upon with no ordinary interest as the descendants of the chief authors of the modern faith. The Arian kings, and apparently the Arian priests, in Italy, Spain, and Egypt, had extended to them a liberal protection. Charlemagne, who was never orthodox, had favored them. Among the Albigensian cities of the south of France it was no discredit to belong to the race that had produced the psalms of David and the canticles of Solomon. In Marseilles, Montpellier, Nîmes, and Béziers, the Jews flourished as merchants, manufacturers, philosophers, and poets. Wealth came in upon them, as it did in every other region, as the natural product of careful industry; and knowledge, which they often prized more than wealth, they attained in equal measure. Schools and libraries, cultivated rabbins and learned physicians, rival sects of science and philosophy, diligent students of the Talmud and the law, illustrate the brief period of repose which the Oriental strangers found amidst the fair landscapes of Provence, before the papal decree rained down war, famine, ruin, on the sunny clime.

They were scarcely less fortunate in the north of France. The Paris of the Middle Ages, we are told, was almost a Jewish city. The dawn of its magnificence was due to Jewish capitalists. Their wealth adorned its narrow streets with fine mansions, and cultivated its environs into groves and gardens.² Amidst wars and insurrections, violence and disorder, the Jews alone industriously culti-

vated the arts of peace, exposed to the rude and savage race around them the height of Oriental culture, and were the benefactors of an age that was scarcely able to perceive it. Painful is it indeed to look back over the long waste of history to this learned, imaginative, and ingenious people, building their fair palaces in mediæval Paris, amassing their immense riches by all the resources of trade, holding, it is said, nearly half the city as security for their loans, as the foundation of their unsubstantial prosperity, founding their schools, producing an illustrious line of scholars rather than warriors, engaging in brilliant controversy and intellectual disputes that held all the nation enchained, careless of danger in their fabulous luxury, while above them hung the sword of Damocles, and a dreadful ruin threatened them every moment. Nowhere did the disputes of the Jewish schools rage more fiercely than in the French cities.¹ The wars of the rabbins were confined, however, to the limits of the Talmud. They seem to have avoided all controversy with their Catholic neighbors. Yet an intellectual pride, of all others, perhaps, the least rational, was not unfrequently the common error of the Jews. Knowledge did not always teach them moderation. Nor could they avoid a sneer, a smile, or a jest at the cruel and sensual monks, who boasted of their miracles and confessed their own ignorance, or the brutal and deluded kings and nobles who came to borrow money on their rich possessions, and waste it in the service of a thankless Church. Among the bigoted Catholics of the north of France the Jews had never received more than an ungracious toleration. Paris had never welcomed them with the freedom from prejudice of Montpellier and Marseilles. They were always hated, envied, and condemned. The monks told fearful tales of Jewish cruelty to Christian children. The nobles lamented over the rich lands they had pledged to Jewish usurers, and the kings preyed upon the helpless strangers, who had no shelter but in the royal authority. Yet the Jews, trusting, perhaps, to their own acuteness, their wealth, their knowledge, their mental and moral superiority over the barbarous Franks, still in a singular infatuation went on increasing their large landed possessions, extending their loans, aiding with their capital the progress of trade, tempting the avarice and enraging the superstitions of their masters by the display of a prosperity that seemed to overshadow that of the Bourbons or the Montmorencys.

Their fall was near. It was not long before all their opulence was to be torn from them, their schools closed, their libraries dispersed, and every Jew chased by monks and princes from the realm of France.² The

¹ Milman, iii. 185. They had fine schools at Toulouse, etc.

² Jost, 8. Theil, 261; 6. Theil, 243.

¹ Jost, vi. 243; viii. 242.

² Id., viii. 28, 287.

spirit of the age had changed. A darker fanaticism had fallen upon men's minds. Every knight or warrior who came back from the holy war had been educated to deeds of bloodshed and a bitter hatred against the unoffending Jews. Nor could priests or princes any more consent to spare the alien people who had made France wealthy and Paris great. Philip Augustus, the Pharaoh of their last great disaster, first robbed them of their property and then drove them from his kingdom. In the midst of their wide system of productive loans and liberal credit, when their mortgages embraced half Paris, and their houses were filled with pledges and pawns, a royal edict confiscated all their debts, and freed every Christian from his liability to a Jew. Astonished at this royal robbery, the unlucky traders were soon to feel a more fatal blow. An edict had been secretly prepared for their complete expulsion and the seizure of all their property. On a fatal Sabbath, when all the Jews were gathered in their synagogues at Paris, the officers of the king surrounded the sacred buildings and imprisoned all the worshipers. No one was allowed to go out. Meantime a general sack of all the Jewish houses had begun, and the wealth they had painfully accumulated through centuries of toil was stolen by priests and king. They were then driven out of France. An immense emigration took place. Like the Huguenots, they bore with them the honesty and the industry of the nation; and in their fanciful and Oriental manner they were accustomed to lament that in this fourth and chief of their great disasters twice as many people had fled from France as had escaped from the arm of Pharaoh and witnessed his destruction. But no pillar of cloud and fire now sheltered the children of Israel from the rage of their persecutors, and no rushing waves avenged the sorrows of the chosen people.

Some retribution, however, must have soon followed, for it was found that the trade and commerce of France had suffered greatly by their absence, and a new prince invited them back. They paid a large sum for the dangerous privilege, and once more filled some of the fairest streets in Paris. They once more lived in the Rue des Lombards, or des Jardins, and opened their synagogues under the shadow of St. Geneviève. But in 1226 St. Louis ascended the throne, of all his corrupt race the most bigoted, the most cruel, the most faithless, and the most infamous, the last of the Crusaders, and the last to summon Christian barbarians to the warfare of the Cross. The Jews soon felt the rage of the tyrant. In

1238 they were robbed and massacred in Paris. St. Louis plundered them to pay the cost of his crusades. To destroy their dangerous intelligence he ordered the destruction of all their libraries, and twenty-four cart-loads of valuable manuscripts were committed to the flames. They were again driven out of France. They came back once more with a strange infatuation, and again paid an immense sum to soften the rage and satisfy the avarice of monks and nobles. Paris and France flourished anew under their intelligent industry. Again they were banished in 1395, never to return with perfect freedom until nobles, priests, and king had perished amidst the convulsions of that final revolution by which France itself avenged their persecutions, and opened the way to that stormy era which must end at last in the regeneration of a nation that has suffered perhaps not in vain.

Yet it was in Spain that the Jews were to reach the culmination of their intellectual and material splendor, and to astonish mankind by the magnitude of their misfortunes.¹ To Spain they may have first wandered when Solomon sent out his fleets to Tarshish, and when silver was so plentiful at Jerusalem as almost to lose its value.² They were probably in Spain when the Romans covered it with costly cities, roads, and bridges. They were tolerated by its Gothic sovereigns of the Arian faith, persecuted by the Catholic. But when the Mohammedans spread over the Peninsula in the reigns of the cultivated caliphs, the Jews rose into a great nation, and were numbered by millions. Their wealth eclipsed that of all other nations. Their capitalists at Granada and Seville were famous for an opulence that outshone all that the world had ever seen. Factories and mines, broad lands, and streets of houses were held by their commercial nobility. They built synagogues of priceless cost. They founded libraries, and endowed colleges that filled Europe with intelligence. Their physicians were sent for to heal the maladies of European kings. Their treatises on science, medicine, mathematics, and philosophy founded the schools of modern thought. For four centuries the Jews of Spain held an unquestioned mental ascendancy over the barbarous Europeans, and kept alive the regular progress of refinement.³ Education was the shining trait of Moorish civilization, and the Jewish scholars of the Peninsula probably guided their Semitic relatives to the love of knowledge. But in the fierce wars between Moors and Spaniards, when city after city fell, wasted and ruined, into the power of Catholic kings, the splendors of Jewish cultivation were

¹ Basnage, *Hist. Juifs*, xiii. xiv. xv. p. 582. Car ils soutiennent que le nombre de ceux qui quittèrent alors la France, excédoit le double de ceux qui suivirent Moïse, etc., which Basnage doubts.

² Lindo, *Jews in Spain*, p. 2. The Jewish fleet sailed from Joppa.

³ Lindo, 3.

⁴ Lindo and Jost celebrate the Jewish rabbins of Spain.

shorn away by barbarous lords, and at last all Spain fell, bleeding and ruined, under the rule of the relentless priests. The Inquisition was founded. To rob and to torture were the chief aims of this priestly institution. The goods of the infidel, the heretic, or the Jew were first confiscated to the Church, and his life was next ravished away in unspeakable torments. Instead of schools and colleges were found palaces of human woe, where fierce Dominicans lived in boundless luxury, and where the wisest and purest of their species often suffered torture and death at the hands of the most infamous and the most degraded. Knowledge and virtue perished at their approach, and Spain sank into an almost irrevocable decay.

The Jews were the favorite victims of the Inquisition. When history shall cease to be as unreal as a fairy tale, and when crime shall no longer find its defenders, it will be related that "the gentle and virtuous" Isabella inflicted heavier woes upon the human race than Messalina or Mary Tudor.¹ In 1492, in the dawn of a new civilization that was to overthrow at last the dark places of cruelty, and crush popes and inquisitors in a general uprising of the nation, Isabella, the foundress of the Spanish Inquisition, urged the expulsion of the Jews from Spain. No pity had she for the mothers who were to be torn from their prosperous homes to perish of hunger and thirst on the African shores, who were to leap into the blue Mediterranean to escape the insults of their captors, to see their babes die in their arms, their children sold into a fatal slavery; no compassion for the throng of learned and famous men who were to founder in crowded ships or languish with disease and starvation in a foreign land.² It is not told that the bigoted queen ever felt any remorse for her cruel deeds, or was ever willing to soften the woes she had inflicted needlessly on the most valuable portion of her subjects. At the famous meeting when Abarbanel, the most eminent of the Jews for scholarship and virtue, begged on his knees for pity for his people from the attentive sovereigns, when he offered an immense ransom for their preservation, when even Ferdinand hesitated, it was the queen who urged the relentless enforcement of the decree, and the stern Torquemada flung on the table a crucifix. "Sell him if you will," he cried, and terrified the king into obedience to the voice of the Church. The decree was published, and every Jew commanded to embrace Christianity or leave the realm.

Unshaken in their faith by the rage of

tyrants or the malice of the people, the Israelites prepared to abandon forever their luxurious homes, their lands, and their rich possessions, and go forth once more to some distant and unknown refuge.¹ During the short time allowed them for their departure the roads of Spain were filled with the emigrant throng hastening to the coast to seek a passage over the sea. They had sold their property for whatever they could obtain for it; they were permitted to carry no gold nor silver with them; but many hid money in their clothes, which was often stolen from them by prying inquisitors; some had even swallowed coins of gold. The misery of the wandering throngs, of mothers bearing their infants in their arms, of starving children and the feeble and the aged, sometimes touched the pity of their foes, and generous Christians ventured to offer them shelter or refreshment. The Jews were connected by intermarriage with the noblest families of Spain, and the great estates of its fierce hidalgos had often sprung from the dower of a Hebrew heiress. These ties were now sundered forever. At the sea-ports there were scarcely ships enough to bear away so great a multitude. It is variously estimated that from two to eight hundred thousand Jews were banished by the fatal edict. What woes they bore in their flight, how they were crowded in comfortless vessels, racked by disease, famine, pain, what insults they received, what outrages they endured, history almost refuses to relate. Nor is it possible that any large proportion of the exiles survived the dreadful flight. Many were seized by the Arabs and sold into slavery in the harems of Cairo and Constantinople. Many killed themselves in despair. But the fate of Abarbanel is less painful. He embarked at Carthage with his family and the remains of his property, and found a refuge in Naples. But soon Charles VIII. invaded Italy. Abarbanel fled to Messina, and heard that his house at Naples had been sacked by the French. He was so fortunate, however, as to recover the manuscript of a commentary which he had long been composing on the Jewish law. He found an obscure retreat, and closed his life in the pursuit of those studies which in a happier period he had hopefully begun.²

In the unparalleled sorrows of their expulsion from Spain the great disasters of the Israelites came to an end. From that period they have slowly advanced to a new and lasting prosperity. The most striking result of the Reformation, we are assured by their historian, is the change of feeling that has passed over all Christendom toward the Jews. The light of that knowledge which

¹ Mr. Prescott admits the dark stain on the queen's character.

² Jost, 7. Theil. Lindo. Prescott excuses Isabella on the plea that she was intimidated by the priests; but in founding the Inquisition she had already shown her true disposition.

¹ Jost, vii. 88-96.

² Jost, vii. 96, calls him Don Isaak Abarbanel ein gelehrter Jude—schiffte sich mit mehreren.

they had so sedulously kept alive through all the darkest periods of European history has at last dispelled many prejudices, softened many rude and savage races, and cultivated the sentiment of a common humanity. Men are less cruel, less selfish, farther removed from the vices of isolated barbarism, than they were four centuries ago. In no Christian land, except, perhaps, in some savage district of Roumania, are the chosen people followed by maledictions and cruel massacres.¹ The reformers, indeed, of every age have studied and emulated the examples of Moses and the prophets. It was to chant the psalms of David that the Huguenots fled to the deserts, that the Covenanters gathered on the bleak moors of Scotland. It was to enforce the spirit of the Decalogue that the Puritans wandered to New England. It was with the sword of Gideon that Holland met the armies of the Inquisition, and Cromwell won the liberties of Englishmen. The influence of Jewish thought is perceptible in all modern literature. With Hebraic imagery and an Oriental cast of language Milton wove into the chief of epic poems the Mosaic pictures of the fall of man. Addison and Marvel emulated the songs of David, and Pope aspired to versify the inspired visions of Isaiah. The two diverging streams of classical and of Oriental literature have blended together in the modern, and the higher conceptions of the Jewish thinkers have animated the colder taste of Western writers, have given novelty and strength to a literary culture that might otherwise have ended in a dull imitation of classic models.

Yet it must not be supposed that the Jews sprang in a moment from their depression and persecutions to a general ease and favor, or that even in the centres of the Reformation they were not without many disabilities and many pains.² Holland almost at the opening of its national existence offered them a secure shelter and privileges such as they had never ventured to dream of. But in many German states they were treated, even so late as 1830, with a disdainful toleration that marked the slow decay of ancient prejudices. In Protestant Frankfort they were still inclosed in their own quarter, and oppressed by ignominious laws. In Württemberg they formed a distinct and subject caste. The Emperor Nicholas banished many learned rabbins from Russia; and in London Jews were strictly excluded from

all public offices. Many of its houses and shops by the provisions of their leases could not be let to Jews; and when it was proposed to remove all their disabilities, the English press and Parliament rang with as rude abuse of the chosen people as they had borne in the days of Richard the Lion-hearted. It was urged that the Jews were aliens and strangers; that they had merited all their woes; that it would be impious to suffer them to sit in Parliament; that the act of their elevation to the rights of men had with monstrous indecency been brought forward in Passion-week. And Macaulay, with brilliant sentences and animated logic, replied that on no other day so well as on Good-Friday could the law of universal charity be proclaimed. In the mean time the example of the United States³ shamed Europe and England into humanity. The friends of freedom every where assumed the defense of the Jews. The conservative faction in church and state was every where their bitterest foe. Ten times the Liberal party in the British House of Commons by great majorities carried a bill for their enfranchisement, and ten times it was thrown out in the House of Lords.⁴ The Bishop of Oxford declared that he would never suffer an enemy of the Christian faith to sit in Parliament, and Lord Derby and Sir Robert Inglis repeated the bigoted outcry. At last, in 1858, the contest ended by a species of compromise, and a Rothschild entered the legislature that for more than six centuries had never ceased to persecute his race.⁵

In the same year that the Jews attained their final victory in England, the Papal Church was permitted to exercise its last act of bigotry and cruel oppression toward the race that had so often felt its unsparing hand. Restored by the arms of France to his temporal throne, the pope had revived the Inquisition in the Papal States, and ruled with a relentless tyranny over his hopeless subjects. The priestly courts of the narrow realm had begun once more to punish heresy with something of their early severity. The city of Rome, isolated from the course of modern civilization, strove to revive the principles and the practices of the darkest periods of its history. And the protection of imperial France, the sole support of the usurping Church, seemed to lend to Pius IX. an authority that none of his predecessors had enjoyed for centuries. Rome once more menaced Christendom with its claim of infallibility, its assumption of unlimited supremacy. The pope and the Jesuits openly boasted that the Papal Church had lost none

¹ Roumania has at last taken measures to relieve the Jews.

² In 1783, when it was proposed to naturalize Jews in England, their opponents asserted that it was an interference with the judgments of God; that it was wonderful that any Jew was permitted to live on the face of the earth, etc. See "A Candid and Impartial Examination," London, 1783, p. 10, 11. They had, however, their defenders. They were noted for their liberality even to Christian charities.

³ In Catholic Maryland alone, Jost tells us, x. 2, 224, were the Jews excluded from office.

⁴ Annual Register, 1858, p. 158. Lord John Russell led the defense of the Jews. The Conservative lords threw out the bills.

⁵ Annual Register, 1858, p. 160.

of its prerogatives in the past, nor would part with any of its extreme usurpations in the future. One of these inherent privileges was the right to take from heretical or Jewish parents those of their children who had been baptized in the papal faith, and educate them under the care of priestly guardians. It was a claim founded upon the decisions of those barbarous councils by whose authority the Jews had been tortured or banished in Spain, the Protestants burned or buried alive in the Netherlands, and Europe covered with the disasters of endless religious wars. It was in the midst of the light of the nineteenth century that the pope and his advisers resolved to renew a practice that must have shocked the humanity of any age. To rob parents of their children was the strange privilege asserted and enforced by the Roman Inquisition.

A reputable Jewish family named Mortara lived happily at Bologna in the year 1858, of which the father was a successful manufacturer, and connected by a close relationship with many of the wealthier inhabitants of the place.¹ One night he came late to his home, and, to his surprise and alarm, found it in possession of eight or ten servants of the Inquisition. They demanded, in the name of the chief inquisitor, to be shown all the children of the family. There were eight. They were found asleep in bed. Amidst the tears and lamentations of the mother and the calmer grief of the father, the officials selected one child, Edgar, of only seven years of age, tore him from the embraces of his parents, and carried him away weeping and terrified to the prisons of the Inquisition. The cause of this strange outrage was reluctantly told. It seems that a servant of the Mortaras, a Roman Catholic, whose character is said to have been infamous, had secretly baptized the child, as she affirmed, when it was ill of a dangerous disease. But her story was contradicted by the parents, and she seems to have been wholly unworthy of belief.² She had told the priests of what she had done, and the Church had resolved to maintain its claim to the possession of its unconscious convert. The mother, when she saw her son ravished from her, fell fainting upon the floor; the neighborhood was alarmed by the cries of the children. In the morning the boy was placed in a carriage and hurried away to Rome.

And now began the long and fruitless pursuit of their lost child by the wretched parents. They followed him to Rome; they besought the officials of the papal court to restore him to their arms; they saw Antonelli, and strove in vain to convince him by proper testimony that the servant was a

profligate and a liar. He refused to interfere; but they were told mockingly by the priests that if they would become Christians they might regain their child. Once the father caught a glimpse of his son in the midst of a throng of priests in a convent chapel, but when he endeavored to speak to him he was hurried away. The parents were afterward permitted to see their Edgar in the presence of his captors. The father overwhelmed him with kisses and tears; the boy seemed anxious to follow him home, but he was again hurried away to a distant convent at Alatri. Here, too, the Jewish parents followed him secretly, and again saw their child at a distance, and again they were driven away by the priests, and were even in danger of ill treatment from the fanatical populace. It was no longer safe for a Jew and Jewess in 1858 to travel far in the papal dominions.¹

But the story of the abduction of Edgar Mortara became known to all the Jews of Europe and America, and an intense resentment filled all the powerful race, who had thought for a moment that their persecutions had ceased forever. The last insult of the papal court might well seem the most cruel they had yet endured. What Jewish child was safe, what Jewish family might not suffer the fate of the Mortaras, if the power of the priests were equal to their audacity and pride? Europe rang with the remonstrances and the lamentations of the Jews. The memory of their ceaseless sorrows in the past seemed renewed with fresh bitterness. They saw once more the burnings, the tortures, and the exactions, the banishments, the robberies, of English kings and French Crusaders, the rage of Arbaes and Torquemada, and the mocking tenderness of German lords. Yet the Jews in their affliction found many defenders. The liberal press of France, England, and America denounced the cruelty of Pius IX., and even calm and enlightened Catholics denied that any such extravagant right to seize the children of heretics or unbelievers was inherent in St. Peter's chair. But the pope and the Jesuits loudly defended their act.² The pope refused to give up the child even at the solicitations of foreign courts and powerful influence; and the *Univers* and the *Civiltà Cattolica* enlarged on the happy fate of Edgar Mortara. They pointed out that the right to seize Jewish children was one that the Church had always claimed. They asserted

¹ Le couvert de caresses, de baisers, des larmes, etc.

² The *Civiltà Cattolica*, on Il piccolo neofito Edgardo Mortara, denounced as heretics all who denied the pope's authority over baptized children. Lacouture, p. 3. The *Univers* was equally firm. The ultramontanes must therefore still entertain the opinion that all the children of Jews are held by their parents only on sufferance for the pope, for this was the decision of the Council of Toledo, 633. The *Univers* said it was the universal rule of the Church.

¹ Mortara. *Le Droit Canon*, etc., Paris, 1858. Abbé Delacouture boldly denounced the whole affair.

² This was the statement of the parents, and was probably true.

that the authority of the natural parent was as nothing to that of the spiritual. They assured the Jews that their involuntary convert would never be given up, and that the Church had made him its own.

The Mortaras never regained their child. Broken-hearted and reduced to comparative poverty, they fled from their insecure home in Bologna to become wanderers in distant lands. Edgar grew up in a convent, forgot his parents, and has become, it is said, a priest. The pope and the Jesuits, safe in the protection of France, mocked at the impotent rage of the Jews. The fatal insult they had inflicted upon a sensitive race seemed never to be avenged. Yet the moment of retribution at last arrived. The papacy fell into ruin while proclaiming to the world its own infallibility, and in the wreck of the French empire the pope was hurled forever from his temporal throne. It is said that of all his Italian foes, the most resolute and active have been the Jews; that the Italian press owes much of its brilliancy and vigor to the gifted offspring of the rabbinical schools, and that with keen sarcasm and unsparing ridicule the Jews have never ceased to assail the Jesuits and the priests, who still assert their right to snatch children from their parents, and exercise those repulsive acts of persecution that offend the plainest principles of humanity and of civilization.

With the fall of the papal throne and the liberation of Italy, the chosen people seem to have reached the realm of universal amity and peace; nor, unless their ancient persecutor¹ should be raised amidst some wild convulsion to a new yet transient supremacy, will they ever again be forced to resume their wanderings, and fly, decimated and impoverished, from land to land. A new period is opening for them, when their prosperity and progress may atone for their past sufferings, and when, amidst the gradual spread of humanity and refinement, they will be able every where to illustrate the benevolent principles of the Talmud, and join the great host of civilized men and women who are laboring to spread over all the world the reign of a divine charity.² That they have forgiven and forgotten the errors and the crimes of their misguided persecutors, that they have ever consented to add to the prosperity and cultivate the intellect of those lands where they were once treated with inhuman severity, are among the most pleasing traits of their history; that

they have been teachers rather than warriors, industrious and frugal rather than the destroyers of the products of human labor, is their rare praise, and one that belongs to few among their rival races. Wherever they have gone they have added to the wealth of nations, and increased the sum of human felicity. The Talmud abounds in lessons of virtue, of gentleness, of forgiveness, and of peace, many of which men have yet to learn; it enforces and defines the highest principles of progress. "Be persecuted," it teaches, "rather than persecutors." "The repentant is more honored even than the righteous." "Never," exclaims one of its teachers to his disciples, "engage in prayer until you have first performed some act of charity." The most rational form of worship, it suggests, is to labor in the boundless fields of benevolence.

But the most remarkable trait in the story of the Jews is the singular devotion they have always shown to mental culture, and the priceless benefits they have reaped from their sedulous care of education. This has been the potent spring of all their wonderful preservations and their indestructible energy. The school-master has saved them from the fate of Babylon and of Tyre. It was because they were educated to industry, neatness, docility, and order that they survived the persecutions of priests and kings, and have beheld the destruction of all their foes. While papal Rome left all the world in ignorance, and has ever opposed the progress of knowledge in every land, while under its barbarous rule Italy, Spain, and France were left with a debased population, of whom not one-third could read and write, the prey of a corrupt nobility and of immoral courts, the Jews have always set the example of a general education. While in Europe and America the Papal Church is every where denouncing the cause of public instruction, the Jews have always been the firmest of its defenders. In our own country the common-school system has no more strenuous supporters than the disciples of the Talmud, and no bitterer foes than that uncultivated Church which would snatch children from their parents and hold them in perpetual barbarism.³ Nor is the condition of the two contending powers unconstructive. The Papal Church is perishing amidst the ignorance in which it has labored to envelop itself; the Hebrew race is entering anew upon an unimpeded progress. The lesson of the Jewish story, indeed, is

¹ I must not be thought to include the more intelligent and patriotic Roman Catholics in the ranks of the Jewish persecutors, or the enemies of free education, but their influence seems not yet felt in their Church.

² Few have read without interest and delight the essay on the Talmud by the lamented Deutsch, whose learning and genius have thrown new lustre on his gifted race, whose early death has left no common void in the ranks of scholarship.

³ The *New Era*, the Jewish magazine of New York, has afforded one of the best defenses (June-October, 1878) of our common schools, and rebukes with vigor the Roman Catholic priests, who are laboring to destroy the foundations of American progress. It is no uninteresting spectacle to study the struggle between the persecutors and the persecuted in our midst; to observe how steadily the latter adhere to the cause of knowledge, how fiercely the former assail it.

that education alone can preserve the permanence of races, and that the perpetuation of nations and of institutions rests upon the intellectual cultivation of the people; that the school-house is more potent than fleets and armies, and that the school-master is the modern king.

MILDRED IN SEARCH OF A HUSBAND.

I.

"YOU will never find a truer heart nor a finer nature," said Mrs. Stanton, impressively.

Mildred pouted, looked half ashamed but wholly unconvinced, and, with a wisdom unusual at her age, held her tongue.

She was a pretty little creature, of that diminutive type that all the world conspires to caress. Large eyes of a golden hazel, strange contrast to the dark lashes, looked out from under a fair smooth forehead with a dreamy poetry in their wistful gaze, more than half contradicted by the saucy expression of the little nose and the many dimples round the smiling mouth. A close student of character could readily detect in the warring elements of that face the chaotic nature of the undeveloped soul within. Intense affection; æsthetic sensibilities; a thoroughly untrained intellect, throwing out feelers wildly in all directions; a native shrewdness that passed for brilliancy; a dramatic capacity that hovered on the borders of deceit; a large amount of what the Yankees call "faculty," curiously combined with an inveterate addiction to day-dreams; courage, coquetry, obstinacy, sharpness, and romance—made up the larger part of that half-grown character. At seventeen, a woman in her sensibilities, a child in every thing else, there was no predicting her fate, because it was impossible to tell which side of her kaleidoscopic soul was to be held uppermost by the master-hand that was to sway her destinies. At present she reflected, chameleon-like, the color of her surroundings.

And it was this perplexing nature that Mrs. Stanton proposed to take from her country home to spend a winter in the city. Mildred's step-mother made no objection—indeed, was pleased, and there was no one else to consult. The question was apparently settled, to Mildred's intense delight, when an obstacle asserted itself in the shape of a sturdy young farmer, with whom the young lady had been carrying on a desperate flirtation all summer. She must play at love and romance with somebody, and he was the best and nearest lay figure upon whom to hang the gorgeous draperies of her fancy. Her lively imagination had conjured up an atmosphere of romance about them both, in which fools' paradise she contrived to kill a

great deal of time, and utterly to bewitch and captivate the susceptible heart of Roger Treadwell.

But with the first whisper of a city visit all this magic atmosphere was rudely dispelled, brushed away in a twinkling, like the morning cobwebs from the dewy grass. Mildred awoke with a start from her day-dream to see her hero with disenchanted eyes. It was to her as though the elegant shepherd of a Watteau fan, with his dainty dress and powdered hair, and all his glory of ribbons and rosettes, had been suddenly transmuted into a perspiring laborer, in a red shirt, pitching hay into a dusty barn.

Her second vision was as unreal as her first. If before her eager glances aimed too high, now they shot too low. Roger was no hero of a pastoral poem, made up of impossible refinement and an interesting lack of education, as the heroes of idyls are wont to be, but a young fellow of sterling qualities, excellent sense, warm and steadfast affection, and reasonably good-looking withal. He had not the brilliant possibilities of Mildred, but neither had he her infinite capacity for going to wrack and ruin. He answered to Schlegel's description of "the most agreeable of all companions—a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who understands the use of life, and loves it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor."

It was very natural that this dazzling vision of a winter in the city should alarm him, and that he should oppose its realization most vigorously. But he begged, entreated, insisted in vain. Mildred, fascinated by the alluring prospect of possible romances, peopled by brilliant heroes from the realms of poetry and art and wealth and fashion, turned to him steadily her coldest and most stubborn face. She became unyielding ice, this petted maiden, who, a few weeks before, had looked into his face with a romantic adoration she had even persuaded herself she felt.

He humbled himself to the last resort of desperate mankind, and sought an intercessor. Mrs. Stanton's invitation had done the mischief, he argued; surely Mrs. Stanton's influence over Mildred might undo it, and so help him. Mrs. Stanton respected, liked, and pitied him from the bottom of her heart, and tried her best with Mildred, summing up a long list of Roger's good qualities with the prophetic utterance we have already quoted.

"If you will give Roger your promise," said Mrs. Stanton, after a long pause, while Mildred gazed with determined eyes out of the window—"if you will only assure him that you will be his wife when you come back, I'm sure he will let you go, trusting fully in your faith and truth. You had bet-

ter think of it seriously, my child; you could not find a stronger arm or a stouter heart among all your heroes of romance."

"No!" cried Mildred, springing to her feet with sudden energy, her eyes fairly ablaze with excitement; "I will *not* have Roger Treadwell! Do you want to bind me down, Aunt Clara, to be a household drudge and slave, to wear my life out in these horrid, useless little things that one has to do over and over again forever, and never be done with? Do you think I can be content to sit down in Roger's kitchen all my life, and hear him talk about the crops and the cattle, and spend my days cooking his dinners and mending his clothes? Is that all I was made for? Because, if it is, I would rather die this minute, and be done with it!"

"Mildred," asked Mrs. Stanton, quietly, when this sudden blaze had spent itself, "was Roger talking of nothing but crops and cattle all those long moonlight evenings that you spent together under the elms?"

Blush after blush went up to the top of Mildred's forehead like the waves of the northern lights.

"Aunt Clara, you are too bad!" she said; "you know that is very different! When you are married, it is quite another thing. People expect you to please them then, instead of their pleasing you. If I marry at all, it must be somebody who is infinitely my superior," pursued Mildred, with the satisfying conviction that she was giving utterance to an original and lofty sentiment—"some one I am afraid of, who can teach me, and whom I shall thoroughly respect. I can't have that sort of feeling for Roger. He is all very well in his way—out-of-doors—but, somehow, when he comes into the house he seems to take up all the room, and his voice is so loud, and his boots creak, and his hands are rough." An expressive shudder concluded the catalogue.

"Very well, Mildred, I will say no more. A husband whose boots creak is certainly something to be dreaded. We will give poor Roger his dismissal. You shall go to the city, and follow out your own sweet will, and let us hope that a fairer destiny is in reserve for you."

Mildred hung her pretty head, but half satisfied. A dim conviction began to dawn upon her that there might be problems in life of a gravity even beyond the ken of herself or her boarding-school cronies. Dr. John Brown tells an inimitable story of a Scotch shepherd who said of his solemn dog, "Oh, Sirs, life's full o' sairiousness to him; he just never gets enough o' fightin'." Some faint idea of this *sairiousness* of life began to pierce through Mildred's consciousness, and to fill her with a vague uneasy sense that perhaps even in the city people did not always live in a cocoon woven of their own dreams.

But the doubts and difficulties she dimly foresaw overnight were dispelled with the first ray of morning sunshine, and Mildred woke to dream by day of all the vague delights the future had in store for her. It was all her eager little soul could do to remain in its bodily prison till the happy day and hour came when she was actually driving with Mrs. Stanton through the keen October air to the little country station, whose battered doors seemed to her as the gates of Paradise.

II.

Mildred had been in town three weeks, had tasted of all the gayeties of the metropolis, had feasted her eyes with pictures and her ears with music, had seen "the best society" in its best raiment and on its best behavior, had been dazzled, bewildered, excited, till her little head was in a whirl; but she had not yet met "the calm superior being" who was to take the supreme direction of her little flustered soul. Calm superior beings of various heights and descriptions she had met frequently, it is true, but they had cast an indifferent glance at her, and passed by, as cold and remote as the stars themselves.

And so the tide of fashionable life swept on, bearing with it this sharp-eyed, silly little child, whose romantic visions were gradually losing color and brightness as the novelty wore off, and permitted her to see the everlasting commonplace beneath. She was growing weary of it already; not strong enough to keep her head above the current, and strike out independently where she would, she was tossed like a drifting straw from wave to wave, or eddied into a corner, to be forgotten in sluggish quiet. There she lapsed into fits of depression that took the life out of her eyes and the color from her cheeks, in which she sat for hours with her chin upon her hand, dimly conscious of an aching void.

In one of these blank gazes into vacancy Mrs. Stanton caught her one early November twilight, and shook her out of apathy into delight by proposing to take her to see *Hamlet* that very evening. It was to be her first introduction to a metropolitan theatre, with all its glitter of lights, its array of fashion, its splendor of scenery; and it seemed a long and tedious interval to the impatient Mildred before they were actually seated in their places and the curtain rose.

The cold air of the stage that struck upon her glowing face as the battlements of the castle came into view seemed to her excited fancy to blow straight from Elsinore, and she shivered in sympathy with the weary sentinels. As the play went on, a strange exaltation possessed her and kept her quiet. She seemed to herself as lifted above all outward demonstration by the very strength

of her excitement and the swift succession of her emotions. Her eyes riveted upon the hero of the play, in whom the wildest dreams of her fancy seemed realized, she followed every motion of the slender, graceful figure, drank in every tone of the thrilling voice. Like Miranda, she would have said,

"I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble."

The curtain fell upon the first act, and the audience awoke to life again. The usual hum of theatre talk, with its noisy background of orchestral music, began. Young ladies expressed their voluble delight in all the adjectives of their extravagant vocabulary; jealous young men ventured faint sneers, and were instantly suppressed with contempt by their fair adversaries; old theatre-goers shrugged their capacious shoulders, and murmured of Kean and the elder Booth; matrons settled themselves more comfortably, and talked of their children and their servants, while their husbands compared notes as to the last "quotations" (not Shakspearean).

But the play went on, and the charm that held Mildred's imagination waxed stronger. To her unsophisticated eyes the spectacle was a reality. They were the solid towers of the veritable Elsinore that she beheld, and it was Hamlet's self that wandered musing through the spacious halls, and questioned the grave-diggers in the church-yard. Recalled to a sense of the actor's existence outside of the play by the various criticisms of the people near her, she created for him an ideal life, in which he moved a princely and romantic figure through Shakspearean surroundings, while she herself, a happier Ophelia, sat at his feet and talked blank verse by the hour.

"Does Mrs. Deuce act this evening?" asked a voice, rudely dispelling her reverie.

"No," answered a young dandy by her side; "she's left the stage, you know, and they've put on some horrid wretch by the name of Price instead."

Mildred stared at him in blank dismay. That stately creature in the royal robes to be mentioned so disrespectfully, and the solitary Hamlet discovered to be a mere ordinary married man! The shock was terrible. But her sanguine spirits soon rallied. Probably Mrs. Deuce was a useful but uninteresting woman, incapable of really appreciating her husband, whom he had married in the hasty impulse of unthinking youth. Had he but waited till he had met her! She was convinced that in herself alone were the possibilities of that perfect companionship for which he must be seeking in vain. Still, although Fate had interposed to prevent their union, she might still become his friend, and perhaps, in future years— Here Mildred lapsed into a vague reverie of pos-

sible delights, till the curtain fell for the last time, and her dreams and the play were ended together.

For the moment only, for Mildred rode home in silent ecstasy, hugging to her romantic little heart the dear delusion she had formed. A recollection of Roger crossed her mind, to be repelled with sudden disgust. How different this radiant vision, with its noble bearing, its golden locks, its romantic grace, its subdued sorrow! She tossed and turned upon her restless bed all night, determined *not* to go to sleep, but to recall every look and tone and gesture that had charmed her.

The next day she possessed herself of Mr. Deuce's picture, stolen surreptitiously from the drawing-room album, and pored over his features till her eyes were dim. She wrote lame verses in his honor, and sent them to the newspapers, whose editors, it is needless to say, mercifully consigned them to the waste-paper basket. She came down to breakfast without appetite, and with great black rings round her eyes. She lost all interest in shopping and other innocent amusements of her age and sex, and manifested a morbid relish for solitary musings and sentimental poetry.

It was easy to discover so patent a disease, but to cure it was another matter. Mrs. Stanton tried every remedy usually considered effectual in such cases, but in vain. Reason, persuasion, ridicule, were essayed by turns, and failed. To the enemy's fire Mildred opposed every resource she could command—smiles, tears, pathos, sullen silence, outbursts of eloquence, artful contrivances, as the occasion demanded, but always an immovable obstinacy. Tired of the unavailing struggle, and really alarmed for the girl's health, Mrs. Stanton at last resolved to try a heroic remedy, for the first suggestion of which she had to thank a great actress, long since dead and gone. The preliminaries all settled, this tender-hearted lady began to have sundry scruples and qualms of conscience.

"If I succeed in breaking up Mildred's infatuation by this plan which you approve," she said to her husband, "I run the risk, I am afraid, of imbittering the child's fancy, of destroying her ideal, of taking the poetry out of her life."

"Taking the nonsense out of her silly little head, you mean," retorted Mr. Stanton. "My dear Clara, do you mean to tell me that you consider the first fancy of a half-grown girl as having any deeper hold on her existence than the grass seed lodged in the crevices of your pine cone yonder? Take the poetry out of her life, forsooth! Why, she doesn't know what poetry is yet! You get this foolish notion out of her head if you can, and I'll answer for the recovery of the patient."

As the result of this conversation, the astonished Mildred was told to prepare for a call upon Mrs. Deuce.

III.

It was with no little flutter of spirits that the youthful devotee took her place in the carriage beside her aunt. Actually to be about to breathe the same atmosphere wherein her bright ideal lived and moved and had his being was a sensation of itself. Then to see the exquisite goddess that ruled his fancy was necessarily a great event; for Mildred had reached the topmost stage of exaltation by this time, and had persuaded herself that Mrs. Deuce must be a perfect being, to be chosen by so great a man—young, graceful, beautiful, of course, with a low sweet voice, and large eyes full of soul, a musical instrument, in short, of the human variety, ready to give back its rarest melodies to the hand of genius. Such was the ethereal creature, half muse, half angel, that Mildred's imagination had created for one of the roughest uses of this workaday world.

They entered Mrs. Deuce's apartments in one of the fashionable hotels; and what a change came over the spirit of Mildred's dream!

Being rather below the medium height himself, the attraction of opposites had given to Alfred Deuce a wife of superb proportions. Mrs. Deuce was a tall and ample blonde, with a loud ringing voice, and a breezy manner that was cheery as the sunshine, but to Mildred's morbid fancy exceedingly repulsive. Her superb hair hung in two frowzy braids over her shoulders, adding possibly to the youthfulness, certainly not to the grace, of her appearance, and the magnificent lines of her Juno-like figure were hidden by the awkward folds of an ill-made wrapper. Mildred hated large women—as what young girl does not?—and for this full-blown dispeller of her dearest dreams she conceived an instant and unconquerable aversion.

The room, too, was a sad shock to Mildred's imagination. Sundry garments of theatrical cut and color, and none of the freshest, trailed across the faded furniture. On a table were the dingy and tarnished remains of a late floral triumph, half hidden from sight by the tattered leaves of a prompt-book pitched carelessly upon the decaying flowers. On the same table, to Mildred's horror and dismay, lay a wig of long and curling golden hair; she feared she recognized the flowing tresses as Hamlet's own.

"Yes, that's the very wig Deuce wears in *Hamlet*," said his wife, in her cheerful voice, with a little nod, as she caught the direction of Mildred's eyes. "Bless you, my dear, you didn't think it was his own hair, did you? Ah, no; that's a 'dandy gray

russet,' as I tell him—the little he has, that is, for he keeps it cut uncommonly short. Ah, dear! and to think when I first knew him his curls were my pride! But law! what's beauty!" she added, with a laugh; "provided you've good bones and a decent nose, that's all the stage needs in the way of beauty nowadays."

"I—I don't quite understand," stammered Mildred.

"Mrs. Deuce means, my dear," good-humoredly interposed Mrs. Stanton, "that the art of 'making-up,' as it is called, has reached such perfection that a mere foundation is all that is necessary."

"Precisely," said Mrs. Deuce; "give Pader and Co. an idea of the figure you want, and they'll turn you out the graceful, or the athletic, or the corpulent, just as you like; juvenile tragedy or heavy business, it's all one to them."

"But surely," ventured Mildred, with a blush, "Mr. Deuce can have no need of their assistance."

Mrs. Deuce burst into peal after peal of loud but musical laughter, in which even Mrs. Stanton joined, to Mildred's great confusion.

"You dear little innocent!" she cried at last, the merry tears standing in her eyes; "why, he's all made up, every bit of him, from his waist down; and his arms and his shoulders are padded too, for that matter. Then with those flowing golden curls there, and a little extra eyebrow, and a judicious use of rouge and powder, and so on, why, we make quite a dazzling appearance at night, and fascinate all the young ladies," she added, with a sly glance at Mildred.

"How is Mr. Deuce, by-the-way?" interposed Mrs. Stanton, who wished to give Mildred a chance to recover from the disgust she saw but too plainly visible in her face.

"Tolerably miserable, thank you," said Mrs. Deuce, cheerfully. "He had a bad fall in *Romeo* last night (third act, you know); hit his head, and gave himself a wretched headache; so he's in retirement this morning, hoping to get rid of it."

"I should think that fall might be very dangerous," said Mrs. Stanton, "it's so impetuous, so unstudied—"

"Unstudied!" laughed the actress, with a fine scorn; "why, if he has rehearsed it once, he has a thousand times! All these things have to be carefully studied, bless you! There's not one of you young ladies," she continued, turning to Mildred, "I don't care how vain she is, who spends so much time before her glass as my husband does. Hours and hours together he's at it. So was I before I left the stage. My dear, you little think, when you see a play running smoothly, of the days of anxious thought and work that have been spent on it. Many's the time I have said, like Touchstone,

not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary!"

A brisk knock at the door; and in answer to Mrs. Deuce's loud "Come in!" enter a waiter bearing a tray, in which reposed a huge beefsteak, in a very underdone condition, a loaf of bread, and a foaming toby of ale.

"Ah, that's my husband's lunch," said Mrs. Deuce, bouncing from her seat. "I know you'll excuse me if I take it in to him. I won't be a minute. You see, he plays Richard the Third to-night, which is very heavy business, and nothing but plenty of half-raw beef can keep him up to it. You've no idea of the strength it takes."

So saying, with a cheery nod, she vanished into the inner room, and Mildred tried to collect her bewildered senses, and realize the horrors of the situation.

An oppressive odor of stale tobacco-smoke hung about the room, sufficiently accounted for by a couple of blackened pipes upon the mantel-piece. A neighboring whisky bottle also asserted its fragrant presence, and two or three dirty glasses still stood beside it. Play-bills and newspaper cuttings were strewn over the open piano, amidst a litter of Shakspearean songs, photographs, and "parts," in manuscript. A dusty sunbeam slanted, like Ithuriel's spear, across the tinsel lace of a royal mantle, and betrayed its shabbiness. Wherever Mildred turned her asking eyes she beheld the wrong side of her dream-fabric—the trade, and not the art. Instead of an ideal Prince of Denmark living in a perpetual atmosphere of poetry, here was a mere mortal in a dirty lodging, devouring raw steaks and swallowing bitter beer by the quart, as a preparation for identifying himself with the glorious creations of Shakspeare! It was too dreadful. Every thing must be a mockery and a delusion; there was no such thing as poetry, no such thing as art.

Mildred's reflections were interrupted at this point by the return of Mrs. Deuce, her sunshiny face all dimpled with some merry recollection.

"I must tell you something rich that happened the other night," she began. "You remember Hamlet's exit in the first act, where he follows the ghost, holding his sword with the cross up? Well, young Pinto, the poet, you know, came to me in Deuce's dressing-room during the second act, while I was making some tea, all in a wild *enthusiasm* about that exit. 'I never saw a man so possessed by a part,' says Pinto, turning up his eyes; 'to witness his unearthly pallor, and his fixed gaze, and to see his lips move as if muttering a prayer—it was something awful, I tell you. By George! it will haunt me all night, Mrs. Deuce.' Well, I thought I should have died. I fairly shouted with laughter; and there sat

poor little Pinto staring at me with his great grave eyes, as if I were a raving lunatic. I'm ashamed to confess it, Mrs. Stanton, but the fact was, that when Pinto thought Deuce was muttering a prayer, he was really swearing like a trooper at the prompter, who had forgotten to have the lights lowered for the exit. Poor Pinto!" And off went Mrs. Deuce again in another burst of boisterous laughter.

Mildred could bear no more, and threw such an appealing glance at Mrs. Stanton that the latter rose at once to take leave.

"You know I'm not often so untidy as this," Mrs. Deuce whispered to her, as Mildred was rushing down the stairs in advance, "but I set the stage as you requested."

Mrs. Stanton nodded her thanks, and hastened to rejoin Mildred, who had already buried herself in the carriage cushions, and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

Poor little girl! The bloom had been rudely rubbed off the flower, the first illusion had been destroyed, and she felt as if life could have no more pleasure in store for her. A dreary waste of barren years seemed to compose the future; "the light that never was on sea or land" no longer shed its bewildering radiance over her destiny, and she saw herself wearily treading the tiresome every-day paths whence the ideal had forever fled.

Mrs. Stanton meanwhile felt every sob go to her heart. Realizing the misery that Mildred was suffering at the moment, she forgot the wonderful elasticity of youth, forgot the April nature of its smiles and tears, and reproached herself bitterly for what she had done. She tried to soothe Mildred by every means in her power, but Mildred obstinately refused to be soothed.

If the truth must be told, at the bottom of her little heart there lurked a consciousness that she was becoming very interesting; all the girl's dramatic instincts awoke at the suggestion; she caught the situation with her keen perceptions, and was ready to play the suffering heroine, the lovely bud with a canker at its heart, to the admiration of any and all beholders. It was the luxury of woe that she enjoyed. She was really very miserable, and yet this curious doubleness of her nature enabled her to get a certain pleasure out of her very sufferings, a thorough satisfaction in her grief.

Having wept away the first violence of her disappointment, she was ready, when evening came, to go down stairs in a costume of appropriate pensiveness, and play the pretty part of the bruised and broken lily. She spoke in a subdued tone with the sweetest of modulations; she drooped her pretty head upon her hand, and sighed softly but demonstratively; she gazed with sad intentness into vacancy, and started violently when addressed by name; she allowed the furtive tears to gather in her uplifted eyes

when she thought any one was looking at her; and, in short, enacted the "heart bowed down, with grief oppressed," with such admirable truth to nature that poor Mrs. Stanton was rendered quite miserable. As to her husband, his more stolid masculine sympathies were not so easily roused. From time to time he eyed Mildred intently, caught all her poses with a furtive glance, and relapsed into his newspaper again.

In the marital tête-à-tête that night he was not so sympathetic as his wife expected, and, indeed, talked in such a way as almost to justify her, she declared, in calling him a brute.

"My dear," expostulated this obdurate husband, "I don't say the girl's happy; I only say she is not very miserable. Now mark my words, *she'll get over it*, and a great deal sooner than you will, probably. Girls that are really heart-broken don't usually find it a beautifying process, whereas Mildred's misery is quite interesting. I never saw her look prettier than she did to-night; and the way she managed to control her grief within *becoming* bounds," said Mr. Stanton, with a chuckle, "really did equal honor to her head and her heart."

"Hard-hearted monster!" said his wife; "you've not a particle of feeling in your composition, and it's quite useless to talk to you."

"I'm delighted to hear you say so, my dear, because I happen at this moment to be intolerably sleepy. Reserve your romance for the morning, when I hope I shall be more awake to the situation."

IV.

Three or four weeks flew by, with their changing round of cares and pleasures, and Mildred was beginning to console herself. In the first chill of her disappointment she had dared to look with indifferent eyes upon the reigning hero of society, the leader of all the fashionable Germans, Frederic Kingsley.

It is impossible to describe with any precision a being so indefinite and so ephemeral as a metropolitan leader of fashion. The erect and stylish figure; the regular, insipid features; the well-trained mustache; the elaborate carelessness of dress; the studied attention to the caprice of the hour, in hat, cravat, or cane; the air of mingled indifference and satisfaction; the finished elegance of salutation and deportment—all these mark the species: it were vain to seek to define the particular glory that crowns the individual. Whatever that occult charm may be, Fred Kingsley possessed it, and held undisputed sway over the glittering host. In a moment of idle good nature he had condescended to pay Mildred some slight attention: his astonishment can hardly be conceived when he saw that attention received with marked indifference. There

could be no mistake; the alight was unmistakable, and, unfortunately, not unperceived by others. The injured young gentleman was wounded in his deepest, tenderest feeling—his self-love—and vowed immediate vengeance; the rebellious maiden should be brought to subjection; she too should "own the power supreme" of this modern Zampa.

Then began the siege of a heart, as conducted in fashionable circles, and after the most approved methods. Hostilities were opened with a fire of bouquets of enormous dimensions, constructed after the model of fashionable society, wherein the poetry of the flowers was lost in one confused crush of expensive ugliness. Morning calls, afternoon drives, flying visits at the opera, meetings at church doors, and at all the Germans tender glances in the pauses of the dance, airy nothings of every sort—all tending to enhance Mildred's value in her own eyes—followed in quick succession, and awoke a new excitement in her life. For society recognizes in its votaries, instead of that obsolete organ called a heart, an overweening vanity that must be ministered to on all occasions. The wooing of fashionable life is not to be carried on *sub rosa*; the world must see the adorers at Beauty's feet, and realize their subjection, or Beauty values their useless homage not a whit.

The attentions of Fred Kingsley, therefore, in his attempt to subjugate the rural belle, who alone had turned a deaf ear to him, were all based upon the dictates of society, and Mildred speedily found herself an object of public notice. Her heart still throbbing with the romantic visions of a blighted existence and an early grave, this worldly homage at first was merely vanity and vexation of spirit. She sniffed contemptuously at the first huge bouquet that was laid upon her shrine, tossed the card into the fire, and left the flowers to wither, unwatered, upon their wooden stems.

But society came to the rescue of its idol. On all sides went up the pæan of Fred Kingsley's praise, and Mildred's vanity began finally to answer the constant appeals to it. Was it possible for any maiden to remain forever obdurate who saw herself the envied recipient of a homage the gay throng of girls around her were striving for in vain? She began to regard life not as a book of poetry bound in boards, but as a novel of fashionable society printed on hot-pressed paper, with gorgeous velvet covers and a golden clasp, for private circulation. The bouquets at last awoke a smile, then a blush; the cards were tenderly preserved, the calls graciously received, the invitations frequently accepted. To all Mr. Kingsley's attentions, however, Mrs. Stanton opposed a silent but pertinacious resistance. Too wise to offer an open warfare, she laid all the subtle ob-

stacles her woman's wit could devise in the conquering hero's path, and strove to avert the evil consequences she could not help foreseeing.

But Mildred's vanity, in the atmosphere of adulation by which she was surrounded, had rapidly outgrown all bounds, and she had come to believe herself the absolutely irresistible creature she had been described, and listened to all allusions to Fred Kingsley's endless conquests and endless inconstancy with an incredulous smile, secure in the assurance that she had fixed his wandering fancy, had conquered the conqueror of so many hearts.

To say that Frederic the magnificent was not fully aware of the situation, would be to do that resplendent hero injustice. But he was not yet quite satisfied. Some sort of avowal must attest to himself, at least, his triumph. While wondering how best to bring the little drama to a happy close, graceful and dignified, but at the same time definite and decided, he chanced one evening to saunter into Mr. Stanton's opera-box. They were singing *Faust* that night, and the curtain had risen upon the garden scene, the sweetest, saddest scene of all the lyric drama.

Mildred held up a warning finger as he entered, and he sank in obedient silence into a seat at her side, so close to her that her golden-brown curls were stirred by his breath. As the last passionate notes of the music died away, Mildred, quivering beneath its subtle enchantment, looked up and met Frederic's dark eyes fixed upon her with an intense expression he had rarely found ineffectual. Agitated and bewildered by all the strange, sweet influences of the hour, Mildred could not support the fire of that ardent gaze. She did not dare to lift her eyes again, but sat rapt in a golden dream, till she found that by some happy accident they were walking home together. She thought of *Faust* when he first met Margaret, and of the sweet Italian phrase in which he offered her his escort:

"Permetterste a me, mia bella damigella,
Che v' offra il braccio mio, per far la strada insieme?"

The lovely tones sang themselves over and over in her mind, uninterrupted by any harsher speech, for her *Faust* was far too wise to break the charm.

At last they stood together under the soft-ened light of the chandelier in the hall. Solitude and silence all around them, noiseless echoes of that entrancing music haunting the air, rich scents from the flowers in the distant conservatory stealing upon their senses to complete the spell. A strange dreaminess seemed to possess Mildred's soul, a delicious languor, a calm that was not peace, but the very climax of excitement.

"Good-night!" she whispered softly, as she raised her eyes to his.

"Good-night!" he murmured in reply; but his deep gaze still held her own, and his clasp of her hand grew more tender and more firm. Mildred's fascinated eyes, with their dreamy light, looked into his, her slender form imperceptibly swayed toward him, his arm stole softly round her, and their lips met in a half-unconscious kiss. "Darling!" he murmured; and in another instant he was gone.

Mildred was quite content. Another word or look would have called her back from heaven to earth again. As she stole softly up to bed, her dazzled eyes shining like two golden stars above her glowing cheeks, Frederic the victorious was sauntering serenely along the Avenue, his complacent soul filled with a gentle sense of triumph as he thought over his last success, and felt himself once more thoroughly re-instated in his own good opinion. The fortress had surrendered; the siege was raised; and the conquering hero marched off with flying colors, to fight in other fields.

V.

It will easily be conjectured that Mildred did not take the same view of the situation. She waited and watched for the departed victor till hope grew sick within her. Before many of the long and tedious days had dragged by, however, she heard that Mr. Kingsley had left town, was making a sensation in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, no one knew exactly where. Then, like a sudden thunder-clap, came the news of his engagement to Miss Milyan, the great Boston heiress, and the fairer portion of Japonica-dom gnashed their pretty teeth with anger and despair.

To describe the tumult that raged in Mildred's soul when she could no longer doubt the truth of this report were a hopeless task. Before, it was her imagination that had suffered; now, her vanity had been insulted. She called it her heart, and sincerely believed that it was broken, and that she should never love again. There were no pretty posings now as Patience on a monument, no gentle dejected musings, no pensive tearful eyes. The clique that had watched her triumph were ready to laugh and gossip over her desertion if one sign of sorrow could be detected by their prying and malicious eyes. So Mildred tossed her pretty, scornful head, and faced the foe with as loud a laugh and as ready a sneer as any.

Mr. Stanton watched her with distress. He saw her bright gayety changing into flippancy and pertness and a certain disagreeable sharpness, while a worldly standard of expediency took the place of conscience.

"My dear," he said to his wife one day, "unless you can rouse the dormant good in that girl with some new and potent inter-

est, the sooner you take her out of harm's way the better. Another six months of this cursed city life would be the ruin of her. Neither her head nor her heart is cool enough or strong enough to stand it."

Mrs. Stanton, like any true woman, fought valiantly in defense of her pet, and then secretly acted upon the good counsel she had received. She tried to awaken Mildred's artistic sensibilities, now manifested solely in the dextrous arrangement of colors in her dress. She took her to picture-galleries; visited studios; introduced her to artists; surrounded her with amateurs, both male and female, who made up for their practical inefficiency by an immense devotion to the theoretical, and if they painted wretched pictures, certainly talked of *chiaro-oscuro*, foreshortening, handling, and breadth of tone in a most learned and fluent manner. Professional jealousy was all that kept these unknown geniuses, if we may believe their own statement, from standing on the top-most rounds of fame. Their pictures were so good that the committees refused to hang them, and the critics did not dare to praise them, while their subtle excellences were, of course, above popular comprehension.

Mildred took but a languid interest in the painters, and a still more languid interest in the paintings. The galleries bored her, and the studios were all alike, and smelled of pipes. She had no objection to spending an idle hour in making a bad imitation of an engraving, but as to serious study, she had no idea of it. Neither was her love of music any thing but a means of killing time. A waltz or an opera melody ran off her fingers glibly enough, but that was all she could do, and to a musician's feeling something in its very fluency made it unbearable. Clearly she was not to be saved by art.

After cherishing various artistic projects, and dismissing them as hopeless, Mrs. Stanton was compelled to resign herself to the reluctant conviction that Mildred, like most young ladies of her age, was an aspirant for matrimony, and that alone. Art and literature were well enough in their way as pastimes, but as pursuits worse than nothing. Charles Reade has said that there are two paths open to women—wedlock and water-colors. Mildred steadily refused to contemplate the latter alternative, and saw but one resource. More and more every day Mrs. Stanton was forced to observe the strange acidity that replaced the former sweetness of Mildred's nature, her growing petulance and flippancy, her want of reverence, her ill-concealed scorn of poverty—in fact, the gradual deterioration of her whole nature.

VI.

About this time Professor Steller came to make a visit at the Stantons'. An American by birth, but of German ancestry, he had

spent many years abroad, and had acquired that indescribable cosmopolitan polish, that mellowness of speech and manner, so peculiarly fascinating as an adjunct of superior wisdom. A man of immense attainments in more than one branch of knowledge, he had the susceptibility of a woman to the impressions of the moment, and the insensibility of a true *savant* to the permanent claims of any thing but science. He would part with his dearest friend with tears in his eyes, and forget his very existence five minutes afterward over his microscope. He was as soft-hearted as a child, superficially, and as cold as a stone beneath. In love with all women, he was capable of a real affection for none, and went through the world with legions of friends in the present, and hosts of enemies in the past. He possessed a rare faculty for imparting knowledge, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to make a graceful selection from his vast stores of information for the benefit of some young girl; and he would sit for hours, with his pupil at his feet, pouring forth his eloquent words, his bright eyes gazing into hers, and his hand now and then enforcing some especial point by a tender and delicate caress.

For such a man a girl like Mildred had an especial charm. Her beauty, her intelligence, her sensitiveness, her childish ways, the tender appeal of her wistful eyes, fairly bewitched him. Considering her a child, he petted her like a child, and Mildred, soothed by the affection, forgot to ask its nature. The vanity that the winter's adulation had stimulated to such prodigious growth persuaded her that he, like all the rest of mankind, was at her feet. A new *Una*, with this lion by her side, she was to walk safely guarded through the world, and all eyes were to turn admiringly upon the fair young maiden and her majestic slave. It was a pretty programme, and Mildred did her best to have it carried out. Mr. Stanton, seeing only, as all the world might see, a grave elderly man making a plaything in his leisure moments of a clever child, saw no reason to interfere. Mrs. Stanton, hoping that science would do for Mildred what art had failed to accomplish, encouraged her in her new fancy by every means in her power. She wondered, indeed, that Mildred seemed to learn so little in her long talks with Professor Steller; that she acquired so few ideas; that she showed such a lack of interest in correlative subjects; and then she laughed at herself for expecting such a child to acquire a taste in a moment, as it were, for any thing more than the "fairy tales of science," the mere sugar-coating of wisdom's pills.

And so the comedy of human life went on, and the scenes shifted from night to morning, from winter to early spring. Professor Steller worked away all day and half the

night, Mildred ever on the watch to charm his leisure moments, and prolong them if she could. Did she love him, then, this preoccupied man, who, nevertheless, she was convinced in her vain little heart, loved her? Sometimes she thought she did. Then a remembrance of the evening when she last heard *Faust* came over her; the enchanting music filled her ears; a pair of dark eyes sought hers; a tender whisper, a fond caress; and with an impatient shiver she dismissed the stinging recollection. She painted to herself a possible future with the professor, wherein she sat, crowned with half his laurels, dividing the homage of the world. What was romance compared with glory like this, with a position that sovereigns could not command?

"I think there is no more romance for me," said Mildred to herself; "I have outgrown all that. Perhaps I have had my share of it. I, too," she sighed, with Thekla, as so many sentimental maidens have done,

"*Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.*"

She had learned the song by rote to please Professor Steller, and, as if the words were a charm to summon him, he rushed into the room.

"Give me joy, dear Mildred!" he shouted; "the last proof of my book is corrected, the last arrangements completed, and I am free!"

Now it is coming, thought Mildred, and instinctively closed her eyes lest she should see her impetuous adorer in the ungraceful act of going down upon his knees. Instead she felt herself whisked off the sofa by a strong arm, and whirled about the room in a frantic dance of joy.

"Now congratulate me, my child," said the panting professor, as he put her carefully back into her seat again, and threw himself down by her side; "every thing is settled to my perfect satisfaction, and I sail for Europe the day after to-morrow!"

"Sail for Europe?" cried Mildred.

"Yes, of course; what should I do here in this wilderness of a city, now that I have completed the arrangements for my treatise? Do you think I can afford to stay here in idleness, when I might be studying in London and Paris? No, no, child; I am going back to my masters just as fast as I can. But what is this, my darling? Not tears in the pretty eyes? That will never do. What will the prince say when he comes to claim his beautiful princess at my hands if he finds her lovely eyes grown dim?"

Mildred impatiently twitched away her head from the professor's tender efforts to dry her eyes, which were indeed brimming over, but with tears of disappointment and mortification rather than wounded love. This heart, of which she had felt so sure, was it to slip from her hold like this? How could she bear it?

"My dear child," murmured Professor Steller, in his softest tones, as he stroked her little hand, "you are angry with me, I see, because I have not told you of my going sooner. But I could not bear to distress the tender little heart for nothing, and it was all so uncertain. Forgive me, Mildred dear; I shall miss you sadly when I am gone; don't make it any harder by being angry now. Give me a kiss, my pet, and be friendly again."

But Mildred's dignity was all in arms, and she stiffly and persistently refused the offered reconciliation. With an air of offended majesty she withdrew, and Professor Steller, who had gazed after her retreating form for an instant with a puzzled face, buried himself in a new treatise on comparative philology, and forgot her in five minutes.

VII.

Summer had come back with all its riches of green leaves and fragrant flowers and glowing fruits, and Mildred had returned to her country home—returned, disgusted with life and with mankind, to become gradually somewhat disgusted with herself. Once out of the false atmosphere of flattery, in which she had been contemplating an enlarged image of herself, like the Brocken spectre, quite out of proportion to the diminutive reality, and again exposed to the kindly severity of home criticism, she began to find her true level. The last shock given her overweening vanity had done her good. The admiration and affection which she had really felt for Professor Steller had had at least the effect of rousing certain dormant faculties in her nature, which, once awakened, could not entirely be laid to sleep again. She could not contemplate the power of a life devoted to an idea without an uneasy sense that a wholly purposeless existence was a despicable thing. Even to fancy herself capable of loving one so greatly her superior, that that love must be wasted, like wine spilled upon the ground, had had a certain widening effect upon her conceptions of life. There were moments when, remembering only the charm that lingered in Professor Steller's words, the tears that gathered in his eyes when he bade her good-by, the warmth of his last caress, she felt through her whole heart a glow of affection for him that swept away all vestiges of her humbled vanity and her ruined hopes like a spring flood, and seemed to bring back the days when she first sat at his feet and listened to his wonderful stories.

But Mildred had not much time to ponder over the past, for sickness and sorrow came into the house, and kept her very busy. Mildred was no heroine, and would gladly have escaped if she could, but there was no help for her. Day after day she was chained to the weary round of household duties, only

released now and then, when the faithful Roger, ever on the watch to help her, managed to procure her some brief leave of absence. She had no time to bemoan the sorrows of the past or the miseries of the present, for when the few leisure moments came, she was too tired to be conscious of any thing but a delicious sense of rest. The necessity of self-sacrifice forced her to repress her selfishness, and brought out her better instincts, that grew stronger and truer by constant use. The insatiable vanity died out, in a great measure, for want of fuel to feed its flames. Something of the old sweetness returned to her disposition; a softer light dawned in the hazel eyes; a gentler expression settled about the saucy mouth. A quiet cheerfulness took the place of the rapid alternations from gayety to gloom that once possessed her, and her voice began to lose something of its sharp and wiry edge.

When Mrs. Stanton came in the autumn, she could not conceal her wonder at the change.

"I am so tired, Aunt Clara," said Mildred,

with a little smile. "I think I should like to go away somewhere and sleep for six months. If, as you say, I have grown so quiet and sober, that must be the reason."

"Mildred, do help me with this dreadful French," interrupted her little sister, as, standing at Mildred's knee, she slowly spelled out the last lines of La Fontaine's fable of the *Search for Fortune*:

"Fortune, qui nous fait passer devant les yeux
Des dignités, des biens, que jusqu'au bout du monde
On suit, sans que l'effet aux promesses réponde;
Désormais je ne bouge, et ferai cent fois mieux.
En raisonnant de cette sorte,
Et contre la Fortune ayant pris ce conseil,
Il la trouve assise à la porte
De son ami, plongé dans un profond sommeil."

As the child finished the last line Roger came up the steps with a great bouquet of roses in his hand. Looking up suddenly, Mildred caught Mrs. Stanton's eye fixed upon her, with a merry twinkle in its blue depths.

Out came the little dimples round the corners of Mildred's smiling mouth, and a blush that rivaled the crimson of Roger's bouquet drowned the dimples in a flood of rosy red.

ARMY ORGANIZATION.

By GENERAL GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN.

[Second Paper.]

IN the April number we described in a general way the composition and organization of the combatants proper as far up in the scale as the regiment. But in practice it is not enough to furnish men to do the fighting; means must also be provided to supply their wants in garrison and in the field. This is done through the non-combatants, or, as they are often well designated, the administrative branches of the service. But beyond this, something more is required, that is, a body of officers thoroughly instructed in all the details of all the arms of service, and in the working of the administrative branches, well versed in the theory and practice of war, of superior intelligence and activity, whose duty it is to assist the generals in the performance of their difficult duties, to act as their eyes and ears, to transmit their orders and watch over their execution, to relieve them from all matters of mere detail, and to enable them to co-ordinate and control the various elements of the great machine which constitutes a modern army. This body of men is usually designated in Europe as the *Corps of the General Staff*; they furnish the chiefs of staff and their assistants, conduct reconnaissances and similar important work, and act as the immediate advisers of their chiefs; from among their number the generals are largely taken. The duties of these officers are essentially military, and of the highest order, and carry them into the most active participation in

battles. Before we can proceed to put the regiments together into divisions and army corps, we must explain something of the organization and duties of the general staff corps, and of the administrative branches, because they form essential portions of the larger units of force.

We will first take up the subject of

THE ADMINISTRATIVE BRANCHES.

We have already said that their duty is to furnish the combatants with such supplies and assistance as are necessary to enable them to perform their peculiar duties promptly and efficiently. These administrative duties naturally divide themselves into two classes, which differ widely, and require the application of very different arrangements.

1. In peace to supply current wants, and to lay up the reserves required upon the breaking out of war for an increased force and greater expenditure.

2. In war to supply the army from day to day, as it moves and fights.

In time of peace the current wants are in most services comparatively small, and the ordinary means of transportation of the country, such as railways and steamers, usually suffice for the delivery of supplies, which deliveries can then be made for several months or weeks at a time, and in the most convenient season. In time of war not only are the demands immensely increased, but

special means of transportation and delivery must be arranged to accompany the troops on their daily marches. The peace organization must provide for all this, i. e., it must be such as to permit a rapid increase of its *personnel*; measures must be arranged for the maintenance of the reserves of material; those reserves must be ample for the contingency of war; and all the means of rapid and sure transportation, except horses, must be on hand.

No definite and invariable rule can be laid down for this, because the circumstances of the case vary exceedingly in different armies and in different countries. In our own service, for instance, the transportation and supplies for no small part of the army must always be essentially on the war footing, as so many of the troops are constantly in the field, and in regions so remote from the ordinary sources of supply. In a country abounding in large manufactories the reserves of material may naturally be less than in one destitute of such establishments. When an army in its movements can count upon the aid of railways and rivers, the number of wagons may be diminished. But whatever may be the details in any special case, it is a fixed principle that the organization and instruction of these branches of the service should be carefully arranged in time of peace; for discipline and good order are just as essential here as among the combatants, and it must not be forgotten that the duties of the non-combatants often carry them under heavy fire, when cool courage and discipline are indispensable. In some services the officers and employes of these branches are taken directly from civil life; in others to a large extent from the army, or at all events from among those who have served in the army. When circumstances permit, it is certainly well to follow the latter plan. Among the most important supplies are arms and ammunition, food, clothing, equipments, camp and garrison equipage for the men, hospital and medical stores, horses, forage, harness, wagons, saddle equipments, and veterinary stores. The method of procuring these articles varies much in different countries, and even in the same country under different circumstances. In some countries the arms are constructed in the government arsenals, in others by contract, and again in both ways. The Prussians manufacture their own powder; we procure it from private establishments. In some armies the clothing is all obtained by contract, and the requisite alteration made by the company tailors; in many others the cloth alone is contracted for, while it is made up entirely by the troops. So with regard to other supplies. Experience seems to prove that the articles produced by government factories are of a better quality than those contracted for, and that, although the first cost may be

larger, there is usually great economy in the end. On the other hand, when the government encourages private manufacturers, it is rather more certain of obtaining large supplies at short notice. In time of war not only must arrangements be made to supply the daily wants of the troops, but the transportation and care of the sick and wounded must also be provided for. It is not enough to furnish a sufficient amount of supplies, but it is imperative that they should be so well in hand that they can be delivered exactly at the right time and place, and that the trains should be under such perfect control as to interfere as little as possible with the movements of the troops. This implies the necessity of strict discipline and thorough organization, and proves that the European system of employing soldiers (men amenable to military law, disciplined, and instructed in their special duties) in the various duties of non-combatants is far superior to that in vogue with us, of hiring civilians for the duties of train-masters, teamsters, etc., in the quartermasters' trains.

As in regard to the organization of the fighting portion of the army, so in respect of the administrative branches, the Prussian army presents the form best adapted to the explanation of the true principles involved, and we will, as before, make use chiefly of that system by way of illustration. In that service all the administrative branches are under the direct control of the Minister of War. The war ministry is made up of seven principal departments, most of which are again subdivided into sections, each having some particular duty assigned to it. Thus there is one department charged with the general correspondence; another, called the "General War Department," which has supervision of the purely military affairs of the army, such as organization, mobilization, recruiting, drills, etc., etc. There are special sections of this department in charge of the military schools, affairs of military justice, military church affairs, affairs of the artillery, engineers, etc. Another department has charge of the *personnel* of the army, regulating such matters as leaves of absence, transfers, dismissals, promotions, etc. Another department, called "the Department of Military Economy," and subdivided into some four sections, has charge of accounts, money affairs, purchases of forage, rations, wagons, harness, clothing, etc., etc. Another department has the care of the invalids' (old soldiers) establishments; another of all things pertaining to the purchase and care of remount horses; another of medical affairs, including the *personnel* as well as the *materiel* of that department. In addition to these main departments, the directory of the great orphan asylum at Potsdam, the chief commission for the examination of employes of the intendancy, and the general

military chest, are all under the direct control of the war ministry.

Under the direction of the Department of Military Economy there is in each army corps, and in each division, an *intendancy*, which has charge of all matters pertaining to provisions, forage, pay of the troops, garrison, hospital, and camp equipage and stores, transportation trains, equipments, reserves of clothing, etc., etc. Under the orders of the corps intendant is the train battalion, which will presently be described.

THE MEDICAL STAFF.

This is under the supervision of the medical department of the war ministry, at the head of which is the surgeon-general. Each hospital is administered by a commission consisting of one officer of the line, a surgeon, and an inspector.

MILITARY JUSTICE.

The affairs of this department are under the direct supervision of the "General Auditoriat," which is itself immediately responsible to the second section of the General War Department, and has immediate control of the corps, division, garrison, regimental, and battalion auditors (judge-advocates, very nearly), as well as of the various courts-martial and courts of honor.

MILITARY CHURCH AFFAIRS.

There is a Protestant and a Catholic chaplain-general, under whom are all the chaplains, and who are themselves responsible to the second section of the General War Department.

THE TRAIN BATTALIONS.

For each army corps there is a train battalion, which has the immediate charge of the main supply train, and other duties. In peace each battalion consists of 10 officers, 225 non-commissioned officers and men, 121 horses, and 24 wagons. In war the strength is so much increased that as a minimum organization it consists of—

1. Five provision columns, each made up of 2 officers, 1 paymaster, 27 soldiers, 74 train soldiers and mechanics, 1 veterinary surgeon, 164 horses, 32 wagons.

2. Three sanitary detachments, including three detachments of men for carrying the wounded. Each sanitary detachment consists of 3 officers, 1 paymaster, 149 men, 7 surgeons, 46 other persons, 41 horses, 10 wagons, and 15 hand litters, and is organized in two sections, which can serve independently. One detachment is assigned to each division of infantry, and one to the corps artillery. The men detailed to carry the wounded are infantry soldiers, who are instructed in their duties in time of peace.

3. A horse dépôt, with 2 officers, 94 men, 1 wagon, and 170 horses. The object of this

dépôt is only to supply losses among the animals in use among the infantry, pioneers, administration, and head-quarters. In an enemy's country the dépôt is kept up by requisitions. In the field all horses temporarily unserviceable, all supernumerary and captured animals, are turned over to the dépôt.

4. A field bakery column, consisting of 1 officer, 100 bakers, 12 men, 15 horses, and 2 wagons.

5. A train escort squadron, consisting of 6 officers, 116 men, 119 horses, and 1 wagon.

The staff of the train battalion is at the corps head-quarters, and, including this staff, the minimum war strength is 30 officers, 1455 men, 1257 horses, 195 wagons.

Under the commander of the train battalion of a corps are placed all the military *personnel* connected with the administration. In addition to the soldiers composing the train battalions, there are other train soldiers assigned to the troops, as drivers of baggage and ammunition wagons, etc. The average allowance of such wagons for a battalion of infantry is as follows, viz.:

1 Ammunition wagon, drawn by	6 horses.
1 Clothing wagon, drawn by	4 "
1 Medicine cart, drawn by	2 "
1 Officers' baggage wagon, drawn by ...	4 "
With pack-saddles	4 "
Total, 3 wagons, 1 cart, and	20 horses.

The ammunition wagon carries about 18,000 cartridges, and to it are attached 5 picks, 12 axes, 10 spades, etc. The clothing wagon contains the battalion chest, the account-books, some spare clothing, and tailors' and shoe-makers' tools. The officers' baggage wagon contains the portmanteaus of the officers and employés (each lieutenant is allowed 42 pounds, each captain 51 pounds, the battalion commander 94 pounds), the mess apparatus of the staff, the adjutant's papers, and the armorer's tools. The pack-horses—one for each company—carry the officers' mess apparatus and cloaks, 10 blankets for the sick, some tailors' and shoe-makers' tools, the orderly sergeant's papers, and the company money; in all about 200 pounds.

For a battalion of rifles the arrangement is somewhat varied, horse carts being substituted for wagons, to enable them to accompany the command over bad roads and open ground. They have—

4 Ammunition carts, with	8 horses.
4 Baggage carts, with	8 "
1 Medicine cart, with	2 "
1 Staff baggage cart, with	2 "
Pack-horses	4 "
Making 10 carts and	24 horses.

Each ammunition cart carries 7840 cartridges. Including the drivers of the baggage wagons, etc., the total war strength of a battalion of infantry is 22 officers, 1028 men, 34 horses, 4 wagons and carts. Of a rifle battalion the strength is 22 officers, 1034 men, 40 horses, 10 carts. And the total war strength of a regiment of infantry is 69 offi-

cers, 3112 men, 121 horses, 16 wagons and carts.

The baggage of a cavalry regiment consists of—

1 Medicine cart, with.....	2 horses.
1 Forge, with	2 "
4 Baggage carts, with	8 "
1 Officers' baggage cart, with.....	4 "
Or 7 carts and wagons and	16 horses.

Making the total strength of a cavalry regiment on the war footing 23 officers, 653 men, 705 horses, 7 wagons and carts.

It has been already explained that each battery is provided with its own baggage and supply wagons; but, in addition to this, it is upon the artillery that the transportation and supply of ammunition for the guns devolves, as well as for the infantry, beyond the amount carried by the men themselves (80 rounds per man), and that carried in the battalion ammunition wagons (about 25 rounds per man for the line regiments, and about 33 rounds per man for the rifle battalions). There is a regiment of field artillery for each army corps, and when the troops are placed on the war footing, each artillery regiment, in addition to its three divisions of foot artillery and one of horse artillery, forms an ammunition division for the care and transportation of ammunition. This division consists of four infantry ammunition columns, and of five artillery ammunition columns, the whole division counting 20 officers, 1583 men, 1580 horses, 229 wagons. The amount of infantry ammunition carried by the ammunition columns is about 90 rounds per man. The artillery ammunition carried by the columns is about 220 rounds per gun, in addition to the 140 carried in the limbers and caissons of the batteries.

PIONEER TRAINS.

	Officers.	Men.	Horses.	Wagons.
The three field companies of each pioneer battalion have on the war footing.....	15	639	51	9
The light bridge train	2	51	87	13
Intrenching tool column	18	30	6
Total with each army corps..	17	708	168	28

The administration of the army corps on the war footing consists of—

1. The intendency, made up of (a) the corps intendency, 24 persons, 25 horses, 3 wagons; (b) four divisional intendancies, one for each infantry division, one for the corps artillery, and one for the cavalry division, each consisting of 14 persons, 15 horses, 2 wagons.

2. The corps military chest.

3. The subsistence service, made up of (a) the corps subsistence administration, (b) four divisional administrations of subsistence, (c) the administration of the field bakery.

4. The corps medical administration.

5. Twelve field hospitals, each capable of taking care of 200 sick or wounded.

6. Reserve of hospital attendants, etc.*

7. Reserve hospital dépôt.*

8. The field post service.

9. The auditoriat, consisting of (a) the corps judge-advocate, (b) the divisional judge-advocates and assistants.

10. The corps and divisional chaplains and assistants.

The total strength of the administration of an army corps, of course exclusive of the train battalion, is 12 officers, 1055 men, 548 horses, 104 wagons.

THE GENERAL STAFF CORPS.

There is no question that the Prussian general staff corps is the best in the world. It has been for many years under the absolute control of Von Moltke, who has had in his hands, entirely untrammelled, its organization, the selection, instruction, and promotion of its members, and has brought it to its present perfection. To this perfection are due in no small degree the Prussian successes in recent years. To the relative inferiority of their general staff corps their antagonists may to a great extent attribute the disasters they have experienced. In our own last war infinite difficulty, not only in the organization, but also in the subsequent handling of the armies, arose from our lack of such a body of men. So absolutely certain is it that such a corps is of the first and most vital importance in modern war that we must, even if at some length, explain its organization, its duties, and the manner in which its members are selected and instructed. As promotions are practically made, it often happens that general officers, while possessing many of the essential qualifications for command, such as courage, energy, the ability to govern and inspire men, lack other equally important qualities of a more scientific nature, as well as the trained intellectual power necessary to enable them to determine what is best to be done in an emergency, and how to do it. One purpose of the set of men with whom we are now concerned is to supply this want. Again, even when a general possesses all the requisite qualifications for his post, he can not be every where at once, see every thing with his own eyes, or give every order in person, and he requires the assistance of this highly instructed corps to increase his powers of action, for he can see with their eyes, trust to their reports, and commit safely to them not only the delivery of his orders, but also the watching over their proper execution. To such men also he can often safely intrust the power of modifying his orders as circumstances change. Sometimes, also, it hap-

* These are intended to form the main hospitals in rear of the army.

pens that a general has served in only one of the arms of service, and has only a general knowledge of the powers and necessities of the others. Here, too, the general staff corps comes to his aid.

It ought to follow from this, and in practice it often does, that the more perfect the general staff corps, the more frequently will general officers be selected from among their number. In the Prussian army the great majority of the generals have passed through the admirable War Academy, and fully three-fourths have served on the staff; but in most other armies a very large proportion of the generals come from the line of the army. In time of peace the duties of such a corps are twofold: First, to collect and keep in a perfectly convenient shape for immediate use all the information in the way of topography and statistics that, in the event of war, can be useful in arranging plans of campaign and conducting operations. Secondly, to train the members of the corps for the proper performance of their duties in war. The information referred to is so varied and extensive that we can only indicate a few of its main features by way of illustration. One of the most important points is the collection of the best possible maps of one's own and of all other countries where it is possible that campaigns may have to be conducted. These maps should go into every detail, and give ample information on all points that can affect the movements of troops, and must be supplemented by full information—obtained through reconnaissances or otherwise—as to the nature of roads, streams, forests, etc.; the geology of the country, its practicability at all seasons and in all weathers; the capacity of the towns and villages for defense, shelter, supplies, etc.; the nature and location of the defensive positions, and their approaches; similar information in relation to the permanent defenses; the railways, etc., etc. Full information must also be procured in regard to the military resources of all possible antagonists; the organization and strength of their armies; their arrangements for recruiting, etc.; the nature and qualities of their weapons; the character and qualities of their different generals, etc. In regard to the other part of the work in peace, the first step is to select the members from among the most intelligent, active, energetic, ambitious, and high-toned of the entire body of the officers of the army, to institute preliminary examinations into their qualifications, and unhesitatingly to remove from the corps any who at any subsequent period of their service prove to be in any way unsuited to the duties required of them. Next, in regard to their instruction, not only must this embrace all the higher scientific branches of the theory of war, but they must also have constant practice in the performance of their special duties, and serve

so often and so long with troops of all arms of the service as never to lose the habit of command, the knowledge of the necessities and capacities of the men, the details of service with troops, and, more than all, never to cease to identify themselves in thought and feeling with the line of the army, nor become antagonistic to it, and mere office soldiers. It will now appear how, under the master-hand of the chief of staff of the German armies, all these conditions, and more, have been entirely fulfilled. First, let us say that the organization of the Prussian general staff is entirely flexible; its numbers are fixed by no rule—simply by the demands of the service; and its distribution is regulated by the nature of the duties at the moment. The body in question is divided into two portions:

1. The Great General Staff, at Berlin.

2. The General Staff officers serving at the head-quarters of armies, corps, divisions, and with the general inspection of the artillery.

The whole are under Field-Marshal Von Moltke.

The Great General Staff is subdivided into (a) the General Staff proper, consisting of 3 chiefs of division, 6 field officers, and 15 captains; (b) the Secondary General Staff, whose officers are intended for purely scientific purposes, and consist of 4 chiefs of division, 5 field officers, and 12 captains.

The first of these two categories is divided into three divisions, or "theatres of war," each under a chief, as follows:

1. The First Division, which occupies itself with all countries east of Germany, including Austria and Scandinavia.

2. The Second Division, with Germany, Switzerland, and Italy.

3. The Third Division, with all countries to the west of the Second Division.

In respect of the countries to which it is assigned, each division must always possess full information in regard to the organization, strength, and state of preparation of the armies, and all important military considerations, such as resources, communications, peculiarities as a theatre of war, etc., so that immediately upon the breaking out of a war a complete basis for a plan of operations may be ready.

The second category is organized in four divisions, each under a chief, viz.:

4. The Division of Military History, which is occupied in working up the details of past campaigns, so as to make their experience available in the present and future.

5. The Division of Geography and Statistics, with the collection of maps.

6. The Topographical Division, for the survey of the country.

7. The Railway Division.

The number of the general staff officers at the head-quarters of commands varies in peace and war. In war the number assigned

to each army corps is as follows: 1 chief of staff, 1 field officer, 2 captains, 1 field officer or captain with each division.

The number and rank of those assigned to the head-quarters of armies, and with the great general head-quarters, vary according to circumstances.

The duties of the officers attached to head-quarters are, on the one hand, to assist their generals in drawing up and carrying out orders, and on the other, to perform certain office duties.

In addition to the officers proper of the general staff corps, every year some forty officers of the line are detailed for one or two years' service with the staff corps, in order to fit them for the performance of duty as aids-de-camp with the generals.

We can not fully explain the manner in which the candidates for the general staff corps are selected without first alluding to that admirable institution, the War Academy at Berlin. Any lieutenant in the army who has served three years with his regiment as a commissioned officer may present himself as a candidate for admission into the academy. About one hundred and fifty annually offer themselves as candidates, and of this number about fifty are admitted, after a very searching examination. This academy is undoubtedly the best institution of the kind in the world, and is intended to give officers of marked ability and ambition the most thorough instruction in all the higher branches of their profession, and thus fit them for service in the staff corps as aids-de-camp and as generals. Among the branches taught are tactics, strategy, military history, fortification, attack and defense, topography, the duties of the administrative branches, staff service; and in connection with, or as preparatory for, these subjects, pure mathematics, mechanics, chemistry, geology, natural philosophy, general history and literature, and the Russian, French, and English languages. The course lasts three years.

In each year the lectures continue from the beginning of October to the end of June. During the vacations at the close of the first and second years the students return to their regiments to take part in the autumn manœuvres. Toward the end of the second year's course they have several weeks' exercise in practical surveying. At the close of the third year's course they take part with the professors in a "general staff tour," the object of which is to give them practice in making reconnaissances, executing topographical sketches, selecting sites for encampments, positions for troops, etc. They are now all returned to their regiments. From among the graduates some twelve or fifteen of the most able and industrious are usually selected as candidates for the general staff corps. During the year suc-

ceeding their exit from the War Academy these do duty for about eight months with arms of service different from that to which they originally belonged. Those of the number who acquit themselves satisfactorily under this further test are now ordered to the head-quarters of the staff corps at Berlin, where they remain for some two years longer, under the immediate orders and instruction of Von Moltke. During this time they are constantly being taught not only the current duties of the various divisions into which the head-quarters are separated, but they receive lectures from the chief himself, are required to prepare for him reports on various subjects, and accompany him on annual tours for field practice—in short, they still remain at school. They are now again sent back to their regiments, and it is only after the lapse of some months that those finally selected by Von Moltke are definitively appointed captains in the general staff corps, and become members thereof, entitled to wear its uniform. These captains are now assigned to various duties, according to the wants of the service and their respective peculiar qualifications. Most of them are sent to the head-quarters of troops; others go to Berlin. They serve about two and a half years as captains in the staff, and are then returned to duty with the line, receiving command of a battery, squadron, or company, but never with their old regiments. They serve in this way about two years longer, always varying the arm of service, when they are promoted by selection to the rank of major in the staff corps, and resume the duties and uniform thereof. Should any of these staff corps captains during these two years' service with the line manifest any lack of zeal, or in any manner show that the original estimate formed of them was too high, they are quietly left in the line, and lose all opportunity of further employment on the staff. When a major in the staff corps is about to become entitled to his promotion as lieutenant-colonel, before receiving it he must serve at least one year in command of a complete battalion, or of several squadrons, or of several batteries. So, also, before he can be promoted as colonel in the staff, he must command an entire regiment for at least one year.

In addition to the means just described for securing competent officers for the staff, still another method is pursued. The commanders of regiments report to the chief of the general staff whenever they have under their command any subalterns of such superior zeal and intelligence as to render them promising candidates for the general staff corps. To the officers thus indicated the chief of general staff sends military questions and problems to be worked out, and if the replies are such as to indicate that they really possess the requisite qualifica-

tions, they are ordered to report at Berlin, and are there placed on probation. If satisfied of their ability and acquirements, he appoints them on the staff; if otherwise, they return to their regiments. The duties assigned to the officers of the general staff corps are not clerical, all such work being to the greatest possible extent performed by non-commissioned officers and soldiers. In addition to their current and ordinary duties, military questions are constantly given them to study, and every year the staff of each army corps performs a "staff tour," under the direction of its own chief, to keep them in constant practice, and to increase their knowledge of their profession. The officers of the corps at Berlin also make every year, under the personal supervision of the chief himself, a tour of some weeks in the different provinces of the empire. From among the officers of the general staff corps, but more generally from among the other graduates of the War Academy, and from among those who are detailed every year for staff instruction, are selected the aids-de-camp of the generals.

It is difficult to imagine a system which will more effectually carry out the great object in view, which is to select for the staff the very best and most highly instructed of all the officers of the army; and the uniform testimony of those who have enjoyed the opportunities of judging is to the effect that in the Prussian army this object has been most fully accomplished.

We are now ready to describe the composition of the divisions, army corps, etc., but before doing so it is proper to allude to—1st, the four field railway divisions, which are made up to a great extent from the pioneers, and consist each of 4 officers, 230 men, 16 horses, and 2 wagons; these are formed when the army is mobilized for war, and their chief purpose is to repair promptly such railways as may have been rendered impassable in the course of operations; 2d, the four field telegraph divisions, which are also chiefly made up from the pioneers and train soldiers, and consist each of 4 officers, 143 men, 72 horses, and 13 wagons; each division carries some twenty miles of wire, and can prepare for use about one mile of telegraph per hour. The duty of these divisions, aided by other smaller divisions, is to connect the important head-quarters with each other, with important positions, and with the existing telegraph lines, as well as to repair broken lines.

THE BRIGADE.

As heretofore stated, the Prussian infantry brigade consists of two regiments, or six battalions. It is commanded by a major-general or colonel, with a lieutenant as aid-de-camp and adjutant-general. The full war strength of the brigade is 140 officers,

6224 non-commissioned officers and men, 250 horses, and 34 wagons. The rifle battalions are not usually brigaded, but are attached to the army corps, under the direct orders of the corps commander, although sometimes attached to one of the divisions. The cavalry brigade usually consists of three regiments, one of which in time of war is assigned to an infantry division. The brigade staff is the same as for the infantry brigade. In time of peace the artillery brigade consists of the regiment of field artillery and the regiment of fortress artillery belonging to the same army corps, and is commanded by a major-general or colonel, with a lieutenant or third-class captain as aid-de-camp. In time of war the brigade commander is the corps chief of artillery, while the corps reserve artillery, including the ammunition column division, is commanded by the colonel of the field artillery regiment. The brigade staff is in war increased by an additional lieutenant, and has charge of the spare ammunition for all the troops of the army corps. It may be stated here, once for all, that in time of war the staff of each general commanding troops, whether a brigade, division, corps, or army, is increased beyond the regulation allowance by the detail of orderly officers or acting aids-de-camp, usually cavalry officers, according to the necessities of the case.

THE DIVISION.

The normal composition of the division in time of peace is two brigades of infantry and one of cavalry; in war artillery is assigned to it, usually one division of four batteries, or 24 guns, of which 12 are light and 12 heavy. The division staff on the war footing consists of 1 lieutenant-general or major-general as commander, 1 field officer or captain of the general staff corps as divisional chief of staff, 2 captains or lieutenants as aids-de-camp, 2 judge-advocates, 2 chaplains, and 1 inferior officer of the intendancy as divisional chief of that branch. In recent wars the practice seems to have been rather to diminish the amount of cavalry assigned to the infantry divisions, and with the surplus thus gained to form cavalry divisions, which either acted as independent divisions, or were combined as cavalry corps. The composition and staff of a cavalry division do not differ very materially from those of the infantry division. It will thus be seen that the infantry division contains within itself the means of independent action on a respectable scale, made up as it is of the three arms of service in just proportions, and having an administrative service of its own. Its full war strength is about 12,800 infantry, 2000 cavalry, and some 600 artillerists, with 24 guns, or in all somewhat more than 15,000 officers and men, with 24 guns. This force sometimes acts inde-

pends, but in the large armies of modern times it almost always forms part of an army corps.

THE ARMY CORPS.

In the German army this consists of two divisions of infantry, one division or brigade of cavalry, the corps artillery, a battalion of rifles, a battalion of pioneers, the trains, and administration. In time of peace the corps commander has only a general disciplinary control over the artillery, pioneers, and train belonging to it, the instruction of these special arms being regulated from Berlin in order to secure uniformity. In war, however, all the component parts of the army corps come under the direct and absolute control of its commanding general. In other words, during peace, considerations of economy, supplies, and facility of thorough and uniform instruction control, and frequently cause the different arms to be widely separated from each other; while in war tactical considerations are supreme, and draw the different arms close together under a single and absolute head, that they may afford and receive that prompt mutual support which is indispensable. The general principles of the formation of an army corps, and the usual distribution of its parts, will appear from the following table:

B. The 2d Infantry Division.		A. The 1st Infantry Division.	
4th Infantry Brigade.	3d Infantry Brigade.	2d Infantry Brigade.	1st Infantry Brigade.
2 Regiments.	2 Regiments.	2 Regiments.	2 Regiments.
8 Pioneer Companies. 1 Cavalry Regiment. 1 Division Foot Artillery—24 guns.		1 Rifle Battalion. 1 Cavalry Regiment. 1 Division Foot Artillery—24 guns.	
C. Cavalry Division.			
2d Cavalry Brigade.		1st Cavalry Brigade.	
2 Regiments.		2 Regiments.	
Division Horse Artillery, with 2 or 3 Batteries.			
D. Corps Reserve Artillery.			
1 Ammunition Division. 1 Ponton Train (when required by circumstances).		1 Division Foot Artillery—24 guns. 1 to 2 Horse Batteries, consisting of from 6 to 12 guns.	
E. Trains and Administration.			

Total strength—25 battalions, 24 squadrons, 16 batteries, 9 ammunition columns, 3 pioneer companies, 11 trains, and the administration; or in round numbers, inclusive of the ponton train, 930 officers, 38,400 non-commissioned officers and men, 11,900 horses, 96 guns, and 960 wagons, divided as follows:

	Officers.	Men.	Horses.	Guns.	Wagons.
Each Infantry Division	350	15,000	1,900	24	140
The Cavalry Division	110	3,100	3,400	12	60
The Reserve Artillery	60	2,800	2,900	36	340
The Trains and Administration	40	2,200	1,600	..	260

The staff at the head-quarters of an army corps is made up as follows: 1 general or lieutenant-general commanding the corps; 1 field officer of the general staff corps as chief of the staff, and 1 other field officer

and 2 captains of the general staff corps; 4 captains or lieutenants as aids-de-camp; 1 field officer of engineers, assisted by 1 captain and 1 lieutenant of the same arm; the staff of the artillery brigade; the staff of the train battalion; the administration. In addition there is with each army corps head-quarters a detachment of mounted gendarmes, consisting of 1 officer and 44 men. There are also for orderly and guard duty a head-quarters guard, consisting of 1 officer, 50 cavalry soldiers, and 52 infantry soldiers. Of the latter 1 officer, 18 cavalry soldiers, and 28 infantry soldiers are attached to the corps head-quarters; 4 cavalry men and 8 infantry men to each division head-quarters; 2 cavalry men to each brigade head-quarters.

An army corps such as has just been described is really a small army complete in itself, numbering, when the ranks are full, about 36,000 combatants, perfectly prepared for any independent action commensurate with its force, able to move any where, and dependent upon the assistance of other army corps only when it encounters obstacles too great for its unaided strength.

According to recent legislation, the French army is permanently organized in nineteen army corps, i. e., eighteen for France, and one for Algeria. Each army corps consists of two divisions of infantry, one brigade of

cavalry, one brigade of artillery, one battalion of engineer troops, a squadron of the military train, and a proper proportion of the staff and administrative services. The government proposed assigning three divisions of infantry to each corps, which would have made the corps about 50,000 strong;

but after long discussions it was decided to form the corps as given above, so that they have an average strength of about 40,000, which, under the French system, gives an effective force of about 32,000 combatants.

In Russia, also, the organization of army corps is permanent; they consist of three infantry divisions, one cavalry division, and one artillery division.

Within the last two years the Italians have adopted the permanent organization of army corps on the German system, and have reorganized the division, brigade, regiment, and battalion to correspond with the German.

In the war of 1866 the Austrians organized no divisions, but formed the army corps of four brigades, each consisting of two infantry regiments, one rifle battalion, one squadron of cavalry, and one battery of foot artillery. Since that time, however, they have reverted to the division organization.

It has sometimes occurred that cavalry corps consisting of two to three divisions, with a suitable amount of horse artillery, have been formed; but this is not the rule, and is done to meet special circumstances.

ARMIES.

Two or more army corps are united to form an army. The number of armies and the strength of each depend entirely upon the nature of the theatre of war, the proposed plan of campaign, the strength and arrangements of the enemy, etc., etc. For instance, in the war of 1866 the Austrians formed one army to oppose the Italians, and another, under Benedek, to operate against the Prussians. The latter divided into three armies that portion of their forces intended to act against the Austrians, and which was not far from equal in numbers to Benedek's army; while another army and various detachments operated against the Bavarians, Hanoverians, etc., etc. So in the French war of 1870-71 the Germans commenced the campaign in three armies acting conjointly against the French forces scattered from Thionville to Strasburg and Belfort. Later in the war they formed other armies as circumstances required. It is of course to be understood that when two or more armies are acting with a common object, there always is, or at least always should be, a generalissimo, or common head, to direct the general movements of all, and that this directing spirit is close at hand in the field, and not in some distant capital. When an army corps forms part of an army it does not lose its identity, and its commander preserves his absolute and full control over every thing within his corps, the general headquarters of the army, as well as that of "all the armies," confining themselves to giving general instructions and exercising a general supervision.

The command of an army corps such as we have described it is a task which evidently requires experience, ability, and military skill of a much higher order than that needed for the command of a simple division—

qualities which it is not too easy to find in any army. It is evident also that the injurious effects of incompetency in the command of a corps would be much greater than in that of a division, and might quite readily involve the safety of the whole army. In very large armies the formation of army corps would appear to be indispensable, and it is equally imperative that in time of peace no efforts should be spared to provide a sufficient number of competent corps commanders. In armies of moderate size, say of from 75,000 to 80,000 men, the question of organizing corps must depend upon circumstances. If the army is to act, even for a time, on two lines, where the parts will be comparatively independent, and if the commanding general is so fortunate as to possess three or four subordinates of pre-eminent ability and qualifications, it will usually be advisable to form army corps; but if among the division commanders there are none who clearly possess the requisite qualities for the command of a corps, it will be much better to organize the army in divisions, until the right men are found. The mistakes of a division commander may often be rectified, but those of a corps commander are very apt to be fatal. In Europe the commanders of armies and of corps are not selected solely on account of seniority. It may be interesting to state here that under its present organization the field army of the German Empire consists of eighteen corps, including the guards, giving an effective strength of nearly 720,000 officers and men, and that the French field army also consists of eighteen corps, giving a slightly greater effective strength on paper; but the great difference is that while the Germans can in a few days bring into the field the above number of disciplined troops, the French will be unable to do so for several years to come; that is to say, not until their new system has been in operation long enough to enable them to accumulate the requisite reserves of trained troops.

THE RECRUITING OF ARMIES.

On the continent of Europe the ranks are filled by a more or less rigorous conscription. In England and the United States voluntary enlistment is the rule, and conscription, or draft, the exception. Experience has proved that, in modern times, with voluntary enlistment alone it is very difficult and expensive to fill the ranks of an army of any considerable size in time of peace, and quite impossible to accumulate the large reserves of trained soldiers required as soon as war is imminent. This system involves high pay and large bounties, and can, therefore, be employed only by wealthy nations with small armies. It presents, also, the serious disadvantage that in time of peace it does not bring the best material into the ranks. With regard to any particular country, it is

clear that the form of government, the character of the people, and its relations with neighboring powers must decide the method to be adopted for filling the army. Situated as the nations of continental Europe now are, they have no choice but to adopt a system of conscription, and the tendency now is toward the rigorous system of Germany. In Great Britain neither the form of government nor the habits of the people permit the establishment of conscription, although they meet with no little difficulty in maintaining the force required by their situation. We are so happily situated as not to require a large army in ordinary times, and, being separated by an ocean from the great military powers of the world, it is not probable, so long as we remain united among ourselves, that we shall again require armies so large as to render a resort to conscription necessary. This condition of affairs is not the least of the favors that Providence has bestowed upon us. It would have been far otherwise had the war in which we were recently engaged resulted in the disruption of the Union and a division of the country between two great powers; for both sections must then have maintained large standing armies, and submitted to the many evils and sacrifices they entail. Any one who fully comprehends and appreciates the effects of the immense armaments of Europe upon every pursuit and condition of life must acknowledge that the great sacrifices made by the present generation in our country are more than compensated by the blessings which will follow their results through a long future.

In England the term of enlistment is for ten or twelve years. In the United States it is for five years in time of peace, while in war it has been our habit to enlist men for three years, or for the duration of the war. For our present purposes the various systems of conscription may all be classified under two heads: first, the universal conscription, under which all able-bodied men are liable to and actually called upon to render military service during peace as well as war; second, the system under which only a portion of the able-bodied are called out by conscription, and under which those drawn are usually permitted to furnish substitutes.

Russia and Austria come under the second class, for in both the number of men to be drawn by lot each year from among those liable for duty is determined annually by a law or decree based upon the needs of the moment, and in both substitutes are allowed. In Russia the term of service is fifteen years, of which a portion is on leave of absence. In Austria the term is eight years with the active army and two years in the reserve; of the former period the infantry pass two years and three-quarters with their

regiments, the cavalry five years and a half, the special arms four years.

In France the manner of recruiting and the liability to service are now regulated by the law of July, 1872. Every Frenchman fit for service is liable for duty in the regular army or the reserves from the age of twenty to that of forty. Those who have been condemned to any ignominious or disgraceful punishment are excluded from serving in any capacity. Pupils at the Polytechnique and at the Forest schools are allowed to count the time passed there, after they become liable for draft, as so much active service. There are other exceptions (not exemptions) in favor of professors in sundry institutions, and others that we have not space to enumerate. Volunteers for one year are also admitted, essentially as in the German army. Under the law all Frenchmen liable for duty belong to the active army for five years, to the reserve of the active army for four years, to the territorial army for five years, and to the reserve of the territorial army for six years. As the total annual contingent of young men reaching the proper age is too great for the current needs of the active army and the financial resources of the country, only about one-half are drawn by lot for five years' service, while the remainder are to receive from six months to one year's instruction, and then return to their homes, subject to the call of the government. For the present year the second half has not been called out, and the regiments are generally so weak that it is more than doubtful whether the whole of the first half is really in service. Under the new law no substitutes are permitted, but re-enlistments are still allowed.

In Germany alone is the principle of the universal obligation of military service strictly carried out, and even there only since the reorganization of 1859 and 1860.

The members of reigning princely houses are exempt from this liability. Men who are physically incapable of serving as soldiers of the line are nevertheless held to perform such other duties as they are fit for, *e. g.*, tailors and shoe-makers, clerks, hospital attendants, etc., etc. Men who have been convicted of crimes are excluded from the service, as unfit to associate with honorable men.

Every German liable for military duty becomes a member of the standing army upon completing his twentieth year, and so continues for seven years. In peace he serves the first three years with the colors, and the remaining four on the reserve. For the next five years he belongs to the Landwehr, thus making his total service twelve years. No substitutes are permitted; re-enlistments are allowed.

While forming part of the reserve the German soldier is of course liable to be recalled

to his regiment in the event of a mobilization of the army for any purpose; but with this exception he is only held to attend two annual manœuvres, which can not exceed eight weeks each.

While belonging to the Landwehr the infantry soldier is only obliged to attend two manœuvres, of from one to two weeks each, in special companies or battalions of Landwehr. The Landwehr men of the rifles, artillery, pioneers, and train are liable to the same service, but with the regular troops of their own arm. The Landwehr cavalry are not called out for manœuvres in time of peace.

In most of the Continental services during profound peace it is the practice to reduce the expenses of the army by giving a certain number of furloughs to infantry soldiers who have completed their instruction, but not yet finished their full term of service with the colors. In the German army the regular time for the discharge of the contingent of three years' service into the reserve, and for the new contingent to join their regiments, is the 1st of October of each year; but it is usual not to require the infantry men of the new contingent to report until the middle of December, and also to send the men of the third year to the reserve immediately upon the ending of the autumn manœuvres, that is, about the middle of September. The effect of these two measures is to save the pay and rations of one-third of the infantry for three months of each year. To effect a further saving, it has also been customary during the last few years to give temporary furloughs to men of the second year of service; this is done to the extent of five men in each company of infantry, and sixty-four in each battalion of rifles. The class of "volunteers for one year" must not be passed over in silence. Young men of good education, who possess the means of providing for their equipment, food, and clothing, are permitted to present themselves as volunteers for one year. If they pass the necessary examination, they are received as such, and serve for the time specified just as the other men, except that they receive a more rigorous and full instruction. If they pass the examination at the close of the year, they are free from further service with the colors in time of peace, and pass at once into the reserve. From this class many of the officers of the Landwehr are selected. If they fail to pass the examination at the expiration of the year, they lose the benefits of volunteering, and remain on the same footing with the other conscripts.

The effect of this system is to afford great relief to the classes engaged in the learned professions and in important manufacturing and commercial pursuits, while it at the same time provides a large number of capable officers for the Landwehr, and is of benefit to

the army by infusing an additional element of great intelligence and respectability.

The Italians, as well as the French, have of late adopted the system of volunteers for one year.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STAGER.

Notices of conspicuous Public Men, with characteristic Anecdotes illustrating their Peculiarities.—Accounts of Congressional and other Duels, and personal Collisions in Congress, including a Glance at Washington Public Life during several Administrations.

ADAMS AND WISE.

THERE was at times such a discrepancy between the language of Mr. Adams and the tone in which he uttered his words that the effect was ludicrous beyond description. On one occasion an onslaught was made upon him by several members, principally from the South. He not only defended himself with surprising skill and vigor, but delivered such blows in return that many of his assailants retired from the conflict staggering under their ponderous weight. But others mixed in the struggle, and it was long maintained, the old gentleman never getting worsted on a single point. When excited his high-pitched voice would break into a screech, that rang through the hall with a piercing sound, resembling the scream of an eagle. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "members may assail my character and decry my motives, they may pervert my language and misrepresent my position; their assaults do not move me in the least: I shall bear them like a lamb" his shrill voice penetrating every recess in the hall.

Mr. Adams had no equal in a controversial debate. He was so thoroughly armed and equipped, and his knowledge was so extensive and exact, that no question ever arose that he was not prepared to discuss in all its bearings. Naturally aggressive, and as courageous as a lion, he never hesitated in attack or defense, and never flinched, even when assailed by any number of the ablest men on the Democratic side. He delighted in raising a storm, and was perfectly cool and self-possessed when it raged with the greatest violence. He was petulant and irascible, frequently interrupting his assailants with passionate ejaculations, and retorting their accusations with crushing effect; but he never lost his balance, or failed in repelling the most damaging assault. In the midst of the wildest excitement and agitation he would rise to address the House. The silence was generally profound. He commenced in low tones, but spoke with such distinctness as to be heard in every part of the hall. His venerable figure had the repose of a statue. His large white head had the smoothness and polish of marble. It was as bald as that of a new-born infant.

As he proceeded he warmed with his subject, and his high, broad forehead began to change in color, streaks of crimson creeping up, one after another, reminding one of a milk-white cloud illumined by lightning, until the whole surface of the head looked as if tinged with blood. When the transformation became complete, his face suffused and his eye flashing, he seemed to increase in size, his tones grew louder and more impressive, his sentences, vituperative and denunciatory, were delivered like round shot, hot and heavy, and those to whom he applied the lash were always to be commiserated. He never forgot an injury, and rarely forgave those who wantonly assailed him. I remember a terrible excommunication which he gave Charles Jared Ingersoll, a member of Congress from Philadelphia. Mr. Ingersoll had held the office of district attorney by the appointment of Mr. Adams, and he turned against him in the campaign of 1828, not only supporting General Jackson with great zeal and earnestness, but abusing Mr. Adams in a spirit of vindictive ferocity. They got into a controversy in the House, which led to a sharp personal altercation. Mr. Adams closed the discussion with a few sentences so charged with pungent sarcasm and just indignation that his victim made no rejoinder, nor ever afterward renewed the attack or attempted any vindication. "The gentleman from Philadelphia knows," said Mr. Adams, "who appointed him to a responsible and lucrative office against the best wishes and best judgment of the best friends of the administration. He knows to whose favor he owed that appointment, when there were many able and distinguished competing candidates. He knows the office was given him out of personal regard, and he knows how he repaid his benefactor."

There was a painful scene on the floor a short time afterward, in which Mr. Adams came in conflict with Wise, Cost Johnson, and several other fire-eaters, who provoked the old gentleman past bearing. The galleries of the House were crowded, Mrs. Wise, an amiable, accomplished, and charming woman, being among the spectators, and her father, the venerable John Sergeant, occupying a seat near Mr. Adams. The subject of dueling came up incidentally, and Mr. Adams improved the occasion to lash with characteristic severity every body who professed to be governed by the code. Referring to the duel in which Cilley lost his life, Mr. Adams said Wise stood there with clots of blood, drawn from the murdered man, on his brow. Johnson interposed with an explanatory observation. "Ha! another duelist!" said Mr. Adams. Wise had said that the tone of the House had got to be disgracefully lowered, that opprobrious language and insulting epithets were exchanged and no demand for satisfaction

made; hard words were common enough, but there was never a fight.

Johnson then got the floor. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "we have heard much of foul language, and nobody held responsible for it. Now I desire to give this House fair monition. If any man on this floor, be he Whig or anti-Whig (always excepting the distinguished and venerable gentleman from Massachusetts, with whom no man can have a personal difficulty), presumes to say what I will do or will not do in a given state of things, if he has any doubt whether I will hold him responsible, let him say one injurious word—nay, let him look an affront—and see whether there will be a fight or not."

Mr. Adams continued his remarks, and such a castigation as the fighting men received at his hands has rarely been inflicted. Wise got the most of it, Mr. Adams having been in the House when Cilley was killed. Wise was humbled and subdued to a degree that had never before been witnessed. He replied with so much feeling, and in such excellent taste, that Mr. Sergeant took him by both hands, and, overcome by emotion, cried like a child.

BARRON AND ADAMS.

The announcement of the death of a sitting member of Congress is always an impressive event; and when the deceased is a man of winning personal attributes, generally esteemed and beloved by his associates, the interest of the scene is much enhanced, and the tributes of admiration and sorrow are so infused with sentiment, pathos, and eloquence that the highest flights of encomiastic oratory are often attained. The most popular and best-beloved men in Congress are frequently not the most distinguished statesmen. Amiability of temper, generosity of disposition, and those qualities which constitute good-fellowship conspire to win affectionate regard in a more profound degree than brilliant intellectual endowments coupled with great achievements in the cabinet or the forum.

Alexander Barron, a Senator from Louisiana, died suddenly in 1848, under peculiarly distressing circumstances. He had hardly passed the prime of his years. He was a man of uncommon personal advantages, of excellent understanding, highly respectable in intellect, thorough culture, of a generous, noble, and manly nature, ample fortune, and fine social position—every thing, in short, to render life desirable. He was the soul of honor, a chivalrous, high-toned gentleman, without an enemy or ill-wisher in Washington.

The more intimate personal friends of Mr. Barron had arranged the order of proceeding upon the announcement of his death, and designated the Senators who were to pronounce the customary eulogies. His col-

league, Mr. Johnson, was of course the proper person to speak first on the mournful occasion. Mr. Crittenden, a warm friend and great admirer of Mr. Barron, was to follow, and then Mr. Webster and Colonel Benton and others were expected to address the Senate. Mr. Johnson performed his allotted task in excellent taste and in a feeling and impressive manner. Mr. Crittenden arose to speak, and after uttering a few sentences was so overcome that he burst into tears, broke down utterly, and sank into his seat. There was a delay of a few seconds, when Mr. Hannegan, of Indiana, sprang to his feet, and poured forth a volume of eloquence and pathos such as had rarely been heard in the chamber. He was a man of fine genius, his mind being filled with beautiful imagery, with the choicest language always at command. He had fallen into irregular habits, and his many friends grieved over the waste of his great powers. He had not been named among the speakers on the occasion, and his wonderful display of oratorical grace and beauty was evidently made without premeditation. The effect was marvelous. Nearly all the Senators were in tears, many of them sobbing and crying like children in uncontrollable emotion, and the large auditory crowding the galleries and lobbies of the Senate was profoundly affected. Mr. Webster and Colonel Benton subsequently spoke with their accustomed power and effect. Altogether it was a scene not to be forgotten.

Mr. Adams was stricken down in the hall of the House of Representatives, the scene of his greatest intellectual achievements, and he died with his harness on. His death was mourned as a national bereavement, the most distinguished men in Congress, without distinction of party, testifying their respect and admiration of his character and vast public services. Governor M'Dowell, then a member of Congress from Virginia, delivered a eulogy upon him remarkable for its high finish and just appreciation of his great abilities and the purity of his life. Colonel Benton, at the request of the Massachusetts delegation—Mr. Webster then suffering from domestic affliction—spoke at length in commendation of the eminent and patriotic services and the pure and exalted character of the illustrious dead. I transcribe a brief paragraph from his superb eulogy as a fitting conclusion of this notice of the manner in which Congress was wont to do honor to the memory of those who died in the legislative service of the nation:

"In the observance of all the proprieties of life Mr. Adams was a most noble and impressive example. He cultivated the minor as well as the greater virtues. Wherever his presence could give aid and countenance to what was useful and honorable to man, there he was. In the exercises of the school and the college, in the meritorious meetings

of the agricultural, mechanical, and commercial societies, in attendance upon Divine worship, he gave the punctual attendance rarely seen but in those who are free from the weight of public cares."

TEXAS SENATORS.

The first Senators from Texas were strong, able men. There was hardly a State in the Union better represented in the body. General Houston had been in the House, from Tennessee, many years before. He was not a man of much early culture, but he had fine faculties, and adapted himself to his position with great facility. His excellent common-sense qualified him for his duties as a legislator, and he soon came to exert a large and wholesome influence on public affairs. He had a quick, apprehensive mind, saw intuitively the strong points of a case, was a direct, forcible debater, and was generally on the right side of every question. He was always listened to with attention, and while he rarely spoke for effect, and presented his views in perspicuous, nervous language, he impressed himself upon current legislation with uncommon power.

His colleague, General Rusk, was of a broader intellectual structure. He was a new man in Congress, but his well-balanced mind, comprehensive intelligence, excellent judgment, upright and patriotic intentions, gave him a high rank in the Senate. Mr. Webster regarded him as the ablest man on the Democratic side. He was liberal and catholic in his views, and although representing a Southern State, uniformly commanded the confidence and respect of his associates from every section of the country. He was a truly national man, and his fine talents and sound conservative notions, with his amiable deportment and conciliatory manners, would have given him a position of great importance in the sectional controversy that sprung up soon after his decease. His untimely death was an irreparable loss to the Democratic party, in which the nation was largely a sufferer. If he had lived to have been made the Presidential candidate in 1856 instead of Mr. Buchanan, it is safe to assume that the rupture between the North and South, which was precipitated by the timidity and infirmity of purpose of the President, would have been postponed for many years. The strong will and vigorous brain of General Rusk would have done much to allay sectional agitation. A Southern man, he would have laid his powerful hand upon the factious elements that convulsed the slave-holding States, while the North would have had full confidence in his honesty, patriotism, and unerring sagacity.

HOUSTON REPRIMANDED.

The solemn farce of reprimanding a man at the bar of the House as a punishment for

a breach of the privileges of the body was performed in the case of Sam Houston, Andrew Stevenson being Speaker. Houston had been charged by Stanberry, a member from Ohio, with defrauding the government in some transaction with an Indian tribe on the Tennessee border. An investigation was requested, but Houston could get no satisfaction, and not willing to rest under the imputation, he inflicted a severe chastisement with a cane in the precincts of the Capitol. Houston was arrested by the sergeant-at-arms, and there was a long trial, resulting in a resolution that the offender should be reprimanded by the Speaker. It was a curious spectacle. Houston was at that time a striking specimen of manly beauty. He was in the prime of life, with more personal advantages than almost any man of his time. He stood considerably above six feet, with small hands and feet, and every way finely proportioned. He was dressed in faultless style when the sergeant-at-arms led him up to the bar of the House. He was perfectly self-possessed, easy and graceful in manner, without swagger or self-assertion, with the bearing of a man who came there to pay his respects to the House, and specially to its presiding officer. The galleries were crowded, and the members, with the spectators, looked curiously on. Speaker Stevenson was the only embarrassed person in the hall. He was a large, fine-looking man, of commanding presence; but he was fidgety and uncomfortable, looking as if he expected Houston to read him a lecture. In a hesitating and perturbed manner he told Houston that the House had ordered him to be reprimanded by its presiding officer, and he, the Speaker, begged him to consider himself reprimanded. Houston bowed in a graceful, dignified, and lordly way, a broad grin spread over the House, and there the matter ended. The Democrats had a clear majority in Congress, and Houston belonged to that party, but the breach of privilege was too flagrant to be overlooked. Still the dignity of the body was not vindicated by the Speaker's reprimand.

The life of Houston has yet to be worthily written. A more adventurous and checkered career was never run by an American. He was affianced in early life to an accomplished and charming lady, and before the consummation of the marriage he fled from his home and civilization, and sought refuge with the Chickasaw tribe of Indians. There he remained for more than two years, conforming to the habits and modes of life of the Indians. He was adopted into the tribe, and chosen a chief, and was said to have exerted a very wholesome influence upon the savages. There was a mystery surrounding his abandoning the lady to whom he was contracted in wedlock that was never so fully solved as to satisfy the curiosity of his

Tennessee neighbors. He never spoke on the subject or allowed his acquaintances to interrogate him, and as he was not a man to be safely affronted, care was taken to avoid all allusion to it in his presence. The truth is, the lady was attached to another gentleman, whom her friends would not permit her to marry, and they persuaded or constrained her to contract an alliance with Houston. She stated the facts to him at the last moment, appealing to his forbearance and generosity to spare her the pain of the connection. Houston was full of chivalry and delicate tenderness, and he took the most effective mode of relieving her. But the affair tinged his whole life. He never forgot her, and much of the eccentricity and waywardness that marked his conduct after he went to Texas, and as long as he lived, was the result of this pathetic incident.

A man of strong frame and steady nerves, Houston was almost necessarily brave and indifferent to personal consequences. But he had none of that chivalric intrepidity which prompts a man to seek danger for the love of excitement. He was valiant upon calculation, and living in a half-civilized region where every man was held personally responsible for his conduct, he fought without hesitation when he had more to gain than lose by that course. He would fight or not just as he pleased, and no threats of posting as a coward or of personal chastisement had the slightest influence with him. When challenged by Dr. Green, of Galveston, he declined to accept, because, he said, he would not "fight down hill." When Governor Jones sent him a hostile message, he refused peremptorily. Jones threatened to post him. Houston replied that if he thought he could persuade the people of Texas to believe him a coward, he was welcome to make the experiment; and as to assaulting him personally, he was sure the Governor was too prudent a man to engage in any such enterprise.

To what extent Texas was indebted to General Houston has never been authoritatively settled. The great battle of San Jacinto was fought under his direction, but his associates were some of them very able men. General Rusk, who served so long with him in the Senate, was a man of uncommon parts both as a soldier and a statesman. He had few superiors in the country, and but for his premature death would have attained still higher distinction. He was a great favorite at Washington, and highly esteemed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Houston never lost his popularity in Texas until the rebellion broke out. He was too patriotic to go with his people on that question, and his life was shortened by his efforts to withstand the storm that swept the State like a tornado.

DROMGOOLE.

George M. Dromgoole, of Virginia, was a man of mark in the House during a service of several years. He was a capital debater, an expert parliamentarian, of a subtle, acute mind, and when bent on mischief was sure to puzzle and embarrass the most self-possessed and experienced presiding officer. He entered upon the active duties of life under circumstances promising a distinguished career. But having the misfortune to kill an antagonist in a duel when quite a young man, his future existence was one prolonged misery and wretchedness. His victim was a neighbor named Dugger—a respectable man in position and character, but of a quarrelsome disposition and vindictive temper. The difficulty grew out of a trifling altercation, Dugger being the challenger. Poor Dromgoole tried by every honorable means to avoid a combat, even going so far as to leave the State, while mutual friends endeavored to adjust the quarrel; but all in vain. Dugger insisted upon a meeting, and he fell at the first fire.

Dromgoole was never the same man afterward. To drown his remorse he took to drink, and killed himself by intemperance before reaching middle age. He had fine reasoning faculties, and he often spoke with great power and effect when he could hardly steady himself on his legs. He was as well skilled in the rules of the House as any man in it; and if not more than half-seas-over, was almost certain to get the best of a squabble on a point of order. His colleague, Hunter, who was Speaker of the Twenty-sixth Congress, always dreaded to see him mix in a controversial debate. Right or wrong, he was wholly unmanageable, and most of the members were careful not to provoke a controversy with him.

He had a violent attack of delirium after a protracted debauch, and on his recovery resolved to lead a different life; but the enemy was too strong for him. He described his visions and sensations and the images that haunted him while in that state in a strain of eloquence and pathos unsurpassed by any thing De Quincey ever wrote.

Four gentlemen were playing a game of whist one evening at Mrs. Whitwell's boarding-house, in Duff Green's row, east of the Capitol grounds. Dromgoole had his quarters at Mrs. Omner's at the other end of the block. By mistake he went to Mrs. Whitwell's, and insisted upon going in. The servant remonstrated with him, but without effect. Presently the landlady came to the door and tried her persuasive powers. Meantime the poor fellow had seated himself on the steps, determined, as he said, to enter his own domicile. The whist-players were in a parlor on the first floor. It was a warm night, the windows were up, and every word of the conversation was audible to them.

Mrs. Whitwell had sent for a policeman, and he was endeavoring to persuade Dromgoole to be taken to his lodgings, threatening to arrest him unless he consented. Dromgoole remonstrated with the officer, and the whist-players suspended their game to listen to the colloquy. "Policeman," said he, in a magisterial tone, "I know your duties, and I know my rights. If I am drunk, making a noise in the street, you have authority to take me up: I am drunk, but I'm as quiet as a Congregational deacon. If I am drunk, lying in the gutter, you are warranted in removing me: I'm drunk, but I'm not lying in the gutter, as you see. Lay a hand on me, Mr. Officer, and I will make it a case of privilege in the House to-morrow." The whist-players burst into a laugh, Senator Bates exclaiming, "Logical always, drunk or sober."

APOCALYPSE SMYTHE.

There were more strange, eccentric men in public life fifty years ago than we see at the present day. Virginia always sent her quota of this class of representatives. Among the more conspicuous of the nondescripts was Alexander Smythe, well known on the Canadian frontier during the war of 1812. He commanded a body of troops on the border, and being an impatient, irascible man, had a difficulty with General Peter B. Porter, who was Secretary of War under John Quincy Adams. A duel was arranged, but the quarrel was finally adjusted without a meeting. They were to have fought on Strawberry Island, a little patch of land covered with reeds and marine grasses a short distance below Buffalo, in the Niagara River, hardly visible in a high stage of water, and never solid enough to afford a good foot-hold. It was not known how the affair was settled; but Porter, who was always cocked and primed for a fight, went on to the ground at the time appointed, and was much disgusted at the non-appearance of his antagonist. It was not supposed that Smythe was deficient in courage, but at the last moment he made up his mind that it was ridiculous to fight a duel.

He was a gentleman of studious habits, and was filled with useless learning. He had written an ingenious book on the Apocalypse, in which there was an extraordinary exhibition of Biblical research. He broached a new theory respecting the interpretation of certain mystical portions of the Scriptures, and the wags of the House nicknamed him accordingly. General Smythe called Rollin C. Mallory, of Vermont, to order for some irregularity in debate. Mallory took his seat, grumbling in an audible voice. He said he would not object to being pulled up by any staid, orderly, respectable member, but it was too bad that such a liberty should be taken with him by one of the

monsters described in the Bible, having seven heads and ten horns.

On one occasion Smythe began a speech in the House on certain proposed amendments to the Constitution, which threatened to be interminable. He had spoken for parts of three days, the discussion taking a very wide range, when Mr. Livermore interrupted him by inquiring of the Speaker what was the question before the House. The Speaker said the gentleman from Virginia had the floor, and it was expected that he would proceed in order. "Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Smythe, "I am not speaking to this House, nor to this generation; I am speaking for posterity." "Mr. Speaker," said Livermore, "let the gentleman continue for a while longer, and he may expect his audience to be present to hear him."

GOVERNOR REYNOLDS OF ILLINOIS.

There is nothing in the history of the country which so strikingly exhibits the material growth and expanding political power of a State as the wonderful increase in the wealth and population of Illinois. Long after the writer of these sketches had arrived at his majority the State had but a single member in the House of Representatives. It was beyond the limits of civilization, reached only after a wearisome journey of many weeks, unknown to the Atlantic States. Chicago, which before the late fire was larger than New York was then, consisted of a block-house and the hamlets of a handful of Indian traders. Now Illinois is the fourth State in the Union in point of population, and has the elements of national wealth to an extent unsurpassed by any of her sister commonwealths. She is treading close upon the heels of Ohio, and will pass her at the next enumeration of the people. When Illinois had but a single member of Congress Virginia had eighteen; and now the Old Dominion has only half the federal strength of the giant of the West.

Some thirty odd years ago Illinois sent an uncouth, illiterate man to Congress named Reynolds. He had a strong vein of commonsense, much natural shrewdness, with some comic humor. He had been Governor of the State, and Fund Commissioner, and seemed to have been uncommonly popular with his people. At that time Illinois was a frontier State, sparsely populated, deficient in the means of education, without refinement or much culture of any kind. Mr. Reynolds spoke frequently, always provoking merriment, in which he joined, without caring, apparently, whether the House was laughing with him or at him. His phraseology was tinged with the oddities and quaintness of a backwoodsman. Every body was his "worthy friend." In opposing an appropriation for the navy he provoked the satire of Mr. Winthrop, of Boston, always one of the most

courteous of men. He spoke of the want of appreciation of the usefulness and necessity of a respectable armed force for the water so often betrayed by Western men. Mr. Reynolds rejoined: "My worthy friend from Boston does me wrong in saying I'm agin the navy. On the contrary, I love and admire the navy. Didn't our gallant sailors win unperishable honors in fighting our worthy friends, the British, in the last war? Didn't them dashing young fellows, Perry and Macdonough, drive a hostile flag from off the great lakes, and make the British lion put his tail between his legs?"

Visiting Baltimore soon after he came to Congress, he was amazed at many things he saw. The size of the city bewildered him, and the crowd of people in the streets nearly drove him wild. Passing down Pratt Street early in the morning, he came to the Patapsco at the time when the tide was running strong flood, it being nearly high water. Some six hours afterward he took another look at the river, when it was almost low tide. This rather puzzled him, so toward night he made another visit to the wharves, and found the tide coming in again. This was too much for him. "Dang me," said he, "if this don't beat all my calculations—two freshes in one day, and nary a drop of rain!"

Going to New York for the first time on business connected with the duties of his office as Fund Commissioner, he put up at the Astor House. Such things as gas and bell-ropes were far beyond his comprehension. Lying on the bed, there being a brilliant light in the room, he began playing with the bell handle, and finding it to yield on pulling, he gave it a vigorous jerk. It was responded to immediately. "What did you wish, Sir?" "Nothing at all. Come in. I'm glad to see you. Take a seat. I was getting to feel sort of lonesome." The waiter, slightly astonished, sat down without a word. The Governor had taken off his boots, and John Thomas took them out to be polished without attracting the attention of the Fund Commissioner. After repeated efforts to blow out the gas, and finding it impossible, he went to bed.

In the morning he missed his boots. Rushing into the hall, half undressed, he shouted and shrieked until he brought up one of the proprietors, a clerk or two, and no end of waiters. "My boots is stole! my boots is stole!" He was asked what kind of boots he wore. "Number thirteen," he screamed, "and pegged at that."

WIGFALL AND KING.

Angry controversies and personal altercations are constantly taking place in Congress, but they rarely have any results out of the Capitol. Men of hot passions forget themselves, and indulge in opprobrious lan-

guage, which is promptly retorted, sometimes with increasing vehemence; but the excitement passes off, and the affair usually terminates without leaving a sting behind. An instance of this kind may be worth describing by way of illustration.

A sharp dispute sprang up in the Senate one day on a matter of small importance, growing out of a misunderstanding between Wigfall of Texas and Preston King. Wigfall was a hot-tempered man, who had been engaged in several quarrels, a resort to arms being his favorite mode of adjusting a personal difficulty. King was full of pluck, and he retorted the intemperate language of Wigfall with so much spirit that a duel seemed probable. A New York friend of King was in the Senate at the time, and thinking the services of an expert in the matter of fighting might be required, he called at King's quarters in the evening to tender his assistance. A servant took his name to the Senator, and he was invited to walk up. He found a party of gentlemen playing draw poker. In a corner of the room stood a table containing a demijohn, decanters, a pitcher, and glasses. He was introduced to each of the players as he was not acquainted with. They nodded and kept on with the game. His apprehensions were promptly allayed on observing that the only gentlemen present who had their coats off were Senators Wigfall and Preston King.

Pre-existing bad blood, as in the case of Mr. Clay and Senator King of Alabama, exacerbates the angry feeling arising from a dispute, trifling in its nature, and sometimes leads to serious consequences; but a fresh dispute, even when animated and embittered, is easily adjusted when there is no outside interference.

MANGUM AND MARSHALL.

Among the honest, wise, and able men who adorned the Senate in its best days there was none more popular or highly esteemed than Willie P. Mangum. As a legislator he was national, just, and patriotic, sound in judgment, convincing in debate; independent and high-toned, he was above the reach of all sinister influences. He presided in the Senate for many years, after the death of Mr. Southard, and such was the confidence of the Democrats in his fairness and impartiality that they repeatedly requested him to name the members of the minority of the committees of the Senate when the Whigs were in power; and this delicate task he performed in such a manner as to give general satisfaction.

On the election of Mr. Polk Mr. Mangum gave indignant utterance to his apprehensions of the ultimate consequences of choosing inferior men to the Presidency. He spoke in eloquent terms, deprecating the precedent as fraught with peril to the per-

manence, and certainly the respectability, of the government. The experience of the country has demonstrated the prescience that dictated his gloomy forebodings.

A genial, hearty, and amiable gentleman, his good offices were always at the service of his friends. He was inclined to conviviality, loved fun, told a capital story, and was beloved by every body. Tom Marshall at one time indulged in such excesses that his friends became alarmed, and determined to make an effort to reclaim him. Mr. Mangum was designated to remonstrate with the wild Kentuckian, and endeavor to impress him with a proper sense of the peril of his position.

"I'll hear any thing you have to say, Mangum," said Marshall, as the Senator opened the conversation.

"Your friends have been greatly concerned at the manner in which you have been conducting yourself."

"Don't wonder at it. Been badly bothered myself. Sent you here to talk with me, didn't they?"

"Yes; they thought as I sometimes take a glass myself, my advice would have the more effect."

"You do drink too much, Mangum. I've been thinking of speaking to you on the subject. But what do you want me to do?"

"Your friends have the greatest admiration for your genius and talents. They are confident that with sobriety and application you might reasonably aspire to the highest place under the government."

"What do you think I could get?"

"I have no doubt you might be made Chief Justice of the United States."

"There's been one Chief Justice in my family; I don't care to follow him."

"You might even hope to become President."

"No great credit to follow Captain Tyler. But I tell you what I'll do, Mangum: you make me President of the United States, and if I don't make you Secretary of State I'll agree to be —d! Let's take a drink."

SCHENCK AND JOHNSON.

There was always a lively sense of the ludicrous and an exquisite enjoyment of fun and mischief in the House that no notion of dignity or propriety could control. Venerable legislators, usually grave and solemn in the discharge of their duties, relished the pranks of the young and volatile, and the hall would ring with laughter when the peculiarities of members were made the subject of harmless ridicule. Mr. Schenck, our present minister in London, was a wag of inimitable drollery, and he often threw the House into a roar by trotting out Andy Johnson, who had no idea of a joke, and was always in dead earnest on the floor. Johnson often spoke, and never without

careful preparation. He made formal set speeches, and was sadly embarrassed by interruptions in his early Congressional days. Schenck, who was ready, prompt, and quick at repartee, with his resources all at command, had no sympathy with those who read their orations, and were not apt in controversial discussion. He created great diversion by bothering Johnson, and whenever the future President undertook to enlighten the House by his lucubrations, Schenck was sure to take a seat near him, his sharp eyes twinkling with mischief, ready to take advantage of any opening for diverting Johnson from the subject upon which he was speaking. The attention of the House was immediately attracted to the scene, and the fun soon began. Schenck would address

some apparently harmless interrogatory to Johnson, who would generally make an irrelevant and bungling reply. His tormentor would follow up the attack by further leading questions, until Johnson would admit himself out of court, without penetrating the design of Schenck. By this time the subject under discussion would be lost sight of, and the two gentlemen engaged in a familiar conversation. Then a confederate of Schenck would gravely inquire of the Speaker, "What is the question before the House?" "The member from Tennessee has the floor," would be the answer, amidst general laughter. Johnson would apologize, and proceed with the reading of his essay, while Schenck would withdraw, to repeat the joke the next time Johnson had the floor.

MY MOTHER AND I.

A Love-Story for Girls.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



CHAPTER XI.

I HAD wished, in telling my story, to speak as little as possible of myself and my feelings, but it is difficult to avoid it, so vividly do I still recall the emotions of that time.

If I were asked at what period of a woman's life she is capable of the intensest love, the sharpest grief, I should say it was in her teens, when she is supposed too young to understand either, and late in life, when people think she ought to have done with both. Chiefly because, when young, we can scarcely take in the future; when old, we know that for us the future exists no more. Therefore

I am much more sorry for girls and middle-aged women, when "in love," as the phrase is, than I am for those in the prime of life, to whom that very fact brings strength and compensation.

Falling asleep that night—or rather next morning, for it was daylight before I lost consciousness of myself and what had happened to me within those thirty-six hours—I was a changed creature. Not a miserable creature at all, not in the least broken-hearted, only changed.

I knew now that for me woman's natural lot, to which my mother looked innocently forward, was not to be. I should never marry, never give her the grandchildren that she used to laugh about, or the son-in-law that was to be the staff of her old age. For me, and for her through me, these felicities were quite at an end. Yet I did not grieve. I felt rather a kind of solemn contentment, a peaceful acceptance of every thing; my lot, if not happy in the ordinary sense, would be very blessed, for I should never lose him; he would never marry; nobody was likely ever to be a nearer friend to him than I. And I might, in my own humble way, come very near to him. The chances of life were so many that to a faithful heart, continually on the watch to do him good or to be of use to him, innumerable opportunities might arise. Nay, even if I were quite passive, never able to do any thing for him, I might still watch him from a distance, glory in his goodness, sympathize in his cares, and feel that I belonged to him, in some far-off way that nobody knew of, to the end of my days.

That sad word he had let fall about the end of his days being so uncertain, did not affect me much. At my age, to one who has never come near it, death seems merely a

phantom, often more beautiful than sad—a shadow that may fall upon others, but does not touch ourselves. To me, with my heart full of new-born love, death seemed a thing unnatural and impossible. I never remember thinking of him and it together, no more than if he had been immortal, as to me he truly was.

Thus, after our conversation that night, I was quite happy, happier than I had ever been in my life before. My feeling was, in a dim sort of way, almost that of a person betrothed, betrothed to some one who had gone to a far country, or whom she could not possibly marry; yet having a sense of settled peace such as girls never have whose hearts are empty and their destinies uncertain. Mine was, I believed, fixed forever; I had no need to trouble about it any more.

And though I was so young, not yet eighteen, what did it matter? My grandmother was married at eighteen. So, in a sense, was I. I took one of my mother's rings (the very few she possessed she had given me when I left her) and placed it on the third finger: now nobody need attempt to marry me any more.

Three days passed by—three perfectly quiet days. My grandfather was not well, and kept his rooms. Mrs. Rix never said a word to me about Sir Thomas Appleton, or any thing. She was a little distant and cold, as if I had somehow done a foolish or naughty thing, and thereby made myself of much less value than I was a few days before; but that was all the difference I found in her. It was Cousin Conrad, I knew, who had smoothed matters down for me, even when absent, though how he managed it I never knew.

The letter I had expected from my mother did not come, nor she herself either. It surprises me now to remember how calmly I took this, and how easily I satisfied myself that, being quite unaware of the reason she had been sent for, she was waiting patiently till my grandfather sent for her again. Also, though I watched the post daily with an anxiety that I tried hard to conceal, it was not entirely for my mother's letters.

Cousin Conrad had said that he should probably send me a line from London. A letter from him—a bit of his own handwriting, and for me! No wonder I waited for it, and rejoiced in it, when it came, with a joy the reflected shadow of which lingers even now.

The merest line it was:

"DEAR COUSIN ELMA,—Tell your mother I have procured the books she wanted, and hope to bring them to her next week, if she is not with you, as I trust she is. No more, for I am very busy, but always

"Your affectionate friend,

"CONRAD PICARDY."

My "affectionate friend!" It was enough—enough to make my life happy until the end. So I believed then; perhaps I do still. The heart of life is the love that is in it, and the worthiness of the person loved.

I wrote to my mother, giving Cousin Conrad's message, and scolding her gayly for not having come or written. I said, if she did not appear to-morrow, I should most certainly come and see her. Only come and see her; I did not suggest coming home for good. I reasoned with myself it would be so very much better for her to come here.

All my happy dreams revived, all my plans concerning her and him, and how they would care for one another, and I for them both. As to myself, I must try to make myself worth caring for; try to cultivate my mind, and even to make the most of my outside beauty, which he had told me I "despised." He did not; he liked beautiful people, and owned it. Was not Agnes beautiful, and, as Mrs. Rix once said, just a little like me?

Once or twice, by ingeniously guiding the conversation, I had got Mrs. Rix to talk of Agnes; for I loved her almost as if she had been alive—loved them both together, for, in a human sense, both were equally distant from me—distant, yet so near! The thought of him was now never absent from me for a single minute, not displacing other thoughts, but accompanying them like an under-current of singing birds or murmuring streams; or, rather, it was most like what I have heard nursing mothers say when they went to sleep with a baby in their arms: they were never afraid either of harming or forgetting it, because, waking or sleeping, they were always conscious it was there. So was I. My last sigh of prayer at night was for him; my first feeling in the morning was how bright and happy the world seemed, since he was in it! A world without him, a day in which I could not wake up to the thought of him, appeared now incredible and impossible.

I know there are those who will smile, and call such a love, such a worship rather, equally incredible and impossible. I do not argue the point. That it was a truth my life has proved.

The third day after that day so full of startling pain, yet ending in solemn content, I was sitting peacefully sewing in my bedroom, whither, on any excuse, I was glad to creep. To be alone was the greatest bliss I knew. My watch, ticking on the table beside me, was the only sound that broke the quietness. I looked tenderly at its pretty white face, and thought of Cousin Conrad's mother, and what a happy woman she must have been, and how I would have loved her had I known her.

Then seeing it was near post-time, I listened, but not anxiously. It was unlikely he would write again before he came back on the following Wednesday, three days

hence. Then he would be sure to come. One of his characteristics was exceeding punctuality and dependableness. If he had promised to do a certain thing at a certain time, you might rely upon him that no whim, no fancy, no variable change of plan, nothing, in short, but inevitable necessity, would prevent his doing it. Down to the smallest trifles, he was the most conscientious person I ever knew. Once when I told him so he laughed, and said "life was so full of work that if one did not take some trouble to make it all fit in together, like the wheels of a watch, the whole machinery soon went wrong."

But I am wandering from my actual story—wandering away to linger over this picture of a perfect life. For his was an almost perfect life. Some women's destiny is to love down, excusingly, pityingly. Thank God! mine was to love up.

I sat thinking of him, and wondering how he had settled that troublesome business in London which he had told me of—other people's business, of course—sat as happy as I could be, as unconscious of the footstep of coming sorrow as (mercifully, I often think) we generally are until it knocks at our very door. Thus, for the second time, under Mrs. Rix's fingers it knocked at mine.

"Come down at once to the General; he has got a letter."

"From my mother?" But though I said "my mother," I thought not of her alone, and if I turned sick with dread, my fear was not wholly on her account.

"No, my poor dear girl, not exactly your mother. The doctor—"

"Oh, she is ill! she is ill!" And pushing Mrs. Rix aside, I ran down stairs like lightning, and burst into my grandfather's room. He gave me the letter at once.

My darling mother! Her week of silence, her not coming to Bath, as well as her anxiety to prevent my coming home, were now fully accounted for. Small-pox had been very much about in the village, and at last she had caught it—not dangerously; the doctor said hers was a mild case; still she had been very ill, and it would be some time yet before she was able to write. He wrote, by her desire, to my grandfather, explaining all, and entreating that I should be kept from coming to her. She had all the care she needed—himself, Mrs. Golding, and a hospital nurse—and nothing must be risked for her child. On no account was I to come near her.

"Cruel! cruel!" sobbed I, till I met my grandfather's look of amazement. "No, it is not cruel; it is just like herself—just what she always told me she would do in such a case. She used to say that she should have lived alone but for me, and she could die alone, even without one sight of me, rather than harm me. Oh, mother! mother!"

I think my grandfather was touched, and that if he bore any grudge against me in the matter of Sir Thomas, he forgot it now. His tone and manner were extremely kind.

"Comfort yourself, my dear. You see all has gone well so far; Mrs. Picardy is apparently out of danger, and no doubt will soon be convalescent. She was quite right to act as she did. I respect her for it, and shall tell the doctor so, desiring him to pay her all attention, and send news of her every day."

"News every day!" For in spite of all my mother's prohibitions I had no thought but how fast I could get ready, and imploring for once to have the carriage, go home immediately.

"Yes, every day, or every other day, as he says it is a mild case," continued my grandfather, looking a little wearied of my tears. "And if Mrs. Rix could suggest anything to send her—wine or jelly, perhaps—provided we run no risk of infection. Pardon me, but I have a great horror of small-pox. In my young days it was an actual scourge. Two young ladies I knew had their prospects blighted for life by it; but your excellent mother is neither very young nor—"

"She is beautiful—beautiful to me!" cried I, indignantly. "She is every thing that is sweet and precious to me. Oh, if she had only told me she was ill—if I could have gone to her days ago!"

"You do not mean to say you are going now?"

Had I meant it? I can not tell. I was silent.

"Such a step," my grandfather continued, "would be most imprudent. She herself forbids it, and I respect her for doing so. You could not benefit her, and you might destroy your prospects for life."

Destroy my prospects for life! Probably because he too considered that my face was my fortune, and the small-pox might spoil me and prevent my being married by some other Sir Thomas Appleton! That thought settled my mind at once.

I said, with a quietness that surprised myself, considering the storm of grief and rage within me, "I do not care for my prospects. Since it is for my sake only that my mother forbids my going to her, I mean to disobey her, and go."

Then, for the first time, I saw what my grandfather could be when he was contradicted. Peace be to him! I had rather not remember any thing he said, nor recall the expression of his noble and handsome old face as I saw it just then. He must, as I found out afterward, have built many hopes and plans upon poor me, the last of his direct line, and it was hard to have them disappointed.

"You will understand one thing," said he at last, his wrath turning from a red into a

white heat, equally powerful and more dangerous, "when you quit this house against my will, you quit it forever. All that I mean to give you I shall leave to your cousin Conrad. You hear me?"

"Oh yes!" And I was so glad—glad that he should have all, and I nothing, that in any way my loss should be his gain. But the next minute I heard something more.

"Now, Elma, I will detain you no longer. If you have your vexations, I have mine. Only this morning Conrad writes to tell me he is going back to India immediately."

I have heard people who have suffered sudden anguishes say that it is like a gunshot wound, which at first does not hurt at all. The struck man actually stands upright a minute, sometimes with a smile on his face, before he drops. So it was with me.

Had my grandfather seen me, I believe there would have been nothing to see; but he put his hand over his face, and spoke querulously rather than angrily.

"So make up your mind—if any woman ever could make up her mind. Stay, and I will send daily for news of your mother. Go, and though it is a fool's errand, my carriage shall take you there in safety. But, remember, you do not return. Adieu now. In an hour let me have your decision."

He rose, and bowed me out of his study with cold politeness—me, a poor girl whose mother was dying!

But I did not believe that; indeed, I must have accepted blindly the doctor's statement that it was a mild case, and the worst over, and I must have deluded my conscience in the most extraordinary way as to the sin of disobeying my grandfather as well as my mother. Still, looking back, I can pity myself. It was a hard strait for a poor girl to be in, even without that other thing, which nobody knew of.

But I knew it. I, the inner me, was perfectly well aware that my worst struggle was with another pang, and that the difficulty of choice sprang from quite another motive than the dread of vexing my grandfather, or even of saving myself—my own young life and my pretty face, which had, nevertheless, grown strangely dear to me of late.

If I went back to my mother, and Cousin Conrad went to India in a month, I should not see him again—perhaps never in this world. For even if he wished to come to bid me good-by, my grandfather would prevent it. I, too, perhaps. Of course I should treat him exactly as my mother had treated me, and shut the door of our infected house upon him, even though it broke my heart. Therefore, if I went away to-day, I should never look upon his face, never hear the sound of his voice—never any more!

Oh, my God! my God!

I believe I did instinctively cry out that

upon Him, conscious for the first time in my brief life that He has it in His power to take away the desire of our eyes at a stroke. My mother—Cousin Conrad—I might lose them both. Nay, by holding to one I should infallibly lose the other. What must I do?

I did that which we are all so prone to do—I temporized. I said to myself that for a girl like me to fly in the face of her grandfather and her mother was very wrong; that if I literally obeyed them, whatever followed, they could not blame me. At any rate, I would obey till Wednesday, when I should see Cousin Conrad, and could ask him, whose judgment of right and wrong was so clear and firm, what I ought to do.

Oh, sad sophistry! trying with vain arguments to reason myself into doing what I wanted to do, following the compulsion of an emotion so overwhelming, an agony so sharp and new, that I could not comprehend it or myself. Even with my mother in my heart all the time, wretched about her, longing to go and take care of her, I felt that at all risks, at all costs, I must stay and look on that other face, the only face that ever came between me and hers, just once more.

Within an hour I knocked at my grandfather's door, and told him I would stay, at any rate, for one day more—I dared not say two days, lest he might guess why. But no; he seemed almost to have forgotten what I came about till I reminded him.

"Certainly, certainly; we will send a messenger off at once to inquire, and I hope your mother will be quite well soon. She is sure to agree with me that you have acted wisely. And, for myself, I am much gratified by your remaining with me. When Conrad is gone, I shall have only you left to be a comfort to my old age."

He patted my hand almost with tenderness. Oh, what a hypocrite I felt!

Most of those two days I spent in his study. He seemed to like to have me, and I liked to be there. It was easier to busy myself in doing things for him than to sit with my hands before me, thinking, or listening to Mrs. Rix's terrible flow of talk. Poor woman, she was so torturingly kind to me—helped me pack up the basket of good things, giving strict injunctions that it should be dropped outside the door, and that the messenger should on no account go in. She hovered over me while I wrote the letter that was to accompany it, sympathizing with my torrents of tears, yet telling me no end of stories about families she knew who had been swept off wholesale by the small-pox, or made hideous for life.

"If it were any thing but small-pox, my dear, I should say, go at once. A mother is a mother, you know. When mine was in her last illness I sat up with her night after night for three weeks. The last forty-eight hours I never left her for an instant—not

till the breath was out of her body. I closed her eyes my own self, my dear, and thankful too, for she had suffered very much."

"Oh, be quiet! be quiet!" I almost screamed; and then the good woman kissed me, with her tears running down, and was silent—for about three minutes.

Her next attempt to change the subject was concerning "poor Major Picardy" and his sudden return to India, wondering why he went, when he could so easily have retired on half-pay or sold out; in the course of nature it could not be very long before he came in for the Picardy estate. "The property he must have; though, as I told you, your grandfather can leave the ready money to any body else—yon, perhaps, since he is much vexed at the Major's departure. Besides, India doubles the risk of his health, and if he dies, where is the estate to go to?—not that he is likely ever to be an old man. Still he might pull on with care, poor fellow! for a good many years. But I suppose he thinks it does not much matter whether his life is long or short, seeing he has neither wife nor child. He said as much to me the other day."

I did not believe that; it was contrary to his reticent character; but I believed a great deal. And I listened—listened as a St. Sebastian must have listened to the whiz of each arrow that struck him—until I felt something like the picture of that poor young saint in the National Gallery which my mother and I used to stop and look at. She was rather fond of pictures in the old days.

Ah, those days! Six months ago I would no more have thought of keeping away from her when she was ill, had she commanded it ever so, than of not pulling her out of a river for fear of wetting my hand! Sometimes, strangely as I was deceiving myself about the duty of obedience, and so on, there flashed across me a vivid sense of what a cowardly, selfish wretch I was, even though my motive was no foolish fear for my pretty face, or even my poor young life, the whole preciousness of which hung on other lives, which might or might not last.

Once, on the Tuesday evening, when I was taking a walk with Mrs. Rix, who had benignly given up a card-party, when the birds were singing their last sleepy song, the sky was so clear and the earth so sweet, I had such a vision of my mother lying sick in her bed, all alone, perhaps neglected—at any rate without me beside her, me, her own daughter, who knew all her little ways, and could nurse her as no one else could—that a great horror seized me. Had it not been night, I believe I should have started off that minute and gone to her, even had I walked the whole way.

With difficulty Mrs. Rix got me to go in and go to bed—Mrs. Rix, the poor dear

woman whose arguments I despised; yet I yielded, saying to myself, "It is only twelve hours to wait."

Wait for what? The message from my mother or the one more look at Cousin Conrad's face, the one last clasp of his hand, and then it would all be shut up in my heart forever—the love he did not care for, the grief he could not see. I should just bid him good-by, an ordinary good-by, and go back to my mother to begin again the old life—with a difference. But the difference only concerned myself. Nobody else should be troubled by it. If I were careful, even she should not find it out.

So, with a kind of stolid patience, and acceptance of whatever might happen, without struggling against it any more, I laid me down to sleep that Tuesday night, and woke up on Wednesday morning—a very bright sunshiny morning, I remember, it was—much as those wake up who, in an hour or two, are to be led outside their prison walls to feel the sunshine, to see the blue sky, just for a few minutes, and then, in their full young strength, with every capacity of enjoyment, "*aimer et d'être aimé*" (as wrote a young Frenchman, Roussel, who thus perished in the terrible later revolution that I have lived to see), be placed blindfold against a wall and—shot.

CHAPTER XII.

I SPENT most of the Wednesday morning in my grandfather's study, reading aloud his daily newspaper, writing some letters, and doing other little things for him which Cousin Conrad was used to do.

"But you may as well begin to learn to help me; there will be nobody else to do it when he is gone," said the old man, sadly.

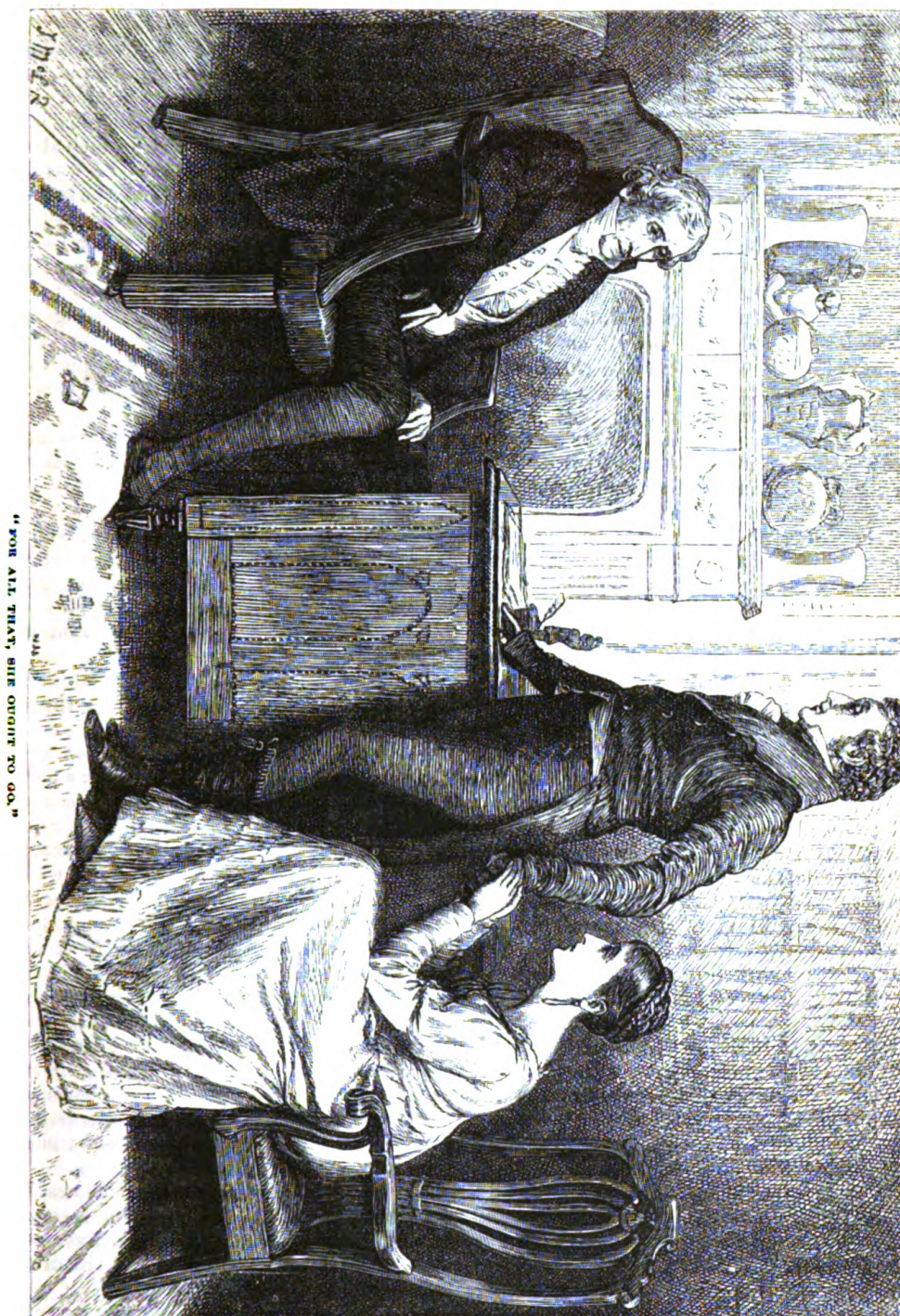
One quality, which my mother used to say was the balance-weight that guided all others, she often thought me sorely deficient in—self-control. I think I began to learn it during those last days, and especially that Wednesday morning.

Several times my grandfather praised me quite affectionately for my "quietness." "One might suppose you were two or three and twenty, my dear, instead of not yet eighteen."

Not yet eighteen! What a long, dreary expanse of life seemed before me, if I took after him and the family (the Picardys, save during this last generation, have been a long-lived race), and attained to the mysterious threescore years and ten! Yet, in a sort of way, he was happy still.

But I—I shivered at the prospect, and wondered how I should ever bear it all.

Now I wonder no more. I think it will be so. Like him, I shall probably live to extreme old age; the last leaf on the tree:



"FOR ALL THAT, SHE OUGHT TO GO."

very lonely, but not forlorn. Yet I accept the fact, and do not complain. God never leaves any life without sunshine while it can find its sunshine in His smile.

Cousin Conrad had not said what time he should arrive, and I thought every ring at the hall bell was his. When at last he came, it was without any warning. He just walked in as if he had left us yesterday, and all things were the same as yesterday.

"General! Cousin Elma! How very cozy you look, sitting together!" And he held out a hand to us both.

Then he sat down, and he and my grandfather fell into talk at once about his going to India.

I would have slipped away, but nobody told me to go away, or seemed to make any more account of me than if I were a chair or table. So I took up a book and staid. It

would have been dreadful to have to go. Even a few additional minutes in his presence was something. Of my own affairs nobody said a word, and for the moment all remembrance of them passed from me. I only sat in my corner and gazed and gazed.

He looked ill, and perhaps a shade graver than usual; but the sweet expression of the mouth was unchanged, and so was the wonderful look in the eyes, calm, far-away, heavenly—such as I have never seen in any human eyes but his.

At that moment, ay, and many a time, I thought if I could just have died for him without his knowing it—died and left him happy for the rest of his life; yes, even though it had been with some other woman—how content I should have been!

My grandfather and he began talking earnestly. To all the General's arguments he answered very little.

"No, I have no particular reason for going—at least, none of any consequence to any body but myself. As you say, perhaps I am weary of idleness, and there lies work which I can do, and come back again in a few years."

"To find me in my grave."

"Not you; you will be a hale octogenarian, and that young lady," turning to look for me, "will be a blooming young matron. By-the-bye, Cousin Elma, did you give my message to your mother? I hope she is quite well."

I could bear no more. I burst into violent sobs. He came over to me at once.

"What is the matter? What has happened?" Then in a whisper, "Surely my little jest did not offend you?"

Evidently he knew nothing; but my grandfather soon told him all.

"What! her mother ill, and Elma still here?"

This was all he said. Not in any reproach or blame, but in a kind of sad surprise. At once, as by a flash of lightning, I saw the right and the wrong of things; how I had acted, and what he must have thought of me for so acting.

"She is here because I would not allow her to go," said my grandfather, hastily and half apologetically, as if he too had read Cousin Conrad's look. "Mrs. Picardy herself, with extreme good sense, forbade her coming. Think what a risk the girl would run. As a man of the world, Conrad, you must be aware that with her beauty—"

"Yes, I am aware of every thing; but still I say she should have gone."

It was spoken very gently, so gently that even my grandfather could not take offense. For me, all I did was frantically to implore Cousin Conrad to help me, to persuade my grandfather to let me go. I would run any risks. I did not care what happened to myself at all.

"I know that, poor child. Hush! and I will try to arrange it for you."

He put me into an arm-chair, very tenderly, and stood by me, holding my hand, as a sort of protection, if such were needed. But it was not. Either my grandfather had seen his mistake, or did not care very much about the matter either way, so that he was not "bothered;" or else—let me give the highest and best motive to him, as we always should to every body—before many more words had been said he felt by instinct that Cousin Conrad was right.

"Elma has shown her good feeling and obedience to me by not going at first," said he, with dignity. "Now if you think it advisable, and if, as I suppose, the risk is nearly over—"

"No, it is not over. Do not let us deceive ourselves." Was it fancy, or did I feel the kind hand closed tighter over mine? "For all that, she ought to go."

At that moment Mrs. Rix came in, looking very much troubled. She had met the messenger returning with the news that "Mrs. Picardy was not quite so well to-day."

"Order the carriage at once," said my grandfather, abruptly.

Then there was a confused hurrying of me out of the room, packing up of my things, talking, talking—poor kind Mrs. Rix could do nothing without talking!—but in spite of all the haste, at the end of an hour I was still standing in my bedroom, watching stonily every body doing every thing for me. Oh, they were so kind, so terribly kind, as people constantly are to those unto whom they think something is going to happen; and they gave me endless advice about nursing my mother and saving myself—I who knew nothing at all about small-pox or any kind of illness, who had never in my life been laid on a sick-bed or stood beside one! They were sorry for me, I think; for I remember even the little kitchen-maid coming up and pressing a little bag of camphor into my hand.

"Take care of yourself, miss; oh, do take care of your pretty face," said she; but I paid no attention to her or any body.

The one person who did not come near me was Cousin Conrad. I thought I should have had to go without bidding him good-by, when I saw him standing at the drawing-room door.

"Here, Mrs. Rix, I want to consult you."

And then he explained that he had fetched a doctor, whose new theory it was that second vaccination was a complete preservative against small-pox—that every thing was ready to do it if I would consent.

"You will not refuse? You think only of your mother. But I—we—must think also of you."

"Thank you," I said; "you are very kind." He could not help being kind to any creature in trouble.



"HE DREW MY ARM THROUGH HIS."

Without more ado I bared my arm. I remember I wore what in those days was called a tippet and sleeves, so it was easy to get at it; but when the doctor took out his case of instruments I began to tremble a little.

"Will it hurt much?—Not that I mind." In truth I should not have minded being killed, with his hand to hold by, and his pitying eyes looking on.

"Do not be frightened. It hurts no more than the prick of a pin," said Cousin Conrad, cheerfully, "only it leaves a rather ugly mark. Stop a minute, doctor. Mrs. Rix, push the sleeve a little further up. Do not let us spoil her pretty arm."

The doctor called for somebody to hold it.

"I will," he said, seeing Mrs. Rix looked frightened. She said she could not bear the sight of the smallest "surgical operation." "Not that this is one. But if it were," add-

ed he, with a look I have never forgotten, never, through all these years, "I think I should prefer nobody to hurt you but me."

There was a silent minute, and then the doctor paused.

"I forgot to ask if this young lady is likely to be in the way of small-pox just at present, because, if so, vaccination might double the risk instead of lessening it. She ought to keep from every chance of infection for ten or twelve days."

I said, with strange quietness, "It is of no consequence: I must go. My mother may be dead in ten or twelve days."

Cousin Conrad stopped the surgeon's hand. "If it be so, what are we doing? In truth I hardly know what I am doing. Let me think a moment."

I saw him put his hand to his head. Then he and the doctor retired together, and talked

apart. I sat still a minute or two, and followed them.

"I can not wait—I must go."

"You shall go, poor child," said Cousin Conrad. He was very white—long afterward I remembered this too—but he spoke quietly, soothingly, as to a child. "Listen; this is the difficult question. If you are vaccinated, and go at once to your mother, you have no chance of escaping the disease; if you are not vaccinated afresh, there is just a chance that the old protection may remain. He does not say you will escape, but you may. Will you try it? If you must go, you ought to go at once. Shall you go?"

"Of course I shall."

He drew a deep breath. "I thought she would. Doctor, you see?"

"She runs a great risk," said the old man, looking at me compassionately.

"I know that—nobody better than I. Still, she must go. Come, Elma, and bid your grandfather good-by."

He drew my arm through his, and we went down stairs together, Mrs. Rix following us. She was crying a little—kind, soft-hearted woman!—but I could not cry at all.

My grandfather, too, was very kind. "A sad departure, Elma. We shall all miss you very much—shall we not, Conrad? Such a bit of young bright life among us old folks!"

"Yes," said he.

"Good-by, my dear, and God bless you. Kiss me."

I did so, clinging to him as I had never clung to any body except my mother. My heart was breaking. All my cry now was to go to my mother. Indeed, the strain was becoming so dreadful, minute by minute, that I was longing to be away.

"Is any body going in the carriage with you?" said my grandfather.

Eagerly I answered that I wanted nobody, I had rather be alone; that I wished no one to come near our house, or to run the slightest danger of infection. And then they praised me, my grandfather and Mrs. Rix, for my good sense and right feeling. One person only said nothing at all!

Not till the very last moment, when I was in the carriage and he standing by it—standing bare-headed in the sunshine, looking so old, so worn. And oh, what a bright day it was! How happy all the world seemed, except me!

"If I do not come with you, it is not from fear of infection. You never thought it was?"

"No."

"That is right. And now think solely of nursing your mother and taking care of yourself. Take all the care you can. You promise?"

"Yes."

"Then good-by, and God bless you, my dearest child."

He said that—those very words. Confused as I was, I was sure of this.

A minute more, and I was gone. Gone away from him, from the sound of his voice and the sight of his face; gone away into darkness, anxiety, and pain: how sharp a pain I did not even then sufficiently recognize.

For there was remorse mixed with it—remorse that, in my passionate exaggeration of girlhood, felt to me like "the worm that dieth not, the fire that is never quenched." From the moment that the glamour passed away, and I got into the old familiar scenes—even before I entered the village—the gnawing pain began. There was no need of Mrs. Golding's bitter welcome, "So, Miss Picardy, you're come at last, and high time too!"—no need of her sarcastic answer that my mother was "going on quite well, and perfectly well attended to," to smite me to the very heart.

"Beg your pardon, miss, but as nobody expected you, the parlor isn't ready; and of course you won't think of going up stairs."

I never answered a word, but just began to feel my way up the narrow staircase. After Royal Crescent, how narrow and dark it seemed, and how close and stuffy the whole house was! Yet here my mother had been lying, alone, sick unto death, without me; while I—oh me, oh me! would God ever forgive me! She would, I knew; but He? Or should I ever forgive myself?

I think the sharpest conscience-sting of all is that which nobody knows of except one's self. Now no creature said to me a word of blame. Even Mrs. Golding, after her first sharp welcome, left me alone, too busy to take the slightest notice of me or my misdeeds. She and all the house seemed absorbed in their nursing. There could be no doubt how well my mother was loved, how tenderly she had been cared for.

But I—I was made no more account of than a stock or a stone.

"You can't go in," said Mrs. Golding, catching hold of me just as I reached the familiar door. "Nobody sees her but the nurse and me. And she doesn't want you. She begged and prayed that we wouldn't tell you; and when you was obliged to be told, that we'd keep you away from her. Bless her, poor dear lady, she might have saved herself that trouble."

I groaned in the anguish of my heart.

"Hold your tongue, or she'll hear you. She can't see, but her ears are sharp enough. For all she said about your not being allowed to come, she's been listening, listening every day."

"I must go in—I will go in."

"No, you won't, Miss Picardy."

And without more argument, the old woman pushed me into the little room beside my

mother's, shut the door, and set her back against it.

"Here you are, and here you may stop; for you're not of the least good any where else in the house. I'm sorry the room's so small—after them at Royal Crescent—and dull for a young lady as has been going to dancing-parties and card-parties every night; but it's all we can do for you just at present. By-and-by, when your mother gets better, if she does get better, and God only knows—"

But here even the hard old woman grew softer at the sight of my despair.

Does any body know what it is—the despair of having forsaken a mother, and such a mother as mine?

In all her life she had never forgotten me, never ceased to make me her first object, first delight; and now, in her time of need, I had forgotten her, had put her in the second place, had allowed other interests and other enjoyments to fill my heart. And when it came to the point, I had taken advantage of her generous love, seized upon every feeble excuse to stay away from her, left to strangers the duty of nursing her; ay, and they had done it, while her own daughter had contented herself with mere superficial inquiries, and never come near her bedside.

This, let people pity and excuse me as they might—and Mrs. Golding, to soothe me, did make some kindly excuses at last—was the plain truth of the matter. However others might be deceived, I could not deceive myself. If, as they hinted, my mother were to die, I should never be happy again—never in this world.

And there I was, bound hand and foot as it were; close to her, yet unable to go near her, or do any thing for her; shut up in that tiny room, afraid to stir or speak lest she should find out I was there, which, in her critical state, both the nurse and the doctor agreed might be most dangerous. I spoke to them both, and they spoke to me those few meaningless encouraging words that people say in such circumstances; and then they left me, every body left me, to pass hour after hour in listening for every sound within that solemn, quiet sick-chamber.

All the day, and half of the night, I sat there, perfectly passive, resisting nothing except Mrs. Golding's efforts to get me to bed. "What was the use of my sitting up? I was no good to nobody."

Ah! that was the misery of it. I was "no good to nobody!" And with my deep despair there mingled a mad jealousy of all those who were any good, who were doing every thing they could think of for my darling mother, while I sat there like a stone.

Oh, it served me right—quite right. Every thing was a just punishment, for—what?

I did not even ask myself what. I gave no name to the thing—the joy or the pain—which had been at the bottom of all. From

the moment I had crossed this threshold my whole life at Bath seemed to pass away—like a dream when one awakes—as completely as if it had never been.

MACARIUS'S LESSON.

THE sunshine lay along the sands
In lingering, level, shining bands;
Into an open cell it shone,
Where monk Macarius sat alone,
And started as a shadow fell
Across the glitter in his cell.
"Father," a burdened sinner said,
"How shall my peace with God be made?
How shall I live the life of saints,
For which my hungry spirit faints?"
"Fly from the sight of man, my son,
So be thy Christian race begun;
In solitude thy sin lament,
By night and day thy deeds repent;
Sin not in speech, thy tongue control—
So shalt thou save thy sinful soul."
That night Macarius on his bed
Heard a sweet voice that softly said,
"Thou thinkest goodness dwells with thee?
Rise! go to yonder town and see!
Beside the shore two women dwell
Far above thee as heaven from hell."
At early dawn, with prayer and groan,
Macarius left his cell alone,
And sought the city's busy roar,
The craftsmen's street beside the shore,
Where Claudia and Eudora sat
Braiding together on a mat.
With accent stern the abbot said,
"What life, O women, have ye led
That any angel should come down
To give to you a saintly crown?"
With startled eyes, and lips apart,
And mingled words, as one in heart:
"We are our husbands' wives, and try
To serve them with humility.
No saints, O father, can we be,
But two poor women, as you see."
"Nay," muttered he; "some mightier grace
Has sanctified your dwelling-place.
What have ye offered to the Lord?
What duty done? what sin abhorred?
How in the crowded, wrangling street
Made of your lives an odor sweet?"
"We have done nothing. Once we said
For God's sake we would be unwed,
And live as nuns in convent cell.
Our husbands did not think it well,
So then we only made a vow
To live in Christian peace as now,
Nor let a word of strife or wrong
Be heard again from either tongue."
The father bowed his head and sighed.
"Obedient! silent! self-denied!—
And women too! Ah, Lord, I see
How far this life surpasseth me!"
A wiser and a better man
His course from thence Macarius ran.
O saint and abbot, sleep in peace!
I pray not that thy tribe increase,
For if that angel came again
To cleanse a soul from sinful stain,
In what new land, beside what sea,
Could two such wondrous women be?

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE tender, beautiful, and touching words in which Mr. Anthony, of Rhode Island, announced to the Senate the death of Mr. Sumner, and the affectionate pathos with which, as the organ of the Senate, he committed the body to the care of Massachusetts, well expressed the feeling with which the news of his death was every where received. Even those to whom Mr. Sumner was so long the representative figure of the spirit which they most bitterly opposed must have heard of his death with softened feeling, so free had he always been from all vindictiveness, and so generous had been his later words and works. Indeed, although a combatant all his life, his war was with a cause, and not with persons. He was so earnest and self-involved in maintaining his own view, he had so sincere a loyalty to conscience, and so imperious a sense of duty, that he seemed the simplest, most child-like, and unsophisticated of men. This made it difficult for him to understand a personal feeling in others which he did not himself cherish. He did not spare the most public and emphatic censure of conduct which he believed to be wrong in his associates as well as in his opponents, and he could not readily understand why those whom he censured should be angry with him for doing his duty.

Thus in the beginning of his political career he published a letter to one of his friends, a leader in the party with which he had acted, Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, whose Congressional conduct in regard to the Mexican war seemed to Mr. Sumner wrong. He did not hesitate to say so most plainly and most publicly. Yet the heroism and the simplicity of the act are equally notable. "Let me ask you to remember in your public course the rules of right which you obey in private life. The principles of morals are the same for nations as for individuals. Pardon me if I suggest that you have not acted invariably according to this truth. You would not in your private capacity set your name to a falsehood, but you have done so as Representative in Congress." Those who know what the Whig Boston of 1846 was, the Boston of Webster, Everett, and Winthrop, and who also knew Mr. Sumner, will understand that nothing more clearly illustrated the heroic quality of his character than such a letter in such a place and at such a time. Yet it probably did not occur to Mr. Sumner that the letter could disturb his social relations. Had he thought of such a result, his action would of course have been the same; but his sense of duty was so supreme that there was never any question in his mind of obedience to it, nor any suspicion that the obedience could end in personal alienation.

One evening in the summer after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, at the reception of a Southern lady in Newport, well known for her hospitality in those days, one of Mr. Sumner's friends was talking with the daughter of the hostess, when he saw her face suddenly flush, and heard some hasty exclamation of anger from her lips, and turning, he saw Mr. Sumner entering the room. He had just arrived, and was brought by a friend to the party. But it was not possible for him to suppose that his fidelity to his moral

convictions, and his official conduct under oath, could make him unwelcome at such a time. Later in his career he was charged with acrid and morbid personal hostility in his political differences. But he always warmly denied it, and said that while a public man in his position must often criticise the public action of others, and describe it in such terms as to arrest public attention, and, if possible, prevent its evil consequences, yet that it was most unjust to describe such criticism as personal denunciation in the sense in which those words are generally understood. "If a public officer seems to me grossly ignorant," he would insist, "of course I must say so. If he seems to me unfit for his place, I can not honorably hold my peace. But it is foolish to call my opposition personal hostility." Yet his adhesion to his own view, and his uncompromising criticism of the differing view even of his personal friends, sometimes clouded their intercourse, and in one or two instances of persons eminent in public life led to a final rupture. Yet even this seemed to be unattended upon his part with any personal asperity. If he thought a man false he said so, but he did not gnaw his reputation with sneaking innuendoes, nor spatter it with petty scandals.

For the unhappy man whose assault at last, after many years, slew him, Mr. Sumner's feeling was of the same impersonal kind. A friend once asked him how he felt toward Brooks, and he replied, quietly, "I have no ill feeling, and never had. So far as I am personally concerned, I think of the event as if a stone had fallen upon my head from a roof in the street." One summer evening the same friend was strolling with him through the Congressional Cemetery; and while Mr. Sumner was looking at some monument, his friend came upon the cenotaph of Preston Brooks. As he paused before it Mr. Sumner joined him, and reading the name, said, gravely, "It is strange that I never saw this before." He remained for some moments silent, and then moved slowly away, saying only, and with deep feeling, "Poor fellow! poor fellow!" As the contest in which he was engaged deepened he was often urged to carry arms, and a Senator says that at one time it was the habit of some of his colleagues who did not hesitate to be armed to drop in at his rooms at the hour that he usually left them to go to the Capitol, and, unconsciously to him, accompany him as an armed escort. One of them at length said to him that, for his own part, he did not mean longer to undertake the defense of a man who did not care enough about his own life to protect it. Mr. Sumner said that he would think of it. "And so I did," he said, laughing, as he told the story afterward to a friend; "I thought of it, and I bought a pistol. But I had never been used to pistols, and shooting was not in my line. If I had carried one, and had been attacked in the street, while I should have been fumbling to get it out of my pocket my adversary would have fired; and if I had fallen, it would have been said that I was killed in a street brawl in the act of drawing a pistol. I decided that I had better do my duty and take my chance."

His imperious sense of duty, his overpowering

will, and his uncompromising speech gave him often an appearance of haughtiness, and even of arrogance, which was singularly unjust to the fact. He was, indeed, so sure of his own side that he did not recognize any other. But this is almost essential to successful leadership. As Emerson says that nature is so set upon certain results that she overloads and exaggerates the disposition which produces them, so moral leadership requires a faith so absolute as to deny the possibility of any other. In the midst of a very warm discussion upon a point of public policy a friend said to Mr. Sumner, "The difficulty is that you don't seem to see that we who take the other view are quite as honest as you." "There is no other view," thundered he in reply. Louis Blanc observed this distinction between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. The latter saw only the reason of his own side. The former saw that of his adversary so clearly that it relaxed his own resolution. A man can not strike a very hard blow who believes that his opponent is half right. It is the conviction that he is wholly wrong that loads his antagonist's weapon for a fatal blow.

In depicting his later political career we are very sure that his biographer will find not that Mr. Sumner willfully and for personal glory swerved from his party line, but that in his sincere judgment his party swerved from the line of right. He had no abstract love of opposition; and when it is said that he was better fitted for the attacking minority than for the majority in possession, the highest compliment is paid to his moral rectitude. For a party from the moment that it reaches power begins to compromise to retain it; and when moral considerations are involved, as they always were during Mr. Sumner's political career, the duty of the honest partisan is to hew to the line. In the summer of 1865 no man of his party had more hope of the President or more expectation of supporting him than he. But on Washington's birthday, in February, 1866, the President publicly denounced him. It was because Mr. Sumner would not give an inch, and censured the President for giving. He was accused then and at other times of an inordinate desire of personal aggrandizement, and of practically vesting the whole government in his own person. And this has been alleged as the reason of his constant opposition to the executive of his own party. But his relations with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward were always those of friendly co-operation. He was one of the first at Mr. Lincoln's death-bed, and his eulogy of him in Boston was nobly characteristic. He was so often in a minority in his party not because he would have his own way or none, but because he would have only what he held to be the right way. He was impracticable only as all men of unbending moral integrity are; and it would not be easy to find among the public men of his time one who had a truer perception of the real significance and tendency of public affairs.

In September, 1846, when he was thirty-five years old, and thought to be a visionary and extreme young man, highly educated, indeed, and perhaps fitted for some literary professorship, but wholly without political experience or sagacity, and the very last man by character, talents, and training to be a political leader of Mas-

sachusetts in the grave public situation, he went one September evening to Faneuil Hall with all the famous Whig chiefs, and spoke upon the duties of his party at that time. The tone and character of the speech may be supposed from its conclusion, which was that the Whig party should demand the abolition of slavery. As he was ending Mr. Sumner referred to Mr. Webster, then Senator, whom the meeting had hoped to welcome. He appealed to him to lead the party in that great demand. The time had arrived. The duty was not to be avoided. It was the question of the hour. "By your plea for the Union," said Mr. Sumner, "you have justly won the name of Defender of the Constitution. By the masterly Oregon negotiation you have earned another title, Defender of Peace. And now," exclaimed the orator, with generous fervor—"now add a higher title, never to be forgotten on earth or in heaven—Defender of Humanity." It is easy to imagine the incredulous contempt with which the old Whig chiefs heard this appeal from the ardent tyro. "He advise Webster! He, this morbid theorist, instruct the most consummate of American statesmen! It is both comical and disgraceful." Mr. Sumner sent a copy of his speech to Mr. Webster, and Mr. Webster acknowledged it in a cool and polite note. He said that he respected the character and talents of the orator, and wished him well. Then, in his most Olympian strain, Mr. Webster added: "In political affairs we happen to entertain at the present moment a difference of opinion respecting the relative importance of some of the political questions of the time, and take a different view of the line of duty most fit to be pursued in endeavors to obtain all the good which can be obtained in connection with certain important subjects." Which saw most clearly, the consummate statesman or the impracticable visionary?

The lower arts of statesmanship are often held to be its chief substance, and the practical sagacity of Sir Robert Walpole, whose moral nature was certainly very meagre, is often cited as the proof that morals are impertinent in politics—a doctrine which Mr. Robert Lowe has strenuously maintained. Yet if Sir Robert gave England peace when peace was indispensable, his system and its spirit brought English liberty into greater peril under George the Third than had threatened it since the revolution. Immense and various knowledge, both of men and affairs, a practical mind and constant self-command, are indispensable to the statesman. He must have wisdom, and the gift of applying wisdom to daily details of business. But it is as with the apostle's graces. There be many virtues, and all most needful. Faith, hope, charity; but the greatest of these is charity. So with all the gifts of the statesman there must be practical faith in the good policy of good morals, a profound conviction that nations, like men, are morally responsible, or political economy will not save him or his country. "To be useful," says Sir James Mackintosh of Lord Somers, "he submitted to compromise with the evil that he could not extirpate." But the very genius of statesmanship is the power of knowing what public evil is so cancerous that it must be extirpated at every cost. What Mackintosh further says is exquisitely true of Sumner: "His life proved that virtue is not a vision."

Indeed, however any honorable man any where in the country may have differed with him, he must still admire the fidelity with which he served his own idea of duty. Through his whole career he was loyal to the moral ideal that shone unclouded in his mind. In a day of doubt and fear, of abject cowardice and sophistry and retreat, he stood erect and unshrinking, and fought his resounding battle. His State has had many illustrious sons. But none more truly than he represented the quality of Massachusetts manhood.

We hope that the ladies and gentlemen of the New York Vocal Society do not suppose that their good work is unappreciated because there are not many sonorous paragraphs in the newspapers about their delightful concerts. There was never a time of such musical interest and activity of the better sort in the city, and there are no concerts which are more thoroughly and intelligently enjoyed than those which we were becoming used to calling the madrigal concerts, until the Mendelssohn *Antigone* choruses and the Gade *Cantata* taught us that the limitation was inadmissible. Yet the word still serves to point a good distinction, and if the temple of musical art which is near Steinway Hall, in which nothing is ever didactically taught, may be called an Academy of Music, let us still speak of the happy vocal evenings at Steinway as the madrigal nights. Hark!

"My bonny lass she smileth
When she my heart begulleth,
Fa la la.
Smile less, dear love, therefore,
And you will love me more,
Fa la la.

"When she her sweet eye turneth,
Oh, how my heart it burneth!
Fa la la.
Dear love, call in their light,
Or else you burn me quite,
Fa la la."

That is the key. And it was to such measures that our English ancestors listened in the days when Nell Gwynne was painted as a modest shepherdess and the Duchess of Portsmouth as the elusive Daphne.

Here is an association of ladies and gentlemen, nearly a hundred in number, who are all admirably accomplished in music, and who gather from their various pursuits to cultivate this exquisite pastime, giving two or three concerts every year. They do this in the great roaring Babylon of the metropolis as if they were all denizens of Miss Mitford's "Village" or of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," going at six o'clock to take tea with the hostess of the evening, and gossiping amiably—for in musical circles, as is well known, scandal is never heard, but only warm praises of all the popular artists of the moment—gossiping amiably, we say, until the gentlemen drop in, about seven, and then to business—good, hearty singing and drilling, until—gracious! ten of the clock resounds, and here is Miss Beebe's maid with her overshoes and lantern, and Mr. Aiken and Mr. Bush stand ready to "see home" any soprano or contralto "unprovided with an escort." There is this delightful air of domesticity and homely sincerity in the madrigal concerts, arising from the character of the music, the total want of display, and the honest English language

in which every thing is sung. Such is the genuine character of the concerts that no morning critic could possibly describe one of the songs sung as a "number" admirably "recited" or "interpreted."

But the Easy Chair would be guilty of great injustice if it gave the impression that there is something of the country-parlor character in the madrigal concerts. Far from it. We doubt if there is a more accomplished company of singers in the country. They give certain choruses of Mendelssohn in a manner that would have charmed that master, while English glees and quartettes gush and ripple and trill from the throats of certain singers in the company in a way which shows that they come also from their hearts. At one of the late concerts the ever fresh and lovely "Where the bee sucks, there suck I," was sung so exquisitely as to give even the neighboring Wagnerians pause. And this performance is illustrative of the good work of the society. For while we are all hurried forward upon the Wagner freshet, and our own language has been long obsolete in fashionable music, and the thunder of the great battle between Ormuzd and Ahriman—the German and Italian schools—fills the air, it is most useful to look back and see the real worth of our old characteristic English school—or style, if the larger name be denied—and to show, as the Vocal Society does, its equal claim to admiration with the very best of the most modern German classics.

If you find a delicious quaintness in the old English songs and ballads—the poetry, that is to say—if you perceive in them a certain ineffable grace and sweetness, and string them as diamonds upon your rosary of memory, diamonds of a lustre that other gems may emulate but not extinguish, why not the music also?

"Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn."

It is a perfect strain. Shakespeare has it, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and who has ever had any thing better? What depth and tenderness and breezy freshness of dawn! What imagination and what melody! There may be the same kind of charm in the old music, and the Vocal Society gives us a chance to hear it. It says to us, with our ears full of Mr. Swinburne's hot lyrics, as it were, "Listen to this! What do you think of that?" To hear one of these concerts, with the madrigals and the glees and the magnificent choruses and the songs in several parts, all wisely selected and nobly sung, is, in another art, like reading the one song of Waller, and the many of Herrick, and those that are scattered through all the older English literature. We hope that the society will never give a concert without two or three madrigals at least. They are not to be heard elsewhere, and they are always heard with delight. They may well be repeated. Once a year is not too often to hear a good song, whether read or sung.

It is something, too, if listening to such music should recall the virtues which poetry and the imagination conspire to associate with the old English home, and of which—let us whisper it carefully!—neither Rossini nor Wagner reminds us. It is not that virtue was more virtuous in other days, but its setting is quaint and pleasing.

No young person of the better sex in Cranford, whose maid came for her with the lantern at ten o'clock, sang more charmingly than Miss Beebe; but when Miss Beebe sings "Where the bee sucks," she refreshes the delightful life of Cranford, and gives her hearer a double delight.

Should the kind eyes of that lady ever chance to fall upon these words, the Easy Chair humbly deprecates her censure. For it has been severely taught. Some months ago it ventured upon some harmless pleasantries about the music of Bach, and the severe style of certain concerts, which shall not be more plainly named, lest fearful passions should be aroused, and the critical bosom begin to heave and swell with volcanic emotions like those of Bald Mountain, North Carolina. The events of life, it has often thought, may be regarded as a series of sermons; and the great moral of the caustic criticism which followed the efforts of the Easy Chair to jest about so serious a subject as the fugues of Bach—to the constant hearing of which hereafter, however, the wicked Heine remitted certain of his countrymen, as to a torment beyond Dante—is that the elephant should not try to dance the minuet. The well-meaning animal, however, is perpetually making that mistaken effort. The Easy Chair lately saw one of the finest of his kind airily tossing his trunk and trying to skip lightly by hinting to a Wagnerian devotee a jest about the *Lohengrin* and the music of the future. "Why," said this unconsciously clumsy bungler—"why not leave the future to take care of its own music? Sufficient for the present are Beethoven and Mozart."

Misguided creature! The Wagnerite said to him: "You don't like the music of Wagner because you don't understand it. Beethoven and Mozart did well with the limited resources of the orchestra in their day. But their minds did not grasp the totality and harmony of their own art." And thereupon followed what to the ordinary elephant seemed a vague metaphysic of music. But he knew very well that the Wagnerite held him for a very inferior animal, and he winced when that devotee of the future said to him, "Don't you know that within the memory of men living the *C Minor Symphony* of Beethoven, and his *Eroica*, and the prodigious *Seventh*, were the music of the future? Don't you know that the people who played the *Battle of Prague* upon the piano, and thought it fine, hooted Beethoven as a barbarian, a maniac, and an idiot? And can you, who know these great truths, join the popular cry against the new and glorious master whose only offense is that he will not tickle the popular ear with the tum-titi of the idiotic Bellini, or the meretricious jingle of the Rossinian melody? Tell me, is music mere molasses and water?"

The discomfited jester crept away. The fervor of the Wagnerite made him ashamed even of humming a tune. The airy beat of a melody in his mind seemed to him puerile and unpardonable trifling, if not positively immoral. The hand-organs grinding *Les Roses* at every street corner became to his troubled fancy pestilent myrmidons of the great father of lies. Why are they permitted to debauch the public musical sense? thought he. Does not the Board of Aldermen know that in the future there will be no hand-organs? Will not his worship the Mayor

have the moral courage to veto the musical license of every beer-garden in which the band shows no just conception of the totality of art? If to jest about the fugues of Bach were an offense, what shall be said of speaking lightly of Wagner? The allopath and the homeopath, the Trinitarian and the Unitarian, the Darwinian and the doubter, may chaff each other without warmth or a sting, but two thunder-clouds in sultry August are not fuller of opposing lightning than the Wagnerite and the anti-Wagnerite of satire, wrath, and recrimination. What is the meaning of this discord in music? Why must the lover of the *Fifth Symphony* hold *Martha* in such inexpressible contempt, and the friend of the Italian opera regard the fugue with the emotion of the under-graduate toward the professor of didactic theology?

These are ancient and unanswerable questions.

Forty years ago to like Beethoven was an outlandish, bizarre, affected taste. To-day it is the test of musical orthodoxy. We—that is to say, the respected reader and the Easy Chair—like him, of course. We understand what good music is. The grief of our lives is that we can not hear *Fidelio* once a week during the season. We know that Beethoven is as sole and unapproachable as Shakespeare. You may pluck the north star from the sky, but not that faith from our souls. And thanks to Mr. Theodore Thomas and the Philharmonic Society in New York and in Brooklyn, we can hear the symphonies almost weekly. But how do the respected reader and the Easy Chair stand upon the great Wagner question? Alas! here is another of the sermons that life is perpetually preaching: we can never be at rest. No sooner have we adjusted ourselves to Beethoven and the fugues of Bach, and achieved a comfortable pity for those who do not like them, and are, as it were, taking our ease in our inn, than some new fellow under the window begins to pipe, with a King of Bavaria and a court at his back, and fills the air with music and theories of music, and we have to decide whether we like them. Nothing, of course, seems easier; but seeming is deceptive. For, as every body knows, we have to decide not only whether we like them, but whether we ought not to like them. If the new thing turns out to be approved by the best doctors, and the new man to belong with the best men, we wish to be of those who recognize that fact at once. The respected reader and the Easy Chair know very well that if they had been among the first auditors of the Beethoven music, they would have had no doubt as to its superiority and the true position of the composer, just as they would have seen that Columbus was right had they but heard him unfold his views of a western route to Cathay.

This question of liking Wagner is one which "the town" has been trying to answer during the early spring. The new master is fortunate in his chief disciple in America—an apostle, we might almost call him—Theodore Thomas, whose orchestra is renowned for its admirable skill, and who is himself the most noted and popular "leader" in the country. His enthusiasm for Wagner is such that the master has been introduced to this country in the happiest possible manner. In no other great city in the world, except, perhaps, Munich, has the Wagner orchestral music

been more constantly performed, nor by a more competent and highly trained orchestra. Once a week during the summer, at the pleasant Central Park Garden concerts, Mr. Thomas has set apart a Wagner night, a concert at which only the Wagner music is played. And those nights, the Wagner lovers declare, are the most popular, the most thronged, and the most enthusiastic of all. But mere orchestration is little in the Wagnerian theory. It is the union of poem, scene, singing, and instrument which gives the perfect music. And the Wagner operas have been hitherto little known to us, except at the Stadt Theatre, a small house in the Bowery, frequented chiefly by Germans. But that nothing might be wanting to his complete and satisfactory presentation in America, Mr. Strakosch this year produced the *Lohengrin* at the Academy with his fine company, Nilsson and Campanini at the head, and with every splendor and completeness of accessory. It illustrates the good fortune of Wagner. What the musical composer most needs for his work is opportunity and resources. And these have been lavished upon the lucky Wagner. A favorite of the King of Bavaria, if, as a musician says, he wanted lions and ostriches for his operas, lions and ostriches he had. He had but to cry for the moon, and it was placed in his hands. This was at home. Abroad he needed an enthusiast, a fit leader, a drilled orchestra, and a constant chance for popular hearing. All this he has had in New York.

The crowd was very great. The excellence of the artists was conceded. The spectacle was long, and the throng remained to the end. But there was, it must be said, little enthusiasm, although many musicians and musical connoisseurs were delighted. But the true Wagnerites bide their time. "No," they say, "greatness is never acknowledged at first. The old is so firmly entrenched that the new seems impertinent and foolish. But remember Columbus! Remember Luther! Remember Sir Samuel Romilly! Remember James Otis! Remember Beethoven! Remember all the pioneers as we do, and then you will understand why we are not daunted by your doubts, and are sure that the future will justify the faith that we repose in it."

THE *Evening Post* quotes a Florentine journal, which, after warmly praising a picture by Mr. Henry Peters Gray, of New York, now in Italy, says that it is destined to go over the sea to the gallery of "Maresciallo Roberts," "in a country where artists of genius find larger recompense than in ours." That is to say, the excellent critic, writing in the shadow of the Pitti and the Uffizi, in the glowing presence of the "Seggiola" and of the Medicean Venus, declares that America is a better country for clever artists than Italy. The Maresciallo Roberts, in his judgment, and the Ill'mi Signori Giovanni Taylore Johnston, Gulielmo Tyldeno Blodgett, ed altri, foster the fine arts more liberally than Italy itself! What have the native gentlemen of the brush who bemoan the want of "an atmosphere of art" in America to say to this? Does the courteous Italian mean merely that there are more rich men in America than in his own country? No, for there is a tone of reproach in his remark. He evidently means to rebuke the want of sympathy with Italian artists of genius,

and to say that they must look elsewhere for encouragement. He seems to suppose that the happy land beyond the Western main is the paradise of art, and that piles of gold here await the heaven-inspired artist.

Did Mr. Gray think so, probably, before he sailed away? Did he know that he dwelt in the land of large recompense to artists? Or, as he stood before his easel in his quiet studio—it was in the upper part of Broadway—and laid the colors upon his canvas, did he sometimes wonder why he had devoted himself to art, and had not tried the dry-goods or grocery line? We may be sure that there were times when he turned over the studies and sketches of his earlier years in Italy, and as he touched them the thoughts and hopes and dreams of those years arose in his mind, and he longed once more to see the chosen home of art, the land hallowed by the history of painting, and rich with the most famous treasures of Raffaele and the rest—that happy country, he thought, where artists of genius find larger recompense than in ours! Ah, there it is! "They order, said I, this matter better in France." Our neighbors' beef is always done to a turn. It is only our garden in which the weeds grow with exasperating luxuriance. Every thing goes well with our neighbors and wrong with us; and it is just our confounded luck. The excellent Mr. Gray packs his brushes and hies over the ocean to Italia, the holy land of art and the elysium of artists; and Signor Santa Trinita—if that be his name—the Florentine critic, congratulates Mr. Gray, as he arrives, that there is a Maresciallo Roberts in blessed America, where artists of genius find larger recompense than in his own Italy.

The signore is right so far as the buying of pictures is concerned, and, despite the traditions, he is perhaps right in regard to appreciation. Whether there are more Italians than Americans, in proportion to the population, who really enjoy fine pictures is at least a fair question. Of course in every Italian city where there is a great gallery there is an immense circle of students and connoisseurs gathered from every country, full of enthusiasm for art, and with much knowledge of it. And in the same cities there is a more distinct art society than in the country of the Maresciallo Roberts. But should the foreign members of that society withdraw, and leave the Pitti and the Uffizi, for instance, to the Florentines, those noble halls might become almost like those of Tadmor in the desert. There are multitudes of fine pictures in New York, but it is a public misfortune that they are placed in private galleries. These, indeed, with very few exceptions, are easily accessible to the friends of the owners, and to those who are properly introduced. But when the student recalls the Vatican and the Louvre, and the Dresden Gallery and the Pitti, he perceives the immense advantage of the free public exhibition.

And what that might be in this city of large recompense to artists of genius has been shown in the exhibition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. During the winter there have been public free days, and the throng has been constant and enormous. And a more interesting collection is not easily found. The Di Cesnola Gallery, from Cyprus, of statues, glass, and pottery, the Chinese and Japanese collections, the porce-

lain and *bric-à-brac* of every kind, and the gallery of pictures, old and new, filled the spacious and beautiful building of the museum with never-ending wonder and delight for the ceaseless crowds. Very many of the most valuable and interesting objects were merely loaned. But one of the designs of the museum is loan exhibitions, which open the private collections to the public eye, and assure the public the sight and the study of the most interesting objects of art. It is in this way, by the intermediary of such a museum, that the advantages of the public galleries in other countries are to be enjoyed in this.

The fact of a general interest in art among richer men in this country, which is perceived by the desponding Florentine critic, is beginning to be understood elsewhere. When General Di Cesnola, our consul in Cyprus, made his remarkable excavations, and revealed the treasures of Phœnician art, which are undoubtedly by far the most interesting recent contribution to art history and knowledge, unless the Trojan discoveries of Dr. Schliemann may rival them, all European connoisseurs were on the alert, and the British Museum hoped to drive a hard bargain with the discoverer. The collection was stored in London, and after proper belittling of its value, and the exclusion of competing buyers, it was supposed that these wonderful relics might be cheaply added to the British collection. But at that very moment another citizen of the country of large recompense to artists of genius—not

the Maresciallo Roberts, but the Ill'mo Signor Giovanni Taylore Johnston—suddenly appeared, and by a most liberal offer to the general procured the transfer of his collection to New York, while the British Museum gazed aghast upon the prize slipping from its ungenerous grasp, and the London *Times* exclaimed, "For the early history and development of classic art and worship, the migration from shore to shore of the Mediterranean of mythologic forms and ideas, their growth on successive soils, the points of contact at which we may detect Assyrian and Asian thought and work strayed from their continents, and receiving a new impress from the hand of a new race—for the study of all this, General Di Cesnola's collection affords the amplest materials.The Lang Collection" (in the British Museum) "is not worthy to be named in the same year with it, and it is a European misfortune that it should cross the Atlantic."

This is not a treasure to be hidden, and the ill'mo signore whose property it is will transfer it to the Metropolitan Museum upon repayment of the actual cost, he himself, as the president of the museum, making a princely subscription toward the purchase. Indeed, it is in observing the appreciative and generous spirit of such men in the cultivation and advancement of art that we understand why the Florentine critic despairingly describes this happy land as "the country where artists of genius find larger recompense than in ours."

Editor's Literary Record.

BIOGRAPHY.

IT is strange that we have had to wait so long for a popular biography of one of the greatest of American pulpit and platform orators—a want at length well supplied in O. B. FROTHINGHAM'S *Life of Theodore Parker* (J. R. Osgood and Co.). He who desires to study the life and character of this marvelous man will find fuller material in the larger work of John Weiss, and more copious extracts by far from Mr. Parker's unpublished writings. But for those who wish only to read the story of his life, to get a picture of his character, not to fashion one out of materials afforded to them, Mr. Frothingham's smaller and less intricate volume will be much more serviceable. We speak of Mr. Parker as one of the greatest of pulpit and platform orators, without undertaking to sit in judgment upon the correctness of his philosophy, the soundness of his theological opinions, the wisdom of his methods and his spirit, or even the spirituality of his real inner religious character. There are few men who during the present century have contributed more to make the present American political and religious opinions what they are; and those who think his influence to have been evil and those who think it to have been good must concur in the opinion that it was effective. Whatever he was, he was not insignificant. The student of religious and political development in the United States during the last half century knows very little what it is who does not estimate the formative force contributed by the singularly original and powerful mind of Theodore Parker. Mr.

Frothingham performs one important service well, alike for his readers and for the fair name of the subject of his biography. He opens to us Mr. Parker's inner life, and it is one of which his outer life gives little hint. He is here no longer a warrior, no longer an iconoclast. He lays aside his armor, and we find him with a woman's tenderness, with, also, innumerable indications of a woman's piety. In no true sense of the term was he a rationalist; that is, his faith, with a tenacity which conflicts did nothing to lessen, clung to the truth of an ever-present and an ever-helpful God; and while he denied vehemently all that which to our common faith makes historical Christianity, he clung all the more vehemently to the truth of a present inspiration. His spirit and his faith were the antipodes of modern materialism. His industry, too, was untiring, his application immense. In this respect his biography is a wonderful stimulant. It sends us back to our work with newly kindled ambition to do, to get the full benefit of all the hours and all the moments. His courage was admirable. Possibly he would have done more if he had dared less; certainly the gulf which separated him from the clergy of his day would have been narrower if he had been threatened less. His combativeness—such, at least, is the impression which this biography produces—was not the pachydermatous skin of the rhinoceros, it was the coat of mail which a peculiarly sensitive nature put on in public combat, for his own protection. If he had felt the bitterness of the battle less, he would have fought it less bitterly.

Mr. Frothingham may fairly be regarded as a disciple of Theodore Parker, at least in so far as one truly original thinker can be the disciple of another. He has a disciple's admiration for the master, and, save in some casual criticisms upon Mr. Parker's style, scarcely intimates that he had a fault—nay, will scarcely admit one. The estimate he gives of Mr. Parker's character in the closing pages is not an analysis, it is a eulogy. Mr. Frothingham is not a critic, but a lover. This detracts nothing, certainly, from the interest of his pages, and scarcely from their trustworthiness, for Mr. Frothingham gives us ample materials from Mr. Parker's letters and journals for the construction of our own idea of his character. If the reader is not satisfied with the portrait, the original is before him; he can study it for himself.

A quite serious defect in this biography is the vein in which the author writes of other preachers. It was neither wise nor in good taste to speak slightly of others in order to magnify Mr. Parker. We doubt the moral discrimination of one who can describe the Unitarians, under the leadership of such men as Channing and Robbins and James Freeman Clarke, as "about as complacent a set of Christians as ever took ship for the kingdom;" or can accuse these men of moral cowardice because they refused to abandon life-long convictions to follow the leadership of the new apostle; or can characterize the sermons of Newman Hall as "Sunday-school addresses," or Spurgeon as a "man powerful through his sectarian narrowness;" or, comparing Theodore Parker and Henry Ward Beecher, can declare, "In moral earnestness he [Parker] was so vastly before him [Henry Ward Beecher] that the two men can not be spoken of in the same breath. Beecher entertains the country; Parker instructed and moulded it." But some allowance must be made for the enthusiasm of a lover for his idol, and the reader will find Mr. Frothingham's biography of Theodore Parker rather more entertaining and no less instructive because pervaded by such an enthusiasm, which the reader must moderate by his own calmer and more critical judgment.

Two volumes of biography add something to our knowledge of the civil war. *Lincoln and Seward* (Sheldon and Co.), by GIDEON WELLES, affords some remarkable revelations of the interior history of Mr. Lincoln's administration. It was called forth, at least in part, by the address of Mr. Charles Francis Adams; and in reply undertakes to show that "Mr. Lincoln was himself the great central figure and controlling mind in his own administration, and that neither Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase, nor any other of his able counselors was the 'power behind the throne.'" Mr. Welles was a member of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet, and thus is able to write of conferences of which there is elsewhere no record, to afford a secret history that else must have been unwritten. And in so far as this book is a defense and even a eulogy of Mr. Lincoln it is both an important and a welcome addition to the history of the country. But it is more than this. It is a serious indictment of Mr. Seward. It accuses him of conduct which not only quite unfitted him for his place as Secretary of State, but which would have justified his arrest and trial for high treason. For he is directly charged,

not only with resorting to a proceeding which "in all its parts was irregular and disorganizing," in order to prevent the reinforcement of Fort Sumter, and to maintain at every hazard the peace policy to which he was personally pledged, but also with having telegraphed the information to Governor Pickens of South Carolina, when in the cabinet it was decided to reinforce the fort, thus defeating the design. This was nothing short of treason; and such a charge preferred against such a man requires strong evidence in its support. We shall not here spread out in detail the charges which Mr. Welles brings against Mr. Seward, of which this is, perhaps, the most serious. We can only say that since Mr. Welles was silent concerning these matters so long, it would have been better to have kept silent to the end. Mr. Chase, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Seward, Mr. Lincoln, are in their graves. There is no one able to defend Mr. Seward. He is himself silent, defenseless. If the private conferences of the cabinet were at any time a proper subject for public disclosure, it was surely during the time when those most seriously affected were living, and could have responded to the accusations here preferred against one who was accounted one of America's greatest statesmen. It can add little to Mr. Lincoln's fame, it can add little to trustworthy history, to call from that past an old man's recollections of incidents and an old man's impressions of characters, when they who could have corrected his misrecollections or neutralized his prejudices are no longer living to do so.—*Military Biography* (Henry Holt and Co.), by CHARLES CORNWALLIS CHESNEY, a colonel in the British army, is a republication from the English. It consists of ten papers, four of which are sketches of generals and their campaigns in our civil war. To American readers this portion of the book will be the most interesting. The contrasted memoirs of Grant and Lee are exceedingly interesting. Mr. Chesney ranks General Grant higher as a soldier than many American critics would rank him, while severely criticising his Richmond campaign, and gives large praise to General Lee, whom he compares to Napoleon, Hannibal, Raglan, and Cæsar, though he criticises him for faults which seemed "trifling matters" at first, but as the war went on "were hardly less fatal to the fortunes of the South than the greater material resources of her adversary." His commendation of General Halleck as a disciplinarian is very earnest; to the winning process to which General Halleck had subjected the Army of the Potomac he attributes largely its final success. He writes of all in an impartial vein as a purely military critic, and as a disinterested spectator gives perhaps a truer, because a more unprejudiced, account of the great military leaders on both sides than could be given by one whose political sympathies were strongly enlisted with either.

NOVELS.

Ninety-Three, by VICTOR HUGO (Harper and Brothers), is both romance and history. We do not assert that the history is altogether trustworthy. What modern history is so? But it is certainly graphic and instructive. The reader will find here a marvelous series of pictures of France during the Revolution—the streets of Paris, the

course of trade, the effects of paper money, the Vendean war. In these descriptive chapters Victor Hugo has accumulated the results of much study. His descriptions are marvelously minute and realistic. His sympathies are more Catholic than we should have anticipated. The hero of the story is a royalist, or, if Gauvain, not Lantenac, be considered the hero, he is a recreant revolutionist. If Victor Hugo had given only a history of the Revolution, it would be intensely interesting. But as parentheses these historical chapters are sometimes long. In spite of their interest we skip them to follow the thread of the story. For *Ninety-Three* is also a romance; it is even a melodrama. The plot is too marvelous even for the credulity of imagination. But we follow it with unstinted interest to the close. The battle at La Tourgue, the escape of the imprisoned defenders through the secret door, the doom of the three little children, their rescue by Lantenac, and his final escape and its result—in all this scene follows scene so rapidly that we have no time to question till the curtain falls and the drama is ended by the quite too tragical deaths of Gauvain and Cimourdain. Not till we have followed the plot to its consummation do we go back to study in detail some of the pictures. They are worth our study. The conflict between the loosened cannonade and the gunner in the hold of the *Claymore*, the Convention hall and the Convention itself, the three little children playing in the tower of La Tourgue while the preparations for the bloody strife go on—these are marvelous specimens of word-painting. Grant that the drama is unreal, grant that the plot is improbable, grant that the style is sometimes forced and the epigrams tediously brilliant, grant all that the critic can find to say and has found to say against the author of *Les Misérables* and *The Man who Laughs*, it yet remains true that he is a great novelist, his very faults are the faults of genius, and his *Ninety-Three* deserves to rank among the most notable in its illustrations both of his excellences and his failings.

Phineas Redux, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE (Harper and Brothers), is a sequel to *Phineas Finn*. He is summoned from his retirement in Ireland to re-enter political life, accepts the summons, enters the political campaign as a candidate for Parliament for the borough of Tankerville, is beaten by Mr. Browborough, contests the election, proves his opponent guilty of bribery, and secures his seat. He is not, however, politically successful; his impolitic honesty, and still more a certain vacillation of purpose, which is not compensated for by allegiance to his party, make his companions distrustful of him; and when his party comes into power he is left without the office which had been promised to him. This embitters as well as perplexes him; for he is without fortune, and is dependent on the rewards of office for his living. Meanwhile he is a greater favorite with the women than with the men. All befriending him, from his cockney landlady, Mrs. Bunce, up to the Duchess of Omnium; and two are seriously in love with him. One of these last being a married lady, he is involved in some trouble in consequence; and his love affairs, for which he is in truth hardly responsible, affect disastrously his political prospects. At length a hot quarrel at the club with a successful rival,

not in love but in politics, is followed closely by the latter's death from violence; suspicion points to Phineas as the perpetrator of the crime, and he is transferred from Parliament to prison. Prior to this the story has gone somewhat heavily; but from this point the reader's interest is not allowed to flag. The accumulation of circumstantial evidence against Phineas, the estrangement of most of his old associates, the devotion to him and the faith in him of his women friends, the trial, and his final acquittal through the labors of one, whom he subsequently marries—all this is managed by the novelist with great skill, and in such a way as suffers neither our attention to be withdrawn nor our incredulity to be awakened.

But, as in most of Mr. Trollope's novels, the interest of *Phineas Redux* depends less upon the plot of the novel than upon the vivid pictures of English life and society which the story enables Mr. Trollope to paint. The English election, the House of Commons, the politicians and their political wire-pulling—in brief, the inside operations as well as the outside appearances of English politics, are very graphically portrayed, and the portrayal is not encouraging to those who imagine that a king or a nobility would suffice to purify our Congress of its corruption.

In *Ivan de Biron* (Roberts Brothers) ARTHUR HELPS appears in a new character—that of a writer of romance. His stage is Russia, his era the latter half of the last century, from the death of the Empress Anne, under whom Biron or Biren rose to power, to the accession of Peter III., husband of Catherine II. Ivan de Biron, the hero of this story, is Biren's private secretary, and the story turns largely on his love affairs. As a novelist Mr. Helps is an optimist. There is not a real villain in the book. Exile to Siberia is regarded as a rather light affair, a compulsory vacation from the cares of office. Biren is only a severe and somewhat autocratic Russian minister; the cruelty which traditional history imputes to him is eliminated from Mr. Helps's portrait. The two young ladies, between whom Ivan is really greatly perplexed, are both estimable. Even the Empress Elizabeth is a very good sort of woman. There is genuine psychological interest in the story, as we should expect there would be, and dramatic interest, which we did not expect. But the barbarism of Russian life in the last century is too gross, and its politics and civilization are too remote from our own, to afford material for an interesting novel, and the historical instruction incidentally afforded is not very important to the American reader; how far its pictures are trustworthy it would require a fuller knowledge of Russian civilization than we possess to determine. They are certainly graphic and artistically effective.

Lord LYTTON's last novel, *The Parisians* (Harper and Brothers), must be regarded from several points of view, and the judgment of the critic will depend largely upon the aspect in which he regards it. As a love-story it is not a success. The writer himself seems to have had a certain consciousness of this fact, as one fore-ordained, and to have incorporated the loves of Isaura and Graham chiefly because a novel without love would be in violation of all the precedents. As a book of philosophy it is not superior to Lord Lytton's other productions. As a picture of life

in Paris it is quite in the vein of some of his earlier novels, though not quite their equal. We should say that he had attempted to delineate here Paris life as in *My Novel* he did depict English life. His picture is too large, and embraces too many figures and too widely diverse types of social life. But, especially in its portraits of the lower and middle classes, there is evidence of the skill of the artist—the skill in observation, description, and character sketching which has given Lord Lytton his place in literature.

The lines of division between first-rate and second-rate novels are so vague and indefinite that it is sometimes difficult to know just how to characterize a novel which is, like *The Blue Ribbon* (Harper and Brothers), not quite good enough to be called first rate, and too good to be summarily disposed of as second rate. There is freshness enough about it to excuse it for being neither very striking in plot nor very remarkable in style. The characters are drawn with very great skill. The villains are not stage villains, with their viciousness evident at the first appearance, and happily there are not many villains in the story. The author seems to be most at home in descriptions of humble life and in the delineations of lowly, true-hearted characters, and has evidently a thorough contempt for that not uncommon spirit of pride which turns the cold shoulder toward worth when it is not combined with social position and wealth. The "blue ribbon" seems to do rather an unnatural amount of work in the love-story, and it is hardly possible it could do so much service and remain after three years fresh and bright for the happy finale.

Pet; or, Pastimes and Penalties (Harper and Brothers), is by Rev. H. R. HAWES, who established himself in our affections by his *Music and Morals*. This book is quite a contrast to his former one in style and matter, being a description of the marvelous adventures of four English children, one of whom was a boy of a scientific turn of mind, who succeeded in taking the quartette into more dangers than one could imagine possible. How contagious the example might be for youthful readers we are in some doubt; but we are not in doubt about the advisability of allowing children, even in books, to apply to their parents such epithets as "stingy" and "mean;" nor do we think that they are generally capable of sitting in judgment upon the parental government, which this book would seem to encourage them to do.

It is not pleasant to be brought into association with pestilent diseases requiring, or seeming to require, such treatment as is described in *Desperate Remedies* (Henry Holt and Co.), by Mr. T. HARDY. It is not, alas! alone in fiction that hideous crimes are vainly perpetrated to cover other crimes. This somewhat complicated and tragical tale is an enlarged and laboriously constructed illustration of the admonition, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

There are "standards" in literature as well as in dry-goods, and Robert Carter and Brothers are sure to have among their juvenile publications an extra proportion of that quality. This month we have to speak of *Guiseppe's Home*, one of Miss JULIA A. MATTHEWS's "Dare to Do Right" series, a story of the rescue and conversion of a poor Italian boy; *The New Scholars*,

a sequel to *Mrs. Ashton's Girls*, by Miss JOANNA H. MATTHEWS; or, as our little folks call her, "Bessie-book Matthews," a story intending to impress upon young people the text, "Hallowed be Thy Name;" *Willow Brook*, sequel to *The Little Camp on Eagle Hill*, by Miss WARNER; and three English reprints, *Rockbourne*, by M. E. WEIR; *Maggie's Mistake*, a story of a school-girl's misconduct and her repentance; and *Between the Cliffs*, two stories illustrating the insufficiency of human help in trouble. The latter three are inferior to the former—a fact which is gratifying to American vanity. Our juvenile fiction compares more favorably with foreign literature than do our novels for older readers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D., has been one of the most successful clergymen of the present generation. Adhering closely to his self-chosen work; interested and active in all moral reform, but never turning aside from the preaching of the Gospel of Christ to the individual heart, as the best means of both individual and social reform; an indefatigable worker in parish visitation, in Sabbath-school and mission labors, no less than in the pulpit; active and interested in ecclesiastical affairs, but only because of their relation to and bearing upon humanity, his success has been witnessed not only by his long pastorate, not only by his large congregation, and his well-organized and active Christian church, but by the many in his church and without it who owe to his public ministry or to his private counsel the word of advice that has led them out of perplexity, or of inspiration that has startled them out of spiritual slumber. When such a man tells us how he has achieved his success the counsel has a practical value that only such experience can give. *The Christian Pastor* (Harper and Brothers) is a report of a series of lectures delivered by him in the Boston University, and published at the request of the students and faculty. In it he considers the *object* of the Christian pastor, the *qualifications* of a Christian pastor, the *instruments* he is to employ, the *agencies and opportunities* prepared for him, and the elements of *power* and *real attainment* in the Christian pastor. He discusses preaching only incidentally; it is of the pastor's private and personal work he mainly speaks. He founds the whole true success of the clergy on the faith that the whole human race is divided into two distinct though not always easily distinguishable classes—those that are the children of God, and those that are without God. The object of the ministry is simply to bring men from the state of ignorance and sin into that of true knowledge and righteousness through Jesus Christ; faith in the Bible and a personal experience of Christ are essential to his success in this work; in other words, he is a representative of God, charged with the authoritative declaration of Divine mercy to sinful men, and in the apprehension of this commission and its discharge his true power consists. The warmth of Dr. Tyng's faith and his strong spiritual sympathy imbue this book as they imbue all his sermons and addresses, and the anecdotal character of the discourses, the abounding illustrations taken from his own experience, give it almost the interest and the value of an autobiography.

How to Make a Will (American Tract Society) is a very useful little volume, and one which we cordially commend to our readers' attention. The aversion to this necessary preparation for death amounts often to a superstition, and the common procrastination often results in leaving on the widow an amount of inevitable but trying and burdensome toil from which consideration should have shielded her, or leaving the orphan children to the tender mercies of courts and lawyers, and their little property to be divided among strangers. Mr. LEE enforces the duty of making a will both by religious and prudential considerations. He then proceeds to present a convenient summary of the general legal principles relating to wills, with extracts from the revised statutes of the different States, and he closes with some counsels respecting the time of executing a will, which, he urges, should not be postponed to the hour of death, and the proper provisions to be made in it for the wife, children, and others. We should take some exceptions to his counsels respecting bequests to benevolent objects, but the counsels are such that, whatever errors exist, each reader can easily detect and remedy them for himself.

Woman before the Law, by JOHN PROFFATT (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a useful and long-needed treatise. It is a small volume of less than 150 pages. Its object is "to give to intelligent readers outside of the legal profession a reliable summary of the law" respecting woman, including the personal rights and rights of property of married women, the reciprocal rights and duties of both mothers and children, and the law both of marriage and divorce. The author, who is a member of the New York bar, does not content himself with a mere compend of our present laws; he also in many cases traces them back to their historic origin. His chapter on divorce we especially commend to the consideration of those who imagine that free divorce is for the better protection of the wife. The laity have long needed a clear, concise, compact statement of the law on this subject of woman's rights, free from professional technicality and from partisanship or prejudice—a statement, not an argument—and here they have it.

It is a curious sign of the recent development of commercial relations with Japan that Dr. T. C. HEPBURN has issued an abridged edition of his *Japanese-English and English-Japanese Dictionary* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), in the form of a pocket dictionary. Of our own knowledge we can only speak of the external aspects of the book. Its form is convenient, and its type is clear. But a Japanese friend and scholar to whom we have referred it commends it highly as both convenient and trustworthy for the student.

The most valuable paper in ELIHU BURRITT'S *Ten Minutes' Talks on all Sorts of Topics* (Lee and Shepard) is the autobiography with which it opens. This fills about one-fifth of the book. We wish it might be published separately, and distributed far and wide as a tract, especially among the young men of the so-called "laboring classes." The rest of the book is made up of various articles, most of which have already served their purpose in the daily paper or the monthly magazine. The world is more and more

learning to classify its literature. The functions of the book and the periodical are not the same, and the time when a widely useful book can be formed by the aggregation of newspaper or magazine articles has passed. Mr. Burritt's style makes him an admirable writer for the press; but this volume, apart from the autobiography, will be chiefly valuable to his personal friends, and as a personal memorial.

Diamonds and Precious Stones (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) is a translation from the French of LOUIS DIEULAFAIT, by F. SANFORD, and is illustrated by one hundred and twenty-six wood-engravings. These are not remarkable. The book contains a popular account of gems, a description of some of the more famous, and an account of gem cutting, gem engraving, and gem manufacture. The descriptions of the experiments for the production of *real* diamonds by artificial means is especially interesting. The author asks the question, "Is there any reasonable probability that the diamond will yet be produced artificially?" and answers it in the affirmative. He confesses that the result will be to the disadvantage of diamond merchants, but thinks their loss will be compensated by the gain of the rest of the world.

A Fast Life (Harper and Brothers) is a book to read in a railroad train. It gives something of an interior view of the railroad world. The author is connected with one of the great trunk lines, and knows whereof he writes. It is not a labored book; has no statistics, no rhetorical descriptions, no school-boy's eulogy of the genius of steam. It is just a simple, plain description of railroad life, with graphic, because true, pictures of the life and experiences of the conductor, the brakeman, the engineer, the fireman, the signal-tender, and the whole corps of officials, from the superintendent down. It is full of anecdotes, which vary from the grave to the gay, from the tragedy to the farce, with a little seasoning of romance, which we read with skepticism, but accept without incredulity, in so far as it represents the legends of railroad men. There is some sensationalism in the book, but less than there is in the life; and having read the book all through, we rise from its perusal with certainly a clearer and, we believe, a truer idea of the experiences of railroad men than we ever had before. For instruction the book would be better if it were a little more philosophically arranged. For "light reading" we know not that we should suggest a criticism on its somewhat fragmentary character.

Mr. SAUNDERS'S book, *Woman, Love, and Marriage* (G. W. Carleton and Co.), is a curious specimen of mosaic-work. Quotation marks are as plentiful as commas, and we are as much charmed with the skillful combination of the numerous and well-selected passages from authors of almost every age and nation as with the thoughts themselves. Like an India shawl, the great pattern is made up of many small and daintily wrought bits. And it is no mere collection of mawkish sentiments. It utters a clear and vigorous protest against the immoralities which threaten domestic peace—a protest all the stronger because it is not a solo, but the harmonious burst of an orchestra, which Mr. Saunders skillfully and gracefully conducts.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

THE *Astronomical Record* for March includes the death of two very eminent astronomers of Europe. On the last day of the month, at Gotha, passed away P. A. Hansen, at the age of eighty-two—a man of rare vigor of body and mind, and who has exerted a strong influence on the development of astronomy. His greatest works, those relating to the movements of the moon, the perturbations of the planets, and to geodesy, will ever hold the first rank. His literary activity began in 1822, and continued uninterrupted to the last week of his life. On the 14th of March died J. H. Mädler, at Hanover, at the age of eighty. Mädler will be long remembered by his excellent map of the moon, executed some forty years ago, yet still the standard, although the unpublished one of Schmidt probably surpasses it in its elaboration of some details. Mädler retired from the directorship of the observatory at Dorpat in 1867. The death of Quetelet, at Brussels, on the 17th of February, at the age of seventy-eight, should also here be mentioned. Astronomy, meteorology, and statistical science have been equally cultivated by him, but it is in the latter that he appears as a great discoverer, and laid the foundations of the social and political sciences upon a sure basis of induction from actual observation. We pass by a step from the consideration of the life of each scientist to the study of the progress of that knowledge to which each individual life serves to contribute its mite. No finer illustration of this can be found than in the two volumes just published of Todhunter's *History of Mathematical Theories of Attraction*, which present an invaluable mine of historical and scientific knowledge to those interested in the development of all the exact sciences since the days of Sir Isaac Newton. American astronomers will be pained to learn of the resignation of Dr. Francis Brünnow, Astronomer Royal of Ireland, and director of the observatory at Dunsink, where he has very successfully conducted numerous researches into the parallax of the fixed stars. Dr. Brünnow was, in 1857, the first astronomer of the observatory of the university at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

A recently published lecture by Lockyer on celestial chemistry presents in a very clear manner the results of his laborious investigations in reference to the constitution of the heavenly bodies. He finds that the distinguishing characteristics of the spectra of the simple and compound bodies can be very clearly defined, and that they must be most closely studied if we would hope by spectroscopy to arrive at precise knowledge in relation to the temperature and constitution of the nebulae and stars.

Mr. Ranyard, at the March meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, has called attention to the fact that on the negatives of the photographs of the solar eclipse of December 12, 1871, as taken at Octacamund and another station 120 miles distant, there appears a minute partially transparent spot about nine minutes distant from the eastern limb of the sun, and in each photograph occupying identically the same place with regard to the dark details of the corona. The occurrence of this spot on all the negatives is

considered to show that it was certainly due to the presence between the earth and sun of a semi-transparent body, such as the nucleus of a comet.

Father Secchi, of Rome, states in a letter to the Paris Academy of Science that he has compared the solar radiation with that of the electric arc from a battery of fifty Bunsen's elements, and concludes that the heat at the surface of the sun is at least 230,000, and perhaps 300,000, degrees of Fahrenheit.

Professor Airy announces that at Greenwich Observatory over two hundred photographs of the sun's disk have been taken since the discontinuance of the Kew Observatory, and that the series will be maintained as far as possible. Among these he notices that two spots have been photographed on the very limb of the sun, where they have appeared as notches.

Professor Main, of Oxford Observatory, states that three-fourths of Sir John Herschel's general catalogue of double stars are already revised and printed. The completion of this, the great posthumous work of the distinguished astronomer, is confidently expected within a few months, and certainly no work could be more acceptable to the professional and the amateur observer. We presume that the publication of the similar work by Mr. Burnham, of Chicago, will not be consummated until after the appearance of Herschel's catalogue.

It is announced that Professor Schmidt, of Athens, has completed the compilation of a map of the moon's surface two meters in diameter, and of wonderful fineness of detail. This is the end of a work that has been continued during a large portion of the past thirty-seven years, and it is suggested that as Athens is too poor to provide for the full publication of so important a work, it should be undertaken by a subscription among astronomers. The literature relating to the moon has been enriched by the beautiful work of Messrs. Nasmyth and Carpenter.

The discovery of a new asteroid is generally announced in each of our monthly reviews of the progress of astronomy, and this time the honor belongs to Palisa of Berlin, who has discovered the last, number 135, as announced by a Smithsonian telegram of March 19.

The Royal Astronomical Society has received from the widow of John Thompson a manuscript table of the logarithms of all numbers up to 120,000 computed to twelve places of decimals by her husband. It is expected that these will form a valuable check upon the accuracy of the larger logarithmic tables now in use, and that they will be specially valuable should a new edition of any of these be printed.

The preparations for the transit of Venus continue to be busily made. Our government has secured the valuable services of Dr. Henry Draper to supervise the details of the photographic parties, and we learn that he urges, as did Hansen a few weeks before his death, that the daguerreotype process be employed. It seems to be decided that the spectroscopic method of observation will be specially tried by the Italian and French observers.

In *Meteorology* we notice a communication by R. H. Scott, the director of the London Meteor-

ological Office, who gives the result of some attempts to establish a relation between the velocity of the wind and its force or pressure. He finds the scale given by Schott of Washington to agree very closely with his own, and proposes for general adoption the Beaufort scale of twelve grades of wind, with their titles, and supplemented by adding the corresponding velocities deduced by himself. The velocity corresponding to the twelfth grade, or the most violent hurricane, he puts at ninety or more miles per hour.

Muhry, in his latest contribution to orographic meteorology, concludes that at the equator, and perhaps over the whole earth, there is a stratum of air in the state of almost or quite complete saturation at a distance above the earth's surface.

From two recent articles by Hann on the reduction to sea-level of the observed atmospheric pressure we conclude that for the daily use of the practical meteorologist in the prediction of the weather such a reduction is at present impossible for stations as high as fifteen hundred feet without introducing a very large percentage of error, but monthly and annual means can be reduced for general climatological purposes.

Osnaghi, the meteorologist of the Austrian governmental system of weather predictions, describes an automatic self-registering weighing evapometer and rain-gauge, by which he hopes to obviate some of the hinderances to the observation of these highly important meteorological elements.

We include in our meteorological section a notice of a self-registering thermometer that, though invented by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra for use in obtaining deep-sea temperatures, will yet doubtless find numerous applications in meteorology. This self-registering thermometer contains nothing but mercury—neither alcohol, air, nor indices; it is by upsetting the instrument at a particular moment in a particular spot that we obtain, by the displacement of the mercury then in the indicating column, a means of preserving the record of the temperature, so that it may be subsequently read off at leisure. In this connection it should be added that it has recently been abundantly established that to Messrs. Negretti and Zambra is due the invention of the so-called Casella-Miller thermometer, now so much used in deep-sea soundings.

The Meteorological Committee of the London Board of Trade began on the 15th of the month to re-introduce the Fitzroy storm-warning signals that have been so long disused. The new signals are so arranged as to show the direction of the approaching gale, and in this respect will prove a very great improvement over those used in all other countries. It is stated that the direction of the wind may be foretold much more reliably than the force can be.

To the slight earthquakes of those portions of the United States where such phenomena are not uncommon we have to add the unwonted activity in the Appalachian range, as shown by the occurrence of over sixty slight shocks during the latter half of March. These seem to emanate from the region of the so-called Bald Mountain of North Carolina.

In a very excellent work by Angus Ross, of Halifax, there appears an attempt to arrive at some of the laws that have controlled the formation of the mountain chains of the earth. He

asserts that a careful examination shows that these chains are arranged in parallel lines along certain belts or zones which girdle the earth in great circles, and each zone having for its medial line or axis a line of volcanoes.

Professor Thurston announces that iron and steel, if strained beyond the limit of elasticity, and left under the action of the disturbing force which has been found just capable of equilibrating their power of resistance, gain resisting power to a degree which has a limit in amount approximating closely, if not coinciding with, the ultimate resistance of the material.

In *Inorganic Chemistry* several papers worth noting have been published. Some of the rarer metals have attracted special attention, Atterberg having continued his investigations among the glucinum compounds, while Cleve has been studying thorium. Cleve especially has obtained good results. He describes many compounds of this rare metal, redetermines its atomic weight, which he gives as 234, proves it to be tetratomic, and shows that it is not isomorphous with any other element.

Two papers regarding meteorites have appeared quite recently. One, by Lawrence Smith, describes the mass of iron which was found buried in the soil in Howard County, Indiana, in 1862. It contained 87.02 per cent. of iron and 12.29 of nickel, with minute quantities of cobalt, phosphorus, and copper. No signs of any Widmannstätten figures could be found in it. The other paper, by Apjohn, treats of the meteoric stone which fell at Adare, in the county of Limerick, Ireland, in 1810. In this stone small traces of vanadium were detected. This rare substance had been found by Apjohn in many trap rocks, and the chemical similarity of the meteorite to these led him to look for the vanadium beforehand.

Ritter has re-examined the so-called "black phosphorus," long supposed to be an allotropic modification of the element, and found it to be really a compound of phosphorus with arsenic.

Handfield Morton has published a paper upon the silicon in cast iron. He regards it as being combined to form iron silicide, and does not think it occurs in the metal mechanically mixed.

Electrical action in the induction tube continues to be much studied. By the action of electricity upon a mixture of hydrogen and carbon monoxide Brodie has performed the synthesis of formic aldehyde. Details are promised to appear in the future. And Messrs. P. and A. Thénau, submitting acetylene gas to the electrical effluvium, have obtained a remarkable white solid having the same elementary composition as the gas, and probably polymeric with it. They also obtained a liquid modification (polymer?) of acetylene.

In the department of *Mineralogy and Geology* interesting announcements are made by Dr. Zittel in reference to the geology of the Sahara. This gentleman is an associate of Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs in his exploration of the Libyan Desert, and in the course of his labors he has found reason to indorse the hypothesis of other geologists, to the effect that the Sahara is an upheaved bed of an ancient sea or ocean. Lines of cliffs are still visible, marking the borders of this sea, and showing the unmistakable erosion occasioned by its waves.

Mr. A. W. Chase presents an account of the beach mining for gold in Northern California, the sands of that region being highly auriferous, and furnishing a profitable yield. The gold is thought to be derived principally from the wearing away of the cliffs lining the shore, the material being restratified on the beach.

Dr. Gabb announces that the gold-bearing deposits of Central America, or at least those of Costa Rica, are of tertiary and probably of miocene age, and not silurian, as maintained by Murchison.

A paper by Professor J. P. Cooke, Jun., on vermiculite constitutes a valuable addition to mineralogical science, and, like that on corundum by Professor Genth, is one of the most exhaustive mineralogical papers of the day.

A new mineral from Norway has lately been described by Von Kobell, under the name of tschermakite.

To the other features of the American Centennial Exhibition is to be added the exhibition of a collection illustrating the mineralogy, the metallurgy, and the economical geology of the United States, and a committee has been appointed to take this subject in charge. Under the auspices of such men as Professor Raymond, Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, Professor Newberry, Professor Leslie, and others, we may be sure of a satisfactory presentation of the subject.

In *Geography* we have nothing particularly startling since the confirmation of the death of Dr. Livingstone. His remains reached England April 15, and on the 18th the funeral services were held in Westminster Abbey.

The explorations now on foot in Africa are not meeting with much success, owing to the inhospitable nature of the climate, and other causes. The Livingstone search expedition *via* Zanzibar, under Lieutenant Cameron, has been much broken down, and its efforts are now to be devoted to securing the papers left by Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji. The Grandy expedition, by way of the Congo, at latest advices had also been interrupted, in consequence of the death of the larger part of its members. The exploration of Rohlfs in the Libyan Desert appears to be moving along satisfactorily. It had reached the oasis of Dachel, in the Sahara, with its population of 10,000 inhabitants, and at latest reports had started out to another oasis fifty miles distant.

The hydrographic surveys of the British expedition in Eastern Africa are continued in two vessels. These, however, are not provided with specialists and apparatus for prosecuting biological researches, as should be the case.

A recent exploration of the Hang-kiang, by the Abbé David, proves it to be a river of great value and of much importance in the internal trade of China—much more so than had been supposed. The exploration by the Russian government of the river Oxus from recent announcements is supposed to be under way. This will embrace many hundreds of persons, and is intended to open up trade in that region, as also to secure an accurate knowledge of the geography and natural history of the country.

At the latest advices the *Challenger* had reached Melbourne from the Cape of Good Hope, having touched at Kerguelen's Land, M'Donald's Island, etc., and penetrated in the antarctic region to the latitude of 66½°.

From present indications there will be no arctic exploration during the current year on the part of the British government, the efforts of those interested in bringing about this result having been fruitless. It is, however, hoped that 1875 will witness the execution of this desirable labor.

The Bulletin of the Geographical Society of Paris contains a map and commencement of the narrative of the explorations of Mr. Alphonse Pinart in Alaska, the portion published referring more particularly to a journey to Atcha and to Kodick, resulting in the discovery of a bay called Pinart's Bay, on the south side of the peninsula of Aliaska.

Professor Orton, as already announced, has returned from his expedition in South America, and has brought back large collections in natural history and ethnology, upon which he will report in due season.

Under the head of *Microscopical Research* we make reference to the annual address of the president of the Royal Microscopical Society, Charles Brooke, Esq., F.R.S., in the March number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal*, which presents few topics of interest. The aspirations of the society, now that it rejoices in the royal prefix, to have rooms allotted to it by the government in Burlington House, like the other royal societies, have not yet been gratified. The president calls attention to Dr. Pritchard's paper, in the April (1873) number of the *Journal*, on the structure and functions of the rods of the cochlea in man and other mammals. The cochlea may be considered as a tube spirally convoluted upon itself, and, the axis of the whorl being considered as vertical, divided horizontally into two portions by a thin plate, partly bone, partly membrane, the latter consisting of an immense number of fibres, on which rest the outer ends of the rods of the cochlea ("rods of Corti"), their inner ends resting on the bony portion of the spiral lamina. They are in double series, jointed together at an angle, and some five thousand in number; and the nerves of the cochlea are equally numerous, supplying probably a fibre to each rod. The vibrations are caught and collected by the auricle, and transmitted to the drum, and across the tympanic cavity to the internal ear by means of the chain of little bones. The direction of the sound is probably determined by the semicircular canals, but to distinguish the note it must pass on to the cochlea. There is a rod probably for each tone and semitone, and even for more minute divisions, so that the cochlea represents a finely constructed musical instrument, similar to a harp, the strings being represented by the rods; and just as, in the case of two harps tuned in unison, the sound produced by one will set in motion the corresponding string of the other, and cause it to vibrate and emit the same sound, so will a sound of any particular pitch be specially impressed upon some particular rod, and thence through the nerve fibres to the brain. The idea of a special rod thus tuned to each sound is ingenious, and if true, readily explains the difference of susceptibility of different ears in appreciating sounds.

The claims of Dr. Piggot with regard to the "Aplanatic Searcher" are summarily disposed of by Mr. Brooke.

At the Vienna Exposition neither American

nor English objectives were exhibited for competition. Of the foreign competitors the first rank was assigned to Hartnack, Gundlach and Nobert closely following. Probably M. Gundlach's objectives made in this country are superior to those shown in the Exposition.

A new contrivance for preventing a drop of fluid under examination from evaporating is described by Messrs. Dallinger and Drysdale in the March number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal*. It appears to be somewhat complex, and as not possessing advantages over other well-known contrivances for the same purpose of a simpler kind. But their papers on the "Life History of Monads," published in the last four numbers of the *Journal*, are worthy of careful perusal, and prove them to be competent and trustworthy observers. Their researches show, as they think, "that the assumption that the germs of putrefactive organisms must perish in the same conditions that destroy the parents is erroneous." Scientifically we can see no reason why the bacteria should be held to be more likely to grow spontaneously than any other of the less minute forms whose life history our present appliances enable us to work out.

In the department of *Zoology* we have an elaborate presentation of the views of Professor H  ckel in reference to the genesis of animal life on this globe. In his opinion all forms above the protozoa, and, of course, including the vertebrates, are the result of a gradual evolution from a primitive form, which he calls a *Gastr  a*, consisting of a simple sac, with an outer and inner layer, in which food was received and consumed.

Dr. Greef gives further details in reference to his new *am  boid* animal, which he at first called *Pelobius*, but which he now names *Pelomyxa*. This is a gelatinous object of varying magnitude, growing in the fresh-waters near Magdeburg and elsewhere.

Professor M'Cready, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, has presented a paper to the Boston Society of Natural History upon the food of the oyster and upon a new parasite of the oyster—a valuable contribution to the history of this animal.

An article on the reproduction of the *Silurid  * of India calls attention to the fact that in certain genera the eggs are very few in number—from six to fourteen only—but of large size, and that these are held in the mouth of the parent until hatched out. This has been well established in reference to certain South American species also, the eggs in some cases being three-fourths of an inch in diameter.

The discovery of the fossil tooth of the *Ceratodus* in Queensland by Dr. Kreft has an interesting bearing upon the occurrence of this genus elsewhere as a fossil, and its existence as a living form in Australia.

Mr. Garrard has published a new classification of birds, based upon certain peculiarities of the muscular system, which he insists are quite as suitable in this connection as the palatine bones, the blood-vessels, and other bases of definition.

Professor Marsh has presented an interesting contribution to natural history in a paper upon the genesis of the horse, as based upon his own observations in the Rocky Mountains. He finds

the sequence unbroken through six or eight forms, and in succeeding geological ages from the eocene *Orohippus* down to the *Equus* of the modern epoch.

A recent list by Dr. Gundlach of the mammals of Cuba invites renewed attention to the remarkable paucity of species in that island. Of twenty-four kinds enumerated nineteen are bats, the remainder being made up of one *Solenodon* (an insectivorous mammal), three species of *Capromys* (porcupine-like rodents), and one manatee.

We should not omit to mention the announcement by Mr. Harger of the occurrence of a new genus of fossil spider in the coal measures of Illinois, named by him *Arthrolycosa antiqua*.

In *Botany* we record the appearance in the *American Naturalist* of a series of articles by Dr. C. C. Parry upon the plants of Western Wyoming, the result of his observations and collections in that region last year, concluding with descriptions of fourteen new phenogamic species. The most interesting of these is a pretty dwarf *Aquilegia*, with one-flowered stems only two or three inches high. The botany of the Rocky Mountains has now become quite well known, and its study will be greatly facilitated to the amateur botanist by the recent synopsis of the flora of Colorado, prepared by Professor T. C. Porter and Dr. J. M. Coulter, and published by the Department of the Interior in connection with the reports of Hayden's surveys. In this descriptions are given of all the genera and species which are not found east of the Mississippi (including a few new species), the plan being that of Watson in his flora of Nevada and Utah (Clarence King's Reports, Vol. V.), from which also much of the material is taken.

Dr. Wenzig has completed in *Linna  * a revision of the suborder *Pomaria*, in which he changes much of the familiar nomenclature of our botanical manuals, substituting the generic name *Mespilus* for *Crataegus*, and forming a new genus (*Phalacro*) for the common Washington thorn (*C. cordata*), and recognizing five American species of the June-berry (*Amelanchier canadensis*). Dr. Regel, of St. Petersburg, has likewise revised the genus *Vitis*, referring the northern frost-grape and the southern muscadine to the same species, and uniting with the northern fox-grape all the different forms of the summer grape (*V.   stivalis*). The treatment of the genus *Lespedeza* by Dr. Maximowicz in his study of the flora of Eastern Asia is more satisfactory, but American botanists have no right to complain of the absurdities which may be committed by others in a field which they themselves should occupy.

The attention of botanists has of late been especially attracted to the investigation of the apparently voluntary movements of sensitive plants, in order to discover if possible the character of the "sensitiveness" and of the organs concerned in it, and the means by which the movements are effected. The phenomena attending the "fly-catching" of *Dion  a*, *Drosera*, and *Sarracenia*, which have long been known simply as curious facts in nature, may afford a clew, it is thought, to some of the deeper mysteries of vegetable life.

Under the head of *Rural Economy* we have to chronicle further inquiries in reference to the

Phylloxera, or grape-vine louse, the latest suggestion being that of the well-known entomologist Ménéville, that it is not the cause of the disease, but simply its accompaniment, and that the real disease is an enfeebled condition of the circulation, which allows the development of this parasite. This corresponds to one of the theories in regard to the potato disease, which is generally accompanied by an enormous multiplication of the potato mite.

Riegel of St. Petersburg announces that the common wine grape is a hybrid between two species found both in the Old and the New World.

The potato disease continues to attract attention in view of recent ravages, and the Royal Agricultural Society of England has made a grant of money to Professor De Bary, of Strasburg, to enable him to continue his elaborate microscopic researches upon its development.

Mr. Shirley Hibbard, of England, thinks that the potato disease, whatever be its actual cause, is developed mainly in seasons when extremes of heat and cold alternate, attended with excessive moisture, and suggests a method which has been very successful during a trial of several years. This consists in laying roof-shaped tiles along the ground in rows about four feet apart, and placing upon them the seed potatoes and covering them with the earth taken up between the ridges. As a result the moisture is drained off very rapidly, and a body of warm air which is imprisoned in the tile tends to equalize the temperature, and produce the condition necessary to proper growth.

The subject of *Forestry* has lately come up in Congress in connection with the proposition to appoint a commission to investigate the subject thoroughly, and report what measures are necessary for the protection of the forests, not only with reference to the supply of timber, but also to the proper distribution of the rain-fall, and the avoidance on the one hand of excessive freshets, and on the other of extreme low stages of water. The movement was initiated by a memorial presented to Congress on the part of the American Association for the Advancement of Science by Mr. George B. Emerson and Dr. T. B. Hough.

M. De la Blanchère, of Paris, brings to notice a new and important branch of industry, consisting in the utilization of the feathers of the poultry-yard, which have been generally thrown away. He finds that the long feathers of geese, ducks, turkeys, and chickens may be worked up to advantage in the production of a feather batting, or cloth, by trimming off the fibrils of the longer feathers from the midrib, and their disintegration by shaking in a bag. When all the fibres are thus separated the material commands a ready sale at a good price for working up into blankets, cloth, etc.

The subject of *Fish-Culture* is attracting increased attention both among individuals and the States. Since our last report several States have appointed commissioners for this purpose, among which we may mention Maryland, Minnesota, Iowa, and Wisconsin. A meeting of the Fish Commissioners of New England was recently held at Boston for the purpose of deciding upon systematic measures for the improvement of the fisheries of their respective States.

New regulations in reference to the capture of the seals of the Pribilof Islands of the North

Pacific have lately been made, these consisting in allowing the Secretary of the Treasury to decide what proportion may be taken in the two islands of St. Paul and St. George. The previous law allowed the capture of 75,000 on one, and 25,000 on the other; but the proportion hereafter will probably be 90,000 for one, and 10,000 for the other.

In the department of *Engineering*, aside from a report of general progress upon the several more important works which usually receive notice in our monthly record, there is little to communicate.

The completion of the iron bridge over the Saco River at Biddeford, Maine, affords an admirable example of the American system of building iron bridges—that of interchangeable parts and pin connections—as contrasted with the system of connection with rivets. The bridge was built by the Phoenixville Bridge Company, and completed ready for traffic within forty days from the date of the order, at which time the iron lay in form of puddle bar. The bridge has three spans of 133 feet each and two spans of 100 feet each, and its cost was somewhat under \$40,000.

The report of the commissioners appointed by the Secretary of War to inquire into the practicability of bridging the Detroit River declares that a tunnel is the only unobjectionable method of meeting the necessities of the case. The plan of a bridge for winter use only, resting on pontoons in the centre and piers at the sides, which could be removed so as to leave a clear opening of seven hundred feet during the season of navigation, was also approved as offering no serious hinderance to navigation, though it would be only of use during five months of the year.

The much-debated question of an Anglo-French tunnel has assumed a new phase, in the form of a scheme to connect Great Britain and the Continent by means of a tunnel beneath the Channel, between Cape Grisnez and South Foreland. To effect this proposition a company has been established by authority of the French government, the council affirming the same, giving to it the designation of "un projet d'utilité publique." Whether this scheme will suffer the fate of its predecessors remains to be seen, although the recent constant agitation of the subject denotes the existence of a wide-spread belief in its importance.

The proposition to construct a railway which shall connect the Pacific Ocean with the valley of the Amazon is worthy of notice, since if consummated it will prove to be another of the marvels of engineering skill of which this century can boast. This stupendous enterprise is now in course of being carried out, and the projectors are our own countrymen. So far as finished, since its beginning in 1870, the work has already cost about \$33,000,000, and when completed it will probably cost as much more. To afford an adequate notion of the difficulties which have confronted the builders of a railway 17,000 feet above the level of the sea, it will suffice to say that to pass one single locality there were required thirty bridges and viaducts 3000 feet in length, and thirty-five tunnels 15,000 feet in length. One of its wonders is the great viaduct, the highest in the world, 580 feet long and 300 feet high in the centre. The heights of the three iron pillars

which support it are respectively 166, 183, and 253 feet. A force of from 8000 to 12,000 laborers is employed upon it day and night.

The recent launch, at Chester, Pennsylvania, of the colossal iron steam-ship *City of Peking* is an event which should afford a source of congratulation to all who feel interested in the progress of American manufactures. The vessel is entirely of iron, and, except the *Great Eastern*, her carrying capacity is greater than that of any ship afloat. She is built throughout of American materials, and is designed for the fleet of the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company. The following data give her principal dimensions:

Length over all, in feet.....	438
Breadth of beam "	48
Depth of hold "	83½
Tons burden.....	5000

With the launching of this masterpiece of construction the success of the iron ship-building industry on the Delaware must be acknowledged as complete. Within two years no less than seventeen iron vessels have been completed at Chester alone, and this fact, taken in connection with the development of this industry at other points on the Delaware, notably at Philadelphia and Wilmington, indicates a condition of prosperity that is highly gratifying.

The statistics of our iron exports exhibit several points of a very favorable nature. The export of manufactured articles of American iron appears to be on the increase despite the stagnation of many branches of trade. In 1873 the export of our car wheels reached the number of 7515, having nearly doubled itself over the figures of the preceding year. The following figures exhibit the value of our exports of the more important articles of iron manufacture for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1873: Machinery, \$3,120,984; locomotives, \$952,655; nails and spikes, \$356,990; steam-boilers, \$232,546; castings, \$159,234; rails, 104,054; stoves, \$115,792; stationary engines, \$111,507; general iron manufactures, \$3,262,170; edge-tools, \$846,452; fire-arms, \$1,181,869; and general manufactures of steel, \$297,541.

The exports from Great Britain to the United States during the same period show a material decrease.

The following figures have just been published by the Pottsville *Miners' Journal*, showing the consumption of coal in the United States during the year 1873:

	Tons.
Anthracite sent to market.....	19,585,178
consumed in coal regions.....	3,243,000
Total production of anthracite.....	22,828,178
bituminous.....	22,015,784
Total.....	44,843,962

These figures show an increase of upward of 100 per cent. in the production of coal in the United States within the last ten years, and if the same ratio of increase should continue for the coming decade, the production in 1883 would reach 90,000,000 tons.

In connection with the subject of coal, it appears that during the past month disastrous fires have been raging in the Wilkesbarre mines, which necessitated the abandonment of one or more mines, and seriously imperils one of the most valuable possessions of the lately formed Wilkesbarre and Lehigh Coal Company.

Of mechanical novelties, aside from the establishment of the Phosphor-bronze Company in Pittsburg, and the fact that it is at present filling large orders for various railway companies, machinists, and others, the only novelty we may present is the curious discovery of Mr. Gustavus Ames, that by revolving an emery wheel at high velocity in contact with, but barely touching, a steel surface, the latter also being given a slow lateral or rotary motion, the surface of the steel is rendered extremely hard—so hard, indeed, in the instance which he related that neither cold-chisel nor prick-punch could perceptibly affect it, and a new file would slip over it without making a scratch. The hardening penetrated to the depth of one-sixteenth of an inch. The observation in question may prove to be of great practical value.

In *Technology* we have to notice that the Blair process of making iron and steel, which is now in operation on a large scale in Pittsburg, was the subject of a recent paper before the American Society of Mining Engineers. Its essential features consist in the production of an iron sponge, which is melted down in a bath of cast iron, and so treated that it shall result in ingots of any desired degree of carburization.

The trustees of the Stevens Institute of Technology, at the suggestion of Professor R. H. Thurston, propose to found in connection with the institution a laboratory for technical research, or a testing laboratory in which researches of a practical bearing upon the arts and manufactures shall be conducted—such, for example, as the determination of the strength of materials for construction, of the value of fuels, lubricants, etc.

Under the head of *Technology and Domestic Economy* we have an improvement in the automatic system of gas-lighting by Professor Klinkerfues, in the method of nickel-plating by Martin and Delamotte, the use of sulphite of soda in distillation, the use of charcoal instead of lime in removing hair from hides, etc.

Under the head of *Miscellaneous News* we may refer to the honors extended to Professor Newcomb, of the Washington Observatory, by foreign institutions, namely, in the decree of the Gold Medal by the Royal Astronomical Society of London, and his election as corresponding member to the Academy of Sciences of Paris. Admiral Charles Henry Davis has succeeded Admiral Sands in the charge of the National Observatory—a position which he occupied several years ago, and left for sea duty. Professor H. Alleyne Nicholson, a well-known biologist, who has for some years had a professorship of zoology at the University of Toronto, has been transferred to Dublin, and in a similar capacity.

Scientific meetings are already announced for the coming summer, among them that of the Social Science Association of New York on the 26th of May. Although not coming under this category, yet of great interest, is the intended celebration, with suitable ceremonies, on the 2d of August next in Iceland of the thousandth anniversary of the discovery of the island. It is proposed to make this an occasion of a contribution of books by various learned institutions in the United States, the Smithsonian Institution, Yale College, Cornell University, etc., having ex-

pressed their readiness to forward any thing that may be placed in their charge for the purpose.

The deaths since our last report have been numerous, and among them we have to refer to that of Professor Max Schultze, of Bonn, an eminent botanist and microscopist; Dr. Legros and F. Papillon, in Paris; Miani, the Italian geographer; Professor Quetelet, of Brussels; Mr. Jules Bourcier, the French specialist in humming-birds; Sir Francis Pettit Smith, the alleged discoverer of the screw-propeller; Mr. Stephen Harris, a mining engineer of Pottsville, Pennsylvania; and Rev. John Bachman, a naturalist, and associate with Mr. Audubon in many of his scientific papers.

ON THE PERIODICITY OF CLIMATES ON THE EARTH.

The question whether there are any other regular periods than the daily and annual in meteorology has, as is well known, attracted great attention of late years in connection with the supposed discovery of an eleven-year period coinciding with the increase and diminution of the solar spots. Such a period has been argued from observations of temperature, terrestrial magnetism, auroras, atmospheric electricity, and, finally, the recurrence of cyclones in the Indian Ocean. The most extended labor on this subject is, however, that of Dr. Kopfer, of the Physical Observatory of St. Petersburg, who has, with great labor, combined together an immense mass of observations of the temperature in order to establish his conclusions upon irrefragable bases. In his opinion, in which doubtless all coincide, it is absolutely necessary that observations should be gathered together from all regions of the world, and that our conclusions be not based upon a single series made at any station, or over any country. There seem to have been no observations of temperature made in any portion of the world that have not been used by him, so that his conclusion may be said to embody all that can be deduced from the present state of observational meteorology. Arranging the stations according to meteorological zones, the tropics and sub-tropics, the warmer temperate zone, the colder temperate zone, and the cold zone, he throws the mean temperature for each year and each zone into the graphic form of a curve, which can then be directly compared at a glance with the curve of sun-spots as deduced by Wolf from all known observations of the sun. At the very first one is struck with the great agreement of these curves. In the torrid zone the maximum of heat occurs from six months to eighteen months before the

spot maximum. To the north of the tropics the maximum of temperature occurs still later than the minimum of spots, being retarded even as much as three years. The regularity and magnitude of the variations of temperature are most beautifully displayed within the tropics, and diminish as we proceed thence toward the poles. The length of the period between the maximum temperature varies, as also does that of the sun's spots, so that, as the interval between the minimum and maximum of spots is almost always shorter than the interval between the maximum and minimum, so does the temperature follow a precisely corresponding change. The parallelism in the series of numbers is so great that there no longer remains the slightest chance of a mere accidental coincidence between these apparently independent variations. The two phenomena evidently are connected, but in what manner can not at present be determined. Only this is clear, that the sun's spots do not directly, through the darkened portion of the sun's disk, act like an eclipse, leaving the remaining portion of the sun's disk to shine upon the earth with undiminished intensity, for were this the case, since the temperature on the earth's surface is a summation of the total radiation from the sun, it would follow that the variation in the temperature would necessarily follow later than its cause—that is to say, the minimum temperature on the earth should, to a certain extent, follow the maximum number of sun-spots. The contrary, however, is the case, the number of sun-spots attaining its maximum after the corresponding maximum of temperature in the tropics, and it appears to the author most likely that the temperature of the sun's surface, from some unknown cause, is highest one or two years before the minimum of the solar spots. Regarding these spots as comparatively cold matter slowly melting away on the glowing surface of the sun, he remarks that it can not be surprising that the spots should occupy so great a time to completely melt when we consider their immense dimensions. He, however, finds no explanation of the remarkable fact that the retardation of the temperature on the earth's surface, with respect to the sun's spots, is greater near the poles than at the tropics, unless it have to do with the phenomena of the moisture in the atmosphere. To this subject, therefore, he proposes to direct attention. In conclusion, as the result of his studies into the appearance of extremely hot and cold years, he states that, according to the data now before him, there is reason to expect a very cold year, in 1875, in Europe.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of April.—The United States Senate, April 6, passed, by a vote of 29 to 24, a bill "to fix the amount of United States notes and the circulation of national banks." The House passed the same, by a vote of 140 to 102, April 14. The following is the text of the bill:

Section 1 provides that the maximum amount of United States notes is hereby fixed at \$400,000,000.

Section 2 provides that \$46,000,000 in notes for circulation, in addition to such circulation now allowed by law, shall be issued to national banking associations now organized, and which may be organized hereafter, and such increased circulation shall be distributed among the several States as provided in section 1 of the act entitled "An act to provide for the redemption of the three per centum temporary loan certificates, and for an increase of national bank notes," approved July 12, 1870. And each national banking association now organized, or hereafter to be organized, shall keep and maintain, as a part of its reserve required by law, one-fourth part of the coin received by it as interest on

bonds of the United States deposited as security for circulating notes or government deposits, and that hereafter only one-fourth of the reserve now prescribed by law for national banking associations shall consist of balances due to an association, available for the redemption of its circulating notes, from associations in the cities of redemption, and upon which balances no interest shall be paid.

The President vetoed the bill April 22.

The House, also, April 14, passed a currency bill, with the following provisions:

Section 1 provides that section 31 of the National Currency Act be so amended that the amount of money the banks are required to keep on hand shall be determined by the amount of deposits, and that they shall not hereafter be required to keep on hand any money whatever by reason of the amount of their respective circulations.

Section 2 repeals section 23 of the said act, and the several amendments thereto, so far as they restrict the amount of notes for circulation. It also repeals the second proviso in section 1 of the act to provide for the redemption of the three per cent. temporary loan certificates, and the amendment to the National Currency Act, approved March 3, 1865. Section 31 of the original act is re-enacted.

Section 3 requires each national bank to keep on deposit in the Treasury of the United States in lawful money a sum equal to five per cent. of its circulation, to be held and used only for the redemption of such circulation, and when such circulating notes shall be presented for redemption in sums of \$1000, or any multiple thereof, to the Treasurer or any Assistant Treasurer of the United States, the same shall be redeemed in United States notes. All notes so redeemed shall be charged by the Comptroller of the Currency to the respective associations issuing the same, and he shall notify them severally on the first day of each month, or oftener, at his discretion, of the amount of such redemption, whereupon each association so notified shall forthwith deposit with the Treasurer of the United States a sum in United States notes equal to the amount of its circulating notes so redeemed. And when such redemption shall have been so reimbursed, the circulating notes so redeemed, or if worn, mutilated, or defaced, new notes instead, shall be forwarded to the respective associations, provided that each of said associations shall reimburse to the Treasury the costs of redemption and of supplying new notes in place of those redeemed; and the associations hereafter organized shall also severally reimburse to the Treasury the costs of engraving and printing their circulating notes; and provided further that the entire amount of United States notes outstanding and in circulation at any one time shall not exceed the sum of four hundred million dollars now authorized by existing law.

Section 4 provides that any bank desiring to withdraw its circulating notes in whole or in part may, upon the deposit of lawful money, in sums of not less than \$10,000, with the Treasurer of the United States, withdraw a proportionate amount of bonds deposited in pledge for such circulation, and he shall redeem, cancel, and destroy an amount of the circulating notes of such bank equal to the amount issued upon such bonds.

Section 5 provides that sections 31 and 32 of the said act be amended by requiring that each of the said associations shall keep its lawful money reserves within its own vaults, at the place where its operations of discount and deposits are carried on; and all the provisions of the said sections requiring or permitting any of the said associations to keep any portion of its lawful money reserves elsewhere than in its own vaults, or requiring or permitting the redemption of its circulating notes elsewhere than at its own counter, except as provided for in this act, are hereby repealed.

Section 6 provides that upon all circulating notes heretofore issued, or hereafter to be issued, whenever the same shall come into the Treasury in payment or deposit for redemption or otherwise, there shall be printed, under such rules and regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe, the charter numbers of the associations by which they are severally issued.

The House, March 26, passed the bill to regulate the commerce by railroad among the several States. The vote stood 121 to 116. The essential feature of the bill is the institution of a Board of Commissioners (representing the nine judicial

districts), who are, after investigation, to prepare for the owners and operators of inter-State lines of railway schedules fixing the maximum rates for freight and passengers.—On the 13th the Senate passed, 20 to 18, a bill to provide for the incorporation and regulation of railroad companies in the Territories. Mr. Senator Stewart, of Nevada, who introduced the bill, explained that its object was to enable the people in the Territories, who so desired, to build railroads with their own money, without applying for a charter to Congress or to a Territorial Legislature. The bill grants no public land except for stations, dépôts, and right of way.

In the House, March 31, the Senate bill providing for the payment of the bonds of the Louisville and Portland Canal Company was passed, with an amendment that no money shall be paid under its provisions until Kentucky shall have ceded the jurisdiction of the canal property to the United States. This canal around the falls of the Ohio has been in operation since 1831, the government during that time having been part owner. All expenses down to 1867 had been received back in tolls. Since 1869 the government had appropriated \$1,278,000, for which it had received no return. The bill appropriates \$1,172,000 more to take up and cancel bonds to that amount. The House amendment was defeated in the Senate April 21.

Both Houses of Congress have passed the bill exempting from the act of 1793—enrolling and licensing ships in the coasting trade—all canal-boats or boats employed on the internal waters or canals of any State.

A bill was passed by the House, April 15, abolishing mileage, and providing for the payment of actual traveling expenses.

The Senate has confirmed the appointment of Benjamin P. Avery as minister to China, *vice* F. F. Low, resigned; also that of Thomas Russell as Minister Resident to the republic of Venezuela.

M. Bertholdi, the French minister, and Postmaster-General Creswell have agreed upon the basis of a postal treaty between France and the United States, which will establish an international letter rate of nine cents, or fifty centimes, for each half ounce, each country to retain the postage collected therein, and to pay for the transportation of the mails to the other. Prepayment to be optional, but want of it to subject letters to a fine of five cents.—Formal ratifications of the postal treaty with Japan have been exchanged at Washington—the letter rate per half ounce being fixed at twelve cents.

Governor William B. Washburn, of Massachusetts, was by the Legislature of that State elected, on the thirty-third ballot, to fill Senator Sumner's unexpired term in the United States Senate.

The New Jersey Legislature has passed a compulsory education bill. A similar bill was defeated recently in the Illinois Legislature.

The bill passed by the Senate of the New York Legislature vesting the appointment of the Superintendent of Public Instruction in the Board of Regents was defeated in the Assembly April 14.—The bill for compulsory education was passed by the Assembly, 68 to 35, April 15.

The Rhode Island election, April 1, resulted in the re-election of the entire Republican State government.—In the Connecticut election, April

6, C. R. Ingersoll, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was elected.

Sir William Gray has succeeded Sir John Peter Grant as Governor-General of Jamaica.

In the British House of Commons, April 16, the annual budget was submitted. The total gross revenue amounted to £77,835,000, exceeding the estimates by £3,574,000. The total expenditure amounted to £76,456,000, including the Geneva award, but not the expenses of the Ashantee war. The excess of expenditures over estimate was £1,156,000. The estimate for revenue for the year ending March 31, 1875, is £77,995,000; for expenditure, £72,500,000, leaving a surplus of £5,495,000. It is proposed to reduce the income tax one penny in the pound, to abolish the duties on sugar from the 1st of May, to create additional terminal annuities to the amount of £450,000, to reduce the national debt £7,000,000 in ten years, and to contribute £1,000,000 of the surplus to the relief of local taxation and the abolition of horse taxes.

The Queen has sent a message to the House of Commons recommending a grant of £25,000 to General Sir Garnet Wolseley.

The new French electoral bill, elaborated by the Committee of Thirty, will reduce the electoral body by about 3,000,000 voters.

In the French Assembly, March 27, M. Dahirel, a monarchist, moved that a vote be taken July 1 to decide the future form of government. The motion was rejected by a vote of 330 against to 256 in its favor.—On the 28th the Assembly adjourned until May 12.—A circular has been issued by the French government prohibiting attacks by newspapers on the Septennat, and declaring that President M'Mahon's powers are incontestable.

Henri Rochefort and Paschal Grousset have escaped from the penal colony of New Caledonia. Rochefort proposes to come to America.

In the annual race between the Oxford and Cambridge universities' boats' crews on the Thames, March 28, Cambridge was the winner by four lengths; time, twenty-three minutes and thirty-five seconds.

NEW YORK SAVINGS-BANKS.

The report of the Superintendent of Banking on savings-banks is this year especially interesting as showing the results of the panic of last autumn. Five new savings-banks have been incorporated, the total number of banks, January 1, 1874, being 155, of which 71 are in Kings, New York, and Westchester counties. The total sum of deposits at that date was \$285,520,085. The increase in deposits during 1873 was only \$233,464, the smallest annual gain in sixteen years. The increase in the surplus amounts to \$1,672,088.

Notwithstanding the effects of the panic, the banks were in a stronger position on the 1st of January, 1874, than they had been January 1, 1873. In the proportion of surplus to liabilities the banks are stronger than they have been since 1866. The small depositors have continued the most steadfast in their patronage of the banks; for the increase in the number of depositors during 1873 was 16,830, while the average deposit was diminished \$6 67. It was the speculative class mainly who withdrew \$7,000,000 from these banks during the last half of 1873.

It was discovered by the bank examiners that in not a very few cases savings-banks are made the tenders of banks of discount. In some banks where such relations exist there is mutual advantage in their business, and the savings-bank gains by this intimacy. But generally the connection between the savings-bank and the discount bank is made to serve the latter, and to swell its gains to the loss of the former. In Albany and Troy this is notably the fact.

DISASTERS.

March 24.—Explosion of the boiler of the Mississippi tow-boat *Crescent City*, ten miles below Memphis. Sixteen lives lost.

March 25.—Tenement-house in Mott Haven, New York, burned. A mother and her three children consumed.

April 1.—A large part of Millerstown, Pennsylvania, destroyed by fire. Seven persons burned to death.

April 17.—Governor Kellogg, of Louisiana, writes to President Grant advising him that the unprecedented rise in the Mississippi, aided by violent local storms, had caused a most disastrous overflow. Six or seven of the largest parishes of the State were under water, and thousands of people, white and black, were without food or shelter.

March 31.—News received at London of the loss of the French steam-ship *Nil* on her way from Hong-Kong to Yokohama. Eighty persons drowned.

April 2.—Loss and abandonment of the French Transatlantic Company's steam-ship *Europe*, from Liverpool to New York. Crew and passengers saved.

April 9.—At St. Johns, Newfoundland, explosion of the steamer *Tigress*, of *Polaris* fame. Twenty-two men reported killed.

April 14.—Abandonment at sea of the French Transatlantic Company's steam-ship *L'Amerique*. Passengers and crew saved. Second captain lost. The *Amerique* was afterward towed into Plymouth Harbor, in good condition, hull and cargo.

April 15.—Colliery explosion, from use of naked lamps, at Dukinfield, in Lancashire, England. Fifty-three men killed.

OBITUARY.

March 8.—In Paris, Susan Virginia Benton Boilleau, youngest daughter of the late Senator Thomas Benton, aged thirty-nine years.

April 5.—In Paris, Charles E. Beulé, a distinguished archæologist, and member of the French Assembly, aged forty-eight years.

April 8.—At Munich, Bavaria, Wilhelm von Kaulbach, the distinguished German painter, in his sixty-ninth year.

March 27.—In Boston, Massachusetts, Rev. Edward N. Kirk, D.D., aged seventy-two years. —In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the Rev. T. Stork, D.D., a distinguished Lutheran clergyman and editor.

April 5.—In New York, Judge J. W. Edmonds, aged seventy-four years.

April 13.—In New York, James Bogardus, the well-known inventor, aged seventy-four years.

April 17.—In Salem, Massachusetts, Professor Alpheus Crosby, an eminent scholar and author, aged sixty-four years.

Editor's Drawer.

THE good Henry Bergh, whom every body knows and loves for his devotion to dumb animals, has much dry humor, which shows itself when least expected. The story of his commiseration for the feelings of the mule, instead of the drunken man who sunk on the animal's back in a bog, has already been made public. The following equally illustrate his wit:

General D— says that several years ago, at the time when Mr. Bergh first originated the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, on waking up one morning his ears tingled with the piteous cries of an unfortunate cat, which, in climbing a tree in the general's yard in pursuit of some birds in a nest, had become permanently entangled in a branch about thirty feet from the ground. The general put on his hat and went to Mr. Bergh's office. Finding that gentleman in, he stated the case. Mr. Bergh touched a bell, and ordered the attendant at once to proceed with a long ladder and relieve the cat.

"Stop a moment, Mr. Bergh," said the general. "Is the cat entitled to any consideration? She went up the tree after the little birds."

"My dear Sir," replied the great zoophilist, "*let us not scrutinize too closely the motives of that cat.*"

And the ladder was sent.

Another good story of Mr. Bergh arose from his unsuccessful prosecution in Brooklyn of the swill-milk vendors. He presented several clear cases of the selling of this disgusting compound before the local courts there without success, political reasons combining to influence both court and jury in favor of the swill-milk "maids." Later a Brooklyn editor urged the propriety of his again interfering. Mr. Bergh replied, in substance, that however earnest his efforts had been to ameliorate the condition of the unhappy cows who were compelled by unnatural food to furnish *swill* milk, yet in view of the fact that a swill-milk court and jury had in Brooklyn unanimously declared that article to be a most wholesome drink, he did not feel authorized to renew his attempt to deprive the inhabitants of that deluded city of a legal beverage which their own tribunals had gravely decided to be alike healthful and invigorating, and he therefore left the matter to the local Board of Health.

And yet another: After Mr. Bergh's successful defeat of Ira Paine in his attempt to recover damages against him for stopping a pigeon match, in which sundry tame pigeons were proposed to be mutilated needlessly in order to determine a contest for a silver cup, a New York morning paper came out in a singular editorial, sneering at Mr. Bergh's affection for birds. "None of the pigeons are more thoroughly symbolical than the cock which crew thrice in the night, and whose crowing was of most significance to a person whose character no one admires. *Judas* went and hanged himself when he had heard the cock crow three times!"

"This mixing up of Judas and St. Peter is remarkable," said the good Mr. Bergh, on hearing of this article; "but I never heard of the devil yet quoting Scripture accurately, or without getting matters mixed. He is not used to it,

and he always gets things wrong whenever he attempts it."

For strict integrity and playful humor commend us to the following, sent to us by a gentleman in judicial position in Kansas. It should have been sent to the Finance Committees of both Houses of Congress pending the discussion of inflation:

"The town of C—, in Kansas, issued bonds for school-houses, bridges, railroads, etc., with great prodigality, until now the bonded indebtedness is nearly \$200,000, and the rate of taxation nine and a half per cent. No community can stand such taxation as that, and to avoid it the citizens have bought a quarter section of land adjoining the town site, laid it off into lots and blocks, and are moving every building from the old to the new town site. The old town site will soon be a deserted tract of 160 acres, with a bonded debt of \$200,000. The new town starts off with public buildings and private dwellings complete, and in fine running order, and without any bonded or paper indebtedness. They inflated the old debt as much as she could stand, and let her burst. But for the new town—not any!"

A GOOD many stories of stammerers are told, but none of recent date better than the following of Platt Evans, of Cincinnati: It was one of his pleasures to teach his friends how to purchase tender geese, though he could not always get them in the market. One morning he saw a lot, and inquired of the farmer how many there were.

"About a dozen," was the reply.

"W-w-well," said Platt, "I k-k-keep b-board-ing-house, and my b-b-boarders are the biggest e-eaters you ever s-s-saw. P-p-pick out n-n-nine of the t-t-toughest you've g-g-got."

The farmer complied, and laid aside the other three tender ones.

Platt picked them up carefully, and putting them in his basket, said, "I b-b-believe I'll t-t-take these three."

SAID a lady to her husband during the late panic, "I am not afraid but that we shall have enough to live on. I believe that we shall be provided for if we only trust in Providence."

To which the husband replied, "Well, you'll divide with the children, won't you? and I will look out for myself the best I can."

MR. DONN PIATT has this little squib at one of the most eminent of our public men. The question was asked, "Do you think that Charles Francis Adams will be a candidate for the Presidency?"

"I doubt it," was the reply. "Charles Francis is the sort of man who makes up a party in himself. If any other organization attempts to join him, he immediately secedes, under the impression that something must be wrong if he is not in a minority. He will not remain in a party long enough to see it die, and if he joins it after its death he can not keep up in the procession. He is like that fellow who hired a horse and bug-

gy at a livery-stable, and was requested, as usual, not to overdrive the animal. The man gravely turned in his seat as he gathered up the reins, and said, slowly and earnestly, "Stranger, I am going to a funeral, and I'm bound to keep up with the procession if it kills this hoss!"

THEY are dropping into poetry in Oregon, judging from the following superscription on a letter sent from Portland, in that far-off State:

To Harry Howard, sleek and comely,
Standing up behind his bar,
Take this letter, take it quickly:
'Tis not to go so very far;
Only to the rural village
In the valley by the mountains,
Where the trout play in the fountains,
Where builds her nest the pretty swallow,
And the pigs do Walla Walla.

WE all take things for granted. This was the case at a prayer-meeting in the northern part of Maine, when the pastor remarked that if any had relatives in distant lands, prayer would be offered in their behalf. Thereupon a man of the people arose and said, "I would like you to pray for my brother. He went away two weeks ago, and I haven't heard from him since. I don't know just where he is, but you needn't pray below Bangor."

A FRIEND in Maine sends the following:

Mr. Earle, a gentleman who has a wide reputation as a revivalist, made a recent visit to Waterville, where his labors were attended with success. When about to depart to keep an appointment at Gardiner he began an exhortation to some of the guests at the Williams House. Mr. S—, who had a carriage ready for his conveyance to the dépôt, reminded him it was time to leave.

"Oh no," said Mr. Earle; "the Lord controls the trains."

"Yes," replied his matter-of-fact friend, "but if you intend to go by this train you must start now, for to my certain knowledge the Lord has had nothing to do with the M. C. R. R. for upward of two years."

The minister got left.

WHERE else than in Pennsylvania could this have occurred?

A doctor of our village was recently taken off suddenly, which fact was announced to us by Jake A—, a boy living at our house, who at times would, in the most innocent way, describe things irregularly. Coming in hastily, and nearly out of breath, he exclaimed, "Oh! Dr. F— is dead; he's had a *political stroke*!"

Dr. H—, a well-known hygienic physician in —, not only attends to the bodily ailments of patients in his institution, but frequently takes occasion on the Lord's Day to administer to them a little spiritual medicine in the form of a lengthy extemporaneous sermon. Not long since, having called them together, he proceeded to talk, taking for his subject the Crucifixion. The discourse was a good one, and in the course of it he had so worked upon the sympathies of his auditors that many were in tears. After dwelling upon the cruelty of that mode of punishment, the doctor spoke of the malefactor crucified at

the Saviour's right hand, who was so blessed as to receive pardon. "Brothers and sisters," said he, "who among us would not give all he possesses to-day to be thus favored? I would give ten thousand worlds if I could have been there and been that thief. Yes," continued he, after a moment's pause, as if to reflect, "I would give eleven thousand!" The effect upon the audience of this additional *bid* may be imagined.

WE have from Colorado an account of one of those interesting incidents in Western life connected with that noble animal, the horse. It is thrown into epic shape and glides as follows:

A stranger from the mountains came slowly riding down,
And stopped to get his dinner in a Rio Grande town,
And his rough-haired, raw-boned, played-out, tired,
and hungry-looking steed
He sent out to the stable to recuperate with feed.

It wasn't such a fancy horse: his joints were very large,
And his legs hung out each side of him like oars upon a barge;
And the stranger who came riding that nag into Del Norte

Had no exalted opinion of his qualities, I thought.

But when they went to chaffing him—those sports across the range—

That he should get his dander up is nothing very strange.

And when they went to betting that they had a colt "right thar"

That could beat his "hoss," he bridled up with "Gentlemen, I'll swar,

"Although I don't much keer to run, I never let a banter

Bluff me while I have horseflesh that kin walk or run or canter;

So if you've got a runnin' hoss, or a dozen, trot 'em in,
And I'll try to make it lively, if nary a red I win."

Then like wild-fire spread the rumor throughout that mining town

That they'd caught a "greeny" nappin', and would do him up so brown

That 'twould make his head swim maybe, for they entertained no doubt

Of their open-and-shut ability to clean that stranger out.

From fifty-dollar greenbacks down to Sagusche County scrip,

They staked their money lively with a reckless "let 'er rip,"

For they "wanted ter wax that stranger on his hoss almighty bad,"

And they gathered up their bronchies and every nag they had.

Then straightway that stranger started with the citizens *en masse*,

To find a level spot of ground all covered o'er with grass,

For, said he, "I reckon we mout as well jes let the critters go

'Thout waitin' any longer, fer it muchly looks like snow."

The rivals in that scrub lit out; the stranger got the lead,

And the "ornery" horse developed extraordinary speed.

He got away right easy with those San Luis Valley nags,

And that stranger he stood treat at Storms' as he pocketed their rags.

A most excellent and instructive as well as very entertaining little volume is the Rev. Dr. Tyng's *Office and Duty of a Christian Pastor*—a course of five lectures delivered in 1873 to the students of the School of Theology in Boston University, and recently published by Harper and Brothers. After speaking of the *object* and *qualifications* of the Christian pastor in the ful-

fillment of his important office and work, he alludes to the *instruments* which he is to employ in addition; and in doing this he contrasts the success of the contented, cheerful-tempered man with the failure of the discontented, complaining man. Of the latter type the doctor says:

"What an unwholesome, repulsive miasma spreads around him! He can not be desired, nor longed for, nor tolerated but by those who are more truly the imitators of a mild and gentle Saviour than he. He may know all books and all languages; he may be, in his own estimation, 'wiser than Daniel,' and really 'prouder than Lucifer;' he may be an adept in all conversation and all culture; but none desire him, and every place in which his ministry is appointed and exercised becomes really more discontented than he.

"Such a man occurs to my mind. He was talented, educated, and outwardly well prepared. But he had no aptitude of personal conformity to appointed conditions, and he has rolled and tumbled through the Church from one inferior place to another still more so, until in age he seems likely to have no home open to him in any part of the Lord's work on earth. He asked me one day the reason for this. He said, 'I preach the same truth as you; why is my preaching useless?' We were near a butcher's stall, filled with a stock of most attractive meat. 'Why can not you eat that meat, so nicely cut up, and looking so clean?' I replied. 'Why, it is not cooked,' he said. 'That is exactly the point,' I answered: 'that which is wanting in all your work is cooking—adaptation to the wants and conditions of the people to whom you are sent. Your meat is nicely cut up and divided, but it is not cooked.'

"John Newton once went to hear a very critical and accurate preacher, and when asked by him how he liked his discriminating analysis, answered, 'One great distinction you seem to have forgotten—the difference between bones and meat.'

Another of the doctor:

"At twenty-one years of age and a few weeks over I left my New England home in the character of a preacher—the world before me, and Providence my guide. Four weeks afterward I found myself settled as a pastor in a church in Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, then the business suburb of the city of Washington. It was a church of which I had never heard, and in which not a single individual was known to me. They accidentally heard me without my knowledge. Their aged pastor left them but the Sunday previous, and pleasantly said to them, 'If that young man had an *h* in his name he would be the very *thing* for you.' They took me at his word, and thus made me the thing."

One more:

"My habit of preaching, which I had acquired in a revival at Bristol, Rhode Island, from whence I had gone within the previous month, was entirely extemporaneous, and was sometimes very trying. It was while in Georgetown I went as usual to my church one Sunday with my feeble preparation for the pulpit. It was during the session of Congress, and to my amazement a large number of public men were there, many of whom were personal friends of my father. I was terrified beyond control at the sight, and my gracious Lord left me to my own pride for my chasten-

ing. I forgot my text and my whole subject, and after blundering on for perhaps ten minutes in a most profuse perspiration, overwhelmed with confusion, I suddenly closed the service, and dismissed the congregation. Walking home, bowed down with my mortification, my wife, a daughter of Bishop Griswold, said to me: 'Now do give up this attempt at extempore preaching. You know my father said it would always be desultory and unconnected. You will never succeed in it, I fear.' I replied: 'I will never give it up. This very occasion has made me determined. It can be acquired, and, by the Lord's help, I will acquire it.' Thirty years after that I saw Mr. Van Buren—who was one of my distinguished hearers on that day—in St. George's Church in New York. He came up to the chancel to speak to me, with his friend Judge Vanderpoel, whom he was visiting. Referring to some things past, I said, 'Do you remember that day of my dreadful failure in preaching in Georgetown, in the beginning of my ministry?' 'Oh yes,' said he, 'but you have never failed since.'

THERE must be forms, especially in legal proceedings, otherwise where should we be? Every new form ought to combine what Lowell speaks of as

"Suthin' combinin' moril truth
With phrases such as strikes."

This seems to have been achieved on the following return on an execution issued in the case of the Singer Manufacturing Company v. James B. Bousely *et al.*, by the sheriff of Henry County, which will be appreciated by lawyers, and not a few ordinary people:

Came to hand December 16, 1873, at ten o'clock p.m., and afterward, to wit, on the 10th day of January, 1874, notwithstanding this writ has been 990 days from the date of issue, yet nevertheless be it remembered that on the above said 10th day of January, 1874, after many entreaties and a faithful presentation of "dead issues," I had the exquisite pleasure of manipulating the sum of one hundred and fourteen and 96-100 (\$14 96) dollars of the defendants' money, and for fear that some "salary grabber" would feloniously slich the same from my possession, I forthwith rushed frantically to the bank and deposited the same therein, and now, to wit, January 12, 1874, after two nights of sweet repose, I again rushed to the bank aforesaid and selected a draft from among the many, one in favor of William J. Wallace, Clerk of Marion County, Indiana, for the sum of one hundred and six and 41-100 (\$106 41) dollars for his careful manipulation and proper distribution. Said sum being sufficient to cause a bright smile to beam on the countenance of all herein concerned, except myself, for which I have amply provided by retaining the sum of eight 65-100 (\$8 65) dollars as my costs on collection and for serving summons in this cause. And the long lost is returned. For the long delay I require of Smith & Hawkins, attorneys.

H. L. McLEEN,
Sheriff Henry County.

THERE is nothing particularly amusing in the following, though at the time it was thought to have been an exceedingly ready and witty hit at an abuse. It is from the *Memoirs of Sir George Sinclair*, a work possessing no general interest for people in this country, and therefore not republished, and the extract is probably now for the first time in American type:

At the time the question of the wealth, and the abuses connected with it, of the Irish bishops, contrasted with the condition of the inferior clergy, was creating great interest in the public

mind, the dignitaries of the Church were boldly—certainly most imprudently—proclaiming themselves to be, and priding themselves on the assumed fact, successors of the Apostles. Sir George took them on their own terms, and in the most triumphant manner made themselves and their ecclesiastical pretensions alike ridiculous. After some preliminary observations Sir George thus proceeded:

If, during the laborious and successful excavations of enterprising Oriental explorers, a brazen tablet were dug up which, when deciphered and translated, and the sums represented by modern equivalents, proclaimed the following notabilia—

WEALTH OF THE APOSTLES.

Probate of their Wills.

Matthew	£400,000
Simon the Canaanite	150,000
Lebbaeus	100,000
James the Less	800,000
Paul	200,000
John	150,000
Peter	250,000
Andrew	150,000
Making a total of	£1,700,000

—If such a discovery of the wills of the Apostles were made, the obvious inference would generally be deduced that the public announcement of their having amassed such enormous amounts of "filthy lucre" must in no small degree have hardened their hearers against the more impressive exhortations to let their affections on things above, and not to lay up for themselves treasures upon earth. A similar result will, I doubt not, ensue whenever the subjoined short but significant paragraph is read by acute and impartial inquirers, in reference to certain dignitaries professing to be the rightful and indefeasible successors of the "twelve" whose disinterestedness and self-denial were as conspicuous as their sanctity and success:

WEALTH OF THE IRISH BISHOPS.

Probate of Irish Protestant Bishops' Wills.

Agar, Archbishop of Cashel	£400,000
Porter, Bishop of Clogher	250,000
Knox, Bishop of Killaloe	100,000
Stuart, Archbishop of Armagh	800,000
Hawkins, Bishop of Raphoe	250,000
Fowler, Archbishop of Dublin	150,000
Beresford, Archbishop of Tuam	250,000
Total	£1,700,000

In Nevada, even as in New York, the great business of courtship goes on as briskly as ever, though some of the details vary. From the former locality we are furnished with a narrative which has a slight dramatic action and flavor not common to Fifth Avenue. It is described thus: "My sister Em has got a feller who has been coming to see her 'most every night for some time. Night before last, just to have a little fun, I went in the parlor, and crawled under the sofa on the sly, and waited there till he and Em had got settled; and just as he was asking her if she was willing to be his dear partner for life, and trust to his strong right arm for protection and support, I gave three red-hot Indian war-whoops, and bumped myself up against the bottom of the sofa, and fired off an old horse-pistol that I had borrowed of Sam Johnson, and, my gracious! how that feller jumped up and scooted for the door! He never stopped to get his hat, but went tumbling head over heels down the door-steps. As for Em, she was just that scared that she squatted right down on the floor, and screeched like blue blazes, till dad and mother came running in, with nothing on but their night-clothes, and wanted to know what the matter was. But Em only yelled the louder,

and kept pointing under the sofa, till dad got down on his knees, and saw me there, and pulled me out by the hind-leg. When he had got me out in the wood-shed, he warped me over his knee, and then went at me with an old trunk strap, and I haven't got over it real nicely yet."

FROM Sunbury, Pennsylvania, comes this:

In February last the Rev. Mr. Jack, of Danville, Pennsylvania, went to Turbotville to assist at a protracted meeting, with the intention of returning the next day. While walking on the street with the resident minister, the latter prevailed on Mr. J. to remain until the day following. To relieve any apprehension on the part of his wife at his not returning at the appointed time, he immediately went to the telegraph office and sent the following telegram:

Mrs. A. B. Jack, Danville, Pennsylvania:
Psalm v. 3, first clause in the verse.

A. B. JACK.

Which, being interpreted, saith, "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning."

DIALOGUE in a cemetery:

WIFE. "Ah, husband, do you see this beautiful carving?—how delicately cut in the pure white stone!"

HUSBAND. "Yes, very pretty."

WIFE. "But, William, you have no taste for art; you don't enjoy these things as I do. Just notice this slender column of immaculate marble, with the touching question so beautifully carved, 'Do they miss me at home?'"

HUSBAND. "Yes, I see; and here is her name on the foot-stone—'G. A. B.' Yes, I guess they miss her, if that was her name."

And there came silence.

WHILE Company "N" of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers was doing picket duty on the Potomac, John Moy, not many years from old Ireland, was placed as sentinel, with orders to examine all "passes." During the day a horseman chanced that way, and being summoned to halt, handed his pass to Moy, who leisurely scanned it, gave it back, and permitted the horseman to go on. Moy's deliberation had been noted by Lieutenant P—, who called out,

"Was that a proper pass?"

"Yis, Sur."

"What was on it, John?"

"Divil a bit do I know, Sur, but with all the readin' and writin' there was on that pass, it was enough to pass a major-gineral to the very divil!"

ONE of the most estimable men in Albany—a printer, of course—sends to the Drawer the following: Our proof boy is reported as having gone to the Medical College in this city with a proof. By mistake in entering he opened the door of the museum, and in passing through stopped in front of a case in which a skeleton was hanging. As he stepped up to examine, the floor yielded a little, and the wire attachment to the floor caused the skeleton to raise its arm. The boy was frightened and ran. On reaching the street the student who wanted the proof hailed him to come back.

"No, you don't!" exclaimed the lad. "Think I don't know you now, since you got your clothes on!"



PAT'S PHILOSOPHY.

OUR readers have doubtless always understood that R. H. Stoddard, who gives us a bit of poetry now and then, is an American of Anglo-Saxon descent. But this is a mistake. The following specimens establish beyond a question his Celtic origin:

PAT'S PHILOSOPHY.

When the winter is cold
I keep meself warm;
When the summer is hot
I keep meself cool:
It's mebbe I'm bold,
And it's mebbe I'm not;
But a gossoon's a fool
When he goes into harm!
Ses my old Uncle Dan—
A wise one, and stiddy—
"What's the world to a man
When his wife is a widdy?"

When the soldier struts by
With his sword at his side,
And the rattle, rattle drums
Beat the roll and the call,
He may go or may fly—
I stay here till death comes,
For I mind me of all
That in battle have died!
I am like Uncle Dan,
For he said—troth and did he—
"What's the world to a man
When his wife is a widdy?"

When the sailor hoists sail,
And stands out on the deep,
Laving sweetheart or wife
And the childer behind,
He timpts the wild gale,
And he trifles with life,
And he sinks, d'ye mind,
Where the mermaidens sleep!

"Pat," sez old Uncle Dan,
"Stay at home with your Biddy;
What's the world to a man
When his wife is a widdy?"

Let the scholar sit up
And write late and long,
To insure him a name—
He may sit up for me;
Give me but a full cup,
He may have all his Fame;
For it's stuff, d'ye see,
And not worth an old song!
Let us live, Uncle Dan;
Let us live and love, Biddy;
What's the world to a man
When his wife is a widdy?

BIDDY'S PHILOSOPHY.

What would I do if you was dead?
And when do you think of dying?
I'd stand by your bed, and hold your head,
And cry, or pretend to be crying!
There's many a worser man nor you—
If one knew where to find him—
And mebbe many a better, too,
With money to leave behind him!
But you, if I was dying to-day
(I saw you now when you kissed her),
I tell you, Pat, what you'd be at—
You'd marry your widdy's sister!

You'd make an iligant corpse, indade,
Sleeping so sound and stiddy:
If you could see yourself as you laid,
You'd want to come back to Biddy!
You would be dressed in your Sunday best,
As tidy as I could make you,
With a sprig of something on your breast—
And the boys would come to wake you!
But you, if I was dead in your stead
(Do you think I never missed her?),

I tell you, Pat, what you'd be at—
You'd marry your widdy's sister!

The undertaker would drive the hearse
That has the big black feather:
If there was no money left in your purse,
Your friends would club together!
They'd look at your cold remains before
They followed you down to the ferry;
And the coaches standing at the door
Would go to the cemetery!
But you, if I was once in the box
(I wonder her lips don't blister),
I tell you, Pat, what you'd be at—
You'd marry your widdy's sister!

When you was under the sod I'd sigh,
And—if I could do without you,
Mebbe I've a strapping lad in my eye
Would come here and talk about you!
A little courtin' would be divertin',
A kind voice whispering, "*Biddy!*"
And a kiss on the sly—for what's the hurt in
A man consoling a widdy?
But you, before I was dead at all
(Now don't deny that you kissed her),
I tell you, Pat, what you'd be at—
You'd marry your widdy's sister!

HERE is a sermon on a dead chicken by our little friend Ethel, a six-year-old:

"Like in the fable of the man, the boy, and the donkey, I can not hope to please every one, but I will try to do my best with this sermon. The heart has its little vanities and its little goodnesses. Do not laugh at man's poorness, my dear friends. I hope you will regard this solemn service with great solemnity. This dear one has departed the lower world. Mourners, cry not; mourn not, for the departed one has gone to a place so sweet in eternity. It is well for it that it has died early, for it is saved much pain. We must not blame the dear mother. In her energies to procure food, the mother had kicked over the dish on one of her little ones, and this—the result. We warn all these listeners that when they have life, energy, thought, soul, they should prepare themselves for death, for man knoweth not the hour nor the day of judgment. This little one slumbers sweetly in her coffin. She is happy; she is an angel now. It is only her body will sleep in the grave; her spirit has gone to the *animality* kingdom. She misses not her Indian meal, she misses not her mother. This little one has been taken in the prime of her life. (I warn thee to be attentive, and not trim thine hat with dock leaves and flowers from the decorations of the body while I speak to thee.) I speak to thee not harshly, and give thee the advice I gave before. Be ready, prepared for slumber, peace, happiness, righteousness. I will now relate a fable, which has a parable. There was once a hog who was dirty, and lived in a sty. He loved filth, and was greedy and unrighteous. There lived on the same farm a lamb, who was clean and tidy, and ate fresh grass, and was innocent. One day the lamb addressed the hog, and said: 'Sir, if your habits were better, and you were cleaner, and ate meal, or grass and hay, as I do, people would relish you better. I do not consider myself better than other people, but I am only advising you how you might amend some of your habits.' But the hog answered, in a surly tone: 'Humph! heh! heh! To you it is easy; but I am accustomed to this. I am a hog, and you a lamb.' But the lamb asked, mildly, 'Have you ever experienced what it is to be good?' 'No; and I don't wish to, either;

I don't care much about it.' Wickedness is the filth the hog longs after. The lamb is the good angel who tries to coax people to do better. Now, my friends, it is time for the removal of the coffin. (And now, Ocey, you must throw up your arms and begin to howl.)"

This comes from a correspondent in Sedalia, Missouri. During the late war, while the Federal troops near here were taking a good many prisoners, a prominent Southern divine found himself in quandary. Calling on the general commanding, he said:

"Sir, I have been ordered by my bishop to pray for the President of the Confederate States. The United States forces now having possession of the place, I don't know what to do, and in my difficulty I come to you."

The general, a kindly man, asked, "How long have you prayed for Mr. Davis?"

"Ever since the war began."

"Well, my dear doctor," continued the general, "I am not much of a theologian—only a poor soldier who obeys orders; and as your prayers don't appear to have done Mr. Davis much good, or us any harm, I see no objection to your obeying your orders, and continuing your supplications for Jeff, who certainly needs all the help, spiritual and material, he can get."

The doctor, as they say in Georgia, "resumed the primeval condition of his former rectitude."

THE MAIDEN'S LAST FAREWELL

IN THE DAY OF CREMATION.

THEN the night wore on, and we knew the worst,
That the end of it all was nigh:
Three doctors they had from the very first—
And what could one do but die?

"Oh, William!" she cried, "strew no blossoms of
spring,
For the new 'apparatus' might rust;
But say that a handful of shavings you'll bring,
And linger to see me combust."

"Oh, promise me, love, by the fire-hole you'll watch,
And when mourners and stokers convene,
You will see that they light me some solemn, slow
match,
And warn them against kerosene."

"It would cheer me to know, ere these rude breezes
waft
My essences far to the pole,
That one whom I love will look to the draught,
And have a fond eye on the coal."

"Then promise me, love"—and her voice fainter
grew—
"While this body of mine calcifies,
You will stand just as near as you can to the flue,
And gaze while my gases arise."

"For Thompson—Sir Henry—has found out a way
(Of his 'process' you've surely heard tell),
And you burn like a parlor-match gently away,
Nor even offend by a smell."

"So none of the dainty need sniff in disdain
When my carbon floats up to the sky;
And I'm sure, love, that you will never complain,
Though an ash should blow into your eye."

"Now promise me, love"—and she murmured low—
"When the calcification is o'er,
You will sit by my grave in the twilight glow—
I mean by my furnace door:"

"Yes, promise me, love, while the seasons revolve
On their noiseless axles, the years,
You will visit the kiln where you saw me 'resolve,'
And leach my pale ashes with tears."

JOHN PAUL

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXC.—JULY, 1874.—VOL. XLIX.

LEFT ASHORE.



“AND THREE LITTLE HAPPY FACES SPED
TO THE DANCING BOAT—AND HE WENT TOO.”

SOFTLY it stole up out of the sea,
The day that brought my dole to me;
Slowly into the star-sown gray,
Dim and dappled, it soared away.
Who would have dreamed such tender light
Was brimming over with bale and blight?
Who would have dreamed that fitful breeze
Fanned from the tumult of tossing seas?
Oh, softly and slowly stole up from the sea
The day that brought my dole to me!

Glad was I at the open door
While my footfall lingered along the floor,
For three bright heads at that dawn of day
Close on the self-same pillow lay;
Three sweet mouths I bent and kissed
As the gold and rose and amethyst
Of the eastern sky was round us shed;
And three little happy faces sped
To the dancing boat—and he went too—
And lightly the wind that morning blew.

Many a time had one and all
Gone out before to the deep-sea haul;
Many a time come rowing back
Against the tide of the Merrimac,

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VOL. XLIX.—No. 290.—11



"AND THOUGH EVERY POOL WHERE THE FULL TIDES TOSS
I SEARCH FOR SOME LOOK OF CURLING FLOSS—"

With shining freight, and a reddening sail
Flapping loose in the idle gale,
While over them faded the evening glow,
With stars above and with stars below,
Trolling and laughing, a welcome din,
To me and the warm shore making in.

Then why that day, as I watched the boat,
Did I remember the midnight rote
That rolled a signal across my sleep
Of the storm that cried from deep to deep,
Plunging along in its eager haste
Across the desert and desolate waste,
Far off through the heart of the gray mid-seas,
To rob me forever of all my ease?
Oh, I know not: I only know
That sound was the warning of my woe.

For lo, as I looked, I saw the mist
Over the channel curl and twist,
And blot the breaker out of sight
Where its angry horn gored the waters white.
Only a sea-turn, I heard them say,
That the climbing sun will burn away.
But I saw it silently settling down
Like an ashen pall upon the town:
Oh, hush, I cried; 'tis some huge storm's rack;
My darlings, my darlings, will never come back!

All day I stood on the old sea-wall,
Watching the great swell rise and fall,

And the spume and spray drove far and thin,
But never a sail came staggering in.
And out of the east a wet wind blew,
And over my head the foam-flakes flew;
Down came the night without a star,
Loud was the cry of the raging bar;
And I wrung my hands and called and prayed,
And the black wild east all answer made.

Oh, long ere the cruel night was done
Came the muffled toll of the minute-gun;
Nothing it meant to me, I knew,
Save that other women were waiting too—
For many the craft that, cast away,
On the shoals of the long Plumb Island lay,
Wrecked and naked, a hungry horde
Of fierce white surges leaping aboard,
And bale and bundle came up from the sea—
But nothing ever came back to me.

And though every pool where the full tides toss
I search for some lock of curling floss,
Yet still in my window night by night
The little candle is burning bright—
For, oh, if I suddenly turned to meet
My darlings coming with flying feet,
While I in the place they left me sat,
No greater marvel 'twould be than that
When so softly, so sweetly, stole up from the sea
The day that brought my dole to me!



"YET STILL IN MY WINDOW NIGHT BY NIGHT
THE LITTLE CANDLE IS BURNING BRIGHT."

THE MOUNTAINS.—IX.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.



THE HIGH WAYS.

"THE American is the hero of the world. Among civilized men he is ever readiest to forsake the ease and comfort of an established home, to spurn the pleasures and allurements of a luxurious society, to turn his back on the peace and protection of an enlightened State, and devote himself by deliberate preference to a life of rudest hardship, privation, and danger. Whether the motive be worthy or despicable; whether the object be small or great; whether to gratify a longing for rash and aimless adventure or ignoble greed for sudden riches; whether to carry the seed of civilization into the wilderness or reclaim a continent from barbarism—his courage and self-abnegation are equally admirable. Abandoning the savory flesh-pots of the East without a regret, he endures malaria, swindlings, and disappointments with the exalted stolidity of an Indian fakir, and resigns himself to a diet of fried meat, saleratus bread, and pine-tar whisky with the smiling fortitude of a Christian martyr."

"True," said the major, with animation; "and does not the wild campaigner, this bold pioneer of the army of progress, get more real enjoyment out of life than the sneaking bummer who lies malingering in camp or hangs on the skirts of the battle, waiting to profit by the victory without sharing the dangers of the combat? Better wear out early than to rust and linger."

While the journey from White's had dulled the wire edge of our rough-riding fancies, the trip up the Blackwater had quite satis-

fied us with mountaineering; not surfeited exactly, but experiencing such healthy satisfaction as that philosophic Sambo who beat his own shins until the tears rolled down his cheeks, "'cause it felt so good when it was done hurtin'."

Cockney, who for a week past had endured life in silent agony, was now half wild with reactionary exaltation, declaring he was ready for any thing, and wouldn't swap his recent experiences for a block on Broadway.

Rattlebrain, albeit somewhat toned down by his late shadowy misadventures, felt sufficiently revived to rate his enjoyment at the usual modest figure of a hundred thousand, cash.

Major Martial's extended experiences induced a more reasonable estimate of the ups and downs of our romantic journey, and I shrewdly guessed that now, like a skillful soldier, he was thinking more of the "enemy" in front than the character of our recent camping grounds.

Sympathizing to the full with my companions in their pride of achievement, my triumph was yet clouded by a half-acknowledged consciousness that, in spite of cheeks bronzed and ruddy with health, of muscles tough as whitleather, and omnivorous appetite, I had gained no corresponding advantages over certain intellectual and sentimental maladies which I had been especially solicitous to cure.

But, after all my efforts, it was now as ever—realities faded into dreams, while dreams were my realities. The long vista of stony startling facts had but lightly tinted the tablets of memory, while sharply and definitely graven thereon stood forth a catalogue of trifles scarcely worth the naming—the wilding beauty of a way-side flower, the working of a pretty thought or suggestion of a graceful sentiment, the changing colors of a morning cloud or the more evanescent glories of a woman's smile, to be cherished, perhaps, when fatigues and dangers, rocks and mountains, have sunk behind the dim horizon of time.

A strong man's will is like a dike raised against the sea of his nature. By eternal vigilance, strengthening and repairing, he may succeed in protecting his quiet domicile and smiling gardens behind, but he

must neither sleep nor indulge in the luxury of dreams, for the sea is always there, deep and menacing. Oily calm, its insidious waters are ever undermining; tempest-tossed, its abrading waves overwhelm his work with swifter destruction. Even while rejoicing in my triumph over difficulties, dangers, and dyspepsia, I felt the deep sea rolling over my hopeless soul. I was passionately in love.

The highway was plain and practicable, the country through which we passed without especial interest; so, giving our horses head, we rode for the most part in silence, stopping occasionally to question some rabbit-mouthed forester concerning directions and distances, or to dip a cup of water from some tempting stream that sparkled across our route. But still there was no attempt at sustained conversation, and we continued to ride apart, each apparently absorbed in his own meditations.

During these hours I had arraigned my own deceitful, treacherous heart before the high tribunal of reason, obtained its full and frank confession, weighed and accepted its plea of justification, and accorded grace to the bounding culprit. When my own case was settled I felt more lightsome and sociable, and moved by a friendly curiosity to understand the current of my companions' thoughts, spurred up my lagging steed and joined Cockney, who was just ahead of me.

He looked up dreamily. "Mr. Laureate, that South Branch country would be a glorious place to live in, wouldn't it?"

"That it would," I answered, cheerily, "with a few hundred acres of bottom land and a buxom wife—"

He interrupted me hastily. "Oh, I wasn't thinking of that, I assure you. I—I—" And the young gentleman blushed and stammered so painfully that for charity's sake I rode on, and the next moment found myself involuntarily overlooking a volume of Dick Rattlebrain's reminiscences, in the shape of a tuck memorandum-book containing several locks of hair, dried geranium leaves, and a dozen or more photographic portraits.

Without affecting any secrecy, Dick passed his collection for my inspection, requesting me not to drop any of his mementoes, at the same time heaving a few sighs, which resembled the efforts of a pump with a dried sucker.

The locks varied in hue from flaxen to raven—one, I am sure, was of jute—and the simpering faces that were pasted on the leaves of his book might have been plundered from any village photographer's showcase. One picture, lying loose and somewhat torn and crumpled, I recognized as Miss Primrose.

"Ah!" said I, smiling. "Did she give you that, Dick?"

Richard made an affected and futile snatch at the portrait, as if he would have concealed it, and then replied: "Well, no, not exactly; but, to tell the truth, that was the cause of our quarrel up there, you know. But you, Mr. Laureate, are so high-flung, I dare say you wouldn't think it honorable to tell about one's love matters."

"That depends on circumstances, my dear fellow."

"Well, to be sure it does; but I observe you are very careful never to name your sweetheart even among your confidential friends and companions." And with that he ostentatiously wiped his impertinent eyes with the lace handkerchief he had picked up at the tunnel.

I hastily handed back his leathern casket, and choking off an attempted repartee, dashed forward to join the major. Dick called after me in a stage whisper, "Come back, Mr. Laureate, come back and acknowledge the corn! Name her name, and I'll give you the handkerchief. 'Pon honor, you shall have it!"

The bait was indeed tempting, but I revolted at the idea of trusting my heart's secret to the indiscreet puppy; so ignoring his offer, I drew rein beside the major.

Engaged in a contest with a native cigar obtained at Horseshoe Bend, the veteran's physiognomy was so flushed and puckered that one scarcely expected there could be any spooney sentimentality under such a mask; yet when, with a little snappish oath, he presently threw away the cause of his momentary vexation, his face unraveled into a smile of unusual benignity.

"We've had a charming trip, have we not, Laureate?"

I was enthusiastic. "It was more than charming—an era in one's life, invigorating both to mind and muscle."

"Delightful!" exclaimed he. "Your enthusiasm gives us a hope of immortality in a green-backed, gilt-edged epic, at least."

"Quite the contrary," I replied, not altogether relishing his taste in dressing the Muse. "I never felt less poetical or more gloriously animal than at present. Verses are the expression of sickly sentiments and secluded humors, while I—while I am tingling with life and health."

With a wink of penetrating slyness, the major added, "And consequently can find no inspiration in the witchery of dark eyes and glowing cheeks."

I said, "Under certain circumstances. There is Martha White or Dilly Wyatt, either of whom might inspire a page or two of rhyming sentiment; but, after all, I am not such a tinder-box as our friend Dick, who instantaneously ignites under any bright eye that happens to focus on him."

"Ah, Laureate," quoth the major, with a long-drawn sigh, "you pretend to laugh at



THE BUY WAYS.

your gift. I wish it were mine. 'The pen is mightier than the sword.'

"True," bawled Dick from behind; "and a smart widow carries them both in her reticule."

In his fury the veteran bit sheer through his second cigar, and cast the fragments into the road. Vexed at the rudeness of the graceless whelp, I nevertheless felt grateful for the interruption of a tête-à-tête which was becoming rather embarrassing. I had lately suspected the major of a design to make me his confidant in a certain matter—a sharp manœuvre by which he might effectually "spike my guns," or unmask a rivalry which he evidently apprehended. I was more than ever solicitous to avoid such a dilemma, so I held our company together, and endeavored to "switch off" conversation on another track. But the magnetic current was controlling, and although debarred from the special subject, our social leader opened a general discourse on the tendencies of modern society.

"A man's true career is amidst the dust and turmoil of life's highways."

"And I'll warrant, major, you have kicked up a considerable dust yourself in those same highways."

Disdaining the interruption, the veteran continued,

"But woman, God bless her! most naturally and gracefully seeks the by-ways."

"That she does," reiterated Dick; "and don't she make the dust fly, too?"

"Young man," growled the soldier, "this is insufferable. I shall make a personal matter of it if you don't abstain."

"I am very sorry, major," quoth Rattle-

brain, with affected meekness, "but I thought I was helping you on with your speech."

The philosopher succeeded in curbing his own temper by tugging at his horse's bridle, which so chafed the spirited brute that he dashed off, bearing his master beyond the reach of present annoyance.

"The old humbug!" quoth Dick, looking after him. "He has been trying his best to bribe or cajole me out of this handkerchief, and to keep 'mum' about my having found it, but he couldn't raise the thousands to buy it. Not for Joe!"

My cheek burned as I put the question, but I could not forbear asking Rattlebrain why he prized this special bit of lace and cambric so extravagantly—he, the possessor of trophies enough to adorn

the belt of an Apache chief.

"I value it," said Dick, with a roguish leer, "because it belongs to the handsomest and smartest woman in Virginia." Then sidling up, he continued, in a confidential tone, "And because I am sure the lady would prefer to have it in your keeping." So saying, he slipped the precious trinket into my hand. My brain reeled with the wine of sudden joy as I heard the words and clasped the treasure. Then with the ebbing tide of feeling came a suggestion of prudential pride—I must not suffer myself to be thus bribed into confidential relations with so indiscreet and unreliable a friend. I stammered, and hesitated.

"Keep it, Larry. Don't make a Judy of yourself, and let that old padded-up major cut you out. Don't you think I understand and appreciate the sacrifice you made in waiting for me at the tunnel?"

"It is very kind in you to recall that, Dick." And I felt like embracing the amiable scape-grace on the spot, nevertheless contented myself with a less demonstrative grasp of the hand, then hid away my prize to dream on at leisure, and continued to discourse of fishing, hunting, and mountaineering as amusements worthy of the gods.

At the end of twenty-three miles we reached the Winston Tavern, on the Winchester and Parkersburg turnpike, and although it was only an hour past mid-day, we concluded to lay by and rest until the following morning.

During the afternoon our company was swelled by the addition of sundry teamsters and drovers, habitués of the road, and several mountaineers who straggled in to pick

up items of information from the great world outside, to chaffer about cattle, and incidentally to mix a little narcotic stimulant with their news as a digester. Among these we remarked a tall, athletic, black-bearded fellow, whose eye twinkled with a certain savage facetiousness, and whose swaggering sociability shamed all ceremony. Approaching our party, he saluted with the grace of a man who has had a bear for his dancing-master, and opened conversation in the lingo of the mountains, mixed, jumbled, and inflated with words and phrases which indicated some remote acquaintance with books or educated society. Seeing that we were disposed to be amused with his eccentric guest, the landlord joined us, and suggested that Mr. Rowzey should entertain us with his great bear story.

"Well, now, Best, you know I've fit and killed so many bar in my time that your request appears ondefinite."

Mr. Best particularized, "Of that bout you had with the bears who stole your honey."

"Now, Best," quoth Rowzey, in a deprecating tone, "I wouldn't mind a-tellin' of that story to you or any of these mountain men about here, bekase you know hit's every word the truth; but these gentlemen are entire strangers to me, as most likely they are to bar-huntin', and they mought think some pints of that story rather strong for their civilized stomachs, and I bein' a person notorious for my character and judicious of my integrity, and respectably connected down in the old State, I shouldn't risk to have my word misdoubted, 'specially among gentlemen sich as these appears to be."

The major here assured the speaker that we were ready to pledge ourselves in advance to believe every word he said, and as the weather was sultry, he requested Mr. Best to serve a large pitcher of mint-julep.

"Them remarks," said Rowzey, "shows



ROWZEY.



DISAGREEMENT.

that you understand business, and are jist the gentlemen I took you for."

After a preliminary drink and some wordy compliments to the liquor, the historian seated himself and began his story:

"A bar is looked upon by the onexperienced as a mighty turrible beast; and so he is, 'specially if he happens to be an old she. The bar is also a mazin cute cetur, and can tell by a man's countenance whether he's good to eat or not. Now as for you, Sir"—touching his hat to the major—"a sensible bar would most likely walk around you and trot off; but this here feller"—laying his hand on Cockney's shoulder—"he'd make a comfortable meal of at first sight."

The audience laughed, and Rowzey took another drink.

"A bar," he continued, "is an animal to be respected and imitated. He seldom goes out of his way to injure any body, but he don't stand much foolin' if any body undertakes to meddle with him. He remembers a good turn longer than most men do, and if he has a weakness for honey, I've never knowed him, of his own accord, to mix it with any thing deleterious. So much for the principal character in my story, and I must follow with a short sketch of myself before I come to the main pint. Not far from where I was borned there lived an old woman that was believed to be a witch. Now whenever a baby was borned she could tell at first sight what he or she was likely to be good for in the world. When she see

my oldest brother lookin' so cute out of his eyes, and holdin' his little fists so tight, she condemned him to be a lawyer. And so it was. He turned out to be one of the biggest rascals in Southwestern Virginia. The second boy my mother fetched was prophesied for a famous politician, and he growed up still worse than the lawyer, if so be sich a thing is possible. Now when the old woman was called on to look at me, she sot for a long time in a kind of a brown-study. At last she spoke up. 'This boy,' says she, 'has got the gifts that might set him ahead of either of his brothers, but it would be a shame to bring up sich a stout and open-handed baby to any of them weakly, sneakin' businesses.'

"Daddy took the thing to heart, and bein' flattered with her prognostications concernin' of me, concluded to do full justice to my faculties and bring me up as a bar-hunter; and so he christened me Rowzey, after old Leather Bill Atkins's big bar dog. This dog aforesaid was so turrible on wild varmints that Brother Ballard, the lawyer (who was high larnt), told Leather Bill if he wasn't stopped there would be no game left in the mountains—no more than there was in the island of Chios after Orion's raid. Not bein' much addicted to Scripture, I don't know what that meant. No more did old Leather; but the expression skeered him, and he sent the dog away.

"Well, no sooner was I fairly weaned than daddy begins my eddication by gittin' me a six-months-old bar cub for a playmate. That

cub we named Rough, accordin' to his nater, and he was a very comfortable friend as long as we were rompin' or sleepin' together; but when our bowl of mush-and-milk was sot down there was a suspension of sociabilities until one of us got a sound wallop in', and the winner finished the mush-and-milk.

"Rough and me generally fit fair, but he would sometimes take a mean advantage when he found I had the upper hand in a fight; he upstot the pan, well aware that when it came to lapping milk off the floor he was boss and I nowhere. In spite of these little onpleasantnesses we both managed to keep fat and hearty, and no outside beast or human ever undertook to poke his snout between us without feelin' the strength of our friendship. When we had growed to be three or four years old, Rough, accordin' to bar nater, had got so far ahead of me, and so careless about my clothes, that mammy begin to feed us in separate pans. This new plan was so mighty quiet that mammy, fearing we might pine for our usual exercise and excitement, would sometimes slop a bowl of milk into the mush pot, and allow us to go for the scrapin's. Gentlemen, are you acquainted with scrapin's?"

We were constrained to acknowledge our ignorance of the term. With a smile of benignant pity for our simplicity, the narrator proceeded:

"In our settlement it was the pride of good housekeepin' to keep the mush-pot always hot and never empty, and what with

fillin' and refillin' you might reckon it would git pretty well gummed up. It was cooled off and scraped mostly of a Saturday evenin'. Now, gentlemen, them scrapin's, all so crisp and crusty, had a flavor that was mighty enticin' to boys and bars, and I can't help feelin' sorry for a feller whose boyhood hain't been enriched with the recollection thereof. But to foller the text. Although it mought be supposed human wit would have given me some advantage over a brute beast, yet, to tell the truth, Rough's muscle was gittin' a little too much for my strength and science together, as appeared one day when a whole coach-load of our lawyer and politician relatives come to make a sociable visit to daddy and mammy. I believe the whole notion of it was to befool him and her into signin' some paper, that they mought cheat him outen his land. But the bar and me knowed nothin' of that, bein' sent together into the kitchen when the company landed, mammy bein' ashamed to show us with the pretty children all dressed in store clothes and ribbons. But this put Rough and me both in a bad humor; so we fell a-quarrelin' between ourselves, and presently we had a row, and he slapped me into the slop-tub head-foremost, where I mought have drowned if, at the same time, he hadn't upstot the tub in his awkwardness. Now our visitors had jist laid off their cloaks and bonnets, and was a-slickin' up their children's curls, and a-braggin' of their smartness, when in I straddled, drippin' out of the slops, and bawlin'



SCRAPIN'S.



MAMMY.

like a bull-calf. Now mammy was one of those hard-headed women that set no value on calico and store knickknacks for herself, but to see her brag child cuttin' sich a figure in company was a little too much, and she flared up like an armful of brush.

"'Husband,' said she, 'either that boy or that bar has got to leave this house. The brute has outgrowned the child, it has, and they can't git along agreeable no more, and on account of its onmannerliness it's onpossible to keep Rowzey dressed decent, it is.'

"'Well, what's to be done about the boy's eddication?' says dad.

"Mammy suggested that I was gittin' big enough to go to school. Dad had hearn say it was more aristocratic and safer for the children's morals to have a private tutor, so he swore we should hold on to the bar.

"Things went on as usual for a while, when the family dispute was settled by a onforeseen circumstance. One day I was roastin' of a tater in the ashes, when I observed Rough a-settin' off by the door a-watchin' me out of the corner of his eye. I mistrusted his intentions, and as I knowed I was no longer a match for him in a scramble, I jist kivered my tater a little deeper, and slyly put the poker to heat in the coals. When it was done, I took up the poker and poked out my tater on the hearth. No sooner was it clear of the hot ashes than Rough's paw covered it, and slap went the red poker atop of his paw. There was a yell you mought have heard a mile off, and the whole cabin smelt of burnt har. I was scared myself; so, droppin' the poker and hustlin' up my roast, I started for the stable loft, but at the room-door I met daddy comin' in all in a flare.

"'Rowzey,' said he, 'what have you been a-doin' to that poor brute beast?'

"'Nothin',' says I, feelin' mighty mean. 'He grabbed my tater, and I licked him, that's all. And it was a fair fight.'

"But what do you think the cussed brute

done? Why, he jist held up his burnt paw to show daddy, and then went nosin' and whinin' around the hot poker, tellin' the whole story in fewer words than any human could have done. Well, dad jist divided his judgments by givin' Rough the tater and givin' me fits, which was sweetened by my seein' the brute eat it, all the while makin' impudent faces at me, while I stood snivelin' in a corner. We never had any more friendship or confidence in each other after that. All the artfulness of my nater was roused by the wish to git square with the brute unbeknowns to daddy; and Rough never see me pick up any thing after that, even a chip, that he didn't run and hide himself.

"Mammy took advantage of the coolness, and poor Rough, like Ishmael, was sent back into the wilderness. After he was gone it come back to me that I had acted a mighty mean part toward my old companion, and for many a day I felt lonesome and pinin' whenever I thought of him. Then I was sent to school a while, where I was licked through from a b ab to Constantinople in less than two years, fit the boys, kissed the girls, and picked up an amount of book larnin' and high dic. that has been an advantage to me ever since, as you gentlemen can plainly see. But as soon as I had growed big enough to handle a rifle dad took me home agin, to shine up my professional eddication under hisself. Touchin' lightly on the vulgar business of plowin' and plantin' corn, he larnt me to track a deer and line a wild bee to sich a certainty that we never was scarce of meat nor honey in our house, though we did sometimes have to trade for corn meal. One evenin', as I was a-comin' home from watchin' a deer lick, I meets a bar right in the path. I was so took by surprise that I fired my gun in the air, then quickly dropped it, and drewed my butcher knife; but the varmint wasn't so much scared, and sot up on his hind-legs, shadin' his eyes with his paw, as if he was tryin' to make out who I was. That paw I noticed had a streak of white har across it, and the



DADDY.

next minute we was hugged in each other's arms; for you may well believe old Rough and me was mighty pleased to see each other.

"Now, gentlemen, a dog can always express his feelin's, or git our good-will, by a 'movin' tail,' but a bar is not likewise gifted, bein' limited to wry faces and awkward paws, and to have seen old Rough tryin' to say his say would have made you bust a-laughin'; but, gentlemen, it was plain to see the cretur's heart was in the right place. He bore me no grudge for the past, and tried to hide that scarified paw for fear I mought feel bad about it. Seein' that my old friend wasn't nigh so sleek and glossy as he used to be, I conceited he was leadin' a tolerable hard life, and tried to persuade him to foller me home, explainin' to him that we wasted enough at the cabin to keep him fat to the eend of his days. But no; his mind was fixed; his only answer was a mournful shake of the head, and givin' me a far'well squeeze, he trotted away into the woods. As he went, I thought I see him lift his paw to wipe a fallin' tear. You may laugh, gentlemen, but there is more humanity about dumb creturs than we are awar' of mostly.

"For a long time after that I was afeard to risk a shot at a bar, and to shun temptation, give up carryin' a gun, and turned my attention chiefly to huntin' bee trees. They were plenty enough in our mountains, and for convenience I built me a camp some way off from the settlements, and hewed out a

big trough to hold the honey I gathered. Now I filled my trough from time to time, but every night the varmints come and cleaned me out, which I knowed to be bars, seein' their tracks, and bein' awar' of their likin's. After losin' my labor in this way for some time, I bethinks me of a plan for gittin' even with 'em. I gits me a keg of peach brandy, and savin' a very moderate supply for my own needcessities, I pours the liquor into my trough, and mixed it pretty thick with honey. Then I whetted my knife, and retired to the camp to watch the effect of my trap. I carried a gourd full of the mix with me, which was so cussed sweet that I can't mind any thing more that happened until to-morrow mornin', when I was wakened by a hellaballoo the like of which I never heard before nor since. Clearin' the husks out of my throat with a swig from my jug, I draws my knife, and creeps on all fours toward the honey trough, where I see a sight which filled me with astonishment and laughter. The whole place was black with bars. I wouldn't like to risk my reputation—which is ondoubted—by statin' the number. There mought have been a hundred, more or less, of all ages and sizes, from an old six-hundred-pounder to a six-months cub, all drunk as Christians. Now the longer I studied their doin's the more nateral they looked, jist as I've seed civilized humans carryin' on up at Beverly after an election-day. Sich was the elevatin' influences of good liquor on savage brutes, which



JOLLIFICATION.



PATENT BALANCE.

appeared to raise 'em so nigh to our level, that as I laid there watchin' for a chance to go in I begin to feel as if I was plottin' murder agin my fellow-creturs.

"Howsomdever, what I mought have concluded don't much signify, for presently an old sot, happenin' to stagger into the thicket where I was hid, caught sight of me, and give a yell that fairly lifted the hat off my head, and fetched every bar to his feet. Apparently my time was short; but still calculatin' to stampede 'em, I up with a mighty shout, slitherin' the old blatherskite that raised the alarm. I went in through the brush like a whirlwind. It was a foolish idee. Peach-and-honey don't make brutes skeery no more than it does men, and in less than two minutes I was smotherin' under a squirmen' stack of bar meat about the size of dad's cabin. Now, as I wasn't smashed to death, my position mought be rightly considered providential, for the bodies of the brutes that lay next to me kivered me agin the teeth and claws of the outsiders, and bein' well-nigh smothered themselves, they was obliged to fight outward for fresh air. But it don't signify to be tellin' how I got out of there, for I don't exactly know myself. Howsomdever, when I rose and got my breath, I see the bars all around me fightin' among theirselves, makin' the fur fly like feathers at a goose-pluckin', and quite onmindful of the stranger among 'em. I mought have cleared myself then, but my blood was up, and I walked through 'em,

stabbin' right and left, onmerciful as a mad wild-cat, respectin' neither age nor sex. Jist then several old fellers appeared to git a smell of me, and closed in mighty savage. While I fit in front, a rascally old squeezer grabbed me round the neck from behind. I struck backward, feelin' my knife enter his cussed carcass a dozen times; but it didn't loosen his grip, and I felt my strength goin'. At this pint a big bar poked his head up from behind the honey trough, rubbin' his little eyes as if he had jist waked up. In a minute he broke for us.

"'Rowzey,' thinks I, 'it's time for family worship. Now I lay me down to sleep—'

"As I prayed I made a stab at the big he, who shunned the blade, and, to my astonishment, grabbed the beast in front of me with his left paw, sendin' him heels over head; then with his right he tore the feller off my back. I was too far gone to ask questions, but bein' loose once more, I broke for camp. There I barricaded myself in with poles, and laid pantin' and sippin' peach-and-honey until I fairly come to my strength agin. It took me some time longer to git up pluck enough to venture back toward the battleground. Howsomdever, late in the afternoon I did creep down that way, mighty like a sheep dog at first, but bolder when I see that every thing was quiet. Around that honey trough lay twenty-two dead bar, young and old. Gentlemen, I value my reputation too high to weigh it agin bar meat. Gentlemen, I counted them bodies as they



POTATO ROW, BETWEEN ROMNEY AND MOORFIELD.

lay, and you may think I was mighty proud as I viewed the ground. Well, I mought have been, but there was one corpse too many there for my peace of mind. Over by the honey trough, jist where my life was saved, as I thought, by the miraculous mistake of a drunken old bar, there lay two bodies, clutched in a death grip, jist as they had fell fightin'. They were badly tore, and the leaves all around soaked and stained; but as I stooped over to look closer, I felt a cold shiver that froze clean to my bones. There was the white paw, stiff and bloody. Gentlemen, there lay Rough, my old playmate."

The rugged hunter drew his sleeve across his eyes, reached over for the pitcher, and turned it bottom upward over his empty glass.

"Well, is that all?" asked Dick, drawing a long breath.

"Hit's all the liquor," quoth Rowzey, with a dry wink. "Of the story there's yit another pint or two at your service."

"Well, I went to work savin' my meat with a heavy heart, and next day got some fellers up from the settlements with horses and sleds to help me down with it. There was sich a pile that all the neighbors gathered in to look and git a share, and there was a mighty guessin' and bettin' on the weight. Now we had no steelyards nor scales of any kind; but there was old Bill Swanson, who had got weighed onst when he was down to the Kauawha Salt-works, and accordin' to his recollection, which was good when he staid sober (which he never did willin'ly), he drawed jist two hundred and eighty, down weight, on the salt-works scales. Well, we jist laid a stout rail acrost a stump, seesaw fashion, and sot old Bill on one eend and piled bar meat on the other, till we got his heft—which we did; I now disremember whether hit was seven or seventeen times. Howsomdever, none of us bein' scholars enough to subtract that together, we scored the times on a saplin', till the school-master come along to cipher it up for us. But every body 'lowed they never see sich a pile of meat in all their born days."

"And did you never try that trap again, Rowzey?"

"Oh yes; for you see, after old Rough was dead I had no mercy on bar any more, and I sot that same trap over and over. But I

fooled away my liquor and honey; for though my bait was took regularly, I never see bar nor a bar's track in that neighborhood arterward. But onst I see old Bill Swanson lurkin' around thar, and havin' my own suspicions, I left off settin'."

"And did you eat old Rough with the rest?" inquired Dick.

"Mister," said the mountaineer, with a gesture of indignant scorn, "sich a question is a discredit to the feller that asks it. Do I look like a lawyer or a heathen cannibal? No, Sir; I buried him decent and respectable, with all his har on him, jist as I would a Christian friend, and I tarred his name on a smooth clapboard, and stuck it up at his head. And thar he mought have rested in peace to this day; but some of them high-scienced fellers from the East come a-nosin' and a-scratchin' through that country, and mistakin' the grave for an Injin mound, they excawated poor Rough's bones and sent 'em to Barnum's Institute, at Washington city, where I've hearn say they stands in a glass case, as the skeleton of a celebrated Injin chief, between a par of General Washington's old breeches and General Jackson's night-cap, which he wore at the battle of New Orleans."

The narrator heaved a deep sigh, and bowed to the company.

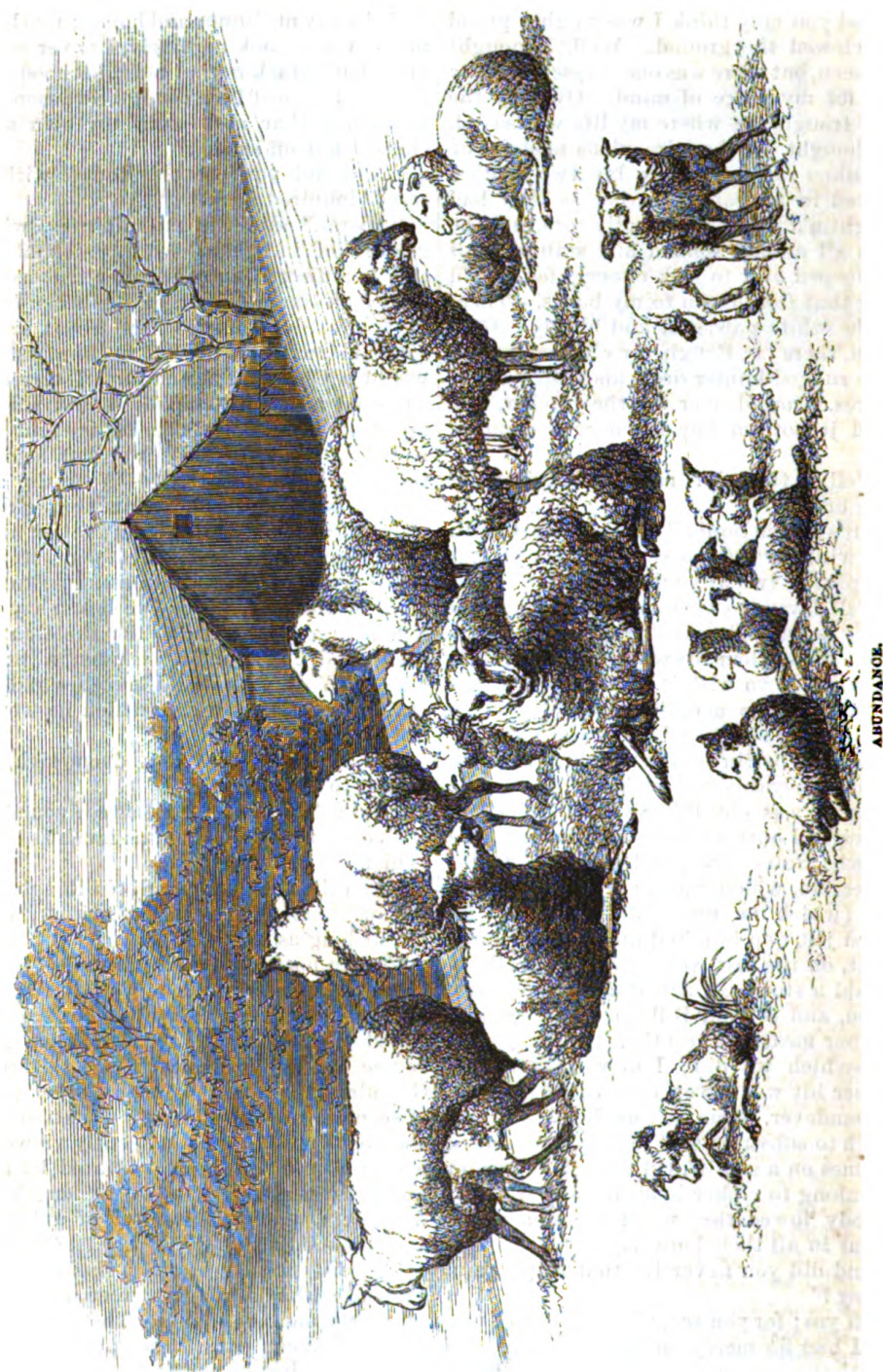
"Not a drop more, gentlemen, if you please. We've all swallered about as much as is convenient at one time."

"And thus," said I, "shall old Rough shine immortal among the stars of history, with a tail as long as that of Ursa Major!"

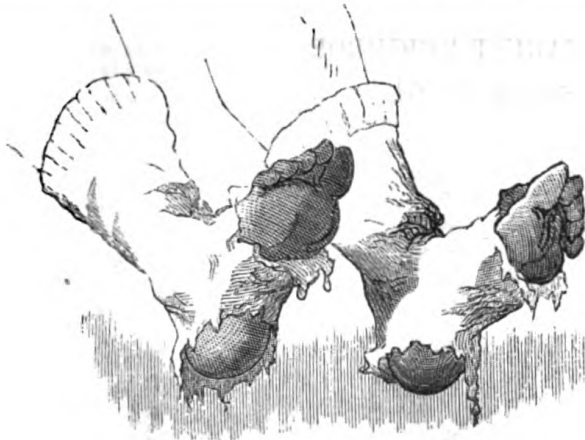
Now to horse, and ho for Moorfield! Near the close of a long summer's day our travelers were still in the saddle, urging their jaded steeds along the woodland road. Their course had led by Reamer's tavern, through Greenland Gap, and by many other points of scenic interest well worth the artist's and the poet's study, but negligently viewed by eyes and minds so long saturated by rocks and mountains. But when at length they drew rein upon the summit of a hill, the weariness of forty miles' hard riding was temporarily forgotten, and a shout of simultaneous enthusiasm again greeted the valley of beauty and abundance. The ribbed sides and peaked contours of the opposing mountains were already veiled in a sweet violet

haze. The winding river, roofs, and cupolas flashed back the golden rays of the western sun. Fleecy flocks and stately herds dotted the emerald carpets that covered hill-side and meadow far and near. For miles and miles, until lost in the dim perspective, stretched the green corn fields, the armed and embattled hosts of peace, splendid with their million glittering blades and tasseled crests. This beauty, indeed, might the painter dimly render, that subtler charm

the poet convey in golden words; but what art, or combination of arts, could grasp or reproduce that scene as we saw it then, with all its glowing attributes of time and circumstance? The sudden scene-shifting after our thirty days' sojourn in the grim, hard-featured wilderness; the luxurious sense of release from self-imposed privation, of rest from a rough task honorably accomplished; the stifling sweetness of hopes unspoken, ay, unacknowledged, but overmastering even the



ABUNDANCE.



"WELL, DARN MY STOCKINGS!"

stern will of ambition. Quickly succeeding the emotions of the moment came the realization of our present material relations to the world we were just entering, and we halted on the river-bank to cool off and consider.

"Dusty, weather-beaten, unshaven, ragged."

"Dirty!" added Major Martial, stooping to lave his face and hands in the cooling stream.

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Cockney, as he stood fascinated with horror over the crystal mirror; "can this be possible? Why, at first I thought it was Rattlebrain looking over my shoulder."

Dick had drawn his boots, and attracted our attention to the development by a startling imprecation: "Well, darn my stockings! look at this!"

With me there was a "solution of continuity" at every angle. We were decidedly not presentable, and concluded to stop for the night at Mullen's Hotel.

Our trunks, with reserves, were all out at Mr. Meadows's. We proposed to send a servant with a light wagon to bring them in, when, rather to our surprise, Augustus proposed to accompany him. It would look better, he thought, for one of our party to call at once—not to see the ladies, of course, but simply to signify our return, and make polite inquiries.

"Certainly," replied Dick; "if you are anxious to exhibit your dilapidated carcass, we won't object."

And to our still greater astonishment, Cockney, "accounted as he was," took his seat beside the driver, and departed. In an hour they returned with our baggage, and accompanied by Mr. Meadows, who brought peremptory orders that we should refit at once and join the ladies at supper at his house. Cockney, in spite of dirt and fatigue, was beaming with smiles, and sported a rose in his ragged button-hole. Perceiving that I remarked it, he took me aside and half whispered,

"You may think a little strange, Mr. Laureate, of my apparent eagerness to show myself at head-quarters in this beastly condition, but I had made a promise to Miss Lilly while up on Gandy. You understand?"

"Your conduct has been truly chivalric, Augustus, and you were rewarded with smiles and roses, as you deserved."

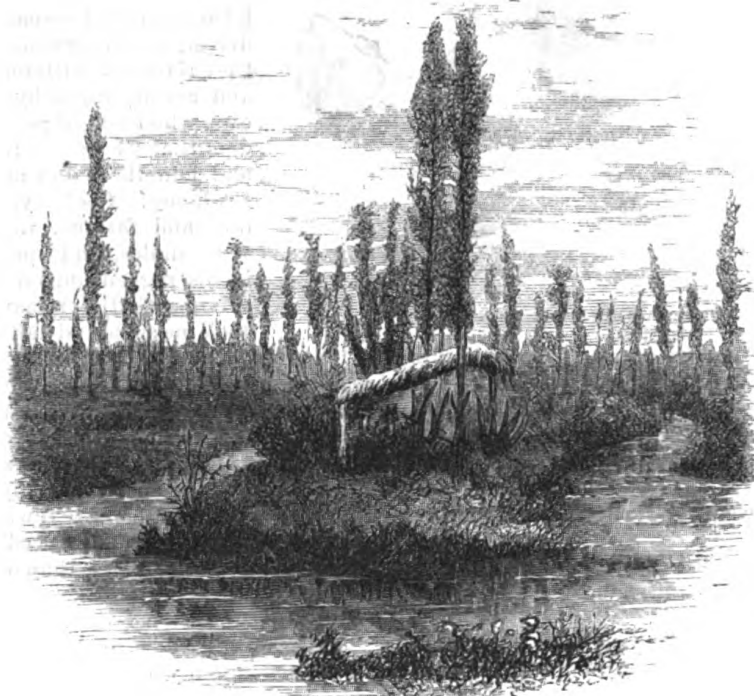
"Yes, something more than smiles," replied Cockney, "for she laughed until the tears rolled down her cheeks; but I don't think it was intended to make game of me, for, observing my mortification, she made sweet amends by giving me this rose."



ROSES.

OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOR.

[Second Paper.]



FLOATING GARDENS OF MEXICO.

THE best place to see a town usually is from the church-top. That is what church-tops are made for. So climb up here with me and see the city. The surroundings are fair to look at, of course. I told you about Guadalupe as we rode by last night, which was last month. See it over there to the northward. A brown range of hills looks golden in the sun, like Willis's beloved tresses, "brown in the shadow, golden in the sun." At their foot are three temples, one a little above the others, the larger the lower. Those three betoken the three places where the Virgin appeared to an Indian trudging over these hills on a visit from his wooded wigwam to the town. Thrice she ordered him to build her a temple here; thrice he hesitated to obey, though each time he reported the visitation to his priest in the city. The last time he demanded a sign; she ordered him to throw his serape on the ground, and filled it with flowers gathered from the barren and burning rocks. As he opened his blanket to show her gift to the priest, lo! his flowers had changed to a flowery Madonna sweetness, with a bud of a boy in her arms, as on a branch. That greasy blanket with its Madonna portrait is seen to-day over the high altar by every believing eye, located just where he spread it and she filled it with herself. A frame of solid sil-

ver incases it; balustrades of like metal go from that altar to the choir—fifty feet length of pillars and shafts and balustrades of the shining stuff. The silver I can vouch for; the picture, *quien sabe?*

It was well got up, this scheme. The Indians were conquered but not converted. Unless they changed their faith they might change their masters. So, the Spaniards not yet two years on the throne, this miracle occurred, and the Virgin became an Indian to Indians that they might accept Romanism, and the emperor and his sub-plunderers be safe in their possessions. It was a success. The Virgin of Guadalupe became the goddess of Mexico. Divine honors were paid to her. Temples went up every where, and shrines in every temple. Her picture on its blanket hangs in every house and hut, above the counter of the merchant and the bar of pulque dram-shops, over the forge and over the bed, here, there, every where. Books by the thousand and sermons by the tens of thousands have been written and preached upon her virtues and her powers. In one of the books in the library of Vera Cruz she is gravely said to have got around God. Undoubtedly she got around this people, and effectually took them in. The upper of these three churches, where she first appeared, is reckoned the most sacred. Here

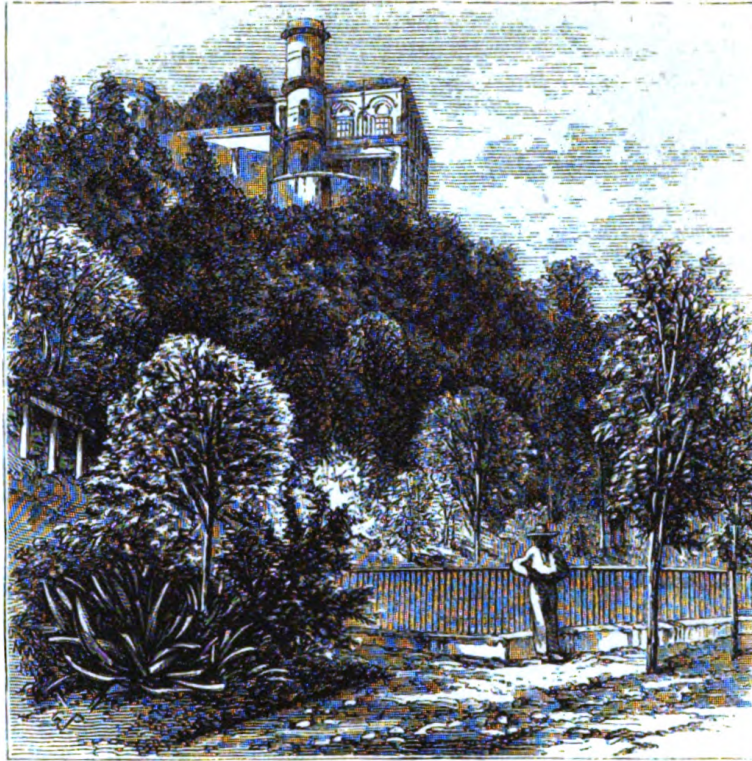
are the tombs of the chiefest dignitaries of church and state. The ascent is lined with trophies of her ability to save; one a solid mast and sail of stone, erected by a believer whose life was saved from shipwreck, as he believed, through her interposition.

The next is near the foot of the hill, and incloses a chalybeate fountain, which burst forth when she lit there on her foot. "The iron entered her sole," irreverently remarked an American sinner as he gazed upon the fountain. A blaze of gilding covers the chapel connected with this beautiful legend of the fountain. Its walls are

"Thick inlaid with patines of bright gold."

The largest church, where her blanket portrait hangs, is a few rods farther out on the plain. There is the chief outlay of gold and silver and precious stones. On its wall is an inscription to her as the Mother of God, Foundress and Savior of the Mexican People.

But the priests of the Virgin have an eye to the main chance. They turn her into lottery speculations, and make her useful to their often infirmities. At the doorway an old servant of the temple sold her pictures, beads, and other ecclesiastical knickknacks. A picture I bought was wrapped up in a lottery ticket like this:



CHAPULTEPEC.



THE LOTTERY TICKET.



TREE OF MONTEZUMA, CHAPULTEPEC.

This lottery of the Virgin is one of the most flourishing. The monthly drawings draw daily pennies to their purse. It makes the priestly pot boil. Time was when luxu-

ries were theirs; but they are hard times now for priests, and so they have to thus turn an honest penny to a dishonest use. But these popular orgies are fading out. True, each December witnesses multitudes from over all the land attending her annual festival. The Indian honors it with the dances of the ancient times. The rites are more Aztec than papal. Yet the Jesuit begins to say that faith in the Virgin of Guadalupe is not essential to salvation. The Bible will replace the Jesuit, and the trick by which he has held their souls captive these three centuries and a half will cease to possess them more. Christ the Liberator is coming. He is nigh—even at their doors. This old blanket, like that of Bartimæus, will be

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THE BATHS OF MONTEZUMA, CHAPULTEPEC.

thrown away, and all the people come to Jesus, and be healed.

To the northwest you see another hill and tower more famous still, for this was a seat of power, if not religion, before the Spaniards entered the land. It is a solitary hill, apart from all others, thrust out into the plain like a nose upon the face of nature. It is a huge rock, whereon the waves of war have beat for a thousand if not for two thousand years,

"Tempest buffeted,
glory crowned."

Montezuma reveled there, and Cortez and many a viceroy since. Iturbide rioted there, and Maximilian has left many a reminiscence of himself in frescoed fairies and fairy gardens, and even in the monograms on the bowls and pitchers. Juarez last honored it with a feast to Seward—the republican saved welcoming the republican savior.

Chapultepec is just about as far from town as Guadalupe, the shrines of authority and of religion being each exactly three miles off. Strange enough, their city centres, cathedral and palace, are on the same square. The ride thither is over a charming avenue, called the Empress Road, for a long time called the Road of the Mad Woman. It is straight as an arrow path from an Aztec bow, lined with young trees, well wet at least half its way, and every thing but safe. That you take the risk of. Carriage riders or horsemen may find themselves lighter of purse and heavier of heart before they reach the city streets, though they are only a mile out. But morning brings no danger, or at least fears none. A prancing horse that has only known the saddle gayly dances with you as his partner from the Alameda to the gate of the grounds. There you dismount, if you so desire, or pass in, and on, and up.

The first thing that strikes you is the woods. People have often been struck with their substance. They are more ancient than the palace. They are the tall, broad-limbed cedars which Yosemite delights in. Some are twenty feet through. Large groves of them linger round the base of the hill. Several are very large, and one rises to the dignity of bearing Montezuma's name.



SAN COSME ACUEDUCTO, CITY OF MEXICO.

Here, too, are the baths of Montezuma, the best just outside the grounds. Much frequented are they yet, though not by him, unless his spirit needs ablution, as most spirits do, at least when in the flesh. The one inside the gate is a walled hole in the ground. It is close to the entrance, and is dry. But a few rods farther off, in what was undoubtedly his park, there bubbles up forty feet the clearest, sweetest pool I ever saw for bathing. Fifty feet square is the bowl, forty feet deep. You can see the moss and ferns growing on the bottom, and behold the hole in the rock whence the waters gush out. There to plunge I found delightful after a racy ride of an hour, just as the sun was yellowing Chapultepec, and with only a cup of coffee between my appetite and last night's supper. A shallower basin, paved and walled to suit those who can not swim, adjoins the fount, and is hardly less luxurious; while ladies have a suit of similar luxuries adjoining, all opening on ceaseless gardens.

Taking this swim, we can drive through the woods, that open in some places to quite respectable forests. We climb up the hill past two grim idols still remaining hidden in the foliage, the gods of Montezuma. The sides are barren of all trees, save the Peru



TREE OF TRISTE NOCHE.

or pepper tree, a sort of willow-looking bush that grows to quite a height and solidity at times, and grows every where. The driest and hottest soils are not too dry nor too hot for it. Red berries hang in clusters over it, the choice fruit of birds, though startlingly pungent to man.

The court just below the top stops the horses, and a few steps land the visitor amidst a cool and shady garden, surrounded by broad verandas, where the singing and shining birds of the country (very different species here, as elsewhere) shine in their exquisite plumage, or melt in more exquisite song. Long suits of rooms command the superb valley, its city, villages, plains, lakes, and mountains. No such panorama has any other palace in the world. Windsor, the next most beautiful, is tame to this. Schönbrunn, Potsdam, Fontainebleau, and all, are flat and cheap to this rare combination. But then one is apt to live longer in those palaces, and to die a more natural death, and so is content with humbler luxuries. From Montezuma to Maximilian, the occupants of this hill palace have many of them made a violent exit from their troublous honors. Juarez dared not stay here after night-fall without a large body-guard; and it is abandoned to occasional state breakfasts, the heart of the city being judged a safer residence.

Another road out of the town passes by the aqueduct of San Cosme, that marches cityward like a troop of Roman soldiers, solemn and strong. Its arches rise gray

and black and moist, and are touched with green mosses—as artistic a line of beauty as ever strode along a busy city pathway. Horse-cars, swiftly moving—no slow coach is that institution here—loaded donkeys, cavaliers, burdened men and women, throng the street, but the aqueduct of San Cosme never abates its haughty, serious air.

This is the famous road over which Cortez made his sad attempt to escape an infuriated town, rendered doubly mad by an interference of his lieutenant, in his absence, with the bloody rites of human sacrifice. The town woke up before they were well start-

ed, chased them along this dike, crossed with wide ditches and surrounded by water, dragged them off the narrow causeway, caught them as they tried to clear the chasms, their first ponton-train being pressed into the mud of the first broad ditch, so that it could not be taken up. The band of adventurers lost their arms, ammunition, horses, precious metals, and gems, and all but a score were left along the ravine, a prey to the destroyer. But in that score was Cortez, and so all was saved. A few days later he and his suit cut their way into the myriads of Otumba, struck dead their chief, and began their work anew. The tree where the few survivors foregathered after that Triste Noche, or saddest of nights, is still preserved—a sacred memento to our Spanish-blooded Mexican, a less agreeable memorial to his Aztec brother.

The favorite retreat for the gentlemen of the town is at Tacubaya, four miles from the city, and not far from Chapultepec. The gardens of these lords of the land are exquisitely lovely. They are full of parks, ponds, groves, pleasant walks, flower beds, strange trees, and stranger plants. They rise and fall in easy grace. From their nooks and knolls the eye takes in the mighty volcanoes, mingling their coolness with the fervor of the scene. But these choice seats are without inhabitant. The rich occupants dare not dwell a night in their walled and barred inclosures without guards of many men, for the kidnaper is abroad, and they are too valuable for ransom to be left qui-

etly sleeping here. So the sumptuous mansion, with its courts full of fountains and fragrance, is a deserted palace save for occasional festas.

The most romantic of the environs of Mexico is that to the southward. Here enters the canal that brings the city most of its provender. Here lie the moist and floating gardens, whose culture never ceases. Always here "the plowman overtakes the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed." A ride in a boat, or, better, on a horse, is one of the chief entertainments, provided one is well out of the town. The difficulty is in getting out, for a dirtier, crookeder, viler pass from a big town one rarely finds. The northern egresses are handsome, the southern execrable.

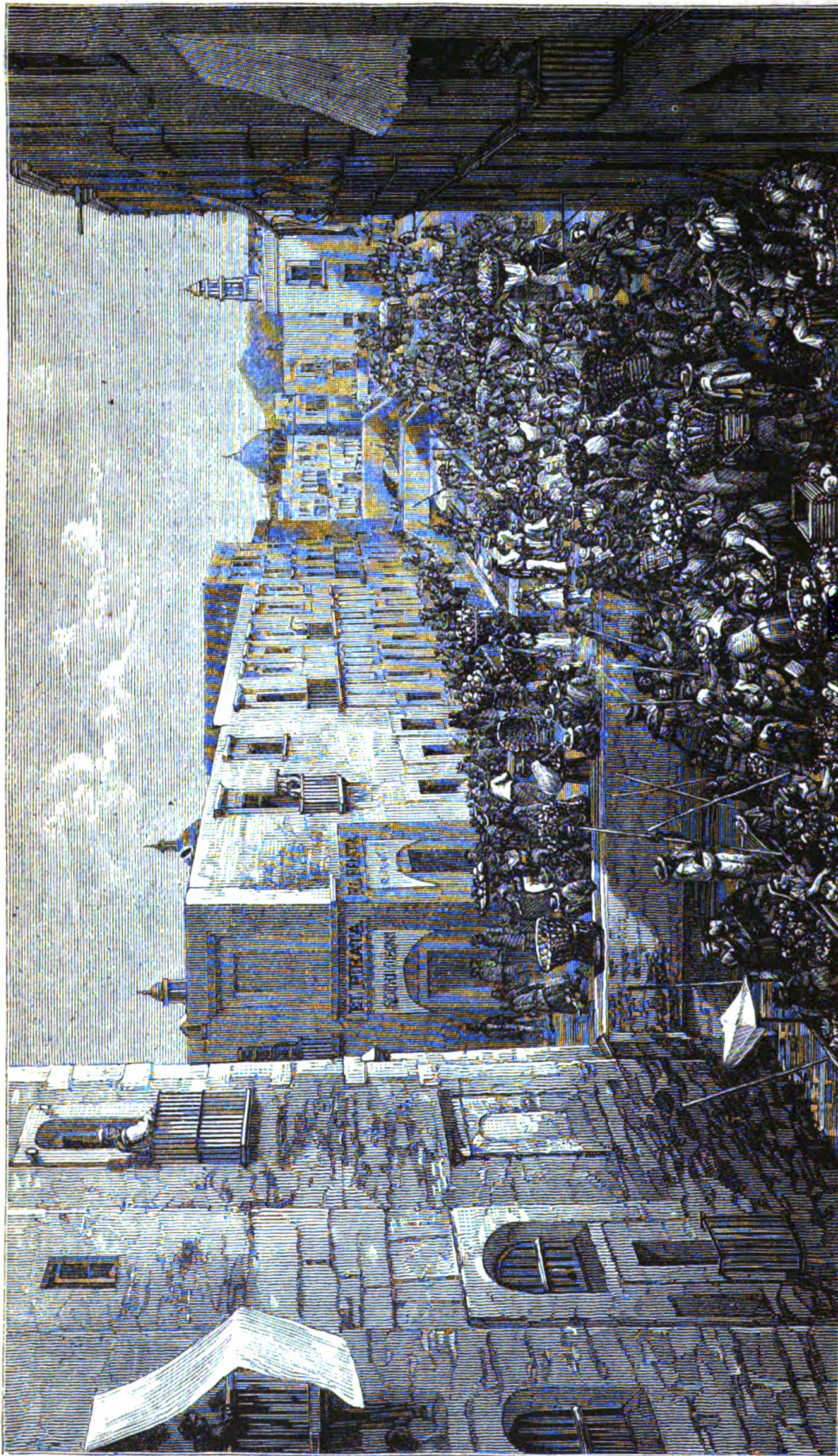
The real life of a city is not in its surroundings, but in itself. But when out, you canter along the soft path by the side of the ancestral canal, whose waters are covered with boats laden with grass, lucerne (a fresh sort of green, the delight of the horse), with water-melons (appropriate name for such carriage), lettuce, cucumbers, and all the

produce of the sauce gardens near large cities. On the other side of the path are floating gardens, whence the boat-loads come, which are made by constant deposits on the springy soil, that sink with use, and are replaced with new layers of earth. Farther south the soil is yet more springy and floating; here it is simply spongy, but does not move with the moving waters about and under, though these waters only move when stirred by the pony of the owner getting round his patch.

All these canals terminate in the market-place of the town, the busiest hive of a market-place I ever saw. No European plaza, except on fair-days, no Baltimore street centre of a morning, or Cincinnati of a night, equals the crowd and chatter and push of this lively spot at almost every hour of the day. The boats' prows stuck in among the shops and stalls add to the excitement. Sunday morning is their fair, and such a crush and hubbub are then encountered here as would forever cure the most radical anti-Sabbatarian of his desire to show his independence of the Scriptures by a desecration



CANAL NEAR THE CITY OF MEXICO.



THE MARKET-PLACE, CITY OF MEXICO.



THE PALACE OF MEXICO.

of the sacred day. Each vocation has its allotted place. One narrow avenue is filled with coffin-makers, driving a brisk trade with their black boards, for black is the color of your "wooden jacket" in Mexico. A dozen shops and several dozen workmen make this dismal trade hilarious.

Another long alley is appropriated to the eating business, and great stew-pans, over handfulls of coals keep hot the flesh soups and bones, while on the ground around sit groups of eaters, dipping their bread in the sop or sipping chocolate or coffee, each of which beverages they know how to compound excellently well.

Being in town, let us get out of this noisy and not agreeable market-place. A few steps bring us to the Grand Plaza, the finest in the country, and one of the finest in the world. It is not less than a thousand feet square, more rather than less, I should say, from the guess of an untrained eye. In its centre is a pretty garden, the work of Carlotta, whose taste for flowers has left its pleasant mark in many places. The tropical plants flourish here, though not as abundantly as in Vera Cruz.

On the south stretches the President's palace—a palace and a castle; for here are stored soldiers and supplies for a siege; here are the archives of the government; here are the halls of legislation, or were till a fire last year destroyed them, and since then they have had no local existence; here are the apartments of state, that long line of

windows to the right of the door as you look at the building being a single Hall of Embassadors, lined with portraits of Mexican grandees, among whom Bolivar and Washington are alone admitted, the two other successful American revolutionists. No sign of Maximilian is allowed, though he filled the palace with his busts and his portraits, and wrought his monogram into every conceivable spot and stuff—chair, hanging, couch, and all. Iturbide, the father of the republic, though an emperor, is the most honored with portraits and mementoes.

Opposite the palace, across the very broad plaza, is a long arcade, wide and shaded, and full of all manner of shops. Here are silversmiths plying their craft or selling their dainty lace-work of silver, which so bewitches you to buy, and so easily spoils after the buying; here are dealers in feather-work, once the most famous trade of the country, now reduced to imitations on cards of the birds of the region—a pretty trade still, though poorly patronized; toys of every sort, earthen trinkets of every shape; hat stores full of broad sombreros, rebosas, the brown and blue mantles with which every working-woman's head and neck are covered; coffee-stands and book-stalls—all sorts of traffic fill these spacious walks with noise and profit.

On the left of the palace are more barracks, plain buildings, but strong, and on its right the cathedral towers. It is Moorish rather than Gothic, as all their churches are.



INTERIOR OF A MODERN MEXICAN HOUSE.

It stands on a plateau, raised several feet from the pavement of the plaza, has adjoining it the sagrario, or parish church, profusely carved without and gilded within, the carving cheap, and the gilding faded. The inside of the cathedral is less grand than that of Puebla, but it is also less gloomy. It is cut up to fit divers crowds. The altar by the chief entrance is usually thronged. The choir behind it is a stately mass of carving. Two beautiful balustrades, of an amalgam of gold, silver, and brass, connect the choir and the high altar. So rich are they that an Englishman offered to replace them with silver, and was refused. Beautiful figures of like precious metal hold candelabra along this walk. The altar is a gorgeous pile of figures in marble and more precious stones.

The area in front of the cathedral is full of people selling their wares—never so full as on Sabbath mornings. Here is the lottery-ticket vendor—most numerous and most busy of all. Male and female has this church created them—chiefly old people. All their sales have a percentage of benefit for the priest. They all have pious names. The Lottery of the Immaculate Conception, the Lottery of the Holy Spirit and the Holy Trinity, of St. Joseph and Mary, of the Virgin of Guadalupe, are among the favorite names. The sellers are each numbered, and the church keeps steady watch over this important revenue. Here is a velocipede course, and children enjoy it. The match boy, pert and pretty; the cigar boy; the ice-cream vendor—a

very poor cream; the print-seller—every trade that can be disposing of its wares before this sacred portal. How much is a whip of small cords needed here and now, for those who make this house a house of merchandise! But merchandise of souls goes on within. Shall not that of lesser wares consistently proceed without?

At the corner of the cathedral stands the Aztec calendar stone, once placed on their teocallis situated on this spot—the best monument extant of their learning and civilization.

This plaza is not least pleasant by moonlight. Few

bands play deliciously, as this Indian band does. No superior sweetness or variety did the best foreign band exhibit at the Jubilee concerts than these brown men exhibit here. Their touch is soft and swift and strong. They catch the soul of the composition, and



WATER-CARRIER.

bring it palpitating before you. The moon seems to shed a directer ray. No Venetian night ever excelled these torrid-temperate perfections of moonlight and melody.

The chief street of the city leads northward from the plaza. It carries different names with each block—Street of the Silversmiths, of the Profesa, of San Francisco. The first block was so called because it was once occupied by silversmiths. Two or three of them still have their forge, and work their silver before every passer-by. But jewelry shops, cigar shops, and goods stores have crowded out the smiths. The Profesa is so named from a church and convent on its corner, the church extant, but the convent gone partly into the comfortable Hotel Gillow, partly into a street, partly into ruins. Among these is the Hall of Chastisement, over whose arch were frescoed quaint devices of piety and pithiness.

Episcopal Missionary Society, and are also fitted up for a church. They are one hundred feet square, have arcades fifteen feet deep around them, and graceful columns of polished marble, with carved capitals, rise one above the other along the front. No church in Rome has an equally admirable cloister. It will be all the more beautiful in its new service.

On this street stands the palace of Iturbide, now a hotel, the stateliest private structure in Mexico. Its carved front looks ancient, though it is only fifty years since his brief and troubled reign. Opposite is the plain dwelling of Lerdo, the present President—a modest little man, with no oppressiveness of manner. He is slightly bald, has small but sharp features, wears a Colfax smile, and is a quiet, self-poised, agreeable gentleman.

If you walk up a little farther, you see on the right a porcelain-faced house, in quaint tiles of a Dutch look, once an aristocratic residence, and still, though faded, one of the haughtiest in the town. Adjoining on either side are the residences of the chiefs of the money market, the Vanderbilt and Drew of Mexico—Barron and Escandron. Outside of no especial attraction, like all houses here, they are inside elegantly fitted up, and provided with open courts, fountains, and abundance of tropical flowers.

Opposite them is the home of our consul-general, one of the most faithful and intelligent and popular of our officials. A little farther up, and on the next street, parallel, called Street of Independence, is the home of Rev. Dr. Butler, the pastor of the Anglo-Saxon Church, and superintendent of the Methodist missions. That street received that name because



THE AZTEC CALENDAR STONE.

The San Francisco section was formerly devoted to its convent, the whole of one side of the block being thus appropriated. This was the first to be confiscated to the government, and transformed into residences and all the variety of a city block. The church and chapel became the property of the Church of Jesus, which Dr. Riley chiefly organized. A garden entrance of a hundred feet brings us to the chapel front, carved and comely. The inside is lofty and cheerful. The cloisters of the convent, still more beautiful, are the property of the Methodist

it was opened through the convent by Commonfort in defiance of the authorities of the Church, and was the first public act which led to the present liberation from all churchly domination. This street terminates not far up in the Alameda—the public park of Mexico. This park is about forty acres in extent, and has every attraction but accessibility and safety. Walks wind through it, but each plot of shrubs or flowers is fenced off from intrusion. You are not told to “walk on the paths;” you can not help it. Fountains encircled with stone seats offer



FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCH.

you rest, and when the bands play, and the waters too, more than rest they give, unless it be on the Sabbath, when it chiefly is, and then the more resting here the less rest, for conscience disturbs ease, and robs enjoyment of its delight.

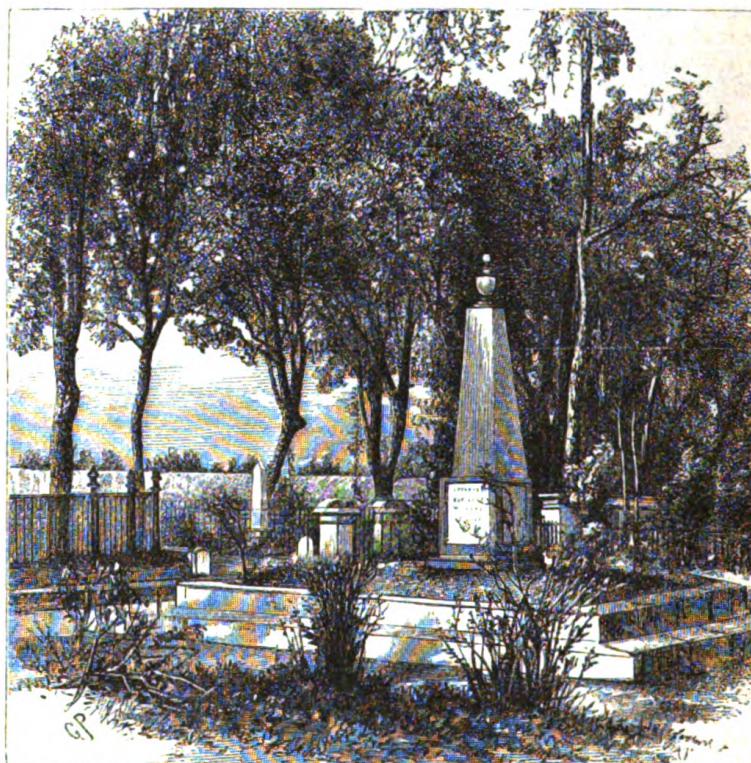
The Alameda is not safe at any hour. Gentlemen are robbed with impunity. So the trail of the serpent is over this delightful spot.

The eastern side of the Alameda is the same street we went out on to the Triste Noche, the street of San Cosme. Broad and lively it is above all other thoroughfares. Across from the park stands the church built by Cortez, and where his portrait is preserved. Farther up is the cemetery of celebrities, where presidents and generals and lower dignitaries lie in their ashes—often only thus, for the urn

after five years receives the lordliest dust, unless a tomb in perpetuity has been secured, which is sometimes the case. Most of them died in their boots, violently. It matters not much. They died. Finis is finis.

"The path of glory leads but to the grave."

From graves to funerals is an easy step. I have seen a group of men carrying the body on their shoulders, while the carriage came empty behind. This is a sign of affection—a pleasing compliment to the dead. Usually the American funeral is the Mexican, with plumed hearse and horses, and much ostentation of woe. But occasionally these affectionate expressions are novel and pleasing. If we still walk on up the San Cosme road, we shall come, after a mile or more, to where the aqueduct suddenly wheels westward, and turns its face toward Chapultepec. Opposite this turn you see the shaded gateway of the English cemetery. The American adjoins. Each is neatly kept; but the English has a prettier array of shrubs and



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT IN THE AMERICAN CEMETERY.

trees and flowers, because they take more pains, or because they have more, and more wealthy, residents here, or because they have a more cultured taste for landscape adorning. They are getting sadly populous, but still remain undisturbed—a grave rebuke to the loose Latin notions concerning the dead, whose temporary permission to occupy their niches in the wall is a sad proof of the powerlessness of their faith. Their cold mottoes are sadder, for a glimpse or glow of faith, such as makes the under-ground catacombs light, rarely finds a place on their transient slab. Our higher faith strikes a higher note even here, and the grave of Protestantism is a proof of its superiority.

Inside the American is a monument to our soldiers who fell before Mexico. It is somewhat touched with time, and needs a little attention on the part of our officials or visitors. A grander monument to their valor is erected by the Mexican government at Molino del Rey, where the hardest battle near the city was fought—a monument, like that



INQUISITION OF SAN DOMINGO, CITY OF MEXICO.

of Bunker Hill, to a defeat, not, like that, to an ultimate victory.

Stroll back down the same street of San Cosme, which takes as many names as a much-married widow ere it sinks into its last and first loves—the cathedral and the plaza. You pass the Tivoli Gardens—if you can pass them, and not turn in to enjoy their delights of scenery, viands, and music. Here the gentry take their breakfasts from twelve to four. Every sort of place for a

table is prepared; boxes of quaint pattern high in the tree-tops and darkling amidst shrubbery. The gardens of Paris and Berlin are poor to those of San Cosme. Having sipped and nibbled your full, you still stroll down the street, past the Alameda, into the thick of the town. Turn to your left down a long street, and you will come out on a square famous of old for the burnings of the Inquisition. In its centre an iron stake stood, which men of to-day say they have seen. To it the victims were tied, and burned. Now the place is open, and its torture-post vanished. Across the way from the church is the Inquisition, now the custom-house. On clearing it up and out, it is said a cell was discovered built in the wall, and on opening it four skeletons sat crouched in death. Before they



THE PRISONERS OF THE INQUISITION.

fell into dust their photograph was taken. It is a dreadful grave-stone of a dead system—dead not because of its own desire to die, not because its managers had outgrown it, and voluntarily abandoned it, but because a power had grown up around and above it that compelled its unwilling abolition. It would break forth to-day had its Church her former power. It only awaits growth and opportunity to reproduce the starved inmates of an inwalled cell and the stake of fire. Such opportunity only truer Christianity can prevent. Here yet is the place of execution, and marks are seen on the wall where revolutionary victims have been shot.

The city has unusually beautiful outlooks at almost every corner. Where the four streets meeting open through the whole city, you can see in each direction the green

fields and brown hills. When you look south and east, there rise close to the eye through the tube of a telescope the snowy scalps of Iztaccihuatl and Popocatepetl. They form a grand frame for this setting. No city of earth has its like. Some have finer views of the sea, but none an equal glory of land.

Its climate is as enticing as its vistas. The thermometer never rises above seventy-two, nor sinks below sixty. Summer and winter, night and day, are the same.

If one wants a morning always clear and stimulating, a noon never sultry, and a night made on purpose for sleep, let him take steamer for Vera Cruz. If weak of lungs, let him rest in Orizaba. If not, he will find nothing more delicious on this planet than the city of Cortez and Montezuma, the capital of Anahuac, the old and new Mexico.

MY SLAIN.

I

THIS sweet child which hath climbed upon my knee,
This amber-haired, four-summered little maid,
With her unconscious beauty troubleth me,
With her low prattle maketh me afraid.
Ah, darling! when you cling and nestle so
You hurt me, though you do not see me cry,
Nor hear the weariness with which I sigh
For the dear babe I killed so long ago.
I tremble at the touch of your caress;
You stab me with your dove-eyed, innocent faith:
O cruel knives of whetted worldliness,
That laid mine own child-heartedness in death,
Beside whose grave I pace for evermore,
Like Desolation on a shipwrecked shore!

II

There is no little child within me now,
To sing back to the daisies, to leap up
When June winds kiss me, when an apple bough
Laughs into blossoms, or a buttercup
Filters the sunshine, or a violet
Gladdens in the glad dew. Alas! alas!
The meaning of the primrose in the grass
I have forgotten, and if my cheeks are wet,
It is not with the blitheness of the child,
But with the heavy sorrow of sore years.
O moaning life, with Life irreconciled!
O backward looking thought! O pain! O tears!
For us there is not any silver sound
Of rhythmic wonders springing from the ground.

III

What have I gained? The sapless bookish lore
That makes men mummies, weighs out every grain
Of that which was miraculous before,
And sneers the heart down with the scoffing brain;
The skeptic's peering, analytic ways,
That dry the tender juices in the breast,
And put the thunders of the Lord to test,
So that no marvel must be, and no praise,
Nor any God except Necessity.
O earthy days, that I have served so true!
O arid husks! O bare and fruitless tree!
Take back your doubtful wisdom, and renew
My early foolish freshness of the dunce,
Whose simple instincts guessed the heavens at once.

MARBLEHEAD.



"Three fishers went sailing out into the west—
 Out into the west as the sun went down;
 Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the town;
 For men must work, and women must weep;
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbor bar be moaning."

THE German word *Anderheit* means "otherness." A thing passes into *Anderheit* when it becomes radically different from what it has been. A great many old New England towns are going through this process; they are very rapidly passing into "otherness." This is especially true of the seaport towns near Boston; of Portsmouth, of Newburyport, of Salem, and of Marblehead. That the place last named is near Boston will probably be news to the average man not of New England birth. It is generally supposed to be upon the Cape, i.e., Cape Cod. This misconception is associated with the mental image of a sandy waste inhabited by a race of fishermen. Add the Marblehead dialect, and the figure of "Flood Oirson," as depicted by Whittier, and a group of boys "rocking" the unwary foreigner, and the or-

inary idea of Marblehead is tolerably complete. But this idea, though not without some merit of its own, has not the merit of comporting with the facts that make up the claim of this old sea-port town for some more general interest and recognition than it has latterly received. Time was when Marblehead got its full share of these commodities without any challenge such as I offer here.

Marblehead is not on the Cape; not on any cape, in fact, but on two small peninsulas connected by a narrow strip of sand and pebble. It is northeast of Boston sixteen or eighteen miles. In going there one takes the Eastern road to Salem, then a branch road which, midway between Salem and Marblehead, touches the head of

Salem Harbor, at high tide a lovely sheet of water, with one little "emerald isle" in it, having more the appearance of a great inland lake than of a little arm of the sea. The ride by rail is very pleasant almost all the way from Boston. At first there is a succession of dreary places, new and bare; then the conductor shouts "Revere!" and while your next neighbor is telling you that this is where the dreadful accident happened a few years ago, you glide out upon the great salt marshes, where haply the hay is being tossed into huge stacks. The marshes are not nearly so monotonous as they at first might seem. They vary with the changing seasons and the changing tides. But it is at low tide, at sunset, that they put on their most magnificent array. At such times I have seen streams of liquid gold flowing through banks of crimson and purple. After hot days in the city how grateful is the breeze that comes in from the sea between Nahant, that stretches far out on the right, and Phillips Point! When the sea is at its bluest, and the marshes are at their greenest, the train speeds all too fast, such a feast of color is

spread out before us. Below Swampscot, "Salem's great pasture," if it is July, gives color of another sort, the rough hills being covered with wood-wax, or "dyer's-weed," with which in splendor not even the golden-rod can compete, though that is nowhere more sumptuous than here. All the coast along here is a series of peninsulas. East Boston is one; beautiful Nahant is the next; Phillips Point, just below Swampscot, is the next; then comes "Marblehead Neck," as the outer of the two peninsulas which form the township is called; then Marblehead proper; then Salem. Between the Neck and the town proper lies the harbor, half a mile or so in width, a mile and a half long, and for depth one of the deepest on the Atlantic coast. The *Great Eastern* could swing at anchor here.

But the harbor is not so safe as it is deep, opening as it does with a capacious mouth at the northeast. A heavy northeast storm will set adrift every vessel in the harbor. After the "Minot's Ledge storm" the beach at the head of the harbor was strewn very thick with schooners, fortunate in finding such an easy resting-place. With the exception of this beach, and several coves, the shore of the harbor is rocky and remarkably precipitous, in places almost perpendicular. The rocks on which the light-house stands at the mouth of the harbor have this character. The fishermen steer so near that one can touch them with an eight-foot oar. "Half-way Rock," called "Half Rock," is even more precipitous. This rock is three miles out, and gets its name from being about half-way from Boston to Cape Ann. It is some forty feet high, and in a heavy storm, receiving the full force of the sea, the surf is thrown more than a hundred feet in air, and the rock looks from the shore like a great fountain. It was for many years, and may be still, the custom for outward-bound fishermen to throw coppers



"THE CHURN."

on this rock, for luck, as they sailed by it. And it was also the custom for adventurous boys to land here and collect such of these offerings to Fortuna as had stuck in the crevices. The adventure must have been a great deal more than the reward.

There is an ancient and popular rhyme which indicates in general terms the geological structure of the town, also that of Salem, together with some reflections on the gastronomy of Beverly and the morals of Lynn; and all this in a quatrain:

"Marblehead's a rocky place;
Salem is a sandy;
Beverly's a beany place,
And Lynn it is a dandy."

There has never been any love lost between these neighboring towns, but their bark has been worse than their bite, and in cases of emergency they have stood by each other manfully. In 1774, when Salem had her biggest fire, it was the men of Marblehead who put it out, and the records show that the Salem people were not ungrateful. They not only passed high-sounding resolutions,

but they voted the Marbleheaders one hundred and thirty-two breakfasts, and I forget how many gallons of gin. The rocks of Marblehead are not so rough and jagged as those at the Isles of Shoals, but they are much more beautiful. They do not carry back the mind to such a violent commotion, not being so twisted and gnarled. Their color is a perpetual pleasure to the eye, and again, unlike the rocks at Star and Appledore, they border fields and farms of wonderful fertility. All along the shores there are dikes of greenstone worn out by the action of the sea. When a heavy sea is rolling in one can sit for hours at the head of these dikes, listening to the thunder of the waves, and watching the clouds of spray. One of these dikes, called "The Churn," which, being at the back of the Neck, is exposed to the full force of the sea, often affords a grand and lovely spectacle. The end of the dike is nearly vertical. When the waves strike it the surrounding rocks jar with the terrible concussion. The foam is tossed high up into the air, and when the light is favorable a rainbow lends its evanescent beauty to the scene. The climax of beauty is reached in the rocks upon Cat Island, sometimes called Lowell Island. Here the rocks display the loveliest colors, the most striking contrasts, the most delicate gradations. The rocks bared by the tides are rich with reds and browns; those farthest from their reach are tender with soft greens and grays, thanks to the lichens that they nourish with all needful sustenance.

Cat Island is associated with one of the most interesting episodes in the history of Marblehead. In 1773 a local excitement for some months took precedence of the great public affairs that were at that time arousing so much interest. This excitement was the "Small-pox war." It seems that Elbridge Gerry, Azor Orne, John Glover, and his brother Jonathan had bought Cat Island and established there a hospital for inoculation. The town had granted them permission, but the apprehensions of the more ignorant being excited, the permission was revoked. The proprietors, however, continued their work, and at length received and successfully treated some hundreds of people. But somehow the infection spread in the town, and the hospital was held responsible. One January night a party of men from the town set fire to it, and it was burned to the ground. The proprietors were mightily incensed, and arrested two of the offenders, who were put in Salem jail. But five hundred of their townsmen were soon battering at the doors, and before the military, which had been called out, arrived, the prisoners were on the way to Marblehead, where a promise was extracted from the proprietors of the hospital to abandon the prosecution. But the Salem sheriff, thirsting for justice as for

blood, called out five hundred Salem men to march with him to Marblehead and re-arrest his prisoners. To his dismay, he learned that six or eight hundred Marbleheaders were armed and ready to receive him. Dreading the results of an encounter, the proprietors' "bugles sang truce," and the small-pox war was over. But in those troubled times it was a terrible misfortune for the people of the town to be arrayed in opposition to their most trusted leaders, Gerry and Orne and Glover. Gerry was a representative in the General Court, and one of the famous com-

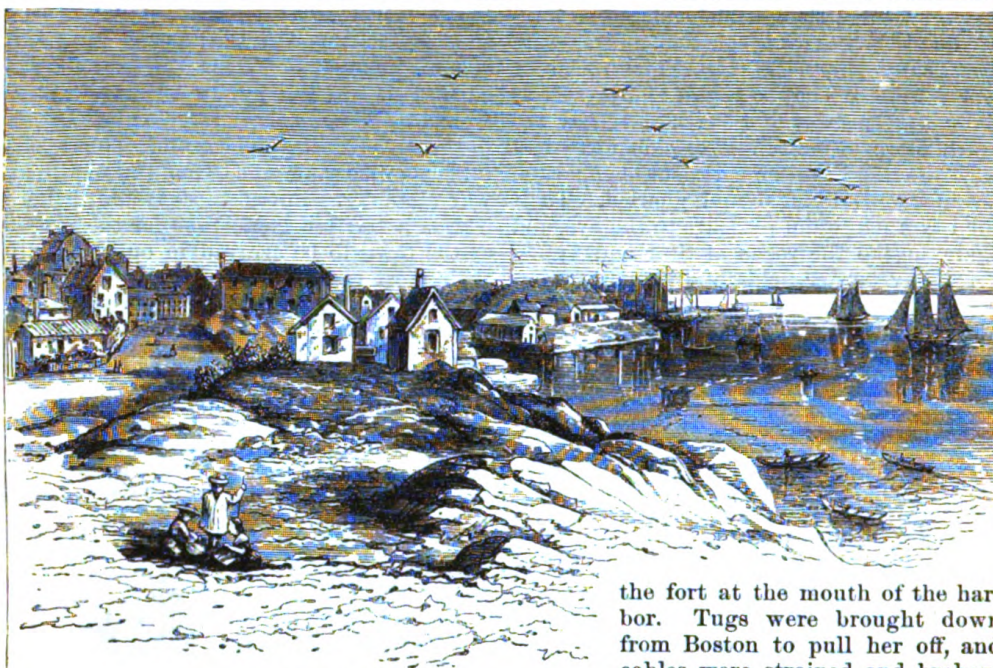


ELBRIDGE GERRY.

mittee of correspondence with Hancock and the Adamses. He threw up both positions. The letters of Samuel Adams to him at this time are full of grief and anxiety. Neither Gerry nor the town could be spared from full participation in the crisis that was pressing harder every day. And before long Gerry relented, and the local war was soon almost forgotten in the vaster interests of the war for Independence.

The principal entrance to the harbor is between Cat Island and Marblehead Rock, which is not far from the eastern end of the Neck. This rock for a long time had for a beacon an old pulpit from one of the Boston churches, and it seemed a fine touch of poetic justice that a thing from which so much noise had proceeded should be compelled to listen to the infinite noise and tumult of the sea. The other entrance into the harbor is called "Baker's Island way." Baker's Island has two lights upon it.

"Two dim ghosts at dusk they seem,
Side by side so white and tall,
Sending one long, hopeless gleam
Down the horizon's darkened wall.
Spectres strayed from plank or spar,
With a tale none lives to tell,
Gazing at the town afar
Where unconscious widows dwell."



GREGORY STREET.

There is many a picturesque island and many a dangerous reef and rock here in the inner bay. The Gooseberries are not at all sour-looking, as their name suggests. The Miserly Islands are called so to signalize some misery of shipwreck long ago. Pope's Head has brought disaster and chagrin to many a returning fisherman. One schooner that ran upon this rock was good enough to get off again, and, while her crew had gone up to the town to see their wives and babies, to make her way up into Little Harbor. Another was much less accommodating, for having been left there in the night, the crew, returning in the morning, found that she had given them the slip. Half-way over to Cape Cod she was picked up by a vessel that made claim for salvage, and the claim had to be allowed, "rough" as it was upon the owners and the crew. The lower part of the town is called Barnegat, and the name suggests that its inhabitants were once Barnegat wreckers; but, in truth, wrecks have been like angels' visits on this rugged coast, fortunately for those who sail the sea. Not of Marblehead, but of several other places, is the story told of a day when somebody came rushing into church in meeting-time, shouting, "A wrack! a wrack!" whereupon all the men sprang to their feet, and were making off; but the minister shouted after them, "Hold on there! Let every man have a fair start. Wait till I get to the end of the broad aisle." Only two vessels have been wrecked near Marblehead within the writer's memory. One of the wrecks was more comical than tragical—that of the old *Chusan*, which, missing stays in calm weather, went upon Jack's Rock, which is only a few rods from

the fort at the mouth of the harbor. Tugs were brought down from Boston to pull her off, and cables were strained and broken, and timbers were wrenched away,

but the old ship would not budge. Presently there came a storm, which got her off with ease, but in a thousand pieces, scattering along the shore her freight of gum-copal, of which every young man in the town procured a piece, with a fly in the middle, and thereof made a heart for some dear Dulcinea.

Marblehead can boast no beach of equal length and smoothness with Nantasket and Nahant. The longest is less than a mile in length, and it is heaped with pebbles far below high-water mark, and far above it. Longfellow's *Fire of Drift-wood* and Hawthorne's *Foot-prints on the Sand* had here their local birth. The beauty of the pebble compensates for any lack of sand. The porphyry pebbles, curiously veined and marked, are not less beautiful than the marbles we bring home from Rome, and they are bits of older ruins. The larger pebble is in great demand for ballast; and one of the pleasantest sights on midsummer days, while sitting on the cliffs, is the droghers rocking gently at anchor in the offing, while the men are filling the dories on the beach and running them off through the surf, up to their waists in the water.

"I sit and wonder what the cliffs would say
If they could speak, remembering the day
When first, 'Thus far, no farther,' it was said,
'Here thy proud waves be stayed!'"

"So wondering how strange it is and still,
Save where a mile away the droghers fill
Their battered dories with the shingly store
Of the long-hoarding shore!"

A more exciting scene is that presented by the great yacht races. The home stretch is generally parallel with the Neck, and from

the headlands it is sport indeed to see the mighty-winged things go fleeting by—

"To watch the race with neither hope nor fear,
Since none than other is to me more dear;
My prize the perfect beauty of the sight—
Unselfish pure delight."

The highest honor that the harbor knows in these degenerate days is when the New York yachts, the night before the race, come in for harborage. Then all is life and motion. A hundred dories dance around the handsome creatures that lie anchored off the wharves, whither the towns-folk come flocking down. There is much talking and swearing, and betting of the most harmless character, the stakes not being put down, and for a few bright hours the harbor seems to renew its ancient rapture, if it does not experience a keener joy than when a score of vessels bound for Bilboa were waiting for the wind to blow them fair.

There was a time when the headlands of the town and Neck were covered with a more anxious crowd than ever watched the generous rivalry of a regatta. That was the day when the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* had their duel in the offing, when brave, foolish Lawrence, dying, pleaded, "Don't give up the ship!" The whole dreadful scene was visible from Marblehead, made more pathetic by the fact that there were men of Marblehead on board the *Chesapeake*. I have heard one of them tell of the horrors of that day, of the hope, of the desperation, of the butchery, of how he, with his board-

ing hatchet, clove his man through to his clavicle. I have heard one of the mothers tell of how she left her wash-tub, and went, bare-headed and bare-armed, down to the Head to see the dreadful fray. A few days later poor Lawrence had a hero's burial in Salem, but the British flag hung at his vessel's peak, and the survivors of her crew were prisoners.

The streets of Marblehead have from time immemorial been regarded by "the stranger within her gates" with wonder and amazement. Nor are these sentiments unnatural. I have known Marblehead people so public-spirited that they would swear that every street in town is a bee-line; and this we may allow; but the bee must be no honey-laden but a honey-gathering one—a wandering, meandering, tergiversating fellow. The reason for this is evident. The strike of the syenite and greenstone ridges is in a northeast and southwest direction. The thickly settled portion of the town is made up of six or seven of these ridges, with intervening valleys. In fact, the harbor is the deepest of these valleys, and the Neck the highest of the ridges. This configuration determines the direction of all the main streets. They follow the valleys and the ridges. Sometimes the fronts of the houses are a thin veneering several stories high on the face of the great ledges, while at the back there is one story on the top of the ridge. Sometimes this order is reversed, and the stories lessen toward the front. The houses fa-



HOUSES OF THE SEA KINGS.

cing "the Common"—homes of the old sea kings and Bilboa traders, more than a century old—are the best illustration of this method. The cross streets dodge the minor ledges, as the main streets follow the major ones. The result is certainly confusing to the foreigner, but it is certainly more satisfactory to the eye than the gridiron plan on which our smart new towns are commonly laid out. The distribution of the houses is a far greater wonder than the sinuosity of the streets. They remind one of a good-natured crowd of Irishmen upon St. Patrick's Day, when every man is facetiously planting his elbow under his neighbor's fifth rib, or in the pit of his stomach. The newer portions of the town are much more regular. The condition of the older portions can not be accounted for without resorting in some cases to the hypothesis of "pure cussedness." The windings of the streets and the ubiquitous ledges account for it only in part. These circumstances doubtless set the fashion, which, once set, like every other fashion, was carried to the extreme. Whatever the cause, the effect is vastly comical. The theory of an earthquake, which shuffled a once orderly array into the present jumble of delicious incongruities, might be maintained successfully were it not that the town records make no mention of it, and the oldest inhabitants have no tradition of it in their repertory of departed days. The appearance of the town is changing rapidly. It is growing smarter-looking and more commonplace. Not only are great shoe manufactories crowding about the handsome railroad station, and ambitious dwelling-houses dotting the suburbs, but the old houses are un-



LEE STREET.

dergoing a continual process of repair. Many innocent of paint for many a score of years are tasting for the first time that long-forbidden fruit of competence and self-respect. Thirty years ago the town abounded in various old houses, still inhabited, with many a broken window-pane stuffed with old hats or petticoats. The most of these have disappeared; but many are still left in tolerable repair, all weather-browned and blackened and overgrown with "dainty mosses, lichens gray." In 1820, I am told, hardly a dozen houses in the town were painted, and ruin was the average condition, the broken window-panes outnumbering the whole ones. This was when the town was still lying prostrate after the war of 1812. Now there is growing pride and almost universal neatness, with a good deal of taste, best shown in the gay little flower gardens that every where assimilate the rich juices of the soil, and convert them into the most brilliant coloring. Happy the man who is allowed to penetrate beyond these outer courts into the inner sanctuaries, into the snug sitting-rooms and the polished kitchens and the "chaney closets" of incomparable neatness and niceness. Here are to be seen heir-looms from a remote antiquity, cups and saucers out of which great-grandmothers drank forbidden tea in old colonial days, famous old desks and chests of drawers and high clocks, that "make the judicious grieve," because they are not to be bought with money.

There are a great many houses scattered through the town that are impressive monuments of the departed days of mercantile prosperity. Now there is prosperity again, and it is building its monuments, and some of them are certainly handsomer than the old ones, but they are very uninteresting in comparison with the houses that have tasted the salt air of the old town for two and three half centuries. There are scores of houses that date back as far as this, and many of them are houses that have a history, that have associations. Great and good men have lived and died in them, and their ancient walls and timbers seem to exhale the fragrance of their piety and courage. Here is the house which Parson Barnard built in 1720, or before. Here is the old "glebe" of the Episcopal church, nearly or quite as old. Here is the house where Elbridge Gerry was born, and the houses where his compatriots, Colonel Orne and General Glover, plotted against oppression. The birth-place of Judge Story is not far away, and exactly opposite is the house where Parson Holyoke lived, and where his son, Dr. Holyoke, who lived to be a fine old centenarian, was born. The parson himself left his Marblehead pulpit in 1737 to take the presidency of Harvard College. The people voted to not let him go; but the college pleaded hard, and so the people had another meeting, and called in

Parson Barnard, of the First Church, to pray with them. The result was favorable to the college. "Old Barnard prayed him away," was some one's brief account of the transaction. Some of the *noti homines* have got into the fine last-century houses. But this, perhaps, is quite as it should be. The old Lee mansion-house, the finest of all, is now used for banks and offices. This is not nearly so old as many others, but it is far more capacious and more tasteful than any of its fellows. It was built in 1758 by Colonel Jeremiah Lee, and as long as it remained in the family it was graced with full-length portraits of the colonel and his wife, painted by splendor-loving Copley, in the handsome costume of the period. The original cost of the building is said to have been £10,000 sterling. There were plenty of slaves to keep its oak and brass well polished. Its great hall was wider than our city lots, its staircase in proportion. Here Washington was received by Colonel William Lee, whom he had promoted for distinguished bravery at Trenton and Princeton; here Lafayette was made "a spectacle for men and angels" on the occasion of his second visit to America. Should another hero come to town, where would he be received? But the danger is not imminent.

In one of the queerest corners of the town, called "Oakum Bay," there stands a house as modest as the Lee house was magnificent. So long as he lived it was the home of "Old Flood Oirson," whose name and fame have gone farther and fared worse than any other fact or fancy connected with his native town. Plain honest folk don't know about poetic license, and I have often heard the poet's conduct in the matter of Skipper Ireson's ride characterized with profane severity. He unwittingly departed from the truth in various particulars. The wreck did not, as the ballad recites, contain any of "his own towns-people." Moreover, the most of those it did contain were saved by a whale-boat from Provincetown. It was off Cape Cod, and not in Chaleurs Bay, that the wreck was deserted, and the desertion was in this wise: It was in the night that the wreck was discovered. In the darkness and the heavy sea it was impossible to give assistance. When the skipper went below he ordered the watch to lie by the wreck till "dorning," but the watch willfully disobeyed, and afterward, to shield themselves, laid all the blame upon the skipper. Then came the tarring and feathering. The women, whose rôle in the ballad is so striking, had nothing to do with it. The vehicle was not a cart, but a dory; and the skipper, instead of being contrite, said, "I thank you for your ride." I asked one of the skipper's contemporaries what the effect was on the skipper. "Cowed him to death," said he—"cowed him to death." He went skipper



IRESON'S HOUSE, OAKUM BAY.

again the next year, but never afterward. He had been dead only a year or two when Whittier's ballad appeared. His real name was not Floyd, as Whittier supposes, but Benjamin, "Flood" being no corruption, but one of those nicknames that were not the exception, but the rule, in the old fishing days. For many years before his death the old man earned a precarious living by dory-fishing in the bay, and selling his daily catch from a wheelbarrow. When old age and blindness overtook him, and his last trip was made, his dory was hauled up into the lane before his house, and there went to rot and ruin. This solitary dory-fishing is the last resort of many an ancient fisherman. A few days ago I found one of these in his eighty-fifth year splitting up his dory for fire-wood. It was a sad job for him. He had followed the sea for seventy-seven years. He could still row and fish, he said, as well as ever, but his sight was getting dim.

One of the most persistent superstitions of the town attaches to the vicinity of Skipper Ireson's dwelling. Time was when hundreds of people were ready to aver that they had heard in this vicinity the Screeching Woman's doleful and heart-breaking cry. The story was that once upon a time a pirate crew had landed at the cove, bringing a woman with them. For one hundred and fifty years, on the anniversary of her outrageous death, at dead of night, her cries for help could be distinctly heard. But while this, with many kindred superstitions, was the staple of the old wives' evening talk, and sent a curdling horror through the young

folks' veins, it is remarkable that the witchcraft delusion which made such havoc only four miles away was here quite innocuous. One Marblehead woman was accused before the Salem courts, and suffered death for reasons too absurdly gross for ears or eyes polite.

The hoarse refrain of Whittier's ballad is the best-known example of the once famous Marblehead dialect, and it is not a bad one. To what extent this dialect was peculiar to Marblehead it might be difficult to determine. Largely, no doubt, it was inherited from English ancestors. Its principal delight consisted in pronouncing *o* for *a*, and *a* for *o*. For example, if an old-fashioned Marbleheader wished to say "he was born in a barn," he would say, "I was barn in a born." The *e* also was turned into *a*, and even into *o*, and the *v* into *w*. "That vessel's stern" became "that wessel's starn," or "storn." I remember a school-boy declaiming from Shakspeare, "Thou little walliant, great in willainy." There was a great deal of shortening. The fine name Crowninshield became Grounseel, and Florence became Flurry, and a Frenchman named Blancpied found himself changing into Blumpy. Endings in *une* and *ing* were alike changed into *in*. Misfortune was misfartin, and fishing was always fishin. There were words peculiar to the place. One of these was *planchment* for ceiling. Crim was another, meaning to shudder with cold, and there was an adjective, *crimmy*. Still another was *clitch*, meaning to stick badly, surely an onomatopoeic word that should be naturalized before it is too

late. Some of the swearing, too, was neither by the throne nor footstool, such as "Dahst my eyes!" and "Godfrey darmints." The ancient dialect in all its purity is now seldom used. It crops out here and there sometimes where least expected, and occasionally one meets with some old veteran whose speech has lost none of the ancient savor.

A few years ago "the dismantled fort" which figures in Longfellow's *Fire of Driftwood* was the principal object of interest to the stranger. It was indeed a fine old ruin, a famous place for lovers, when the sea was lapping softly on the crags, and the moon was making a great pathway for their hopes, and the light-house opposite a little pathway for their fears, and the white sails of the boats went dancing across these pathways out of and into the darkness. The fort was called Fort Sewall, after Chief Justice Sewall, one of the great men of the town, a grandson of the first Chief Justice Sewall, of whom

"Touching and sad a tale is told,
Like a penitent hymn of the Psalmist old,
Of the fast which the good man life-long kept,
With a haunting sorrow that never slept,"

because he, then a junior judge, had given judgment against the Salem witches. A letter of the grandson, written in 1780, is one of the most interesting side lights of the Revolution. It describes a sad state of affairs, mainly owing to a severe winter and a great scarcity of wood. The poor went about begging and stealing it; the rich had to burn their meaner furniture. Sewall, then a young lawyer, tells how he had to warm himself at his neighbors' fires and among their pots and kettles. Seeing that not long after he married one of the wealthier daughters of the place, it may be inferred that he warmed himself at her fire-side oftener than at any other. Fort Sewall's greatest day was the 3d of April, 1814. Then it really did good service, for then the *Constitution*, chased by the frigates *Tenedos* and *Endymion*, ran in to the protection of its guns. It was Sunday, but the Sabbath peace was sadly broken. Heavy cannon were sent over from Salem, the battalion of artillery in the town made ready, from the Charlestown Navy-yard assistance came post-haste, and the New England guards in Boston marched to the rescue of the brave old ship. But the *Tenedos* and *Endymion* made off to sea again without waiting to be peppered. During the late war the old fort was made over, so that now it is wholly without interest.

"Little Harbor" lies back of the fort, with a little island, Gerry's, at its mouth. On this island the first regularly ordained minister of Marblehead built him a house, and the pavement of his door-yard is still visible, and a shanty stands upon the cellar that he dug two centuries ago. The Fountain Inn was on the main-land a few rods from



THE POWDER-HOUSE, 1755.

the sea-girt parsonage, so safe from interruption at high tide, when, let us trust, the sermon was habitually written. The Fountain Inn was the first inn in the place, and a romantic interest attaches to its history. A few years ago a well belonging to it was accidentally discovered in digging a post-hole. It had been filled up, but its walls were as good as ever. It was cleared out, and is now in use again. Sweet Agnes Surriage must have drawn many a bucket of water from this well, and Sir Harry Frankland's horses must have taken a long pull at its nectar before they started off again for Boston. Dr. Holmes has made the fortunes of these two the subject of his ballad *Agnes*, but the ballad is far less interesting and poetical than the unvarnished tale as told by the learned antiquary, Mr. Elias Nason, in a charming monograph. Sir Harry was a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell. In 1741 he was made Collector of the Port of Boston. The next year he went to Marblehead, presumably to oversee the first erection of the fort. Stopping at the Fountain Inn, he found a lovely girl engaged in scrubbing down the steps, doubtless anent his coming.

"Bent o'er the steps, with lowliest mien,
She knelt, but not to pray;
Her little hands must keep them clean,
And wash their stains away."

Shoeless and stockingless, her feet showed all the prettier. Her face was found to match. And so it happened that Frankland gave her a crown to buy shoes with, and not being able to forget her, came again,



"OLD NORTH" CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

and found her as before. "I keep them to wear to meeting," said she of her new shoes. This time, when Sir Harry went back to Boston, he took Agnes with him, avowedly to educate her, but with ulterior purposes soon carried out. The Boston of 1750 was not the Boston of a century before, but still it could not tolerate such open sin, and Sir Harry was driven by the social chill into a warmer atmosphere. He built at Hopkinton a stately mansion, and carried Agnes thither. Her lowly birth was not the sign of any natural inferiority, and her fine powers expanded rapidly in a congenial atmosphere, and her heart, supremely devoted to Sir Harry, went out in love and tenderness to all her household and acquaintances. Music and flowers were her two great delights, and Richardson's affecting stories often soothed her loneliness when business in the city took her lord away. In 1754 Sir Harry went abroad, and took her with him. His mother and his noble kindred generally gave her a very cold reception. They went to Lisbon, and were there when the great earthquake overwhelmed the city. When the tumult had subsided Agnes went out in

the elms the lovers planted are now twelve feet in circumference, and the box is ten feet high.

"Thus Agnes won her noble name,
Her lawless lover's hand;
The lowly maiden so became
A lady in the land."

Back of the spot where stood the Fountain Inn rises a rocky hill, and back of this another, upon which once stood the first meeting-house built in the town. No church since built has occupied so fine a site, affording as it does a view of all the coast from Boston to Cape Ann, and of the immeasurable sea. The old building underwent many changes as the town increased in size, and all these were duly recorded, and can be read to-day in the town records, which are in a state of perfect preservation. One can hear in those records the rattle of the window-panes, which were fastened with nails, without putty, and the nails, it seems, were always coming out. Laths and plaster were things unknown. A century later "King Hooper," a famous merchant and aristocrat of Marblehead, had a country-seat in Danvers, and he there made some generous gift

search of Sir Harry, who had been overtaken in the streets. At last she found him, buried under heaps of stones, but still alive. She succeeded in getting help to extricate him, her own superhuman efforts having been in vain; and he, deeply affected by these proofs of her devotion, made her his lawful wife. They were first married by a Romish priest, but on the passage to England assurance was made doubly sure by a Protestant remarriage. Lady Frankland relented when she heard the story of that dreadful day. Then came a dozen years of perfect happiness, interrupted by Sir Harry's death in 1768. Lady Agnes went to England when the rupture came between the colonies and the mother country. The old mansion-house was burned only a few years ago, but

to the Episcopal church; whereupon, in token of gratitude, the vestrymen voted to lath and plaster a spot in the ceiling directly over his pew, and just the size of it. The improvement to the ancient house in Marblehead which leaves upon the records the most shining trace was the introduction of a second gallery. So strikingly did this "thing of beauty" confirm the truth of Keats's famous line that, ten years after its completion, it was voted in town meeting "that Robert Knight should be released from paying his town rates during his lifetime for his workmanship done in the meeting-house in building the galleries." This building was at length removed to a more sheltered spot, and, with still further improvements, it lasted until 1824 for religious purposes, and a year longer for the storing of fish. The society that left it built what is now known as the "Stone Church," or "Old North." Its front is of granite; its sides and back are from the ledge on which it stands. The worshipers can sit in their pews and see the rock from which these were hewn and the pit from which they were digged rising high up against the windows. One venerable church is still standing, St. Michael's, built in 1714. It has suffered somewhat from repairs, but is still a singularly quaint and interesting bit of antiquity. The second rector of this church, Rev. David Mossom, removing to Virginia, there had the distinguished honor of marrying Mr. George Washington to Mrs. Martha

Custis. Another venerable building is the Town-house, built in 1728 "on the spot where the gaol and cage now stand," so reads the vote for the appropriation. The powder-house is also venerable.

The ecclesiastical history of the town had a most pathetic beginning. August 15, 1635, there was such a storm on the New England coast as has not since been paralleled. We have various accounts of it. One by Governor Winthrop, who says that there were "two flood tides within two hours of each other;" one by Richard Mather, the first of all the Mathers, of New England fame and shame. He was caught in it at the Isles of Shoals, where, from Smutty Nose Island, a house belonging to a tailor, named Tucker, was washed away and carried entire to Cape Cod, where it was hauled ashore, and a box of linen and some papers made known where it was launched. But by far the most affecting account of the storm is that of Anthony Thatcher, also a tailor, who with his cousin, Rev. John Avery, had started from Ipswich a few days before. Avery was bound for Marblehead, where he had been invited to come and preach the Gospel. His wife and eleven children were with him, Thatcher's wife and seven children, a Mr. Elliot, and four sailors. All of these were lost but Thatcher and his wife. Thatcher's account of the disaster is too fine to be abridged, but too long for our present limits. Whittier has retold the story in one of his rarest poems. The poor tailor named



TUCKER'S WHARF—THE STEPS.



"THERE ON THE HIGHEST POINT IS A SIMPLE MONUMENT."

the rock on which the shallop struck, Avery's Fall, and the island near by, Thatcher's Woe, and they are still called Avery's Rock and Thatcher's Island.

"There was wailing on the main-land
From the rocks of Marblehead;
In the stricken church at Newbury
The notes of prayer were read;
And long by board and hearth-stone
The living mourned the dead."

Of all the ministers who have preached in Marblehead from the beginning the Rev. John Barnard doubtless did the greatest work, and was the man of strongest character. Until he came to the town there had been but one church; but the congregation were divided between him and the Rev. Edward Holyoke. Barnard had the majority of votes, but refused to settle unless Holyoke could come and take his friends and form another society. This was agreed upon, and carried out in 1715. In 1737 Barnard was informally invited to take the presidency of Harvard College, but feeling certain that Holyoke was the fitter man, he so advised the overseers and corporation, and his advice was taken. It is a significant fact that the town had at this time two men held to be worthy of so great an honor. In his old age Barnard wrote an autobiography, and sent the manuscript to President Stiles, of Yale College, the universal correspondent of those times, the most ubiquitous of men, forever turning up in the history of his generation. It is spiced with a considerable amount of egotism, but it is a document of inestimable value and abounding interest. The most amusing item is that for ten weeks he preached upon one leg, the other being affected with sciatica. Parson Barnard, like the famous Hugh Peters and many other preachers of

that time, was more than a preacher. He was a man of public spirit. He was a social regenerator. When he came to Marblehead there was not one foreign trading vessel in the port. "Nor could I find," says the autobiography, "twenty families that could stand on their own legs; and they were generally as rude, swearing, drunken, and fighting a crew as they were poor. I soon saw the town had a price in its hands, and it was a pity they had not the heart to improve it." He at last succeeded in stirring up a young man, Joseph Swett, to engage in foreign trade, though his first venture was only to Barbadoes. From this time the town began to export its own fish. In 1740 the town had 150 vessels engaged in fishing, and at least a third as many more in carrying them to Bilboa and other Spanish ports. The town became second in population and wealth to Boston, and when the days of trial came, its port of entry and its freest benefactor. The Revolution, the French and English wars, and the war of 1812, with the embargo that preceded it, put an effectual stop to this astonishing prosperity. To-day only a few of the men who were a part of it remain. When you find one of them you find a treasure. He has his castles in Spain, and he will talk about them by the hour as he sits sunning himself and warming his thin blood on the wharves, which, now almost deserted, he remembers when they bustled with activity. He is nearly ninety years old. He saw Lafayette and Washington when they came to town. He saw General Glover in his coffin. He has talked with Elbridge Gerry's freedman Cato, his slave before the Revolution. He was a privateersman in the war of 1812, and one of the five hundred men of Marblehead who were in Dartmoor prison at the

end of that war. He has a lively recollection of that April day when the prisoners there were fired upon. He has seen the armies of Napoleon and Wellington on the Peninsula, and he is not so old but that his eye will sparkle when he tells you of the beauty and the tenderness of the girls of Spain and Portugal. An egg is not so full of meat as he is full of tales of storm and wreck and merciful deliverance. But his name is not legion, and the places that have known him will soon know him no more.
Post tot naufragia portus.

A successor of Parson Barnard, of a less practical turn, was wont to pray for those "who go down to the sea in ships, and who do business on great waters," "may they be blessed with a perpetual calm." I fancy that without the Scriptural part of this petition no prayer was considered perfect in the good old times. Certainly it was never omitted from any prayer that I overheard from Parson Bartlett's lips when that good man was the instructor of my youth. But the prayer for a perpetual calm is now receiving a late answer. It settled down

upon the foreign traffic long ago, and now it is settling down upon the fishing. When Whitefield came to Marblehead he asked, "Where do they bury their dead?" because it was so rocky. They buried them on what is now "The Old Hill," and was originally the church-yard of the First Church, one of the rockiest hills in the whole town. There the old Puritan ministers lie buried under resounding Latin epitaphs; there the red wild roses bloom their reddest and the golden-rod its yellowest; and there on the highest point is a simple monument in memory of those lost in the gale of '46—a dozen vessels, sixty-six men and boys. To-day the Bank fishing vessels, all told, only number eighteen, and on board of these there are not a score of Marblehead men. The rest are mainly from the Provinces. Once the fish fences covered every seaward hill and many an inland one; now a few acres contain all that remain of them. For hundreds of warehouses where the fish were stored, there remain perhaps a dozen. These changes have been gradual. Little by little St. Peter's followers have become followers of St. Cris-



"WHEN I WAS WITH SNOW, IN THE 'BRILLIANT.'"



"SITTING, STITCHING IN A MOURNFUL MUSE."

pin. Twenty years ago there was a new departure. The town had its ship-yard, and four or five large ships were built, and thrice as many schooners. Those were happy days for the old veterans. They thought that verily the Saturnian days had come again. But their hilarity was brief. A deeper melancholy soon possessed their generous hearts.

And now that that old life is almost ended, it is lived over and over again in happy recollection by those who once were fairly steeped in it. Events that at the time had little pleasure in them are very pleasant to recall, as Virgil long ago suggested. A few years ago the town was sprinkled thick with little shoe shops, about twelve feet square, in which six or eight men could work. There were hundreds of these little shops. They offered great facilities for conversation, though when all were hammering at once, the voices were pitched very high. But the shoe business itself has undergone a revolution. Few of these little shops are now occupied. Dozens of them are in a melancholy process of decay. The invention of labor-saving machinery has crowded the men into large manufactories, which are not favorable for conversation of the sort we have in mind. That needs enough partakers, and no more, to insure a generous rivalry, and to cap every climax with a more exciting story. The present scene of this is the back shop of the little grocery. This back shop is an abounding and delightful institution. It must be seen in winter-time if

one would see it to advantage. Then, when the floor is full of pea-nut shells and the air is thick with smoke, and the salamander is red-hot and sizzling with occasional ejections of tobacco juice, the little circle rises to the height of the occasion. Sometimes all talk at once. "When I was with Snow, in the *Brilliant*," one begins; but some heavier engine throws him off the track. He soon gets on again, and begins afresh his story in a higher key, only to be again suppressed. They have all heard it scores and scores of times. He goes off with a snort, and the rest go on spinning

their yarns. Some of them have lost nothing by a hundred repetitions. If the pleasure is more in the telling than in the hearing, it is still about equally distributed. The colloquy tends rapidly to become soliloquy where one monopolizes all the talk.

Marblehead has never kept a poet, though Whittier and Longfellow and Holmes and Lucy Larcom, here the noblest singer of them all, have celebrated real or imaginary things and persons and events connected with the dear old town. If Lucy Larcom had written nothing but her *Hannah Binding Shoes*, she would have an enviable fame. I have fancied that I know the very woman who suggested that affecting ballad,

"Sitting, stitching in a mournful muse."

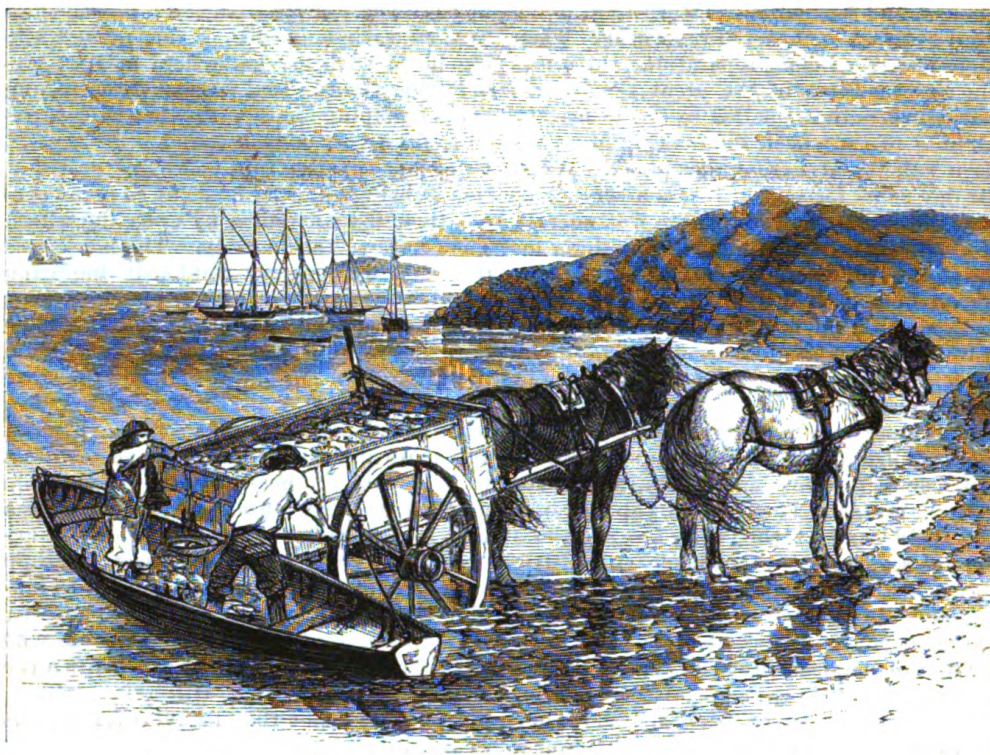
But there is material enough for poetry in the scenes and habits of the fast-receding time, when all the energy of the community was concentrated upon "the art preservative of all arts," if it be true that fish makes phosphorus and phosphorus makes brains. There was the bustle of preparation, the getting in of wood and salt and stores. The schooner generally went to Boston for her salt, and then we youngsters had a fine time of it, going with her to "the dim rich city," and sleeping in the cabin or the "forekistie," and making friends with the cook. Or was it better when a great ship came to Marblehead with a whole load of salt, and we were permitted to go on board of her, and to row at night under her bows and feel their awful

shadow, and wonder if her stern went down till it touched the heart of the world? Then there were the home preparations, the washing and mending of the great pea-jackets and trousers that smelled so of the sea, the packing of the chest, the making of "Harrison cake" and hard gingerbread. When the day came for sailing it was a very silent morning in the house. There was no talk at breakfast-time. The handsome thing for the skipper to do was to sail round the harbor an hour or two with the company that had collected on board, with a long string of "Moses boats" and dories dragging at the stern. Sometimes there was a treat all round from a certain little keg, which the more prudent skippers regarded with unmixed aversion. When at length the skipper shouted, "All ashore!" the last boats were always loaded to the gunnel. Then we went up on "Bartol's Head," and watched the white sails lessen more and more, till they made only a little gleam on the horizon. From that time the "Spoken" in the newspapers was narrowly watched, but with little satisfaction, until the first of the fleet returned, bringing news of nearly all the rest, and how many thousand fish they had on such a day. They used to count thousands, but now they guess quintals. It was a great day when some good neighbor came to the door or window, saying, "Mrs. —, your husband's coming up the harbor." Sometimes there was a rich brown face in the doorway without a word of warning; sometimes a well-known step in the night upon the gravel. There was one coming back that was different from all others within the memory of the present generation. It was after the September gale of '46. After the first news of the disaster had been brought to town there were many weeks of terrible anxiety, of alternate hope and fear. From every headland, and from the "Old North" steeple, eyes were straining into the distance to catch the first hint of a returning sail. And when one was descried, the word went from house to house all through the town, and hundreds crowded to the wharf to see what vessel it might be, and what news it brought of kindred or of friends. Only the fishermen's wives staid very quietly at home, waiting for the sign of hope or widowhood. Sometimes bad news was contradicted, and "women received their dead raised to life again, and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance." I well remember one of these returns. The wharf was packed with an expectant crowd of men and women. As the vessel came up the harbor there was none of the usual hilarity. There were no cheery shouts and answers. There was no talk about "how deep" she was, no brag that she had "wet her salt." When the crew landed, the crowd parted silently to let them through. There was hardly a word spoken. The crowd broke

up as the crew separated, and followed them to their various homes. I remember walking home with my hand held in the skipper's very tight indeed, his monstrous fishing boots clumping along with what then seemed to me a very solemn sound. For myself, I was not superior to a feeling of gratification at being escorted home by so many people, though I was but a fly upon the wheel. Then followed such a day. The house was thronged with people anxiously inquiring for their friends. Children came to hear that they were fatherless, and wives to learn that they were widows. And little by little the story of the storm was told, and the story of what followed, when the sea was strewn with proofs of terrible disaster, with wood and spars and seamen's chests and bedding. In one place the masts of two vessels were found hopelessly entangled; in another a vessel lying on her beam ends, and with every mighty surge lifting her masts high up out of the melancholy waste, and then plunging them down again in a sad, hopeless way that almost broke the hearts of those who witnessed it. To a stranger in the town the monument on the "Old Hill" means little, but no monument that I have ever seen is so vocal for me with

"The still sad music of humanity."

But when the voyage had been prosperous, and there had been no general disaster to overcloud its good success, the return was quite a little jubilee. How delicately were the gradations of kinship and acquaintanceship expressed by the different gifts which the happy children were deputed to carry round! The outer circle received only "sea-crackers," that is, crackers left over from those carried, and impregnated with the briny flavor of the sea. The next circle inward received with the crackers a bit of smoked halibut; and those still more favored, in addition to the crackers and halibut, some "tongues and sounds." To all these luxuries, for the inner circle a halibut's fin was added; and the crowning point of goodwill was a "hagdon"—a sea-bird of too rank a savor to be universally enjoyed. The days for washing out were also great days for the children. The fish are now washed in a pound, which is chained against the schooner's side, then carried in dories to the beach, where the tip-carts are backed down into the water to receive them. Even now the scene is picturesque enough; but it was much more so when the washing out was done upon the beach. The fish were dumped into the water, and the men, with their "ile-skins on" and fishing boots, dashed them together, whitening the water with a more decided pickle than the average brine of the sea. On these occasions to carry dinner was esteemed a high prerogative. The dinner was contained in two tin pails, polished as nev-



UNLOADING FISH.

er door-plate was upon Fifth Avenue. One of these was full of tea; the other, with a knife and fork neatly tied to the handle, of meat and vegetables. And with what interest we youngsters watched these dainties disappear, and what nectar and ambrosia seemed the portions given to us in answer to our dog-like looks of pleading! Once there were more than fifty fish fences scattered along the shore. Now there are only two. Long may these two remain, with all their old belongings, that appeal so pleasantly to eye and nose! Here is no such disgusting odor as that which haunts the fishing houses of the Bay fishermen at Swampscot Beach, but a smell so strong and sweet that it is positively agreeable, especially if old associations mingle their fragrance with it. And pleasant it is to see the curing-men, who have caught many a quintal in their day, moving about in the long aisles between the fences, spreading or heaping up the fish, and bearing them away in their barrows to the old warehouses, that are scored all over with the tallies of fish that long ago made brains for poets and philosophers.

The methods of the fishermen have changed as well as their numbers. Twenty-five years ago all the Bank fish were caught on board the schooners. Next, huge dories were carried, in which the men rowed out in various directions, so that if the fish were not found in one place, they might be in another. Now trawls are employed at great cost, and involving harder work than ever. These

changes have brought in a different form of tragedy from any formerly experienced. The men are sometimes caught out in the fog, and do not get back again for days. This very summer (1873) two were caught out in this way, and when picked up at length by a Gloucester schooner, they were fearfully exhausted. For a week they had had nothing to eat or drink. One, in the madness of his thirst, had drunk salt-water, and so increased his thirst and brought on delirium. Verily

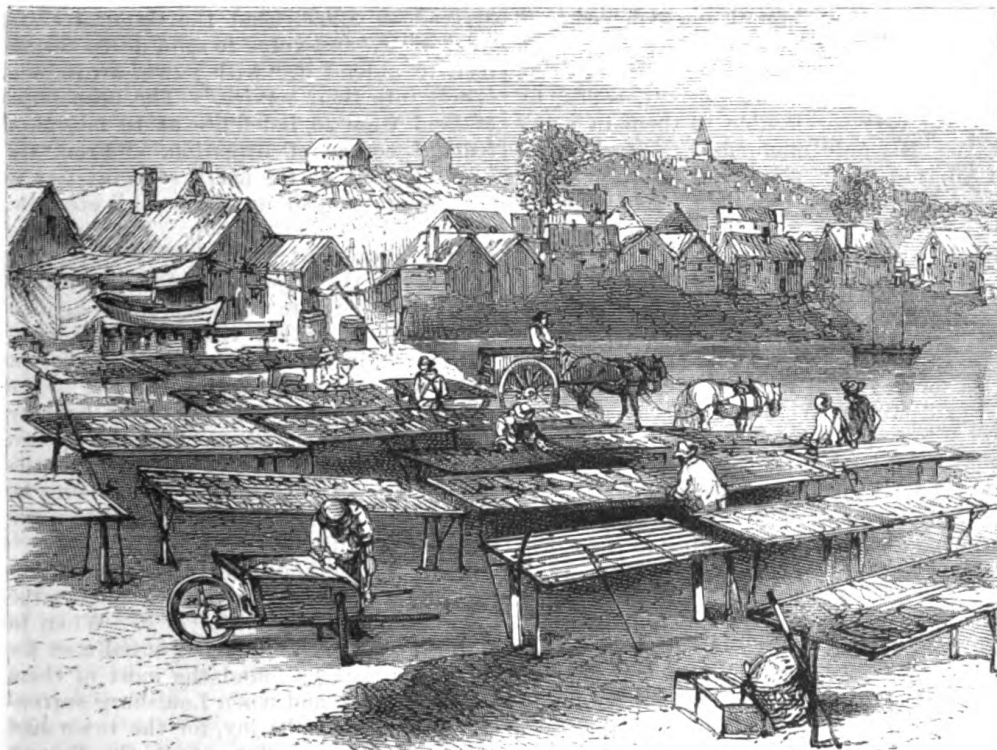
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

Here there is possible a form of "solitary confinement" worse a thousand times than that of the prisoner at Sing Sing.

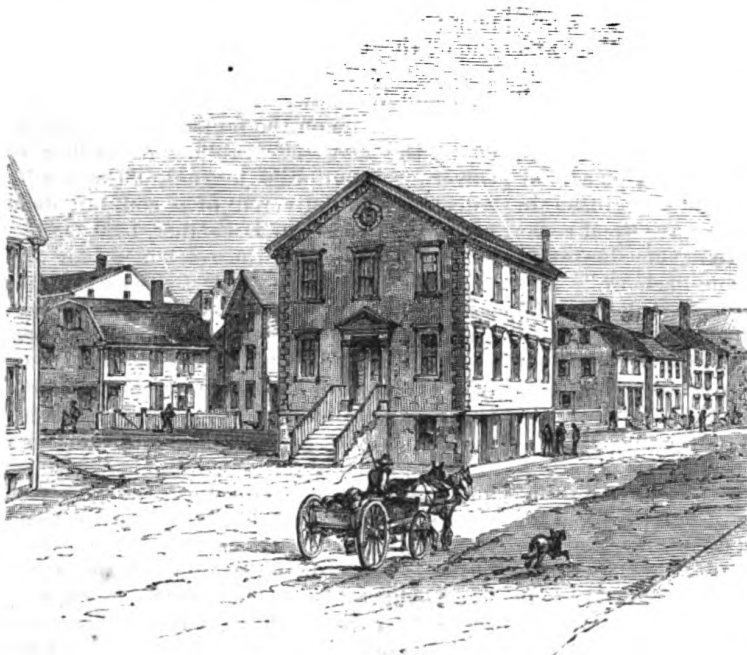
The history of Marblehead is yet to be written. The materials for it are abundant, and they have been patiently culled by a citizen of the place, who is a lineal descendant of Gerry's coadjutor, Colonel Azor Orne, of Revolutionary fame. If ever the results of his researches are made public, they will show that the old town has a history second in interest to no other of its size in the United States. In the town records the line of progress can be traced from the time when a few Naumkeag Indians lived here among rocks and swamps and forests to the time when the annual expenses of the town, including the minister's salary, were £250, and from that time till now, when the annual expenses are \$70,000. From first to last there have been a great many changes. The rocks most-

ly remain. But the swamps have been converted into fertile farms and gardens, and the forests long ago were built into ships and houses, or went to soften the stern rigors of an inclement coast. The town was originally part of Salem, or Salem was a part of it, for it was Marblehead that gave the name to the whole settlement. "Here is plentie of Marblestone," wrote Francis Higginson in 1629, "in such store that we have great rocks of it, and a harbour near by. Our plantation is from thence called Marble-harbour." This name was soon changed to Salem, but the old name was retained for the portion since called Marblehead till 1633, when its present name was generally agreed upon. There was no separate incorporation, however, till 1648, and for a long time after that Marblehead remained in ecclesiastical leading-strings, and though there was preaching at home, the worshipers had to go to Salem for their sacramental bread and wine, for baptism and marriage. The first settlers at Salem were a forlorn hope that followed brave old Roger Conant after the breaking up of the settlement at Cape Ann in 1626, and doubtless Marblehead had settlers from this time. The first mentioned inhabitant was Thomas Gray, who had bought Nantasket from the Indians in 1622. Thomas had evidently offended, for it was decreed by the General Court in 1631 "that his house at Marblehead be pulled down, and that no Englishman shall hereafter give house-room to him." But the man whose name on "Found-

ers'-day," if the town ever has one, will demand the highest honor is Isaac Allerton, one of the *Mayflower* pilgrims, the intimate associate of Carver and Brewster and Bradford and Winslow. His name immediately followed theirs on the famous compact signed in the *Mayflower* cabin. According to Governor Bradford's journal, "Good-wife Allerton was delivered of a son, but dead born," on the 22d of December, 1620, O. S.—a sad beginning for the settlement, for this was the first comer. Allerton was the first assistant governor, and the only one for several years. He it was who, with the redoubtable Miles Standish, "went venturously" to treat with Massasoit. Point Allerton, the first headland of Nantasket, bears his name. For a second wife he married Elder Brewster's daughter Fear. When Winthrop and his party came in 1630, the first face they saw was Allerton's, who boarded them from his shallop. He had the best head for business of any man at Plymouth, and made five voyages to England in the interest of the colony before 1631, when, falling out with his old friends, he came to Marblehead in the *White Angel*, and in the same vessel, loaded with fish, he soon after went to England again. Returning, he made Marblehead his home, building there a large fishing house, and employing many vessels. His son-in-law, Maverick, co-operated with him, and, after him, was the most conspicuous early settler. This Maverick was a good friend of the Indians—gave thirty of them



DRYING FISH, LITTLE HARBOR.



THE TOWN-HOUSE.

"Christian burial" in one day, when the small-pox was sweeping off their feeble remnant. It was Allerton who sent to Ipswich for Parson Avery the ill-fated shallop. Apparently he was the most stirring person in the vicinity of Massachusetts Bay. But as he had fallen out with the Plymouth colony, he now fell out with Winthrop's General Court, which gave him "leave to depart from Marblehead." Afterward, in New Haven and at New Amsterdam, he heaped coals of fire upon his Massachusetts enemies, by proving very serviceable to them in many ways. His only monument in Marblehead is Allerton Block, the finest building in the town for business purposes. But when it was built, a few years ago, the name was Greek to almost every body.

The impulse which Allerton had given was seconded by others, so much so that the third vessel built in New England was built here in 1636, the *Desire*, of 120 tons burden. Alas for her good fame, a part of her first cargo from the West Indies was the first slaves introduced into the New England colonies. All foreign trade was soon abandoned, and early in the next century fishing was the only business of the place. There was not even a carpenter belonging to the town. Parson Barnard reformed this altogether, and for fifty years before the Revolution there was a large export and import trade, and gold is said to have been as plenty as copper had been before. This was the period when nearly all the fine old houses in the town were built, and in which the town acquired the immense influence it evidently had in the events preparatory to the Revo-

lutionary war, and during that momentous struggle.

The ancient records contain a great deal that is laughable at this remove, though it was solemn as eternity at the time. There was the case of John Gatchell, who in 1637 was fined ten shillings for building on the town lands; but it was agreed to abate one-half the fine "in case he should cutt off his long har off his head." There was a regulation size for dogs, above which they could not be tolerated. When the small-pox appeared in town, all under as well as all over

this size were put to death, lest they should carry the contagion. In 1676 no person was allowed to settle in the town who could not give bonds that he would not become a pauper. The original settlers contended jealously for their prerogatives, and were much like the old farmer who wanted all the land adjoining his. When the first load of salt arrived in Marblehead the General Court "sat on it," and voted to send down certain men to unload it, "with power to impress others into their service." The boundaries of land were so indefinite as to become a fruitful source of litigation. "From the bramble-bush on the north, so many feet to the bramble-bush on the west," etc., was no uncommon designation. The province having appropriated five hundred and fifty pounds for the improvement of the fort, it was voted by the town, as a security against embezzlement, "that the trustees deposit the money in one chest with two different locks and keys, the chest to be left in the charge of one and the keys to be held by the others, and the chest not to be opened except in the presence of all three gentlemen." For the honor of human nature be it said, two of the trustees refused to serve on these conditions.

Until the mother country became utterly regardless of the welfare of the colonies the town was noted for its loyalty. When in 1745 Sir William Pepperell wanted men for his expedition, he found the most of them in Marblehead, and when Louisburg surrendered, great was the joy, for the town had been a constant sufferer from the French privateers that found a shelter under the

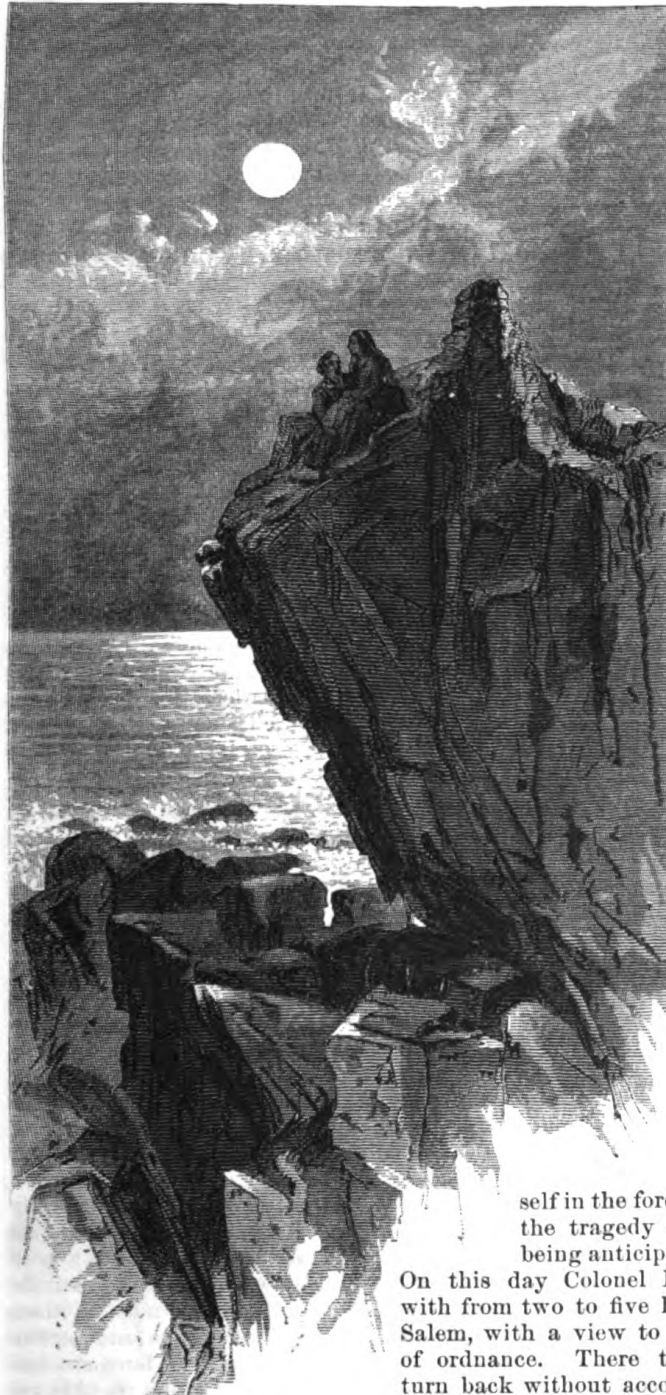
guns of that fortress. The traditional sentiment of loyalty to the king was cherished long after indignation was aroused at the hard measures of his government. It was insisted, perhaps willfully, that he was not responsible for these measures. But there came a time when this theory was no longer possible for discerning minds. The conviction that he was responsible first found expression at a town-meeting held in Marblehead in a series of resolutions from the hand

of Elbridge Gerry, as were all the resolutions of the period. Many were startled at this, but many months had not passed before the average public sentiment indorsed the manly utterance. There was more than one "cradle of liberty." Those were the days of town-meetings and resolutions and circular letters, and not Faneuil Hall itself resounded with more stirring eloquence or saw more resolute defiance of oppression than the old Town-house in Marblehead, which ought to stand

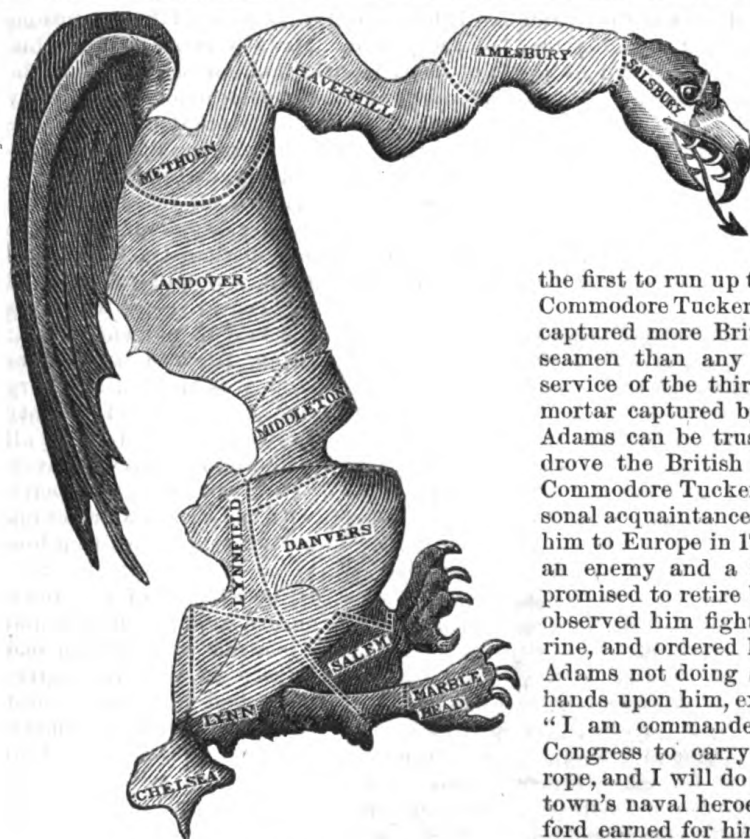
for centuries to come as the best monument of that heroic time. Colonel Azor Orne was the orator, Gerry was the man of mighty words, employed to draft all letters and resolves. Glover, "the man of war," labored with these; but a better opportunity was awaiting him in no distant future. Sixty merchants of the town agreed to import no tea, and when one of four who had refused to sign the agreement had brought a chest to town, it went out much sooner than it came in, well pasted over with patriotic mottoes, and accompanied by a derisive and indignant crowd. When State Street, Boston, ran with patriot blood, there were fierce echoes of the firing down at Marblehead, but her own sons had bled before, and that shed in State Street was not the first blood of the Revolution. This was shed on board a Marblehead vessel, the brig *Pitt*, Captain Thomas Powers. Returning from Cadiz, she was boarded by a lieutenant and party of seamen from the British war ship *Rose*, with a view to impressing some of her crew. The attempt succeeded, but not without much labor, and the exchange of many rounds, and the death of the lieutenant, who was killed by a harpoon hurled at him by Michael Corbett, who for three hours defended him-

self in the fore-peak. On February 26, 1775, the tragedy of Lexington came very near being anticipated at Marblehead and Salem.

On this day Colonel Leslie landed at Marblehead with from two to five hundred men, and marched to Salem, with a view to seizing there a certain piece of ordnance. There they were prevailed upon to turn back without accomplishing their purpose. As they marched back through Marblehead, the Marble-



GREAT HEAD.



GERRYMANDER.

head regiment was drawn up, a thousand strong, to dispute their passage if they had done any thing amiss. It was in the church at Watertown, in which the Massachusetts General Court assembled, that Elbridge Gerry proposed the first measure of defensive warfare, in the view of John Adams the most important measure of the Revolution. As representative of the town in the first Continental Congress, Gerry's voice was from the first for "independency," and his name stands among the signers of the immortal Declaration. He was perhaps the greatest man of whom the town can boast. Collaborer with Hancock and the Adamses, the bosom friend of Joseph Warren, signer of the Declaration, Governor of Massachusetts, and Vice-President of the United States, his name has been ungraciously embalmed in the word gerrymander, which hundreds use where one knows its origin. Gerry, while Governor of Massachusetts, was charged with remodeling the Essex district for political purposes. A map of the district as remodeled was not unlike some fabulous monster, to which the name gerrymander, suggested perhaps by salamander, was given. And now all remodeling of districts for party purposes is gerrymandering. Surely the unsullied patriotism of Elbridge Gerry did not earn for him any such doubtful honor.

The Revolutionary honors of the town were divided between her own regiment (her own from drummer-boy to colonel) and her privateersmen. John Manly, of Marblehead, and not Paul Jones, was

the first to run up the American flag; and Commodore Tucker, not Paul Jones, again, captured more British vessels, guns, and seamen than any other captain in the service of the thirteen States. It was a mortar captured by John Manly, if John Adams can be trusted as authority, that drove the British out of Boston. With Commodore Tucker Adams had some personal acquaintance. The commodore took him to Europe in 1779. They fell in with an enemy and a fight ensued. Adams promised to retire below, but Tucker soon observed him fighting as a common marine, and ordered him to leave the deck. Adams not doing so, Tucker laid violent hands upon him, exclaiming, as he did so, "I am commanded by the Continental Congress to carry you in safety to Europe, and I will do it." But of all the old town's naval heroes Captain James Muggford earned for himself the briefest glory and the most pathetic fame. He had been impressed on board the British frigate *Lively*, in Marblehead Harbor. His wife went on board the frigate, and stating that they had just been married, demanded his release, which soon after was granted, but not before he had heard the sailors talking about a "powder ship" which they were expecting from England. Resolving to capture her, he



GENERAL GLOVER.

applied for a commission, but sailed, before it came, in a small fishing smack, with a score of men from Glover's regiment, in which he was himself a captain. He captured her in Boston Bay, and carried her into Boston, at a time when Washington's stock of powder did not amount to more than nine rounds per man. A few days later, returning to Marblehead, his little vessel was surrounded by a swarm of barges from the British fleet then lying in Nantasket Roads. The fight was desperate, and Mugford was mortally wounded. But his vessel got away, bearing his lifeless body, which a few days later the marine regiment at Marblehead buried with solemn pomp.

The Twenty-first Provincial, afterward the Fourteenth Continental regiment, was often called the Marine Regiment than by any other name. It was composed entirely of Marblehead men. For two years after the beginning of the war it was commanded by Colonel Glover, and when he was made brigadier-general it was a part of his brigade. It was at first stationed at Beverly, and employed in fitting out the first privateers, whose crews were taken mainly from its ranks. It marched to Cambridge after the battle of Bunker Hill, and was there quartered in the noble mansion now occupied by the poet Longfellow. On the arrival of Washington it was made his head-quarters. One of his first trials was on account of the Marblehead boys, whose laughter was excited by the appearance of the Virginia regiments, and who not only derided them, but snow-balled them. The Virginians were sensitive, and got very mad, and things looked serious when Washington arrived. There were plenty of bickerings and jealousies in the camp at Cambridge, and it is said that Colonel Orne, of Marblehead, was often called upon to address the quarrelsome and discontented, and restore them to a sense of duty. Twice during the war the Marblehead regiment was assigned to a position of first-rate importance, a position that could hardly have been taken by any other regiment. On the 28th of August, 1776, Washington, defeated in battle, having decided to evacuate Long Island, Glover, with the whole of his regiment fit for duty, was summoned to take sole charge of the retreat across East River. There were but few row-boats, and until eleven o'clock the sail-boats were useless, the wind being unfavorable. At that hour, however, it changed, and, what was better, a fog settled over Long Island, and before morning the whole army, 9000 men, with all the field artillery, ammunition, provisions, cattle, horses, carts, etc., were got over. This retreat has always been considered one of the highest proofs of Washington's good generalship. But it is easy to see that it never could have been accomplished if he had not had a regiment of fish-

ermen to call upon. Nor without these could he have gained that victory at Trenton, which gave to our affairs such a new aspect that it was really the beginning of the end. Glover and his men were chosen to transport the army across the swollen Delaware filled with floating ice. The night was so intensely cold that several men were frozen to death. Snow and sleet added to the difficulty of the passage, but when it was accomplished the fishermen led the advance. A captain of the regiment, a son of General Glover, found that the arms had been unfitted for use by the storm. This being made known to Washington, he made answer in three words, "Advance and charge." And so Trenton's famous victory was won. Afterward Glover was stationed at various points in New York, and always did good service. He was one of the court-martial that tried Major André, and was officer of the day that saw his execution.

When the war was over, and Marblehead summed up her losses, it was found that, whereas in 1772 she had twelve thousand tons of shipping and twelve hundred voters, at the close of the war her tonnage was but fifteen hundred and her voters but five hundred, while there were about five hundred widows and one thousand orphans in the place. The fishing business soon revived, but the foreign trade had met with mortal wounds. It revived but partially, and the war of 1812 gave it its absolute quietus. During this war the town was not in sympathy with the prevailing sentiment of New England, which was violently anti-democratic. With more to lose by war than any inland town, her patriotism did not falter, and great was her delight when Gerry, losing the Governorship of the State by the Federalist reaction, was made Vice-President. Nearly one-fifth of her whole population was in the ranks or on board of privateers or regular men-of-war, "Old Ironsides" getting here nearly her whole crew. More than five hundred Marblehead men were in Dartmoor and other English prisons at the end of the war. After the war there came a period of terrible depression. The old people can not yet speak of it without bitterness. Gradually the shoe business came in to eke out the scanty resources of the inhabitants. When the Massachusetts troops were called out at the beginning of the late war the wine stirred in the cask again. The order came late in the afternoon. At eight o'clock the next morning the town's three companies were in Faneuil Hall. No other companies arrived so soon. A part of the Eighth regiment, they started for Washington, expecting to go through Baltimore. At Philadelphia, the story goes, one of the captains *ground his sword*, and the brave fellows wrote their names on bits of paper, and pinned them to their clothing. And now

all that seems as remote as the war of 1812, or even the Revolution.

What will be the future of this quaint old town it would be hard to prophesy. Only one thing is certain, that its coves and headlands will ere long become the spoil of strangers seeking for summer residences. And nowhere can they find more wild and lovely ocean scenery or more invigorating air. Already many handsome cottages have sprung up along the shore. For several years past the Neck has been a favorite place for camping out, more than a thousand people dwelling there in tents and shanties, in rare instances in a truly "aesthetico-economical fashion." But now the

Neck has been laid out in building lots, and most of the nomads have been driven away. Upon the harbor side a score or two of shanties still offend the eye with their unsightliness. But even these "abominations set up in the holy place" can not seriously mar its beauty and picturesqueness. While rocks and sea remain, and clouds and sunlight deck them with a thousand varying colors, there will be solace here for weary brains and hearts, haply made sweeter if with the natural charm there mingles some recollection of the parts which the old town once played in comedies and tragedies, which at the time were full of interest alike to actor and beholder.

THE LIVING LINK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.



"THEIR HANDS TOUCHED."

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE BEDSIDE OF DALTON.

FREDERICK DALTON remained in his prostrate condition, with no apparent change either for the better or for the worse, and thus a month passed.

One morning Dudleigh requested an interview with Edith.

On entering the room he greeted her with his usual deep respect.

"I hope you will excuse me for troubling you, Miss Dalton," he said, "but I wish very much to ask your opinion about your father. He remains, as you know, unchanged, and this inn is not the place for him. The air is close, the place is noisy, and it is impossible for him to have that perfect quiet which

he so greatly needs. Dudleigh Manor is too far away, but there is another place close by. I am aware, Miss Dalton, that Dalton Hall must be odious to you, and therefore I hesitate to ask you to take your father to that place. Yet he ought to go there, and at once. As for yourself, I hope that the new circumstances under which you will live there will make it less unpleasant; and, let me add, for my own part, it shall be my effort to see that you, who have been so deeply wronged, shall be righted—with all and before all. As to myself," he continued, "I would retire, and relieve you of my presence, which can not be otherwise than painful, but there are two reasons why I ought to remain. The first is your father. You yourself are not able to take all the care of him, and there is no other who can share it except myself. Next to yourself, no one can be to him what I am, nor is there any one with whom I would be willing to leave him. He must not be left to a servant. He must be nursed by those who love him. And so I must stay with him wherever he is. In addition to this, however, my presence at Dalton Hall will effectually quell the vulgar clamor, and all the rumors that have been prevailing for the last few months will be silenced."

Dudleigh spoke all this calmly and seriously, but beneath his words there was something in his tone which conveyed a deeper meaning. That tone was more than respectful—it was almost reverential—as though the one to whom he spoke required from him more than mere courtesy. In spite of his outward calm, there was also an emotion in his voice which showed that the calm was assumed, and that beneath it lay something which could not be all concealed. In his eyes, as he fixed them on Edith, there was that same reverential regard, which seemed to speak of devotion and loyalty;

something stronger than admiration, something deeper than sympathy, was expressed from them. And yet it was this that he himself tried to conceal. It was as though this feeling of his burst forth irrepressibly through all concealment, as though the intensity of this feeling made even his calmest words and commonest formulas full of a new and deeper meaning.

In that reverence and profound devotion thus manifest there was nothing which could be otherwise than grateful to Edith. Certainly she could not take offense, for his words and his looks afforded nothing which could by any possibility give rise to that.

For a whole month this man had been before her, a constant attendant on her father, sleeping his few hours in an adjoining chamber, with scarce a thought beyond that prostrate friend. All the country had been searched for the best advice or the best remedies, and nothing had been omitted which untiring affection could suggest. During all this time she had scarce seen him. In the delicacy of his regard for her he had studiously kept out of her way, as though unwilling to allow his presence to give her pain. A moment might occasionally be taken up with a few necessary arrangements as she would enter, but that was all. He patiently waited till she retired before he ventured to come in himself.

No; in that noble face, pale from illness or from sadness, with the traces of sorrow upon it, and the marks of long vigils by the bedside of her father—in that refined face, whose expression spoke only of elevation of soul, and exhibited the perfect type of manly beauty, there was certainly nothing that could excite repugnance, but every thing that might inspire confidence.

Edith saw all this, and remarked it while listening to him; and she thought she had never seen any thing so pure in its loyalty, so profound in its sympathy, and so sweet in its sad grace as that face which was now turned toward her with its eloquent eyes.

She did not say much. A few words signified her assent to the proposal. Dudley said that he would make all the necessary arrangements, and that she should have no trouble whatever. With this he took his departure.

That same evening another visitor came. It was a pale, slender girl, who gave her name as Lucy Ford. She said that she had been sent by Captain Dudley. She heard that Edith had no maid, and wished to get that situation. Edith hesitated for a moment. Could she accept so direct a favor from Dudley, or give him that mark of confidence? Her hesitation was over at once. She could give him that, and she accepted the maid. The next day came a housekeeper and two or three others, all sent by Dudley, all of whom were accepted

by her. For Dudley had found out somehow the need of servants at Dalton Hall, and had taken this way of supplying that prime requisite.

It then remained to move Dalton. He still continued in the same condition, not much changed physically, but in a state of mental torpor, the duration of which no one was able to foretell. Two short stages were required to take him to Dalton Hall. For this a litter was procured, and he was carried all the way. Edith went, with her maid and housekeeper, in a carriage, Dudley on horseback, and the other servants, with the luggage, in various conveyances.

Dalton received no benefit from his journey, but his friends were happy enough that he had received no injury. The medical attendance at Dalton Hall was, as before, the best that could be obtained, and all the care that affection could suggest was lavished upon him.

From what has already been said, it will be seen that in making this migration to Dalton Hall, Dudley was regardful of many things besides the patient. He had made every arrangement for the comfort of the occupants. He had sought out all the domesticities that were necessary to diffuse an air of home over such a large establishment, and had been careful to submit them to Edith for her approval. He had also procured horses and grooms and carriages, and every thing that might conduce to the comfort of life. The old solitude and loneliness were thus terminated. The new housekeeper prevented Edith from feeling any anxiety about domestic concerns, and the servants all showed themselves well trained and perfectly subordinate.

Dalton's room was at the west end of the building. Edith occupied her old apartments. Dudley took that which had belonged to his "double." The housekeeper took the room that had been occupied by Lady Dudley.

Dudley was as devoted as ever to the sick man. He remained at his bedside through the greater part of the nights and through the mornings. In the afternoons he retired as before, and gave place to Edith. When he was there he sometimes had a servant upon whom he could rely, and then, if he felt unusual fatigue, and circumstances were favorable, he was able to snatch a little sleep. He usually went to bed at two in the afternoon, rose at seven, and in that brief sleep, with occasional naps during the morning, obtained enough to last him for the day. With this rest he was satisfied, and needed, or at least sought for, no recreation. During the hours of the morning he was able to attend to those outside duties that required overseeing or direction.

But while he watched in this way over the invalid, he was not a mere watch-

That invalid required, after all, but little at the hands of his nurses, and Dudleigh had much to do.

On his arrival at Dalton Hall he had possessed himself of all the papers that his "double" had left behind him, and these he diligently studied, so as to be able to carry out with the utmost efficiency the purpose that he had in his mind. It was during the long watches of the night that he studied these papers, trying to make out from them the manner of life and the associates of the one who had left them, trying also to arrive at some clew to his mysterious disappearance. This study he could keep up without detriment to his office of attendant, and while watching over the invalid he could carry out his investigations. Sometimes, in the afternoons, after indulging in more frequent naps than usual during the mornings, he was able to go out for a ride about the grounds. He was a first-rate horseman, and Edith noticed his admirable seat as she looked from the windows of her father's room.

Thus time went on.

Gradually Dudleigh and Edith began to occupy a different position toward one another. At the inn their relations were as has been shown. But after their arrival at Dalton Hall there occurred a gradual change.

As Edith came to the room on the first day, Dudleigh waited. On entering she saw his eyes fixed on her with an expression of painful suspense, of earnest, eager inquiry. In that eloquent appealing glance all his soul seemed to beam from his eyes. It was reverent, it was almost humble, yet it looked for some small concession. May I hope? it said. Will you give a thought to me? See, I stand here, and I hang upon your look. Will you turn away from me?

Edith did not repel that mute appeal. There was that in her face which broke down Dudleigh's reserve. He advanced toward her and held out his hand. She did not reject it.

It was but a commonplace thing to do—it was what might have been done before—yet between these two it was far from commonplace. Their hands touched, their eyes met, but neither spoke a word. It was but a light grasp that Dudleigh gave. Reverentially, yet tenderly, he took that hand, not venturing to go beyond what might be accorded to the merest stranger, but contenting himself with that one concession. With that he retired, carrying with him the remembrance of that nearer approach, and the hope of what yet might be.

After that the extreme reserve was broken down. Each day, on meeting, a shake of the hands was accompanied by something more. Between any others these greetings would have been the most natural thing in the world; but here it was different. There was

one subject in which each took the deepest interest, and about which each had something to say. Frederick Dalton's health was precious to each, and each felt anxiety about his condition. This formed a theme about which they might speak.

As Dudleigh waited for Edith, so Edith waited for Dudleigh; and still there were the same questions to be asked and answered. Standing thus together in that sick-room, with one life forming a common bond between them, conversing in low whispers upon one so dear to both, it would have been strange indeed if any thing like want of confidence had remained on either side.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A BETTER UNDERSTANDING.

DUDLEIGH lived on as before, assiduous in his attendance, dividing his time chiefly between nursing and study of the papers already mentioned. He never went out of the grounds on those occasional rides, and if any one in the neighborhood noticed this, the recent sad events might have been considered an excuse. Thus these two were thrown upon one another exclusively. For each there was no other society. As for Edith, Dudleigh had done so much that she felt a natural gratitude; and more than this, there was in her mind a sense of security and of dependence.

Meanwhile Dudleigh's pale face grew paler. His sleep had all along been utterly inadequate, and the incessant confinement had begun to show its effects. He had been accustomed to an open-air life and vigorous exercise. This quiet watching at the bedside of Dalton was more trying to his strength than severe labor could have been.

The change in him was not lost on Edith, and even if gratitude toward him had been wanting, common humanity would have impelled her to speak about it.

One day, as she came in, she was struck by his appearance. His face was ghastly white, and he had been sitting with his head in his hands as she softly entered. In an instant, as he heard her step, he started up, and advanced with a radiant smile, a smile caused by her approach.

"I'm afraid that you are overtasking yourself," said Edith, gently, after the usual greeting. "You are here too much. The confinement is too trying. You must take more rest and exercise."

Dudleigh's face was suffused with a sudden glow of delight.

"It is kind of you to notice it," said he, earnestly, "but I'm sure you are mistaken. I could do far more if necessary. This is my place, and this is my truest occupation."

"For that very reason," said Edith, in

tones that showed more concern than she would have cared to acknowledge—"for that very reason you ought to preserve yourself—for his sake. You confine yourself here too much, and take too little rest. I see that you feel it already."

"I?" said Dudleigh, with a light laugh, whose musical cadence sounded very sweet to Edith, and revealed to her another side of his character very different from that sad and melancholy one which he had thus far shown—"I? Why, you have no idea of my capacity for this sort of thing. Excuse me, Miss Dalton, but it seems absurd to talk of my breaking down under such work as this."

Edith shook her head.

"You show traces of it," said she, in a gentle voice, looking away from him, "which common humanity would compel me to notice. You must not do all the work; I must have part of it."

"You?" exclaimed Dudleigh, with infinite tenderness in his tone. "Do you think that I would allow *you* to spend any more time here than you now do, or that I would spare myself at the expense of *your* health? Never! Aside from the fact that your father is so dear to me, there are considerations for you which would lead me to die at my post rather than allow you to have any more trouble."

There was a fervor in Dudleigh's tones which penetrated to Edith's heart. There was a deep glow in his eyes as he looked at her which Edith did not care to encounter.

"You are of far more importance to Sir Lionel than I am," said she, after a pause which began to be embarrassing. "But what will become of him if—if you are prostrated?"

"I shall not be prostrated," said Dudleigh.

"I think you will if this state of things continues."

"Oh, I don't think there is any prospect of my giving up just yet."

"No. I know your affection for him, and that it would keep you here until—until you could not stay any longer; and it is this which I wish to avoid."

"It is my duty," said Dudleigh. "He is one whom I revere more than any other man, and love as a father. Besides, there are other things that bind me to him—his immeasurable wrongs, his matchless patience—wrongs inflicted by one who is my father; and I, as the son, feel it a holy duty, the holiest of all duties, to stand by that bedside and devote myself to him. He is your father, Miss Dalton, but you have never known him as I have known him—the soul of honor, the stainless gentleman, the ideal of chivalry and loyalty and truth. This he is, and for this he lies there, and my wretched father it is who has done this deed. But that father is a father only in name, and I have long ago transferred a son's love and a son's

duty to that gentle and noble and injured friend."

This outburst of feeling came forth from Dudleigh's inmost heart, and was spoken with a passionate fervor which showed how deeply he felt what he said. Every word thrilled through Edith. Bitter self-reproach at that moment came to her, as she thought of her own relations to her father. What Dudleigh's had been she did not know, but she saw that in him her father had found a son. And what had his daughter been to him? Of that she dared not think. Her heart was wrung with sharp anguish at the memories of the past, while at the same time she felt drawn more closely to Dudleigh, who had thus been to him all that she had failed to be. Had she spoken what she thought, she would have thanked and blessed him for those words. But she did not dare to trust herself to speak of that; rather she tried to restrain herself; and when she spoke, it was with a strong effort at this self-control.

"Well," she said, in a voice which was tremulous in spite of all her efforts, "this shows how dear you must be to him, since he has found such love in you, and so for his sake you must spare yourself. You must not stay here so constantly."

"Who is there to take my place?" asked Dudleigh, quietly.

"I," said Edith.

Dudleigh smiled.

"Do you think," said he, "that I would allow that? Even if I needed more rest, which I do not, do you think that I would take it at your expense—that I would go away, enjoy myself, and leave you to bear the fatigue? No, Miss Dalton; I am not quite so selfish as that."

"But you will let me stay here more than I do," said Edith, earnestly. "I may as well be here as in my own room. Will you not let me have half the care, and occasionally allow you to take rest?"

She spoke timidly and anxiously, as though she was asking some favor. And this was the feeling that she had, for it seemed to her that this man, who had been a son to her father, had more claims on his love, and a truer right here, than she, the unworthy daughter.

Dudleigh smiled upon her with infinite tenderness as he replied:

"Half the care! How could you endure it? You are too delicate for so much. You do too much already, and I am only anxious to relieve you of that. I was going to urge you to give up half of the afternoon, and take it myself."

"Give up half the afternoon?" cried Edith. "Why, I want to do more."

"But that is impossible. You are not strong enough," said Dudleigh. "I fear all the time that you are now overworking your-

self. I would never forgive myself if you received any harm from this."

"Oh, I am very much stronger than you suppose. Besides, nursing is woman's work, and would fatigue me far less than you."

"I can not bear to have you fatigue yourself in any way. You must not—and I would do far more rather than allow you to have any trouble."

"But even if my health should suffer, it would not be of much consequence. So at least let me relieve you of something."

"Your health?" said Dudleigh, looking at her with an earnest glance; "your health? Why, that is every thing. Mine is nothing. Can you suggest such a thing to me as that I should allow any trouble to come to you? Besides, your delicate health already alarms me. You have not yet recovered from your illness. You are not capable of enduring fatigue, and I am always reproaching myself for allowing you to stay here as much as you do. The Dudleighs have done enough. They have brought the father to this," and he pointed mournfully to the bed. "But," he added, in a tremulous voice, "the daughter should at least be saved, and to have harm come to her would be worse than death itself—to me."

Edith was silent for a few moments. Her heart was beating fast. When she spoke, it was with an effort, and in as calm a voice as possible.

"Oh," she said, "I am quite recovered. Indeed, I am as well as ever, and I wish to spend more time here. Will you not let me stay here longer?"

"How can I? The confinement would wear you out."

"It would not be more fatiguing than staying in my own room," persisted Edith.

"I'm afraid there would be very much difference," said Dudleigh. "In your own room you have no particular anxiety, but here you would have the incessant responsibility of a nurse. You would have to watch your father, and every movement would give you concern."

"And this harassing care is what I wish to save you from, and share with you," said Edith, earnestly. "Will you not consent to this?"

"To share it with you?" said Dudleigh, looking at her with unutterable tenderness. "To share it with you?" he repeated. "It would be only too much happiness for me to do so, but not if you are going to overwork yourself."

"But I will not," said Edith. "If I do, I can stop. I only ask to be allowed to come in during the morning, so as to relieve you of some of your work. You will consent, will you not?"

Edith asked him this as though Dudleigh had exclusive right here, and she had none. She could not help feeling as if this was so,

and this feeling arose from those memories which she had of that terrible past, when she ignorantly hurled at that father's heart words that stung like the stings of scorpions. Never could she forgive herself for that, and for this she now humbled herself in this way. Her tone was so pleading that Dudleigh could refuse no longer. With many deprecatory expressions, and many warnings and charges, he at last consented to let her divide the morning attendance with him. She was to come in at eleven o'clock.

This arrangement was at once acted upon. On the following day Edith came to her father's room at eleven. Dudleigh had much to ask her, and much to say to her, about her father's condition. He was afraid that she was not strong enough. He seemed to half repent his agreement. On the other hand, Edith assured him most earnestly that she was strong enough, that she would come here for the future regularly at eleven o'clock, and urged him to take care of his own health, and seek some recreation by riding about the grounds. This Dudleigh promised to do in the afternoon, but just then he seemed in no hurry to go. He lingered on. They talked in low whispers, with their heads close together. They had much to talk about; her health, his health, her father's condition—all these had to be discussed. Thus it was that the last vestiges of mutual reserve began to be broken down.

Day succeeded to day, and Edith always came to her father's room in the morning. At first she always urged Dudleigh to go off and take exercise, but at length she ceased to urge him. For two or three hours every day they saw much of one another, and thus associated under circumstances which enforced the closest intimacy and the strongest mutual sympathy.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

CAPTAIN CRUIKSHANK.

WHILE these things were going on, the world outside was not altogether indifferent to affairs in Dalton Hall. In the village and in the immediate neighborhood rumor had been busy, and at length the vague statements of the public voice began to take shape.

This is what rumor said: Dudleigh is an impostor!

An impostor, it said. For the true Dudleigh, it asserted, was still missing. This was not the real man. The remains found in the well had never been accounted for. Justice had foregone its claims too readily. The act remained, and the blood of the slain called aloud for vengeance.

How such a strange report was first start-

ed no one knew; but there it was, and the Dalton mystery remained as obscure as ever.

Various circumstances contributed to increase the public suspicion. All men saw that Dudleigh was different from this man, or else he had greatly changed. For the former was always outside, in the world, while this man remained secluded and shut up in the Hall. Why did he never show himself? Why did he surround himself with all this secrecy? This was the question.

The servants were eagerly questioned whenever any of them made their appearance in the village, but as they were all new in the place, their testimony was of little value. They could only say that he was devoted to the invalid, and that he called Miss Dalton by that name, and had called her by that name when he engaged them for her service.

Soon public opinion took two different forms, and two parties arose. One of these believed the present Dudleigh to be an impostor; the other, however, maintained that he was the real man, and that the change in his character was to be accounted for on the grounds of the terrible calamities that had resulted from his thoughtlessness, together with his own repentance for the suffering which he had inflicted.

Meanwhile the subject of all this excitement and gossip was living in his own seclusion, quite apart from the outside world. One change, however, had taken place in his life which required immediate action on his part.

A great number of letters had come for "Captain Dudleigh." The receipt of these gave him trouble. They were reminders of various pecuniary obligations which had been contracted some time previously. They were, in short—duns. He had been at Dalton Hall some six weeks before these interesting letters began to arrive. After that time they came in clusters, fast and frequent. The examination of these formed no small part of his occupation when he was alone.

Some of these letters were jocular in their tone, reminding him of his chronic impecuniosity, and his well-known impracticability in every thing relating to money. These jocular letters, however, never failed to remind him that, as he had made a rich match, there was no reason why he should not pay his debts, especially as the writers were hard up, and had waited so long without troubling him. These jocular letters, in fact, informed him that if a settlement was not made at once, it would be very much the worse for Dudleigh.

Others were from old sporting companions, reminding him of bets which had not been paid, expressing astonishment which was child-like in its simplicity, and requesting an immediate settlement. These were generally short, curt, and altogether unpleasant.

Others were business letters, containing the announcement of notes falling due. Others were from lawyers, stating the fact that certain specified claims had been put in their hands for collection, and requesting early attention.

All these seemed to come together. Misfortunes, says the proverb, never come singly, and duns may fairly be reckoned among misfortunes. These duns, however, troublesome though they were, were one by one got rid of by the simple and effectual process of payment; for Dudleigh considered it on the whole safer and better, under these peculiar circumstances, to pay the money which was demanded than to expose himself to arrest or lawsuits.

In connection with these affairs an event occurred which at the time caused uneasiness, and gave the prospect of future trouble. One day a gentleman called and sent up his card. It was Captain Cruikshank. The name Dudleigh recognized as one which had been appended to several dunning letters of the most importunate kind, and the individual himself was apparently some sporting friend.

On going down Dudleigh saw a portly, bald-headed man, with large whiskers, standing in front of one of the drawing-room windows, looking out. He seemed midway between a gentleman and a blackleg, being neither altogether one nor the other. At the noise of Dudleigh's entrance he turned quickly around, and with a hearty, bluff manner walked up to him and held out his hand.

Dudleigh fixed his eyes steadily upon those of the other man, and bowed, without accepting the proffered hand, appearing not to see it. His whole mien was full of aristocratic reserve, and cold, repellent distance of manner, which checked the other in the midst of a full tide of voluble congratulations into which he had flung himself. Thus interrupted, he looked confused, stammered, and finally said,

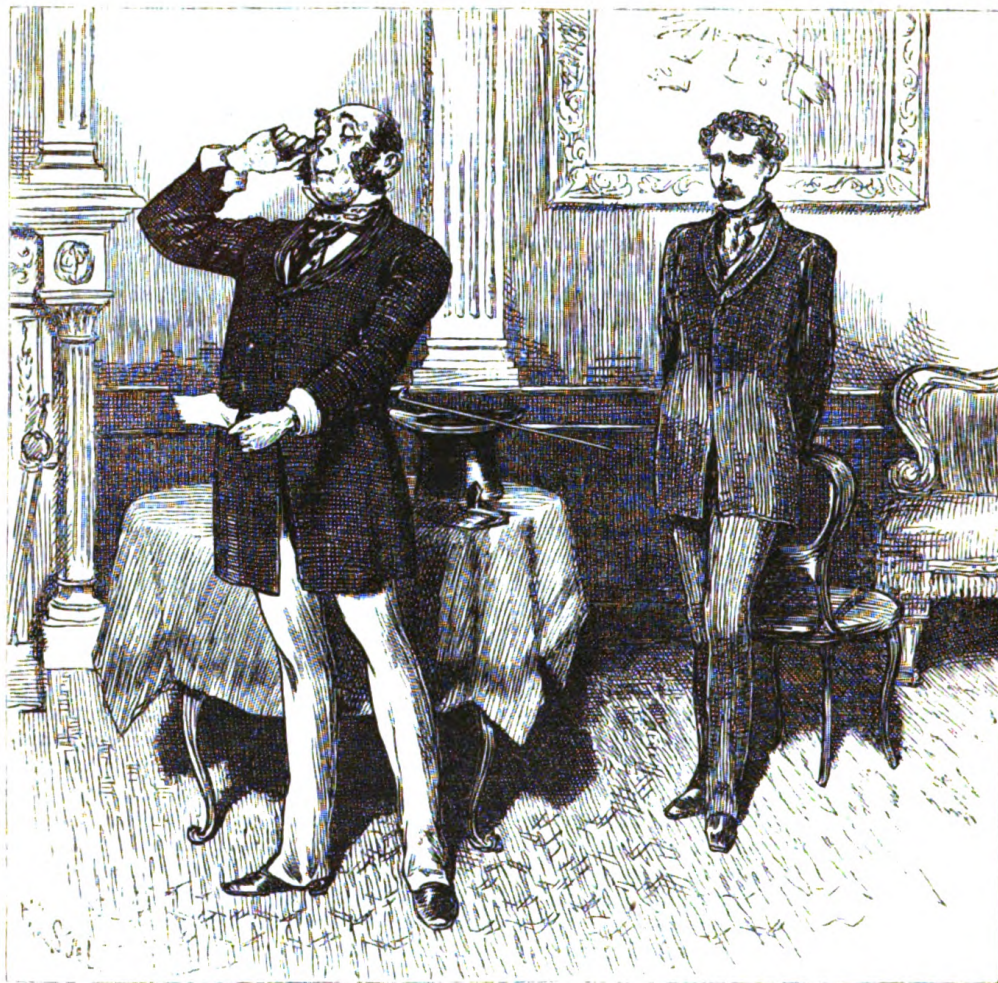
"'Pon my honor, Dudleigh, you don't appear to be overcordial with an old friend, that's seen you through so many scrapes as I have."

"Circumstances," said Dudleigh, "of a very painful character have forced me to sever myself completely from all my former associates—all, without exception."

"Well, of course—as to that, it's all right, I dare say," remarked the other, from whom Dudleigh never removed his eyes; "but then, you know, it seems to me that some friends ought to be—a—retained, you know, and you and I, you know, were always of that sort that we were useful to one another."

This was thrown out as a very strong hint on the part of Captain Cruikshank, and he watched Dudleigh earnestly to see its effect.

"I make no exceptions whatever," said Dudleigh. "What has occurred to me is the



"WELL, REALLY—YES, THIS IS IT."

same as death. I am dead virtually to the world in which I once lived. My former friends and acquaintances are the same as though I had never known them."

"Gad! something has come over you, that's a fact," said Captain Cruikshank. "You're a changed man, whatever the reason is. Well, you have a right to choose for yourself, and I can't be offended. At the same time, if you ever want to join the old set again, let me know, and I promise you there'll be no difficulty."

Dudleigh bowed.

"But then I suppose you're settled down in such infernally comfortable quarters," continued the other, "that it's not likely you'll ever trouble us again. Married and done for—that's the word. Plenty of money, and nothing to do."

"If you have any thing particular to say," said Dudleigh, coldly, "I should like to hear it; if not, I must excuse myself, as I am particularly engaged."

"Oh, no offense, no offense; I merely came to offer an old friend's congratulations, you know, and— By-the-way," continued Cruik-

shank, lowering his voice, "there's that little I O U of yours. I thought perhaps you might find it convenient to settle, and if so, it would be a great favor to me."

"What is the amount?" asked Dudleigh, who remembered this particular debt perfectly well, since it had been the subject of more than one letter of a most unpleasant character.

"The amount?" said Cruikshank. "Well, really—let me see—I don't quite remember, but I'll find out in a moment."

With these words he drew forth his pocket-book and fumbled among the papers. At length he produced one, and tried hard to look as if he had not known all along perfectly well what that amount was.

"Well, really—yes, this is it," he remarked, as he looked at a piece of paper. "The amount, did you say? The amount is just two hundred pounds. It's not much for you, as you are now situated, I should suppose."

"Is that the note?" asked Dudleigh, who was anxious to get rid of this visitor, and suspected all along that he might have a deeper purpose than the mere collection of a debt.

"That is the note," said Cruikshank.

"I will pay it now," said Dudleigh.

He left the room for a short time, and during his absence Cruikshank amused himself with staring at the portrait of "Captain Dudleigh," which hung in a conspicuous position before his eyes. He was not kept long waiting, for Dudleigh soon returned, and handed him the money. Cruikshank took it with immense satisfaction, and handed the

note over in return, which Dudleigh carefully transferred to his own pocket-book, where he kept many other such papers.

Cruikshank now bade him a very effusive adieu. Dudleigh stood at the window watching the retreating figure of his visitor.

"I wonder how long this sort of thing can go on!" he murmured. "I don't like this acting on the defensive. I'll have to make the attack myself soon."

PERSEPHONE.

By COMMANDER WILLIAM GIBSON, U. S. N.

In the boat's shadow leaning, looking down
In azure Cyane, whose fountain-lake
Was blue as the blue flax-flower in the fields,
Blue as the vernal-blue Sicilian sky,
I watched the sacred mullet in the depths—
Smooth, silver-bellied, living turquoises—
Gleam gliding through the dark green water-weeds,
And heard the seeming idle wind, that played
With tassels of the pool's papyrus fringe,
And lifted languid poppies in the wheat,
To earnest listening grow oracular.
Whispers of far-off mysteries of the Nile
Stirred in each fibre of those feathering plants;
Hints of high mysteries Eleusinian ran
Shivering through the corn; and a sweet voice,
Sweet and low, breathing from the Fountain Nymph,
Whose blue eye wells, with immemorial grief,
Told the old story of Persephone.

Thus sang the Nymph, what time the westering sun
Made golden Etna's pyramid of snow:

Deep-bosomed, slender-ankled in the meadows,
In maiden flower among the flowers of Enna,
Persephone, the fairest of immortals,
Daughter of Zeus and of divine Demeter,
Played with the daughters of Océanus.

With flowers at play, beneath the brow of Enna,
Where the soft meadows slope to the lake's margin:
Rosy Ocyrrhoë, and fair Calypso,
Lencippe, and Urania, and Ianthé,
And lovely Melobosis, and the rest.

She a sweet blossom, blooming her companions,
They wove the dance in mesh of spring-flower garlands;
Wove hyacinth, lily, crocus, orchis, iris;
Fair-ankled in the violets, these they gathered,
And the young roses budding bosom-high.

But lo! from one miraculous root Narcissus
Springs high—a hundred heads! A joy! A marvel!
The whole wide heaven was blown abroad in fragrance,
The whole earth laughed, and the wide waves of ocean,
And chaste Persephone stretched out her hands.

The Nymph sang on, the while the setting sun
Threw Etna's shadow far athwart the sea.



"CALLING ON HER GREAT MOTHER AND THE GODS."

It was the snare of Zeus! O fatal Plant!
Each flower flared up a torch; the dark earth yawned;
And from the gulf leaped the grim Lord of Hell—

Leaped Aidoneus, borne by immortal steeds,
Coal-black in hide and hoofs, hot coals their eyes,
Their nostrils snorting fiery-golden steam.

Flecked with the froth of hell, they champed the bit,
Pawing a whirlwind, as the grisly King
Stooped from his car, and snatched the astonished maid.

He bore her all-unwilling in his arms
Away from her white nymphs. They swept the plain:
The olives shook: the mountain-sides turned pale.

I heard the thunder of devouring speed;
The mountains echoing her immortal cry,
Calling on her great Mother and the gods.

I saw the flame-enkindling chariot-spokes
Whirl round by Hybla, the swift, smoking steeds
Tossing a tempest from imperious manes.

One piteous arm Persephone stretched forth;
All else of rose-white limb and rhythmic grace
Seemed gathered up in a black thunder-cloud.

Helios, the bright son of Hyperion, saw
Unmoved; my sister Arethusa heard,
And hastened to Demeter: I alone,

Catching the faint gleam of a golden head
Neath brows tremendous crowned with awful stars,
Sprang forward to oppose him unappalled;

But Aidoneus, with sceptred arm-sweep, smote
The earth to the core, and vanished. She was gone
From land, sea, starry heaven, and tribes of gods;

And I, unknowing that she might return,
Wept, utterly dissolved myself in tears,
And now am but a streamlet and a voice.

The Nymph ceased; as the solemn twilight fell
A graver voice took up the utterance:

Thou'st heard, O mortal, or in waking dream
Hast fancied thou hast heard this Water-Nymph
Relate her lamentable tale. No more
The Syracusans here slay the black bull,
Reddening this fountain, but the stream flows pure
From sacrificial blood for evermore. .
I am the Mighty Mother. I am she
Whom the Greeks named Demeter; who, they said,
Lighting a torch at Etna's lurid fires,
Sought her deep-bosomed daughter through the world;
Who, wandering, to Eleusis came, and there,
Below the city and the lofty wall,
Above Callichorus, on a jutting hill,
Ordained a temple and rites of import vast,
And taught Triptolemus to sow the corn.
There, having wearied cloudy Zeus with prayers
Importunate, her daughter was brought back
By winged Hermes; she to her on wings,
Delirious from despair and the rebound,
Leaped like a Maenad down the mountain-side;
But joy soon drooped: divine Persephone
Had eaten the deadly-sweet pomegranate seed,
And therefore must abide in Stygian gloom
For one-third part of the revolving year.
Then both, much grieving in their mighty minds,
Wept, but were comforted by Zeus the all-wise.
These are but old-world fables—they are dead.
Nevertheless I live. Lean low, and list
A murmurous motion in the growing grain,
An audible flow in the ascending sap
That thrills the tender shoot as with delight;
The beating of minutest arteries
In time and tune with the great sun and moon;
Yea, at all points of all this visible frame
Put thou a finger on my pulse. I live!
For I am Nature. And my child is Beauty,
The thing divinest in divinity
Save Love—and Love is but the holiest Beauty.

The mystery of my being and of hers,
 Yea, of thine own, was never yet revealed
 To old philosophy or science new;
 But follow thou the motion of my lips,
 And murmur deeper meanings than thou know'st,
 In invocation to Persephone.

I

Come, when the snow-drop peeps in northern meadows,
 Come, goddess, with the early almond blossom,
 Its sea-shell pink and perfume on thy cheek;
 Come, when the bloom-shaft shoots up in the aloe,
 Come, tressed in dripping fragrance like the acacia,
 The violet in thine eyes and on thy breath!

In finer grace slight not thy solemn emblems:
 Come, then, with all serene and stately lilies,
 And with the milky roses in the bud;
 Yet, coming, feed thine emerald torch of cypress,
 And flush with flower of flame-red the pomegranate,
 Nor shun the dim grot moist with maiden-hair!

Come with the loosened floods from snows of Etna,
 Come with the wild bees to the thyme of Hybla,
 Come with the birds of passage from the south;
 Rise on dark freshness of the sea at dawning,
 Voluptuous, strangely toned from Night that hid thee
 In majesty of Darkness crowned with flame!

From silent dew and thunder-shower we call thee,
 Persephone, by name that at Eleusis
 Was held too sacred for unhallowed lips!
 O Many-named! O Joy that thrills with Wonder!
 O Love! art thou indeed enthroned in Hades?
 Death! art thou daughter of the Heavenly King?

II

A Mater Dolorosa moveth Heaven:
 Lo! Light and Love from Winter's arms are risen,
 And all the ambrosial mystery of Spring!
 A season only: the supernal Powers
 Inveterately withhold the full fruition,
 Vex with conditions all their gifts to man.

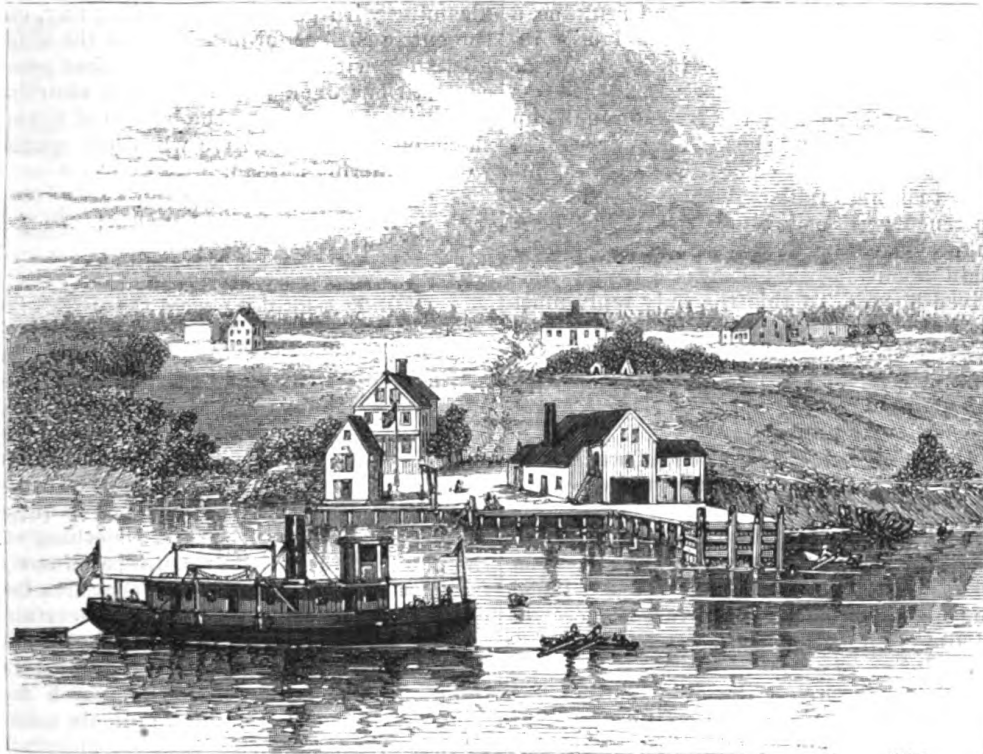
We know in part. The seed must rot to quicken;
 And one comes up an Oak, and one a Lily,
 The whole Idea perfect in the germ;
 But what we are, and why we are, and wherefore
 We are the thing we are, behold, we know not,
 And grope in Nature for the secret hope.

Blow wide, O new year! Last year's flowers have perished;
 And yet the type lives on, and re-appeareth
 With not a ray lost from its crown of light.
 And last year's nests are empty; but the woodlands
 Ring as of old, the nightingales full-throated
 Are singing the melodious songs we know.

There's a divinity, which we call Beauty,
 Touches us darkling: when the wild weed blossoms,
 When in the worm is winged the butterfly:
 But hail, Persephone! hail, Spirit of Spring-time!
 Aid us to recognize thy breathing symbols
 And almost proof of Immortality!

SYRACUSE, SICILY, *May*, 1878.

THE NET RESULT.
THE WORK OF THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.
By WILLIAM C. WYCKOFF.



HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE FISH COMMISSION.

"Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by."

THE dream that afflicted the wretched Clarence, after due allowance is made for poetic exaggeration, probably gives a fair though sombre representation of what was till lately supposed to be the condition of the ocean bed. It were easy to show by abundant quotations that the sounding seas were supposed to wash beneath their surface the bones of unnumbered hapless mariners, and that the highway of nations was believed to be paved with the relics of disaster. To this picture there was afterward added a yet more weird feature. The notion, derived from experiments on the compressibility of air, gained acceptance, that water at great depths was rendered so dense by pressure that nothing could sink to bottom in the ocean. According to this theory, each substance would descend only to a certain point, determined in each case by its specific

gravity. Thus, while the victims of a shipwreck might rest at a few hundred feet below the surface, the heavier articles of the cargo would remain at various distances below them; but in the greatest depths even the anchor itself would never reach the ocean floor. And thus the sea became a mausoleum more strangely occupied than that in which Mohammed's coffin hung suspended, mid-water being substituted for mid-air.

Each of these conceptions is exactly the reverse of fact. Water is not compressible, and does not at any known depth hold heavy substances suspended in it. Relics of humanity of any sort whatever are among the very rarest of curiosities obtained in deep-sea dredging. Professor E. S. Morse, in the course of a discussion on the evolution theory, has cited two good illustrations in proof of the latter statement. When the Lake of Haarlem was drained, on whose surface the commerce of ten centuries had floated and several naval battles had taken place, no trace of man or his works was found in the land redeemed from the ocean. In the course of twelve years' dredging off the coast of New England, right in the track where sailing vessels constantly plied, one iron spike was the sole evidence of man's existence

brought up from the bottom. The writer of this article had, however, the luck to be present on the occasion of one of the rare exceptions to this general rule. In a dredging cruise of the *Blue Light*, last summer, in Casco Bay, the trawl brought up, along with anemones, star-fish, skates, and sculpins, a shoe of modern manufacture, and only remarkable, if at all, as to its size. What seemed a still more singular coincidence was that the next haul of the trawl brought up the mate of this big shoe. The pair were in a very dilapidated condition, as shoes, but they took high rank as curiosities. The occurrence was so unusual that it has been suggested that perhaps there was legerdemain about it—that it was a neatly contrived hoax. To this the only reply must be that “seeing is believing.” No one who saw the shoe taken out of the midst of the mud of the trawl pocket was troubled with the doubt that harassed King George about the apple-dumpling.”

Instead of being a sepulchre of wet bones, the ocean is a thousand times more replete with life than earth or air. “The first time you see a bucketful taken from sea-bottom,” said Professor Agassiz to the writer, “you will be astonished. I know I was. I had no conception before of the vast and crowded life of the sea depths. It is something marvelous.” It would be difficult to find a parallel for these close-thronging multitudes; they remind the observer of the abundant life that travelers describe in tropical forests, or of those localities where at night a lighted candle will attract such vast swarms of nocturnal insects as to extinguish it. Even the smaller kinds of these marine animals, scarcely visible to the unassisted eye, and very rarely attaining dimensions bigger than the average precious stone on the forefinger of an alderman, when they rise toward the surface, so make up by numbers what they want in size that the water

is fairly thickened by their presence. Navigators have told us of seas reddened as with blood; of broad belts of water tinged with an unnatural greenish hue; of sailing through vast spaces in which the ocean looked like milk; of the wake of the vessel gleaming with phosphorescent fire; nay, of the entire surface for miles around the ship glistening with an uncanny light, that poor superstitious Jack associates with churchyard will-o'-the-wisps—the light that never shone on sea or land, save when lost spirits were wandering abroad.

“About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burned green and blue and white.
And some in dreams assuréd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.”

The man of science, dipping up these colored waters, finds them instinct with life, the estimate sometimes exceeding 100,000 animals to the cubic foot. But even to him it has been a puzzling question whence came so suddenly such vast swarms. It is quite recently that we have learned something of the habits of these tiny creatures, and ascertained that for the most part they live far below, only rising to the surface at certain seasons, and especially at night. These habits are partly connected with reproductive functions and partly with the search for food, several species of these animals, small as they are, feeding on others yet more minute. From many descriptions of them that might be cited, perhaps the following extracts will suffice, taken from the notes appended by the late Dr. R. Knox to his admirable translation of Milne-Edwards's *Manual of Zoology*:

“In frequent excursions to the Isle of May during last year I found that the *maïdre* consisted of one immense continuous body of minute animals.... Crustaceans existed in the greatest numbers, or rather mass-



THE LABORATORY.

es, for it gives a faint idea to speak of numbers. . . . On looking into the water, it was found to be quite obscured by the moving masses of entomostraca, which rendered it impossible to see any thing even a few inches below the surface. But if by chance a clear spot is obtained, so as to allow the observer to get a view of the bottom, immense shoals of coal-fish are seen swimming lazily about, and devouring their minute prey in great quantities. . . . These, however, are not the only animals which prey on the immense bodies of *maïdre*. . . .

"On one of my occasional visits to the Isle of May I observed that at a considerable distance from the island the sea had a slightly red color, that this became deeper and deeper as we neared the island, and also that the surface of the water presented a very curious appearance, as if a quantity of fine sand were constantly falling upon it. . . . Presently I found that both phenomena were caused by a great number of small red entomostraca."

Speaking of a particular species found among the entomostraca, the note cites the statements of M. Rousel de Vauzeme:

"It is found in the Pacific Ocean and in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, about 40° south latitude. It forms, he says, very extensive banks, which impart a red color to the water, and which furnish a plentiful supply of food to the whales frequenting those seas."

There will be frequent occasion in the course of this article to refer to the lack of correct information until very recent years concerning the inhabitants of the sea. A consciousness of ignorance is apt to incite a search for knowledge, especially when with such consciousness there is the experience of heavy pecuniary loss. It was the fact that year by year the fisheries of the Atlantic coast were diminishing in productiveness, and vast industrial interests dependent on them were gradually dying out, that has rendered it necessary to study the works of nature, and ascertain, if possible, the original causes of such wide-spread misfortune. Our coasts were once the most prolific region of the ocean in rewarding the labors of the fisherman. All the records of the earlier settlers, all the traditions of Indian lore, testify to the abundant yield of edible fish. From a large quantity of this testimony collated by the Fish Commission a few quotations will prove entertaining in their quaintness, while demonstrating a very different condition of the fisheries in those days from the present:

"The Herrin, which are numerous, they take of them all summer long. In *Anno Dom.* 1670. They were driven back into *Black-Point* Harbour by other great fish that prey upon them so near the shore that they threw themselves (it being high water) upon dry land in such infinite numbers that we might have gone up half-way the leg amongst them for near a quarter of a mile. We used to qualifie a pickled *Herrin* by boiling of him in milk."

"The *Alewite* is like a *Herrin*, but has a bigger belly; therefore called an *Alewite*; they come in the end of April into fresh Rivers and Ponds; there hath been taken in two hours' time by two men without any Weyre at all, saving a few stones to stop the passage of the River, above ten thousand."

"The *Basse* is a salt-water fish too, but meet an end taken in Rivers where they spawn; there hath been 2000 *Basses* taken at a set; one writes that the fat in

the bone of a *Basse's* head is his brains, which is a lye."—*John Josselyn's Voyages*, 1675.

"I was contented, having taken by hookes and lines with fifteene or eighteene men at most, more than 60,000 cod in lesse than a moneth."

"There hath beene taken a thousand Bayses at a draught, and more than twelve hogsheds of Herrings in a night; of other fish when and what they would, when they had the meanea."—*Advertisements for the Inexperienced Planters of New England*. Captain John Smith, London, 1631.

"And is it not pretty sport, to pull vp two pence, six pence, and twelue pence, as fast as you can hale & veare a line? He is a very bad fisher, cannot kill in one day with his hooke & line, one, two, or three hundred Cods: which dressed & dried, if they be sould there for ten shillings the hundred, though in *England* they will giue more than twentie; may not both the seruant, the master, & marchant, be well content with this gaine? If a man worke but three days in seauen, he may get more than hee can spend, vnlesse he will be excessive."—*Force's Historical Tracts*, vol. II, Tract 1, p. 31.

"At one draught they haue taken 1000 *basses*, & in one night twelve hogsheds of herring."—*Ibid.*, vol. II, p. 16, Tract 2.

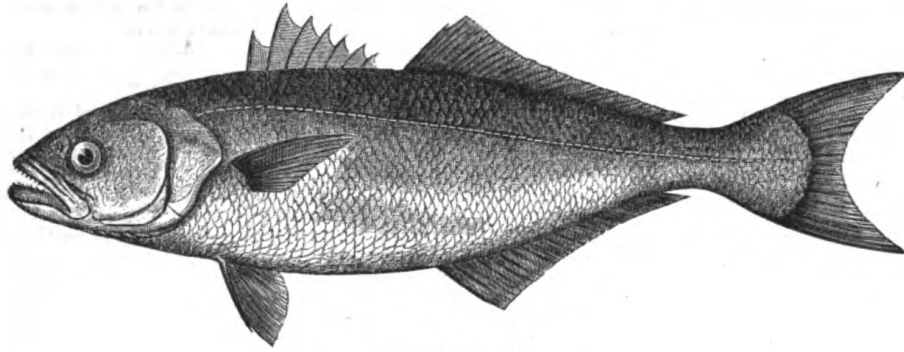
"I myselfe, at the turning of the tyde, have seene such multitudes passe out of a pounce, that it seemed to me, that one might goe over their backs drishod."—*Ibid.*, vol. II, Tract 5.

What would the gentlemen of the Cuttyhunk Club, to whose rod and reel a dozen bass a day is good fishing, say to such experience as the following:

"There is a Fish called a *Basse*. . . . Of this Fish our Fishers take many hundreds together, which I haue seene lying on the shore to my admiration; yea, *their Nets ordinarily take more than they are able to hall to Land*, & for want of Boats & Men they are constrained to let a many goe after they haue taken them, & yet sometimes they fill two Boats at a time with them."

"A little below this fall of waters, the inhabitants of Water-towne [near Boston] have built a Wayre to catch Fish, wherein they take great store of *Shads* and *Alewites*. In two Tydes they have gotten one hundred thousand of those fishes. . . . I have seen ten thousand [*alewives*] taken in two houres by two men, without any weire at all, saving a few stones to stop their passage up the river. . . . The *Basse* continuing from the middle of April to *Michaelmas*, which stayes not above half that time in the Bay; besides here is a great deal of Rock-cod and Macrill, insomuch that shoales of *Basse* have driven up shoales of Macrill from one end of the Sandie Beach (*Swampscot*) to the other, which the inhabitants have gathered up on wheelbarrowes."

Making all due allowance for the latitude which even the Puritans may have taken in telling fish stories, it is quite evident that there was such fisherman's luck then as we never see nowadays. The business of capturing fish not only brought the means of support to a large population, but it was the nursery of our navy. The ship-builder's art prospered because of it, and a hardy, skillful race of sea-faring men was reared in the dangers and toils of our coast fisheries that enabled us to contend successfully both in war and peace with the Mistress of the Seas. That with the increase of population there has been a diminution of fish was generally admitted. How great was the deterioration of the fisheries was not only an open, it was a much-vexed question; but that was only



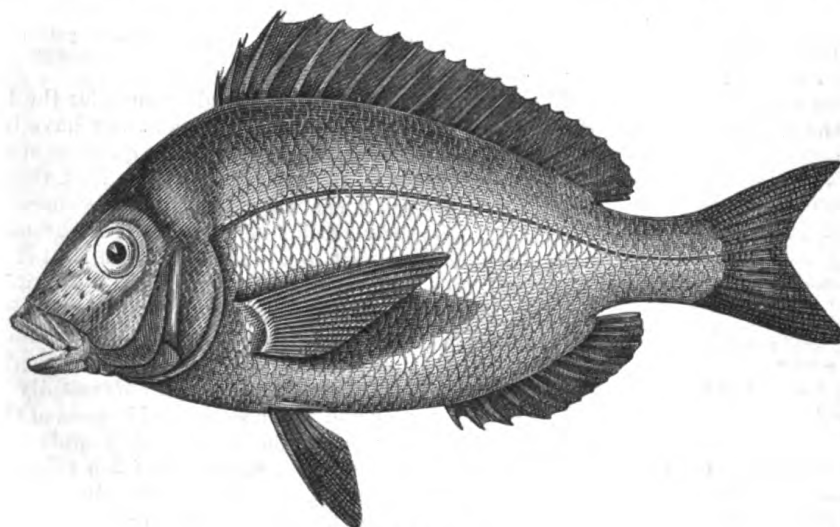
THE BLUE-FISH.

one of many piscatorial problems on which opinions were widely at variance. There were men who shrugged their shoulders, and said that the trouble was not of fewer fish, but of more numerous fishermen; that the sea produced as liberally as ever, but there were more people to eat fish, and greater facilities for carrying the fish to the eaters; and hence an apparent, not a real scarcity. One of these doubters, brought before a committee to testify, resolved the whole problem into the natural tendency of fishermen to grumble at their luck. He thought the complaint was at least as old as the record of the Lake of Galilee, where the men who, nevertheless, had somehow contrived to make a living by the business, being asked about it, were prompt to declare that they had "toiled all night, and taken nothing."

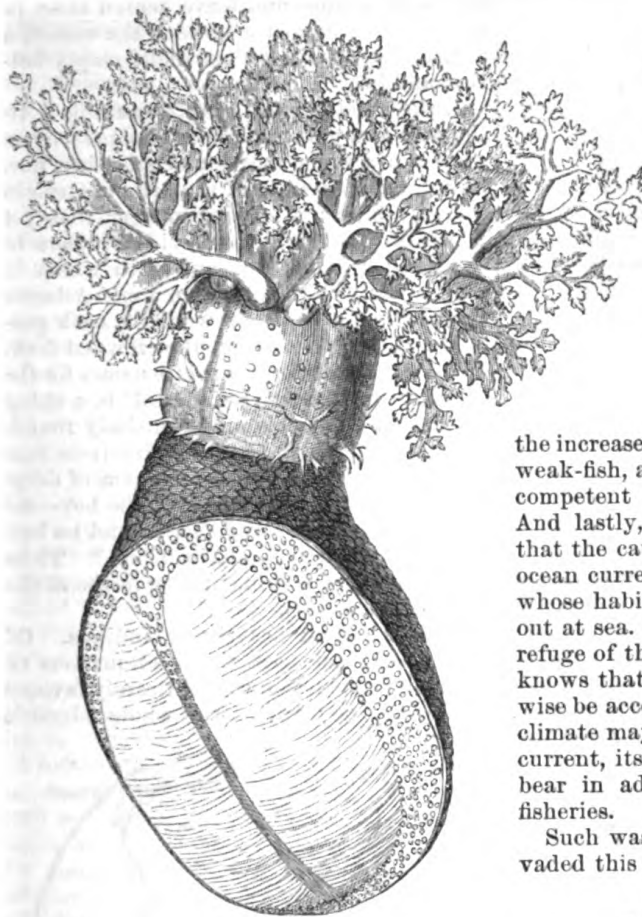
Doubtless there is wisdom in a multitude of counselors, but it is sometimes difficult to extract it. The assembled wisdom of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, filtered through committees, came to exactly opposite conclusions respecting fish matters. A committee from the former State decided that no legislation was expedient, while one from the latter advised the most stringent re-

strictive laws. The one committee believed that there was no notable change due to the work of man in the fisheries; the other committee estimated that a destructive system of taking with nets had diminished the profit of fishing during the previous ten years to the extent of \$100 per annum to each of one thousand families on the coast of Rhode Island. Still, however committees might differ, there was a general belief from Maine to Florida that the fisheries had declined; and it was a faith illustrated by works, or rather by the absence of them, for whole communities in several localities went out of the business of fishing altogether.

But these differences were harmony itself compared with those that beset the question of the causes of the decline, for even the Massachusetts committee admitted that there were occasionally years, perhaps series of years, when the supply was deficient. As to the cause, first, all the line fishermen attributed it to the work of those who used nets. So far, indeed, there was unanimity. But the line fishermen caught a comparatively small number of fish, and their prejudice against net fishers was, to say the least of it, deficient in novelty. Even the gentle



THE PORGY.



THE SEA-ORANGE.

Izaak utters this complaint. Speaking of salmon, he says:

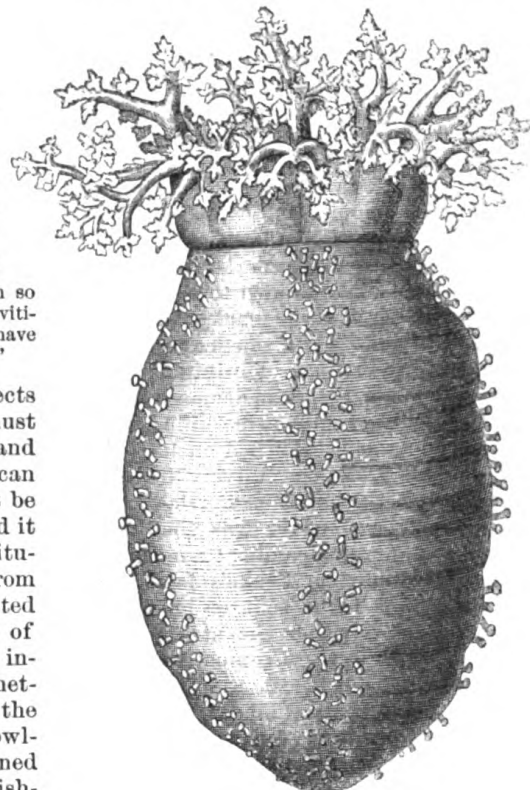
"And their fry would, about a certain time, return back to the salt-water if they were not hindered by weirs and unlawful gins which the greedy fishermen set, and so destroy them by thousands. The taking fish in spawning time may be said to be against nature. It is like the taking the dam on the nest when she hatches her young; a sin so against nature that Almighty God hath in the Levitical law made a law against it. But the poor fish have enemies enough beside such unnatural fishermen."

Unnatural or not, the method that effects the most work with the least labor must take precedence of the more toilsome and less efficient processes. If machinery can supersede hand labor, the latter can not be protected long by legislation; nor should it be, to accord with the spirit of our institutions. Nets have, however, been used from a remote antiquity. They represent vested capital as well as the cheapest mode of catching fish. Why should legislation interfere with their honest gains? The net-owners, too, offered fair theories for the cause of diminution, where they acknowledged the fact. The waters were poisoned or polluted by manufacturing establishments. That was cause enough for one

class of theorists. Another group rested their faith on an alleged deficiency of the food of fishes, declaring that the beds of marine animals on which fishes feed were depopulated. Even the line fishermen gave adhesion to this belief, and a skillful amateur of the rod at Cuttyhunk assured the writer that the scarcity of bass was due to the multiplication of lobster pots along the shore. Then there was a class of theorists, among whom was the Massachusetts Commission, whose belief was that

the increase of carnivorous fishes, such as the weak-fish, and especially the blue-fish, was competent to explain the whole matter. And lastly, there was the general theory that the causes lay in remote conditions of ocean currents, and the movements of fishes whose habitation was for the most part far out at sea. The Gulf Stream was the final refuge of these theorists; and as every body knows that every thing that can not otherwise be accounted for in wind and storm and climate may be relegated to changes in that current, its broad shoulders were made to bear in addition the deterioration of the fisheries.

Such was the wild confusion which pervaded this entire field of inquiry when the



THE SEA-OCUMBER.



THE SEA-HORSE.

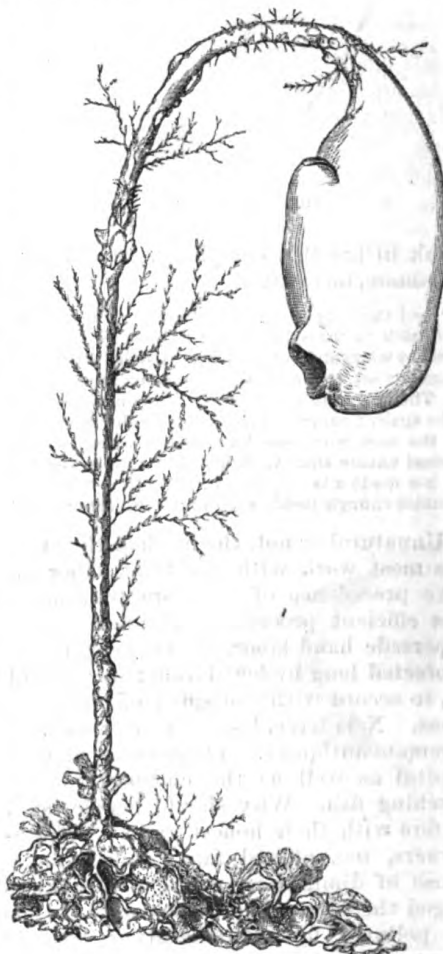
United States Fish Commission was organized, and Professor Spencer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, was appointed the Fish Commissioner. The questions to be answered were clearly such as only scientific investigations could properly handle. Perhaps the reader imagines that there was an exceedingly profitable "job" included in the undertaking. Not a bit of it. A single fact will set that suspicion at rest. The Fish Commission has no perquisites and no salary. Taken thus entirely out of the field of political ambition, it becomes purely a matter of scientific research, and it has been carried on exclusively by the recognized methods of scientific inquiry. The different departments of the government have extended due facilities for this research, but nothing more.

The writer was exceedingly fortunate in his visit last summer to the head-quarters of the United States Fish Commission. He had the company of Professor Morse, of Salem, Massachusetts, best known to the public by his bimanous skill at the blackboard as a lecturer, but to the world of science as a naturalist successful in lines of original research. He has done good work in deep-sea dredging and the study of submarine animals. The Commission was established on Peake's Island, Casco Bay, Maine. A lively little steamboat took us thither from Portland, named the *Express*; and never was there such a confusing name in steamboat nomenclature. One never knew on Peake's Island, when any thing was to be sent or brought "by the express," whether the steamboat was meant, or that express company for which, as the conundrum has it, Eve was created. Every fair day the steamboat was crowded with excursion parties visiting the islands of Casco Bay, or carrying "campers," who establish themselves in tents upon these islands, during the summer, for two or three

weeks at a time, and leave behind them in the pine groves, at the close of the season, a varied assortment of clam shells, empty bottles, and broken crockery.

If the wind is brisk the *Express* rolls a little, and many faces among its passengers assume a serious aspect and an ashen hue. But the good genius of that shore, Captain Oliver, a bluff and cheery mariner, with yet a look of thoughtful care, evidently born to command a steamboat, and with whom in charge you would feel safe in a mid-Atlantic cyclone, has a pleasant word for each passenger as he moves about the crowded deck. There are shockingly unpoetic names for the islands; but even "Hog Island" is a thing of beauty. There is an exquisitely rounded slope, on which straight pine-trees rear their points like a coronet—a gem of deepest green set in the silver of the bay—for which our prosaic forefathers found no better name than "Pumpkin Knob." There was no knob of sentimentality in the skulls of the Roundheads.

Peake's Island has three landings. Of these the one nearest the head-quarters of the Fish Commission was but rarely favored by the *Express*; but as the whole island is

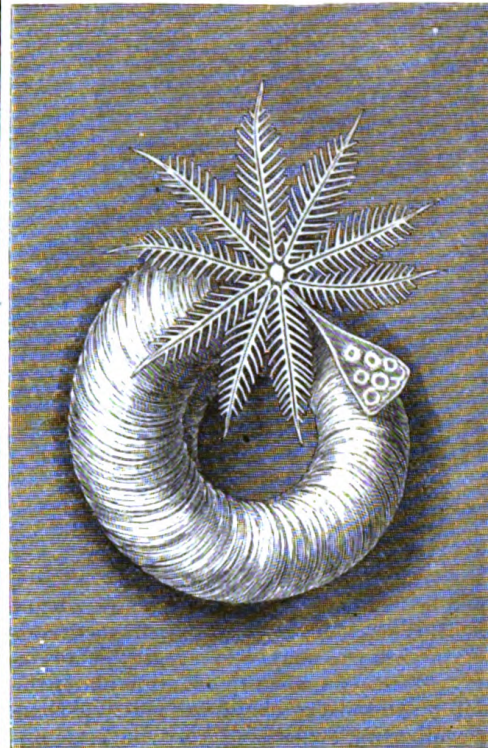


THE SEA-POTATO.

not much over a mile in length, there was not a long walk from either of the other landings. Yet even for showing the path over this short distance one of the natives, who afterward justified the exaction on professional grounds—he was a coast pilot—charged the captain of the *Blue Light* a dollar.

The principal feature of the head-quarters when the *Blue Light* was absent—as happened to be the case on the first morning of our visit—was the laboratory. It rarely obtained so elegant a designation as that from the natives of Peake's Island. To them it was merely "the fish-house." To all appearance it was certainly unpretending, both within and without. Its interior had never been finished or painted. What it was originally built for it is hard to say. Its wide doors indicated a stable or a barn; but why should any body choose the head of a dock for such a structure? It might have been meant for a grocery store if there had been a village behind it, but the three dwelling-houses on the rising ground could scarcely have warranted such a speculation. And it was evidently not intended for residence. Whatever it was built for, it suited the Fish Commission to a nicety.

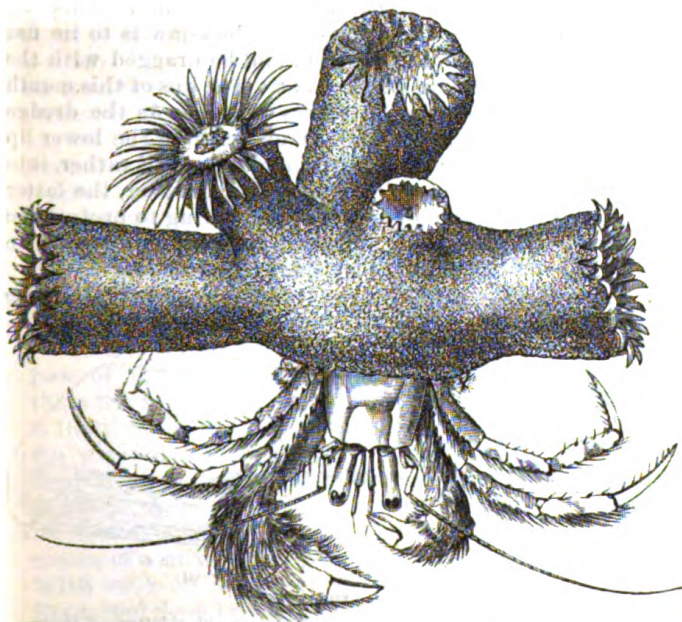
Professor Morse piloted the writer (without charge) into the laboratory. The first story contained an indescribable variety of tackle and gear and sea-faring miscellany. We ascended a narrow staircase without balusters. Sometimes the floor of this room looked like the sea-shore where fishermen are hauling their nets and miscellaneous creatures are flopping about. But even though there had been a recent use of the broom, crabs were rarely wanting. There were gen-



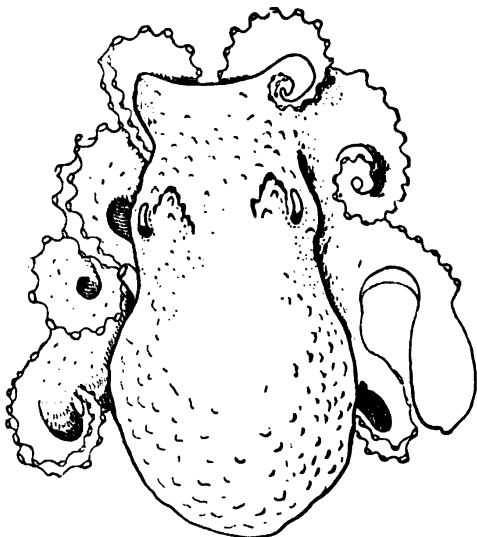
A WREATH-BEARING WORM.

erally a few of them crawling around the floor, and after lifting your feet successively to clear a pail, a basin, a can of alcohol, or other receptacle of a specimen, you were quite likely to set them down on some treasure of the deep—perhaps to crush a lively "horseshoe," a quahaug, or a sea-urchin, or to slip on a mass of sea-weed or sponge.

Around the room were the tables of the naturalists, each with one or two microscopes and lamps, and a plentiful supply of tubes and bottles. The shelves on the walls looked like a drug shop with a literary turn. They had a mixture of bottles and books, with here and there slender sponges and other specimens hung up to dry. Through a hole in the ceiling nets were visible in the cock-loft. The whole place had a curious smell—fishy, marine, scientific, alcoholic, kerosenic, queer. Professor Morse seized one of the naturalists around the waist, and proceeded to execute a waltz among the pails and crustacea. "I love it," he exclaimed, stopping, panting, and looking around. "I love it all. The very



HERMIT-CRAB ENSCONCED IN POLYPS.



NEW DEVIL-FISH.

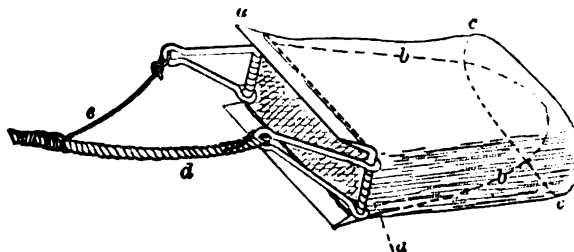
smell brings back my happiest hours, when I was thus engaged. With every day's dredging there is the chance of a rarity or a novelty. When you come to examine under the microscope the day's haul, you may find some new creature, something that no man has ever seen, or at all events recognized, before. Tell me, you who sit at the focus of news, is there any thing that comes to you in the midnight hours by telegraph or steam from the ends of the earth that has half the novelty or freshness of this?" and he pointed to some strange wrigglers in a pan of salt-water.

Enthusiasm is infectious. The corps of naturalists that spent the summer on Peake's Island brought with them an atmosphere of research. Their visitors soon became almost as deeply interested in the strange forms of life in the sea as were those who made these studies a business. Not even the probability of seasickness could keep back applicants for a trip on the *Blue Light* to see the mysteries of dredging. She is a trim little steamer, belonging to the Coast Survey, and was fitted for the service of the Fish Commission not less by needful appliances and her special capacity for doing its work than by being placed in command of Captain L. A. Beardslee, U.S.N., who was the right man in the right place. He entered into the investigations himself, put his heart into the work, and by some exceedingly ingenious contrivances, as well as by general good management, materially aided the Fish Commission. Deep-sea dredging is no holiday performance; pleasure excursions and picnics are quite incompatible with the hard work it entails. The crew of the *Blue Light* were picked men, and had acquired peculiar skill in this dredging business. Perhaps to describe

the work will best indicate some of its exigencies.

A group of naturalists is assembled on the forward deck. It is a cold morning at sea, whatever it may be on shore, and as the propeller drives the boat forward through a short, chopping swell, the wind and spray make heavy overcoats indispensable. The animals you are in search of are on or near the bottom of the sea beneath you. There are instruments for sweeping the sea-bottom, for scraping it, for raking it, for dragging over it. First, then, the character of the sea-bottom must be ascertained. This is done by sounding, the lead having a tall cup beneath to bring up some indications of the material. A curious thermometer is lowered with the lead, so contrived that it records the lowest temperature it meets with; it appears to be constructed to show cold rather than heat. Given these factors, the depth, the character of the bottom and its temperature, the naturalist knows at once by previous experience what will be the main features of the animal life below. It is possible to prophesy before they are caught what fish will be brought up in the net. This is one of the great results already accomplished in the science of dredging. Let us suppose that, from the indications, the scraping process seems the most promising. The instrument for this is the dredge. It is not a beautiful implement, but it represents the most advanced scientific ingenuity—is the product of at least a score of failures. It looks something like a United States mail-bag; but while that is contrived with the intention of closing, the mouth of the dredge is always open. Such a bag would have been appreciated at Washington in the days of the franking privilege, when every thing was fish that went into the net. This bag with the reverse of a lock-jaw is to lie flat on the sea-bottom and be dragged with the open mouth in front. The lips of this mouth are straight pieces of iron. As the dredge is pulled forward, every thing the lower lip shovels up goes into the bag, or, rather, into the net which is within the bag, the latter being a mere canvas covering to protect the net from abrasion, and not amounting to much as a bag, since it is bottomless.

Now the great trouble about all these



THE DREDGE.

a. a. Iron frame.—b. b. Net.—c. c. Canvas bag without bottom.—d. Heavy line.—e. e. Light line.

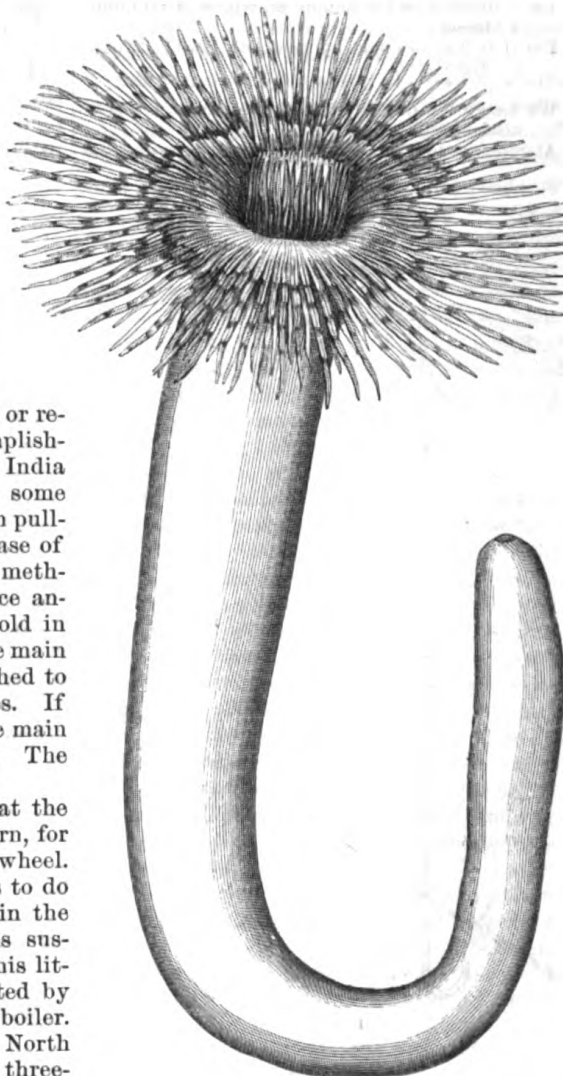


THE FOLIAGE-BEARING MOLLUSK.

contrivances for exploring the depths of the sea is that when they get down there they are very apt to stay down. The dredge that was taken out in the celebrated *Hassler* expedition, with an immense amount of line, was lost the first time it was let down, which was the more provoking to Professor Agassiz because he had promised in advance to bring up in it such wonderful things. Two classes of contrivances are brought to bear when the dredge catches in the rocks below. First, if the strain of dragging it becomes excessive, one of the ropes which pull the corners of its mouth, being weaker than the other, will break; then the dredge will be pulled by one corner instead of mouth foremost, and most probably will slue round and be extricated. The second order of contrivances is meant simply to ease the excessive strain in case of catching fast, to give time, so that the motion of the boat can be stopped or reversed. The English method of accomplishing this is by substituting a drum of India rubber, called an "accumulator," for some portion of the drag rope, the drum when pulled compressing the air within it, in case of excessive strain. Captain Beardslee's method, which in last summer's experience answered every purpose, is simply to hold in reserve a certain amount of slack of the main rope by means of a lighter rope attached to it, on which the ordinary pull comes. If the light rope breaks, the slack of the main rope comes into play, and gives time. The contrivance is called a "check-stop."

We left our naturalists shivering at the bow of the steamer, not at the stern, for there the dredge might get foul of the wheel. A little, puffy, self-sufficient engine is to do the work of letting out and reeling in the drag rope, from which the dredge is suspended. A very handy machine is this little donkey-engine on the bow, operated by means of a small steam-pipe from the boiler. With such an engine on board, our North River and Sound steamers might save three-fourths of the time they now take to "round

to" and back into their docks—a time of most aggravating delay to their passengers. Well, the dredge is swung out by the davit from the bow, and let down alongside; the steamer backs to drag the dredge, and moves slowly. Suddenly you see the drag line stiffen. The attentive sailor in charge gives the



A VERY LONG POLYP.

signal to reverse the engine—that is, to start the boat ahead—the man in the wheel-house pulls the bell, the engineer pulls the lever of the main engine, the donkey is started to let out the drag rope by unwinding; every thing is done as quickly as possible; but long before the strain can be relieved the short rope that held in the slack of the drag snaps with a thud that sounds all over the steamboat; and now the reserved slack comes into play.

An old salt on board the *Challenger*, the British government vessel now engaged in circumnavigating the globe on a scientific exploring expedition, has given a life-like sketch of these occasions, including a description of the accumulator:

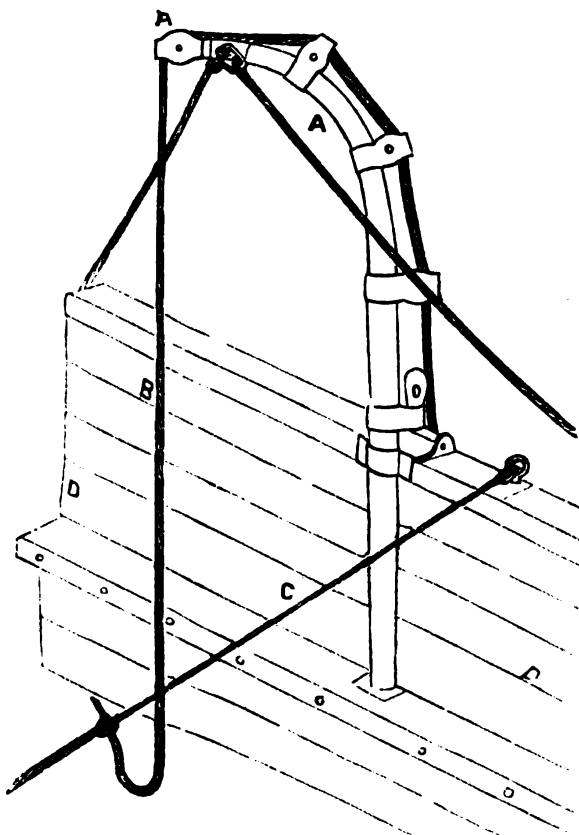
"We flies in all directions, like cats on houses sportin';
The luff cries out, the donkey shies, and makes a dreadful snortin'—
It ain't a regular ass, Bill, but one of them inventions
They puts aboard a man-of-war with various intentions.
The donkey does the haulin' in, which is no doubt a blessin',
For if it had to come by hand, oh Lord! 'twould be distressin'.
We hangs the dredge at the yard-arm to a sort o' kind o' buffer—
At explanation, Bill, yer no I always was a duffer—

It ain't a bad dodge neither; for when it's pulled it stretches,
And gives a kind o' surge when the dredge at summat ketches;
It's like a koncertina, Bill, but where the wind is squoze,
From end to end a set of stays like Inde rubber goes:
A block is tacked at bottom, and through it runs the line—
Which is the wery bane o' life to this old pal of thine;
I've burnt my hands, I've spiled my close, I've torn my underneath,
I've barked my shins and nicked my back and loosened all my teeth—
All through that blessed line, Bill, which, triffin' as it seems,
Is wuss nor all the nightmares that ever hunts in dreams.
The care that is required for to keep that line from breakin',
If you're stationed near the donkey, is a awful undertakin';
The thing flies thro' your fingers, and, if stationed near the drum,
It's safe to nab yer somehow by a finger or a thumb;
Then there's the pipe and others, Bill, that raise a shout, and call
Till yer'd almost think they'd been and caught the devil in the trawl."

Presently the boat is brought back so that the davit is directly over the dredge, the reeling-engine puffs, and the apparatus is lifted: for a while its perils are over.

In the *Sparrowgrass Papers* we are told of the danger of remarking on the emptiness of the net. "Nary fish!" is likely to be a correct statement of the net result if the dredge catches shortly after being let down. But let us suppose it brings up a heavy burden, not, indeed, an immense rock, as it did one day last summer—a trophy that stood at the laboratory door for many a day afterward—but a good catch; what is it likely to be? Principally mud. So the first thing to be done is to empty the contents of the dredge into a sieve, and then apply to that a stream of water through hose from the engine-room. And at last, all wet and dripping, and not over-clean, the trophies are deposited on a tarpaulin on deck.

Then is the important moment. Like infants with mud-pies in prospect, the naturalists plunge in up to their elbows. Now this creature is dragged out, now that, and popped into a bottle, a jar, a basin, or a pail. Drawn in and contracted, mere lumps, many of the animals seem scarcely to warrant the interest they excite, though some of them, like the sea-cucumber and the sea-orange, justify their names by similarity to the fruits of the earth. For the present all that it is necessary to do is to keep the valuable specimens in



THE CHECK-STOP.

A, A. Davit.—B. Drag rope.—C. Check-stop rope.—D, D. Side of vessel.

the dark in sea-water surrounded by ice. Deficient light and the freezing-point are conditions of good health to these organisms. A complete list of every thing captured at each haul is made out; and you may safely lay a wager that out of the fifty or sixty different creatures brought up at a single haul of the dredge, not half a dozen are familiar, or have common names.

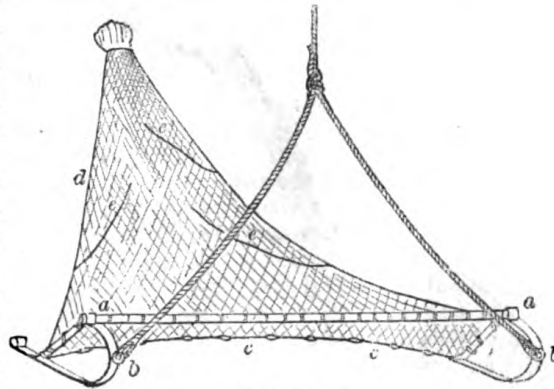
Sometimes the trawl is substituted for the dredge. It is simply a conical net with side pockets on the inside. A row of leads takes the place of the formidable scrapers of the dredge, and of course the yield of mud and of them that dwell therein is less.

To quote again the Jack Tar of the *Challenger*:

"The trawl's for fancy dredgin', and the work's about the same,
The only difference I can see is that wot's in the name."

But, although it sweeps near the bottom, the trawl is apt to catch a larger proportion of recognizable creatures than the dredge. Its yield is more like that of an ordinary net, and includes a greater number of what we are willing to accept as fishes. To come upon a porgy, for instance, among such outlandish animals was like meeting an old acquaintance in a foreign land—a good, common, plain, recognizable porgy. Call him thus, not "scup," as they do to the Eastward, nor "scuppaug," nor "mishcup," as if, forsooth, that sedate fish were given to swinging around the circle, nor yet *Stenotomus argyrops*, as the men of science have him; to us he shall ever be honest porgy. It seems he objects to the cold shoulder of Cape Cod, and will rarely go round its elbow. He is, of course, only a chance visitor in Casco Bay. Desperate efforts were made to transplant him before the art of fish-culture was understood. In 1832 a whole smack-load of porgies was brought by the fishermen of Boston, and let loose in their harbor; and in 1835 Captain Downes, of Holmes's Hole, performed a similar service for Plymouth Harbor. But the porgy still sticks to his first love, and seeks the Cholera Banks as the predestined prey of excursion parties on steamboats from New York.

Fortunate for the other fishes of New England would it be if the blue-fish (*Pomatomus saltatrix*) were equally prejudiced against the stern and rock-bound coast. But this butcher of the seas has a wide range of habitat, and goes by a variety of names. In New Jersey and at Newport he is the horse-mackerel, in Maryland the tailor, in Virginia the green-fish, in South Carolina the skip-jack. Even in New York he is not sure of his name; the young go by the name of skip-mackerel in the city, and higher up

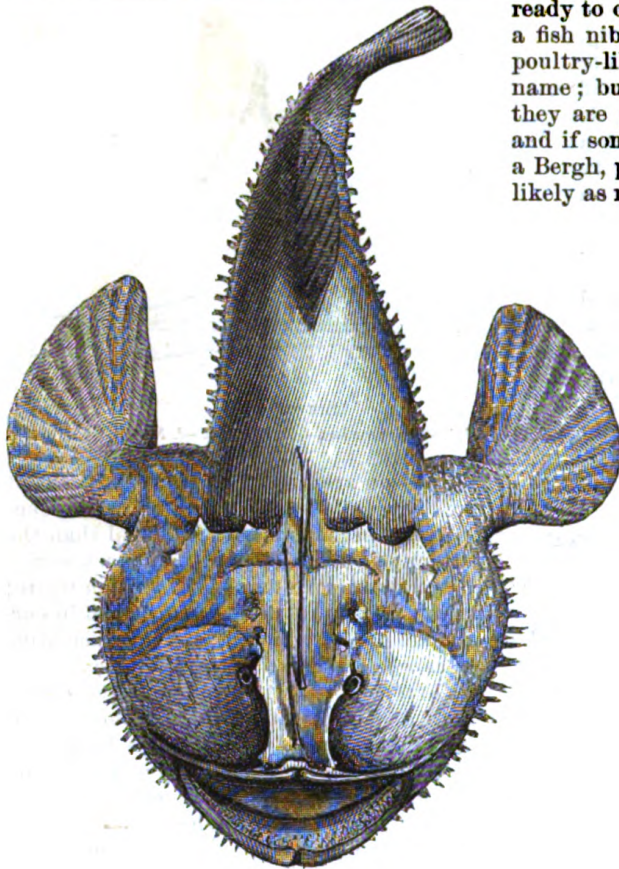


THE TRAWL.
a, a. Beam.—b, b. Shoes or runners.—c, c. Lead line.—d, d. Net.—e, e. Pockets.

the Hudson are known as white-fish. That blue-fish should be also white-fish and green-fish is not perhaps more wonderful than the paradox of our childhood, that blackberries when they are green are usually red or white; but it fairly represents the confusion in current language which has made scientific names a necessity of natural history.

Whatever doubt there may be respecting the food of other fishes, there is none about that of the blue-fish. "It has been well likened," says the report of the Fish Commission, "to an animated chopping-machine, the business of which is to cut to pieces and otherwise destroy as many fish as possible in a given space of time.....Going in large schools in pursuit of fish not much inferior to themselves in size, they move along like a pack of hungry wolves, destroying every thing before them. Their trail is marked by fragments of fish and by the stain of blood in the sea, as, where the fish is too large to be swallowed entire, the hinder portion will be bitten off, and the anterior part allowed to float away or sink. It is even maintained with great earnestness that such is the gluttony of the fish that when the stomach becomes full the contents are disgorged, and then again filled." The stomach of the blue-fish of all sizes, with rare exceptions, is found distended with other fish, sometimes to the number of thirty or forty, either entire or in fragments.

"That's the ugliest thing God ever made," exclaimed one of the *Blue Light* seamen as he shook out a goose-fish on the deck; and none of us felt inclined to dispute the assertion. Yet this was not a very large one, considering that specimens of the *Lophius americanus* have been caught that weighed seventy pounds, and this was not bigger than an average carpet-bag. But it was a sight to make a well man seasick. Its squat, slimy body merges into a head of almost equal breadth, terminating in a mouth that stretches, as one might say, from ear to ear. Open this mouth, and the cavity disclosed is so disproportionate that it seems to consti-



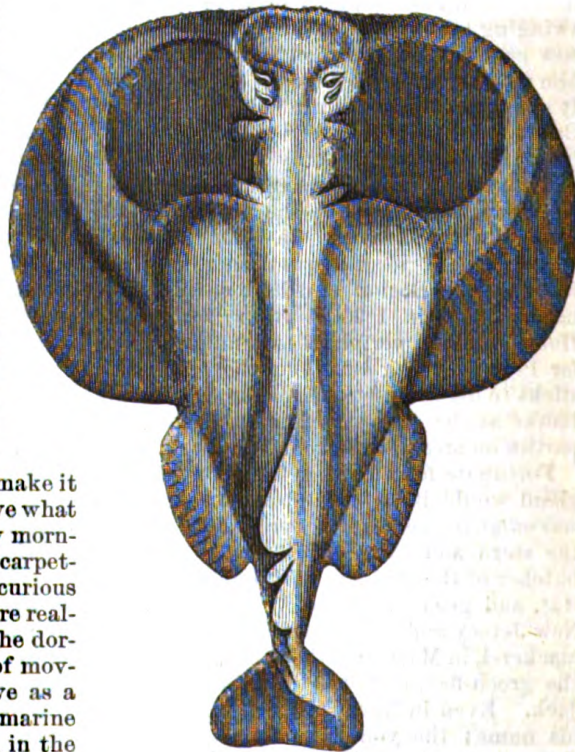
THE GOOSE-FISH.

tute the entire fish. You can readily believe that there is little else, that its liver has no oil, and its flesh no fat—a rare condition in fishes. You can give credence to the story, told on good authority, of a goose-fish captured with a fish as large as itself, and of its own species, in its mouth. Such a monster is capable of any thing. Wouldst have a goose-fish? Get a large, cheap carpet-bag; trim its bottom corners so as to taper to a tail; paint the bag of a dirty greenish-brown; set up half the iron part of a garden rake lengthwise on the back, below the middle, for a dorsal fin; fasten a pair of naked chicken wings at the sides, and a pair of duck's feet near the middle, underneath; dip the whole in soft soap, to make it slimy, and cut the handles off. You have what would pass for a goose-fish of a foggy morning. About where the key-hole of a carpet-bag is, the fish has two long, slender, curious appendages called tentacles. They are really extensions of the spinous rays of the dorsal fin. The animal has the power of moving them. It is said that they serve as a lure to fishes, as they look like marine worms; that the lophius lies buried in the mud with only these streamers visible, but

ready to open his cavernous jaws whenever a fish nibbles at the bait. Probably their poultry-like fins give the goose-fish their name; but possibly it is their stupidity, as they are prone to run ashore and perish; and if some naturalist, with the feelings of a Bergh, puts them afloat, they are quite as likely as not to repeat their mistake.

It is not generally known that we have in these waters a fish capable of giving strong electrical shocks. The *Torpedo occidentalis*, when, for instance, it weighs sixty pounds, is a formidable antagonist, giving shocks strong enough to knock a man down. We can not refuse our sympathies to a certain Yankee dog that acquired great skill in catching flounders with his mouth in the shallow water of the coves. On one occasion he caught a torpedo in this manner. The shock he received convulsed him. Howling piteously, he dropped the fish, and never could be persuaded to go fishing again.

The torpedo is evidently able to take care of himself; but what chance has the unwieldy sunfish (*Orthogoriscus mola*) in the struggle for existence? He may weigh as much as two hundred pounds, and be two

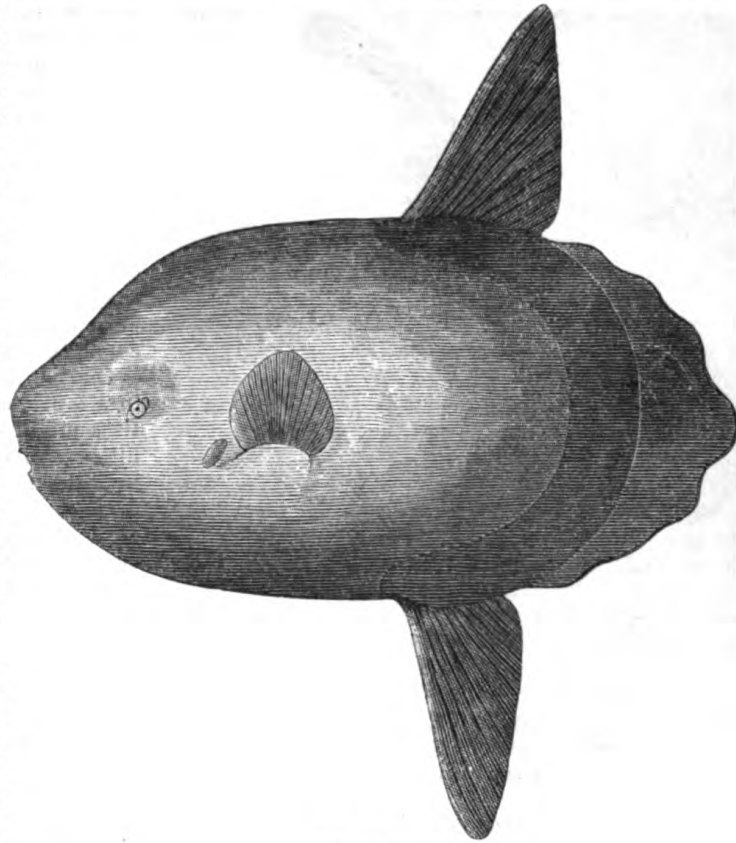


THE TORPEDO.

and a half feet in width, but he shall only be twice as long as he is broad. With such a build he can never get away from his enemies. One would think he was born a verb, according to Sam Weller's suggestion, to be, to do, and to suffer. But he has his own defense. He is clad in a cartilaginous case which defies the teeth of other fishes; it is nearly two inches thick; tough and elastic, it protects his oily carcass from all except the fisherman, who esteems sunfish-oil as a more sovereign thing for wounds and sprains than parmaceti.

One of the most grotesque creatures in existence is the *Hippocampus*, or sea-horse. Not only is this true of its quaint shape, but even its structure is anomalous. Something more like bunches of feathers than gills does duty as its branchiæ. But especially queer are its habits. Ladies who are interested in the rights of their sex should provide themselves with sea-horses and study their peculiarities. The male of this animal takes entire charge of the business of incubation, while the female wanders away at her own sweet will. The father carries the eggs around with him in an abdominal pouch provided for that purpose until they are hatched. And they are a great trouble to him; but he attends to the business in the most exemplary manner.

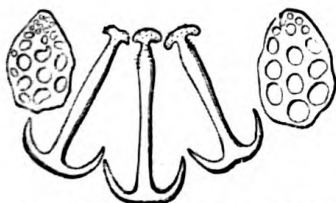
Such are some of the animals we may find on the deck of the *Blue Light*; but if we would see the full glories of the stranger creatures of the deep we must go to the laboratory by night. *Cæsar clam et nocte*. Let us begin with a mollusk. But tread lightly, so as not to jar these sensitive plants that have opened out their tendrils in dark-



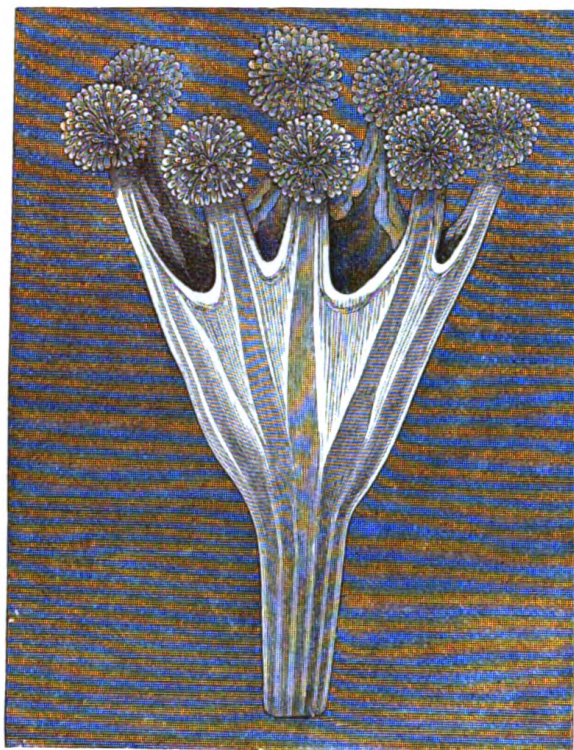
THE SUNFISH.

ness and ice-water. Lamp-light will not disturb them. No wonder the earlier naturalists took them for flowers. This *Dendro-notus arborescens*, for instance, surely carries vegetation on his back; like the forest of Birnam approaching Dunsinane, "a moving grove." His foliage-like features are indicated in both his names. He is a poor, naked, eyeless mollusk; and as he has no shell to protect him, or eyes to perceive danger, or arms to seize his food, perhaps this exquisitely sensitive appendage, which when undisturbed he spreads to its full extent, may serve more or less to supply these deficiencies, though its prime service is that of gills. He has, however, one mark of respectability, a slender, narrow foot, with which he treads lightly among the hydroids.

Let us look at the fruits of the sea. Many of them have stinging powers, and there is no need for a label, "Visitors are requested not to handle the fruits." The sea-orange (*Lophothuria fabricii*) and the sea-cucumber (*Pentacta frondosa*) develop astonishing beauty in their cold bath. The first had, in the specimen the writer saw (which is figured), all the richness of color and something of the general appearance of a blood orange. The wreath of tentacles which it threw out was of the most delicate shades of pink. The cucumber, taken at thirty fathoms in Passamaquoddy Bay, was externally of a



ANCHORS AND SKIN-PLATES OF A HOLOTHURIAN.



A FIXED JELLY-FISH.

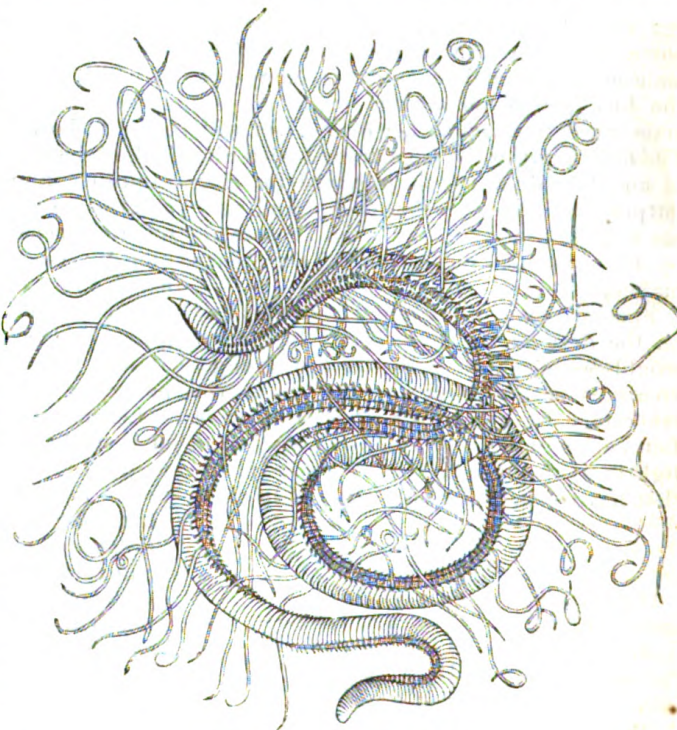
deep rich green, and really looked like a cucumber; not, indeed, comparable to some that draw prizes at agricultural fairs for growing by the yard, but of modest dimensions, though no mere gherkin of a thing—say about six inches long and ten in circumference. It, too, threw out at night a magnificent wreath of tentacles. Agassiz says the cucumber is eatable, and has a lobster flavor. Any body may try it who wants to. Forbes says the Shetland fishermen class it as “*pushen*,” which he translates as poison.

A near relative of the sea-cucumber, dignified with the long name of *Leptosynapta girardii*, should be a favorite with mariners. It is covered with the symbol of the deep. The skin is filled with minute perforated oval plates, to each of which is attached by the shank a perfect little anchor. Doubtless the flukes of these anchors give it the means of keeping itself in place. The animal has a bad tendency when captured to break itself to pieces. This propensity to

suicide is, however, characteristic of many of the dwellers in the sea. The sea-potato is not remotely a relative, but the likeness of *Boltenia reniformis* to that esculent is very noticeable. Its stem looks like one of those roots which are occasionally attached to a potato. It should be stated particularly that the likeness of these animals, when freshly caught, to the things after which they are named does not continue after their death. Preserved in alcohol, they lose all their beauty.

One can not learn natural history in a few hours, and a series of treatises might be written that would fill several volumes on the animals brought up at any one haul of the dredge. At best we can only look at a few without any method in our selection. Certain animals are apt to be associated. Thus on the stem of the boltenia there are little growths like foliage, which under the microscope turn out to be hydroids—the little jelly-fishes of whose wanderings and transformations into medusæ Agassiz has told us such interesting stories. No grub that develops into a butterfly under-

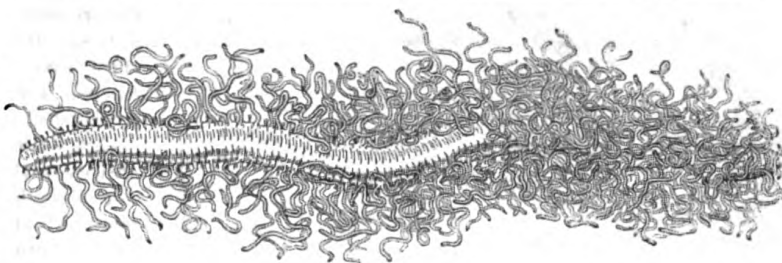
goes a stranger metamorphosis. As a specimen of what the animal may finally become, the *Lucernaria quadricornis* will serve for illustration. This is one of the most recently discovered creatures, being among the nov-



A WORM WITH CIRRI EXTENDED.

elties obtained in last year's work. In this ultimate form it is a fixed jelly-fish, having a sucker at the bottom, by means of which it clings permanently to some rock or stone.

Among the liveliest captives are the hermit-crabs (*Eupagurus pubescens*). Like the typical New Yorker, they are always on the search for a new domicile. Each crab wants a shell of his own, for the posterior part of his body is soft, and requires protection; but nature has not furnished him with a shell, so he goes about to find one, usually the shell of some dead mollusk. Having in-



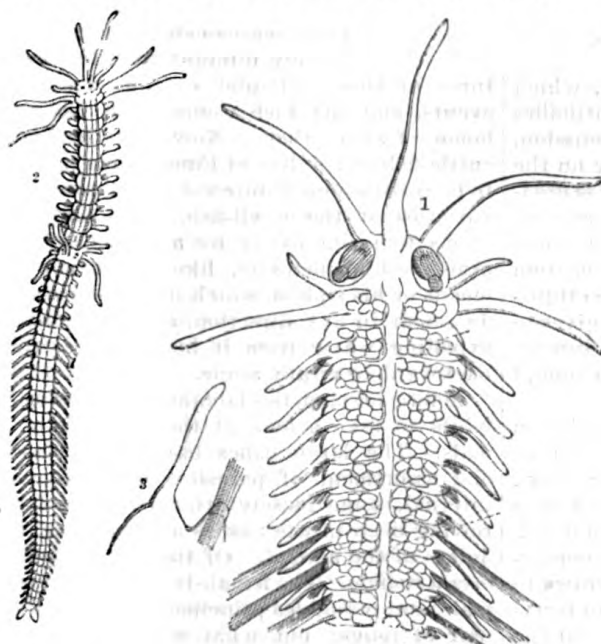
A WORM WITH CIRRI RETRACTED.

over the surface of the shell; buds like the parent polyp will arise from the expanded surface, which keeps on extending outside and at last inside the shell, which thus becomes ornamented with from three to ten of these polyps. Finally, by a chemical process, the basal membrane of the polyps dissolves the shell entirely, and absorbs it, though still retaining its interior shape. Meanwhile the hermit is apt to be more contented than usual, having a house that is elastic enough to expand with his growth. The stinging powers of the polyp are a protection for him against other crabs. Doubtless the polyps are equally well suited with the arrangement, for, like all the anemones, they are voracious, and the crab carries them about to new feeding grounds. With their delicate shades of orange or salmon, their tentacles, when expanded and waving, present a beautiful appearance.

While on the subject of polyps let us not lose sight of one of the latest discovered, *Cerianthus borealis*, another of the children of the Fish Commission. Its body is singularly elongated and tapering. It has a splendid wreath of tentacles, the inner or oral set being of a pale chestnut, and the outer or marginal set of a deep salmon-color, the longest barred with spots. One specimen of the cerianthus was

eight inches long, which for a polyp is very long indeed.

Spirorbis nautiloides is a small creature, and has the misfortune to be a worm. It is generally found attached to sea-weeds, shells, stones, etc. It forms solid calcareous tubes coiled in a spiral. But no worm of earth ever put out such an elegant wreath of branchiæ as distinguishes the spirorbis. It

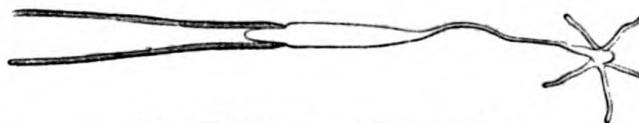


A WORM OF THREE GENDERS.

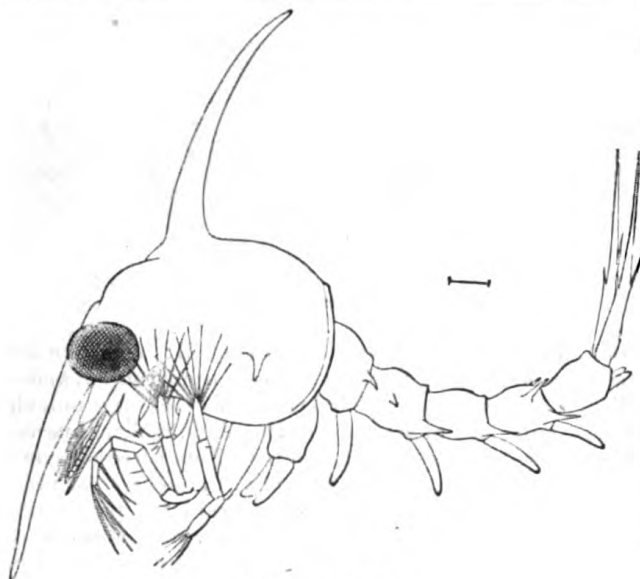
1. Head of female, magnified.—2. A neuter from which a male is about to separate.—3. Magnified bundle of weapons.

sported himself partially in it, with his head and claws out, he travels about with it. But sooner or later the demon of discontent seizes him. Perhaps he outgrows his shell; perhaps he sees another which he thinks will fit him better. Moreover, he is pugnacious, and if two crabs meet, there is a battle, and the victor intrenches himself in the shell of the victim.

But for some of the hermit-crabs there is a stranger possibility. A polyp called the *Epizoanthus americanus* may attach itself to the inhabited shell. The base of the polyp will then gradually expand



A PARASITE.



ZOEÆ OF ROCK-CRAB.

carries all its eggs in one basket, which forms part of the wreath. The nautiloides is one of the "finds" of the Fish Commission. There is evidently room for an essay on the possibilities of worms. The *Cirratulus grandis*, for instance, is a large worm, furnished with an immense quantity of long, flexible, red or orange-colored cirri, that spring from its sides. Its power to curl these cirri tightly down to its body when disturbed gives to it at such times an entirely changed appearance; it is as if a long-haired Indian should suddenly frizzle like a negro.

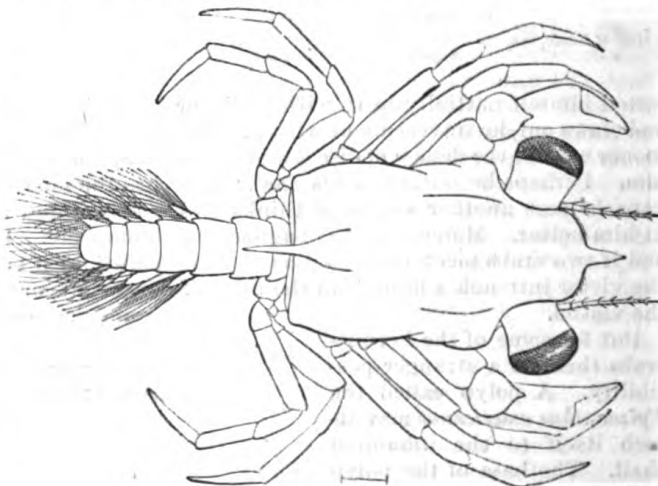
The student of sociology should take an interest in *Autolytus cornutus*, although it, too, is only a worm. It is of three genders, male, female, and neuter, the three differing much in appearance. The asexual individual is hatched from the egg, the mother dying soon afterward. This neuter grows to a considerable size, till it has forty to forty-five segments. Then, somewhere about the thirteenth segment, swellings arise, which become a head, eyes, and tentacles. The rear segments proceed to develop various appendages, and assume the male or female form. Finally, the new animal, thus constituted, male or female as may happen, breaks off from the upper segments and swims away. This worm has some peculiarities, more largely developed in other members of its class, that have a military bearing. The mature animal has perhaps a hundred bundles of fascicles at the sides, which become weapons of offense,

differently developed in different species. Taken together, they are a perfect armory. Barbs, straight and spiral, Arkansas tooth-picks, lances, spears, swords, sword-bayonets, and even the three-sided bayonet of modern warfare, are represented among them. These can be detached by the animal, with apparently some force. They inflict great irritation upon the human skin if the worm is incautiously handled.

We can but glance at the new *Octopus* named after Professor Baird. This is the male, and there is good reason for believing that the female is of far greater size, although she has not yet been identified. It is a curious fact that the males of these sea-monsters are comparatively diminutive. The cap-

tures of this particular octopus are rare events, and the Fish Commission has the honor of all of them. Now that the huge cuttle-fish of the Bay of Fundy have proved to be realities, great interest attaches to new varieties of the devil-fish. The octopus seems to swim partly by a motion of his arms, but principally, like his kind, by means of his siphon, which is capable of adjustment in any direction, and by forcibly expelling water from it he goes forward, backward, or at any angle.

Before leaving the laboratory it is worth while to take a look at the parasitic animals. The large fishes have each a special assortment of parasites, external and internal, some loosely attached, some burrowing deep in the tissues and sucking the juices of the animal. Of the last is *Lernæonema radiata*. The female is larger than the male, and resembles principally an animated pair of tongs; but what would naturally

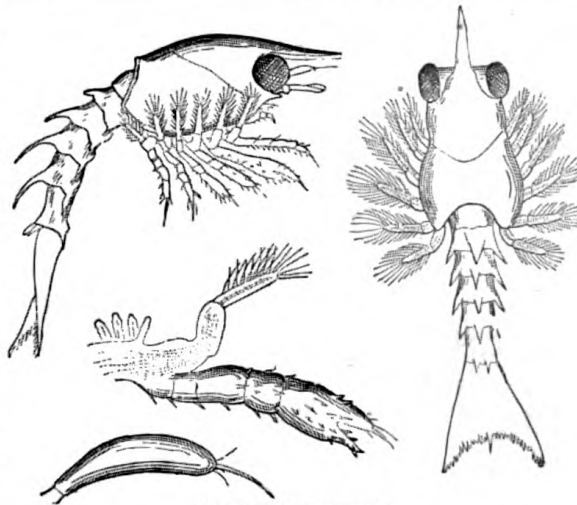


MEGALOPS OF ROCK-CRAB.

pass for legs are really the ovaries. She burrows head-first into the exterior and gills of fishes, and lives by sucking their blood. Her choice is menhaden and alewives.

In all these researches among invertebrate animals, Professor A. E. Verrill, of Yale College, has taken the lead, and there are innumerable newly ascertained forms of life to which he has stood godfather, among them several which have been described. To his courtesy and assistance the writer is largely indebted. But, in fact, all the gentlemen of the Fish Commission seemed to reflect the good nature of its chief officer. Certain naturalists had their specialties. Professor S. I. Smith, of New Haven, took to crabs, lobsters, and the like, and added largely to the previous stock of knowledge. In the earlier stage of existence after hatching the crab, lobster, etc., are known as zoëæ. The microscope is required to see the zoëa of the rock-crab (*Cancer irroratus*) to advantage. We find he has a pair of immense black eyes, finely reticulated, and making a great show, because all the rest of the animal is transparent. The head is furnished with long spines, one like a horn on top, the other like a tusk in front. The zoëa represented in the engraving is old, that is, for a zoëa. He has probably moulted several times, and is about three-sixteenths of an inch long. His motions begin to be sluggish, as if something were the matter. Suddenly he is seized with violent convulsions; his skin splits, and he wriggles out of it, no longer a zoëa, but a megalops. He looks now remotely like a crab, but with marked zoëtic characters. As a megalops he swims about for a few days, probably a much shorter time than he did as a zoëa. Then he is again seized with a spasm, not so severe, but equally effective; his skin splits, and, presto! we have a rock-crab.

An important deduction is the result of this knowledge. The story of this crab is true, with unimportant variations, of the entire crab kind. The young lobster is a free-swimming zoëa, and afterward a megalops, before he takes to doubling up his body, and moving forward by jumping backward. So that people who in past years expended thousands upon thousands of dollars in constructing pounds to breed lobsters in, simply threw their money into the sea, since the young lobster could readily swim out through the apertures which admit sea-water into an ordinary fish pound. Mr. Seth Green, the Commissioner of Fisheries for the State of New York, has been among the first to recognize this fact, and make the new knowledge of service. He issued a circular a few months ago, suggesting that to make a lobster pound



VERY YOUNG LOBSTER.

Side view, and dorsal view; a leg, and an antennula, much enlarged.

efficient it should be lined with close wire netting.

That is a single instance; but it is impossible in a brief article to give even an outline of the valuable results already achieved by the United States Fish Commission. Many of its benefits are indirect, and will not be immediately perceptible. If it had accomplished nothing else but to excite a popular interest in fish-culture, and arouse State action in all parts of the country in regard to the preservation and increase of the fisheries, its value would have greatly exceeded its cost. But it has done far more. It has been the means of a vast and permanent extension of the field of knowledge. More has been ascertained about the structure, habits, and specific food of the dwellers in the sea within the last few years than in all the centuries before.

The decrease of fishes fit for human food in the waters of the United States has been fully substantiated. It has been proved that this is not occasioned by a deficiency of the invertebrate animals on which they directly or indirectly feed. It is not in any great measure due to pollution by factory waste. It does not arise from changes in the habits of ocean fishes beyond man's control. To prevent it, and repair the present deficiency, there will be no need of stopping any great branch of industry, such as that of net-fishing. The main cause of the depreciation of the fisheries is an indiscriminate use of the net during spawning season, supplemented by the voracity of the bluefish. The prevention of the use of nets during about one-third of each week in spawning season, with the good results to be expected from artificial fish propagation, will in a few years restore the prosperity of our sea-coast; and we may reasonably hope ere long to see the best of fish among the cheapest food upon our tables.

A GLIMPSE OF "SEVENTY-SIX."



FEMALE COSTUME OF '76.

AS the one hundredth anniversary of our national independence draws near, the thoughts of our people are eagerly turned, not so much to a consideration of the well-known principles which were then established, as to a more familiar observation of the men and women who were the actors in that great event. We are curious to know what manner of folk they were; to take note of their appearance, manners, and customs; to cross their thresholds and see what they ate and drank and wherewithal they were clothed, and what entered into their domestic appointments and belongings; to estimate their character, and to learn the details of the story of their privations, their endurance, their sufferings, and their heroism. We desire to fix in some permanent form the memories which a rapidly dissolving tradition has handed down, and of which so few living repositories remain; and, before it is too late, we would rescue from decay or destruction the few perishable unpublished records which, however faintly, serve "to hold the mirror up to nature," and "to show forth the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure."

Perhaps there is no process by which this can be done more successfully than by concentrating attention upon some representative portion of either one of the "Old Thirteen." Just as, if we would preserve for the

men of a hundred years hence a correct notion of the men and times of to-day, we would strive to reproduce for their inspection a faithful interior picture of any one of our ten thousand villages, towns, or counties. One is so exact a counterpart of another in all that relates to manners, customs, and social, political, and religious surroundings, that if a correct representation could be produced of any single one of our communities, it would be a striking and accurate likeness of every other member of our national family.

Remarkable, however, as is this similarity, still greater

was the resemblance of the several parts of the "Old Thirteen." Their uniformity had as yet been very little affected by the foreign admixture which is now so remarkable and in some respects so disturbing an element of our national condition. With slight shades of difference, the character, habits, usages, and the modes of thought, feeling, and action of the people who, during the ante-Revolutionary and Revolutionary times, were scattered along the seaboard from Massachusetts Bay to Georgia, were those of a homogeneous people. They shared the same political and religious aspirations and convictions; their habits, manners, and tastes were similar; they were exposed to like vicissitudes, and suffered identical calamities; and they manifested the same endurance, perseverance, resolution, and other traits of character. So that one of them was an epitome of all.

Placed in the geographical centre of the original States which were the germ of the Union, the people of New Jersey at this period united in an unusual degree the conditions requisite to the production of a faithful daguerreotype of our ancestors. They were free from the exceptional, and often transitory, local singularities or peculiarities of those living in the two extremes, and they shared those more numerous traits which formed the permanent substratum common

to all. New Jersey was the highway of intercommunication by land between the other States, and there was constant social and commercial intercourse between its people and those of New York and New England on the one side, and those of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia on the other. Its eastern division, known as East Jersey, was largely peopled by settlers from New York and New England; and its western division, West Jersey, by those from the adjacent colonies on the west and south. It derived its tobacco and many of its domestic fruits and vegetables from Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia; its Quaker tenets, its phlegm and frugality, from Pennsylvania; its Dutch cupboards, Dutch language, and sturdy Dutch Calvinism from New York; its jealous watchfulness for popular rights, its town-meetings, and much of its assorted variety of religious faiths, from New England; and so blended the features of the other colonies into a harmonious mean as to form a fair microcosmic representative of them all. In addition, when it is considered that whatsoever the other colonies suffered from the presence of the British armies, from sanguinary and decisive battles, and from the rapine and desolation of war, was also suffered by the people of New Jersey, it will not seem inapposite to select that State for the scene of our historical sketch, which, *mutatis mutandis*, may serve for either of the sister commonwealths.

The latter part of the year 1776, when the

British overran New Jersey, was one of the darkest hours of the war of the Revolution. No aid had been received from France, and as yet was hardly hoped for. A portion of the people there, as elsewhere, sympathized with the invaders, and the patriots were every where exposed to their hatred or cupidity, and were in constant dread of their treachery. Neighbor suspected neighbor, friend distrusted friend, and even fathers and sons ranged on opposite sides. Trade and industry were paralyzed. The husbandman hesitated to plant a crop, or, if he did so, confined his labors to the production only of what was absolutely necessary for the bare subsistence of his family. The precious metals had vanished from the land as the armies of the king swept triumphantly along, and the paper money had little more value than the brown forest leaves of that bitter autumn. The means of the patriotic side were almost exhausted, and in many cases their hopes were entirely so. They had responded again and again to the calls that were made upon them for men and other material aid, until none but old men and women and children remained at home; and their houses and barns were gleaned of every superfluity, and even of the necessities of life.

An illustration is furnished of the doubt and suspicion which prevailed, and of the summary modes that were resorted to by the patriots to intimidate the disaffected Tories, by a letter written at the time from New



INTERIOR OF ROOM—WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT NEWBURGH.



JUVENILE PATRIOTS OF "SEVENTY-SIX."

Jersey by a British officer to a friend in England, which we find in *The Scots Magazine* for 1776. "Every thing," he says, "is transacted by the Committee [referring to the Committee of Safety appointed by the Provincial Congress], which is composed of barbers, tailors, cordwainers, etc., whose pertness and insolence would raise any Englishman's indignation, for the better sort endeavor to keep their own necks out of the halter, and make use of these fellows as cat's-paws. One of our friends had got several thousands in the back country brought over to our interests; but about a month ago a mob of about one hundred dissolute fellows surrounded his house, with an intention to tar and feather him; upon which he came out armed, and while he was reasoning the case with them at the door he was knocked down with the butt end of a musket, then laid like a calf across a horse, and tied to a tree while yet insensible, and tarred and feathered."

Another instance is related by still another British correspondent, who quotes from a "rebel newspaper," as follows: "At Quibbletown, in Middlesex County, New Jersey, Thomas Randolph, cooper, who had publicly proved himself an enemy to his country by reviling and using his utmost endeavors to oppose the proceedings of the Continental and Provincial conventions and committees in defense of their rights and liberties, and he being judged a person of not consequence enough for a severer punishment, was order-

ed to be stripped naked, well coated with tar and feathers, and carried in a wagon publicly round the town, which punishment was accordingly inflicted; and as he soon became duly sensible of his offense, for which he earnestly begged pardon, and promised to atone for as far as he was able by a contrary behavior for the future, he was released, and suffered to return to his house in less than half an hour. The whole was conducted with that regularity and decorum that ought to be observed in all public punishments."

A glimpse is given of a still different

form of "public punishment" inflicted by the indignant patriots on their Tory neighbors, in another letter of an officer in the British army, printed in *The Scots Magazine* for October, 1776. Under date of August 17, 1776, he writes: "The persecutions of the loyalists continue unremitting. Donald Maclean, Theophilus Hardenbrook, Young Feuter, the silversmith, and Rem Rappalge have been cruelly rode on rails—a practice most painful, dangerous, and peculiar."

Even the boys shared the sympathies and antipathies of their fathers, forming themselves into bands for "liberty" on the one side, and the "king" on the other, which resulted in innumerable blackened eyes and broken heads. I have heard my grandfather, the late Jacob Dunham, M.D., of New Brunswick, New Jersey, relate that when he was a lad of eight or ten years old, and went to school in that place, his preceptor, much to the disgust of the great body of the scholars, was a loyalist, and outspoken in his disapproval of the "irregular" proceedings of the Whigs. The boys, imitating the spirit of their elders, determined on a "public punishment" suitable to school-boy ideas of justice. Overawing into silence the few of their comrades who sympathized with the "master," they prepared a large placard, on which they printed in huge letters the obnoxious word "TORY!" and seizing the opportunity of the dismissal of school at noon, they stealthily pinned this upon the teacher's back, who, unobservant of the trick, walked

down the street to his house, followed by the boys marching in procession behind him at a safe distance from his cane, and pointing out to the passers-by the label with which they had adorned him. This school-boy trick led to the dismissal of their preceptor from his position and the breaking up of the school, to the great satisfaction doubtless of the youthful patriots.

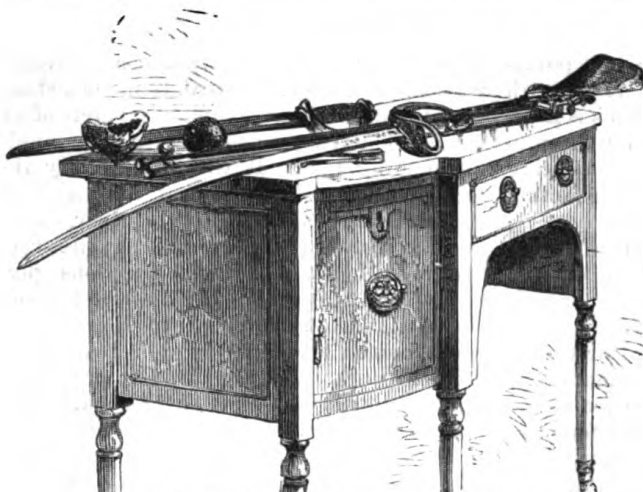
There is no doubt that the "Tories" had hard lines measured out to them by the "Whigs." If persons were known or suspected to be "disaffected," to have "spoken disrespectfully" of the Provincial or Continental Congresses or of the Committee of Safety, to have encouraged opposition to the laws and regulations that were set forth by either of these bodies, or to be engaged in stimulating gatherings or uprisings against the Revolutionary authorities, they were promptly reported to the Provincial Congress, or, in its recess, to the Committee or Council of Safety, when they were speedily arrested, examined, confronted with their accusers (who were oftentimes of their own kin), and if specially malignant were confined in jail, or if repentant were required to take the "oath of allegiance" and to give bonds for their behavior. In numerous instances they and their families were driven into the lines of the enemy with whom they sympathized, and their property was confiscated or suffered to run to waste. But none of them were subjected to other violence or were put to death by the Revolutionary authorities in New Jersey. And although occasionally an innocent man may have suffered through the accusations of vindictive personal enemies, in the main there was ample confirmation of the charges brought against them, and they were allowed a fair and full hearing before men who were carefully observant of the rights of others and of the forms and safeguards of law, and whose decisions appear to have been singularly dispassionate, deliberate, and equitable.

The Tories, on the other hand, retaliated with alacrity whenever they had an opportunity. When the British army made its appearance in a neighborhood, they industriously pointed out those who were identified with the party of liberty. They maliciously led them to the spots where the patriots had concealed their property and valuables, and aided them to pillage or destroy them. The most of the foraging parties of the enemy were accompanied by them, and nothing escaped the keen sense of their hatred or revenge. As was naturally to have been expected, they exhibited the greatest bitterness, and many of their acts were marked not only by meanness and cupidity, but also by treachery and brutality.

Immediately after the battle of Long Island, which was followed by Washington's evacuation of New York, the storming of

Fort Washington, with the loss of 2000 men, and the evacuation of Fort Lee on the 18th of November, 1776, the American army retreated across New Jersey, too weak to make a stand at any point, and so completely bereft of all means of defense as to be without a single intrenching tool. It was followed by the British army, so closely that the music of the one army was heard by the other, which rapidly spread itself over the entire central, wealthiest, and most populous portion of the State. On the 28th of November Washington retreated to New Brunswick, and on the same day the British entered Newark. During the few days that Washington lay at New Brunswick, before he was again forced to flee, a large portion of his army had become entitled to their discharge, and it was impossible by any remonstrance to detain them. They abandoned the cause of their country in the hour of its supremest need, and left Washington almost powerless to flee. On the 2d of December, as the British advance-guard showed themselves at the opposite side of the bridge, Washington evacuated New Brunswick, retreating through Princeton to Trenton, and the British occupied the place.

The gloom which hung over the country, and which in an especial degree enveloped that part of New Jersey, was now at the blackest. No ray of light penetrated the darkness. The protracted campaign had been marked by rapid and overwhelming disasters. The whole country was in possession of the British soldiery, who insulted and preyed upon the people. It was now reported, and the report seemed so probable as to be generally believed, that the Continental Congress was about to disperse and abdicate its powers. Every thing seemed to be irretrievably lost. At this profound crisis Lord Howe, the British commander, issued a proclamation offering a full pardon to every person who would, within sixty days, subscribe a declaration of submission to the royal authority. Timed as was this proclamation when every thing seemed lost, it was taken advantage of by thousands who had hitherto espoused the cause of independence, and who now flocked daily to make their peace with the invaders and obtain their protection. For ten days after its publication two or three hundred persons a day came in to Lord Howe at New Brunswick to renounce their adhesion to the patriots and to take the oath of allegiance to the British crown, embracing in their number many persons of consequence and influence, among them being Samuel Tucker, of Trenton, who had been a delegate to and president of the Provincial Congress. His defection was a cruel blow. The people felt that one of their earliest and most trusted leaders had abandoned them, and knew not who next would follow.



MUSKET, SWORD, OUTLASS, AND BULLET-MOULD.

A close view of the condition to which the patriots of New Jersey were reduced at this period of the war—the counterpart of which existed throughout all the colonies—is afforded by a curious relic, to which public attention has never been invited hitherto, and which is of great historical value, not only as exhibiting the outrages to which our ancestors were subjected and the hardships they endured, but also as illustrating their social surroundings with conspicuous minuteness and fidelity. This venerable relic is a “Record of the Damages done by the British and their Adherents to the Inhabitants of Middlesex County,” in New Jersey, which is preserved in the New Jersey State Library. It is in the form of a bound folio manuscript volume, of between three and four hundred pages, and it contains the inventories rendered by over six hundred and fifty persons, whose property was plundered or destroyed by the British from 1776 to 1782 inclusive, but mainly during the six and a half months beginning with December 2, 1776, and ending with June 22, 1777. Each inventory is entered in this volume in detail, with the valuation of every article annexed, and is certified to under oath or affirmation by the person damaged or his representative, before one of the appraisers appointed by the State for that purpose. The authority for these inventories was an act of the Legislature—the bill having been originally offered March 8, 1780, when it was lost—which was passed December 20, 1781; and they were made, as the preamble to the act recites, in the expectation that the losses would be reimbursed by the State, as they afterward were in some of the other colonies. In New Jersey the losses never were reimbursed; and the only fruit of the labor is a microscopic record of the injuries sustained by its patriotic sons, and a vivid picture of their sufferings, their social manners, their dress, furniture, household utensils, luxuries,

etc. By the act under which these inventories were made, two separate “Registers of Inventories” were ordered; one of the “property damaged or destroyed by the Enemy and their Adherents,” and the other of “the property damaged or destroyed by the Continental Army, or by the Militia of this or of the neighboring States.” It was further provided that there should be three appraisers for each county, whose duty it would be to value and appraise the articles inventoried at the prices current in 1775; that the inventories should be certified to on oath or affirmation; that nothing was

to be admitted in the inventories for which “any restitution had been made or satisfaction received;” that no inventory should be received from persons of a suspicious character, or who failed to substantiate that they had been “friends of the government established under the authority of the People;” that forged or feigned inventories would render their utterers liable to severe penalties; that the losses sustained by “Privateers or Vessels of War, Merchant Ships, or Trading Vessels, their tackle, furniture, or Cargo, from the Enemy,” were not to be admitted to inventory; and that the appraisers should each receive as compensation for his services “seven shillings and sixpence by the day.”

In conformity with the act the inventories that were presented were sworn to by the claimants before at least one of the appraisers, the usual form of the affidavit being, “John Doe declares on oath that the above inventory is just and true to the best of his knowledge. That he has not received any satisfaction for any of the articles therein contained. And that he hath good reason to believe that the above articles were taken, carried off, and destroyed by the Enemy.” When *personal* property only had been plundered or destroyed, the affidavit of the party injured, or of his representatives if he were dead, was all that was required. But when a claim was made for *real* property burned or damaged, in addition to the oath of the claimant another was required from one or more carpenters who had “viewed” the premises and estimated the loss, and was usually in this form, “John Doe and Richard Roe, being carpenters, declare on their oaths, that they knew the buildings of John Smith, which were destroyed by the Enemy, and do adjudge the damages to the amount of £235.0.0, to the best of their knowledge.” Ordinarily, when *several* buildings were destroyed, the affidavit of the expert comprised

a detailed valuation, as follows: "John Doe, being a carpenter, declares on oath that he knew the buildings of Richard Roe, as destroyed by the Enemy, and Judge the value of them as follows, to wit, Grist Mill £200. Saw Mill £50. House, Slaughter do., and Smith Shop £30, and y^e other House and Barn £110." If a building was only damaged in part, the form varied, as follows: "John Doe being sworn saith that he in conjunction with Richard Roe, being called upon to view the damages done the buildings of John Smith, and having viewed the same, do adjudge the said

damages done to said buildings to y^e am^t of £19.0.0, to the best of their knowledge." Where woodland was destroyed, a third party was called in to estimate the loss, and his affidavit was annexed to the inventory. When valuable horses were carried off with other property, the oath of the claimant was supplemented by the affidavit of a neighbor, which almost invariably ran in the following form: "John Doe declares on oath that he was knowing to the Enemies taking and destroying the articles contained in the above inventory of John Smith. And that he personally knew the said horse, and do adjudge he was worth £15."

During the time when the depredations recorded in this old MS. were made the sufferings of the Jersey Blues in the vicinity of New Brunswick were intense, and their destitution deplorable. A cold and boisterous winter, which had set in with unusual rigor, lingered in the lap of May. Numbers were forced to flee from their homes during this inclement season, leaving their families without protection or support, and were either in hiding or wanderers in a desolated country. A hostile and insolent soldiery occupied their towns and villages, and harried their houses and farms with oppressive exactions. Their horses and cattle, their flocks and herds, were stolen; their stores of hay, flour, corn, bacon, and provisions were plundered; their houses, stores, mills, barns, and fields, and even their churches,



OLD FIRE-PLACE.

were burned or devastated; their household goods were spoliated and carried away; their wives were maltreated and insulted, and they were despoiled of their clothing, rings, trinkets, and even of the cradles in which they rocked their infants to sleep. Nowhere was there to be found any alleviation of their distress, nor could any prospect of its termination be descried. And yet, amidst all this desolation, rapine, and insult, and perhaps because of them, the people of Middlesex County and of the town of New Brunswick remained steadfast to their apparently ruined cause. Here and there a few became "adherents of the enemy," as they were opprobriously styled, but the great body were stanch "patriots." The journals of the "Committee of Safety" and of its successor, the "Council of Safety," give the names of over one thousand persons in New Jersey who were disaffected, and were required to give bonds and take the "oath of allegiance" to the Revolutionary authorities; but of this number, notwithstanding the overshadowing influence of the British army, which was quartered on it nearly seven months, only twenty-six were inhabitants of Middlesex County. Besides, it furnished over fifteen hundred soldiers to the State and Continental military establishments. And on a subsequent occasion, when Sir Henry Clinton was about to march through the State just before the battle of Monmouth, and needed guides for his army, he applied for them to Colonel Simcoe, whose "Ran-

gers" were largely made up of "refugee" Jersey men. But although this dashing partisan had a book in which "was inserted the names of every soldier in his corps, the counties in which they were born and where they had lived, so that he was seldom at a loss for guides," he was obliged to reply to Sir Henry that "he had none who knew any of the roads to New Brunswick," which could not have been the case if he had had any from Middlesex County in his corps. In his "Journal" Colonel Simcoe on several occasions refers to the "vindictive spirit" uniformly exhibited by the people of this county toward the British, and describes them as "most virulent in their principles," and as "attacking from their coverts the British foraging parties in 1776, and insulting their very outposts," adding that they had thus "acquired a great degree of self-confidence and activity."

The British occupied the town of New Brunswick and its vicinity (including Six-mile Run, Middlebush, Piscataway, Bonhamton, and Woodbridge) from December 2, 1776, till June 22, 1777. During their stay they levied severe contributions upon all who espoused, or were in any way connected with those who espoused, the side of independence; and their outposts and foraging parties pillaged the people without mercy. Within this brief period of six and a half months the old book of inventories shows that the British spoliated 664 persons, and burned over 100 dwellings, mills, and other buildings within the limits of Middlesex County; and it is probable there were others that are not recorded. The assessed value of the property thus destroyed, as given in the old relic we are considering, was £86,214, which, counting eight shillings to the dollar, and considering that one dollar in 1775 was equivalent to three dollars at this day, was equal to a total of \$646,605 of our present currency. The severity of this loss may be more clearly estimated if it is borne in mind that the total population of the county in 1775 was about 12,000. If from this number are deducted 1300 negroes, and 700 adult white males who were not heads of families, the population over whom all this devastation was distributed did not exceed 10,000, of whom only one-fifth, or 2000, were householders. So that one out of every three householders was pillaged, and one in twenty had a house burned.

We are shown by this old record that in the forays which were made by the British during this time the dinner prepared by the family was often ravished from the table, especially by their auxiliaries, the Hessians, whose avidity for plunder and brutal outrage drew upon them the execrations of the people. No regard was paid to age or sex. Even articles of female wear—indeed every thing, however minute, which had any val-

ue—were swept into the capacious maw of these rapacious mercenaries. Again and again the people were required to furnish meals for large parties of Hessians and forage for their horses, and the demand was enforced at the point of the bayonet. On one occasion a party of thirty of these marauders quartered themselves upon a single family in the town of Woodbridge, demanding breakfast and supper. The cowardly plunderers usurped the seats of the family at table, forced them to wait upon them, and not content with this indignity, drank or stole twenty gallons of rum, five gallons of brandy, and a barrel of cider which the goodman of the house had stored in his cellar in brighter days; and when they departed they robbed his wife of her store of stockings and the blaukets from her beds, and drove off his three cows and his "fine eight-year-old mare."

Some of the affidavits annexed to these inventories afford us familiar glimpses of the people of that period, their personal characteristics, their vicissitudes, and the straits to which they were reduced, and present sharply outlined pictures of the dismay that attended the inroads of the enemy. One of the plundered patriots testified that he was away from home at the time, and on his return he "found his wife in great distress, who is since dead, and who told this deponent that about forty Hessians had the night before quartered in their house, and had gone away very early in the morning, which was December 7, 1776, and that all her bedding and sundry other things had been plundered and taken away by them." Another prominent and wealthy patriot, a merchant named John Dennis, had distributed a large part of his property among various persons in New Brunswick and the adjacent country, in the hope that it might escape the notice of the enemy. Among other things he sent "sundry trunks, barrels, etc.," containing valuable goods, to the farm-houses of some friends in Piscataway, who secreted a part of them in their cellars and barns, and a part they buried beneath a stack of buckwheat; but the enemy, guided by some sure intelligence, discovered and conveyed away or destroyed the whole. This gentleman presented ten different inventories of as many different lots of valuables, amounting to a large sum in the aggregate, which had been distributed in different places, and all of which were plundered. Among his other losses were several sloops and schooners, one of which, the *General Lee*, was taken by the British, and her master "was compelled to carry her to New York." Mr. Dennis's affidavit concerning this vessel contains a touch of grim humor, and is as follows: "John Dennis declareth on oath that the above schooner was taken by the Enemy and their Adherents, and that he this deponent saw said schooner in the hands of the Enemy, in

Perth Amboy harbour, when he was put on board a boat as a prisoner to be conveyed to the Provost Gaol in New York. He further declareth that he never hath received one farthing as a recompense for no part of the same, excepting one year's close confinement in a loathsome Gaol, and further saith not."

The march of the British through Woodbridge and Piscataway to New Brunswick in November, 1776, and on their retreat through both to Perth Amboy in June, 1777, was marked by devastated and burned dwellings and other buildings, two hundred and forty-four persons having been plundered, and forty houses, mills, barns, etc., burned in Woodbridge, and one hundred and thirty-one persons plundered and thirty-one buildings burned in Piscataway. The affidavits accompanying the inventories fairly place us in the light of these burning houses. Thus Thomas Edgar bears witness "that on or about the last of June, 1777, he saw the house late of Samuel Parker as above mentioned, in flames, a-burning, immediately after the enemy passed it, and that he verily believes they set it on fire." Hiram Frazee testifies "that he saw the house of Thomas Force on fire, and see at the same time a number of people at the said house, which he took to be British troops, as they then [November, 1776] was a-passing along the road." And, again, Phineas Randolph testifies that in December, 1776, he saw "the new, two-story, well-finished house of Justus Dunn a-burning, and at the same time a number of the enemy around it, and have good reason to believe they set it on fire and burnt it." Numerous instances of this kind might be cited, but these will suffice. One notable fact runs through them all, namely, that those whose property was the most ruthlessly pillaged or devastated were the most confirmed and active patriots.

The plundering of their horses and cattle entailed heavy losses upon the men of "Seventy-six," the number carried away or killed within the limits of the single county of Middlesex having been over 1800; and the affidavits accompanying the inventories show that in many cases this particular business was inspired or conducted by refugees and Tories, who knew where to lay their hands on the most valuable and serviceable animals, and who could thus wreak their revenge or retaliate their wrongs on their old neighbors and acquaintances. The enormous destruction of fencing and of growing or gathered crops was another serious item. In numerous cases not a panel of fence was left standing, and every rail and post was consumed for fuel by the pickets and outlying parties of the enemy, while the entire crop of grain and hay was carried off, fruit trees and orchards were hacked down, the woodland was ravaged, and the thriftiest

farms were converted into a ruin of desolation, some of the latter having been revisited and plundered six or eight times. To add to the indignities that were heaped upon them, the people were often "pressed" by the British into the work of carting away the property and valuables of their neighbors, and many were taken captive, and, together with their horses, were held to ransom by the enemy.

A very clear view is afforded by these inventories of the honest exactitude of the men of that period; and, as we have before remarked, their infinity of details furnishes a faithful illustration of the social surroundings, the dress, food, and the household goods, the elegances, conveniences, and necessities, the implements and ornaments and the manner of life, of those times. A few examples of the most curious of these, selected from among more than two hundred whose losses are noteworthy for some peculiarity, are herewith presented:

Thus Moses Bloomfield, of Woodbridge, who was a private soldier in the New Jersey militia, was plundered on five different occasions, and among his losses he recounts "32 shirts, part homespun and part bought linen," together with "2 pair of silver knee-buckles, a silver stock-buckle, and 3 large new silver spoons." Cornelius Baker, of the same place, chronicles the loss of "a new pair of velvet breeches, three large silver shoe-buckles and one silver knee-buckle, forty gallons of rum, brandy, and gin, and £10 in cash, the greatest part hard." Isaac Cotheal, another Woodbridge patriot, was not only carried off himself, together with his "negro boy, 12 years of age," but the marauders stole his silver watch, which he declares was "good and cost £8.10," and, in addition, a "new pare of Leather Britches and 6 pare of Ankeen and Drilling ditto, new; a dozen new shirts, a dozen pare of stockings, and 6 Wastcoats of Ankeen and Striped Silk, good." John Chamberlain, of Windsor (a township in which Princeton was situate), is one of the very few who are dignified in these old inventories by the title "esquire." Nevertheless he was only a private in the Middlesex militia. He was twice plundered, the first time of "cash and a watch," and the second time of "£1000 Continental money (appraised at £15.13.4), 3 Silver Shoe Buckles and 3 do. Stock do., $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen Teaspoons and 3 pair of silver Sleeve buttons," besides "1 Gun and Bayonet, 1 pound of powder, and 1 or 2 pounds of shot and 2 powder horns," and "21 Shirts." Perhaps this last item caused him to rank with the squirearchy of the day. John Conger, of Woodbridge, another private in the Middlesex militia, is another of those marked by the rare title "esquire," although there is no evidence in the book of inventories that he had ever been the possessor of as many

shirts as his brother patriot Chamberlain. He was, however, a well-to-do person, and had stored in his cellar "4 Hogsheads of Cider, $\frac{1}{2}$ Pipe Madeira Wine, 10 Gallons Brandy, 7 Gallons Jamaica Spirits, $\frac{1}{2}$ Barrel of Cherry Rum, and $\frac{1}{2}$ of a Barrel of Porter." These were sufficient, perhaps, to entitle him to rank as an "esquire," unless he derived the title from the exercise of the then dignified and eminently respectable calling of an innkeeper. Be this as it may, the enemy imbibed or carried away his liquors, and then gave evidence of their potency by destroying his barn, damaging his house, tearing down and burning the fencing around his garden and farm, and finally by smashing "50 panes of glass" in his windows. Benjamin Dunn, of Piscataway, another patriotic private, was a very heavy loser, his inventory footing up over £700. Besides his horses, many head of cattle, and a great store of grain and hay carried off, "650 Trees and Saplings cut down, 200 acres of land mowed and pastured, Firewood cut and drawn for 2 large fires and one small one for 5 months, and 5378 rails and stakes destroyed," he recounts the loss of "1 Stout Negro Man 30 years of age £100, 1 Large Looking Glass 3 by 2 feet broke £8," his "gun, cartouch box, bayonet, and 3 cutlasses," and his valuable library consisting of "2 Books—Salman's Gazetteer and Harry." Jonathan Deare, of Princeton, a lieutenant-colonel and a prominent lawyer, suffered a full sweep of his household goods, orchards, and cellars. Among the former were a "number of Law and other books value of £40," and among the latter "one hamper of wine in bottles, 6 dozen," evincing that his pillagers were of a studious as well as of a convivial turn of mind. John Platt, of Woodbridge, was very thoroughly despoiled, special attention having been paid by the enemy to his store of women's clothing and bedding. Amidst a multitude of caps, aprons, gowns, and other articles of female wear, he laments the loss of "one pair of stays, as good as new," and of "one common Bible, one good Rifle, and a Bullet-mould"—an odd admixture of weapons spiritual and carnal. William French, of Piscataway, was a Middlesex militia-man, and was completely "cleaned out." The enemy burned his two dwelling-houses, store-house, barn, and smoke-house, carried off his horses, cattle, sheep, wagons, sleds, pleasure sleds, grain, and hay, and robbed him of his household goods and farming utensils. From the massive character of many of the articles in his inventory, which could have proved only useless impediments to the marauders, it is inferred that they must have been wantonly consumed with his buildings. Of this character was that favorite article of furniture with our ancestors in the Middle States, "three Cupboards of Dutch make, equal to new." In this inventory were also "three

swords and one gun and bayonet good," and "three Bibles, one large dutch, y^e other English worth £2.11.6"—so that this patriot had a Bible for each sword, and was doubtless equally a man of prayer and of war. Henry Guest, of New Brunswick, was a tanner, and was effectually carried by the enemy. In his inventory is an item of "122 Slaughter Hides from Fort Lee," which just afterward capitulated to the British. This item revives the recollection of an incident of the Revolution which I have heard related by my grandfather. The British had erected a fort on the east bank of the Raritan, opposite New Brunswick, hard by the county bridge, which overlooked and commanded the town. From this fort they were expecting the approach of a body of American troops by way of the road from Trenton and Princeton, and were vigilantly on the look-out. One night Mr. Guest, whose tannery was on the extreme westerly bounds of the town, at the intersection of what is now Livingston Avenue and New Street, put out a large number of hides to dry—possibly the identical ones above named—hanging them on his fences. When the sun rose next morning, the British mistook these hides for the long-expected "rebels," and opened a brisk cannonade across the river upon them. But the fire made no impression on the foe, who held their position with the greatest firmness and good order. No British veterans were more unflinching than they, and the matter began to wear a serious aspect. It was not until spy-glasses were brought to bear upon them that it was discovered they had been spending the fire of their batteries for several hours upon a lot of "recreant" skins. When this was ascertained there was a sudden cessation of hostilities, and the joke becoming widely known, caused great merriment at the expense of the "red-coats" among all good patriots in the town.

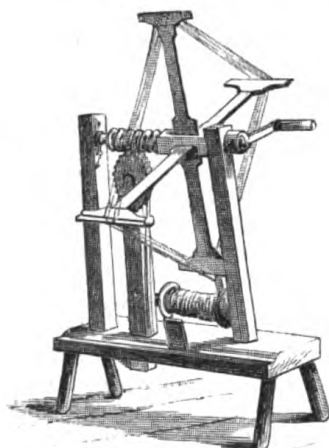
The inventory of David Harriott, a private in the Middlesex militia, who was literally stripped by the enemy in November, 1776, gives us a glimpse of the household finery of some of the substantial men who made up the patriot army. Among the innumerable articles belonging to him which they appropriated were a "Set of Homespun curtains wove with damask flowers, one ditto of White in large damask flowers, and one ditto of double dimons." Also an abundant store of napkins, quilts, bed-spreads, sheets, "large flowered damask table-cloths," and sundry linen articles. They plundered his wife of her "long gowns" and "short gowns;" of her "shifts of 5-hundred linen;" of her "petticoats, one of them flannel besides one of damask, new;" of her "handkerchiefs of lawn, gauze, and silk;" of her "aprons of new flowered lawn, striped muslin, fine linen, and homespun;" of her "eight caps of cambric and lawn all new;" and even of "two

diaper bibs for a child." Finally, they stole his boots, his "broad cloth coat," his "velvet Jacket and breeches," and other "unmentionables" innumerable; besides "Cash £6.4.0, his silver teaspoons, silver stock-buckle, and silver sleeve buttons." They smashed his windows and doors, tore up his floors, broke down his partitions, destroyed his grain and fencing, ran off his cattle, and did not leave him so much as a bed, a piggin, a trammel, or a gridiron. John Hampton, an ensign in the patriot army, was another heavy sufferer. Apparently he also was an innkeeper, since among his losses were "60 Galls. Spirits, 40 Galls. Rum, 30 ditto Cherry Rum, 30 ditto Brandy, 15 ditto Cherry Brandy, 60 ditto Madeira Wine, 40 ditto Teneriffe Wine, 40 ditto Country Gin, and 200 pounds of Tobacco." Jacob Hyer, of Princeton, was a colonel, and must also have been either an innkeeper or a fine old gentleman of the olden time, for he notes (and if he were an innkeeper doubtless his guests sorely bemoaned) the loss of "60 Galls. Madeira Wine, 65 ditto Best Claret, 8 Barrels of Hores Best Porter, 30 Galls. Cherry Whiskey, 6 Groce Black Bottles, and 20 Gin Cases and flasks," besides spits, saucepans, bake-ovens, etc., innumerable. Among his multitudinous losses were "5 fluted brass candlesticks, best kind, 2 pair comon ditto, 1 Dozen Iron ditto, and 10 pair of Snuffers, 11 feather beds with bolsters and pillows, 6 pair new slippers," and a great variety of other things betokening a well-to-do and amply furnished household. The enemy left him literally nothing, carrying away even his "Iron Chain for Smoke Jack," and the trammels appertaining. Colonel Hyer seems to have exercised a care for the outer as well as inner man, and was probably a hatter as well as a landlord and a soldier, there being recited among his losses "50 pounds of hatter's wool, carded, 14 Caster and 20 Wool Hats, and a new hat press." The Martin family, in Piscataway, had nineteen of their number in the patriot army, and twenty of that name were more or less severely pillaged. One of them, named William, was the greatest sufferer, having been visited five times by the enemy between February, 1777, and April, 1781. Each time they carried off two or three horses, besides, at their several calls, "7 Geese, 10 fowls, 4 ducks, 3 Guinea fowls, 55 sheep and lambs, and 8 Cows." He makes mournful mention in one entry of two of the luxuries of which he had been rifled, namely, "6 pounds of Tobacco, and 6 pounds of sashes." Another of the Martins records the loss of "one pair of Everlasting Breeches;" and still another, John, laments the loss of his literary collection, consisting of "one Book called the London Art, seventeen shillings and sixpence." John Noe, a neighbor of the Martins, was only a private, but was as ruthlessly harried as if he had been a brigadier.

The British pillaged him on twelve different occasions, taking John himself away at one of their visits, together with every article of clothing belonging to himself or his family, and "One Negro Man named Fenox [query, Phoenix?], aged 30 years, £80."

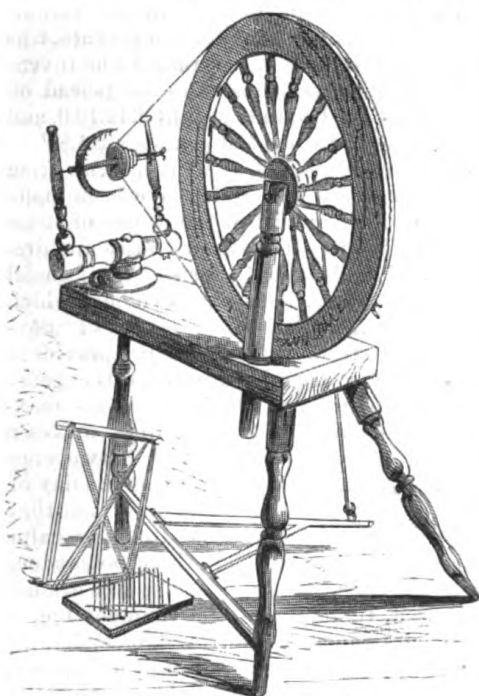
Samuel Parker, of Woodbridge, was a printer, as was also his father, James Parker, who printed the *Votes and Proceedings of Assembly* from 1768, and perhaps earlier, until 1770. Samuel's widow presented an inventory, one of the items of which is "Part of a printing office and various articles of furniture for the same £25." His "dwelling-house, well furnished," was burned, and a number of things of unusual elegance for the period were destroyed or stolen, among them being "one large Silver Bowl would hold two quarts £20, 1 large Silver Tankard £20, 1 pair of gold sleeve buttons fifteen shillings, 1 ditto garnet ring twenty shillings, 1 Silver Nitten Sheath five shillings, and 1 Silver Whistle for a child to play with seven shillings and sixpence." Thomson Stelle, of Piscataway, was a captain and paymaster of the Middlesex militia. Among other articles, he was robbed of his horses, one of which he describes as a "half-blooded Mare with foal by true Britain £37.10.0." His house was thoroughly plundered, the marauding party which visited him evincing a truly catholic taste, and stickling at nothing from an ox chain to "two pair of leather breeches, one of them half worn." Some of their number must have been addicted to literary pursuits also, as they carried away Mr. Stelle's library, which consisted of "Phillipses Dictionary, Harris Ditto in 2 volumes, and 1 Bound Book of New Jersey Laws." His neighbor, Samuel Walker, a private, was apparently in the tobacco trade, as he inventories among his losses "One Hogshead of Tobacco of 1000 pounds weight £12.10.0, and One Barrel Cut ditto 100 pounds £2.1.8."

An examination of the inventories from which these few selections have been made places us in the midst of the people of those times, introduces us to their houses and fire-sides, and enables us to inspect their social life and manners. From the evidence which they afford it is plain that the men of "Seventy-six" were substantial, thrifty, provident housekeepers, frugal, careful in the sense that Martha was, and believers in the maxims then current—"Many a little makes a meikle," and "A penny saved is twopence clear." As to wealth, theirs was the day of small things, and the solicitude which they showed for articles of little intrinsic value was due to the fact that their possessions were largely composed of such. We are not surprised, therefore, at the frequent record of articles damaged, destroyed, or stolen the worth of which was measured by a sixpence, a ninepence, or a shilling. A paper of pins, a delf bowl, or a pewter dish or platter

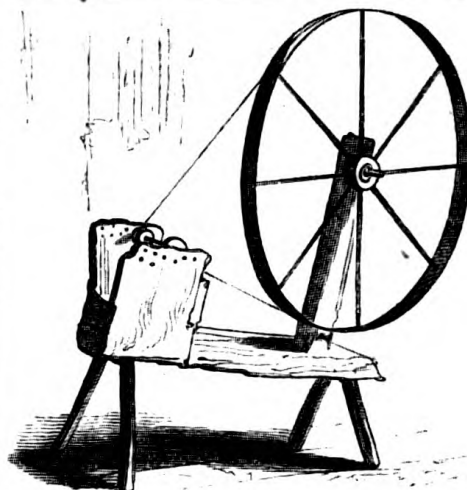


KNOT REEL.

was a prime necessary not easily replaced, the want of which we can not duly estimate in our day of lavish and cheap comforts and conveniences. Still a silver thread of honesty and simple integrity runs conspicuously through all the tokens of their provident solicitude. This is apparent in their precise characterization of their several losses, and their evident desire that while they should be appraised at their full worth, they should not be estimated above their value. Hence the frequent recurrence of such qualifying phrases as "new," "most new," "nearly new;" "half worn," "three-quarters worn," "part worn," "little worn," and "much worn;" "the worse for wear," "but little the worse for wear," and "none the worse



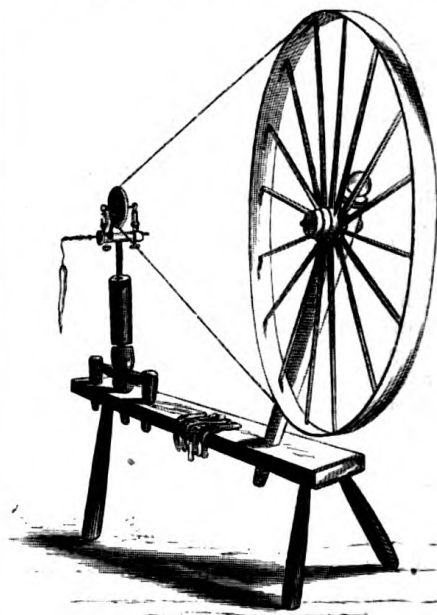
WHEEL, CARD, AND REEL.



WOOL WHEEL.

for wear," etc. If a horse or cow was "valuable," they said so; if old or of inferior value, they frankly stated the fact. Nowhere can any purpose be discerned to trick a bargain at the public expense; but their aim seems to have been to exhibit the exact loss they had suffered, and to secure that they should be made whole—no more, no less. Their careful exactitude and honest truthfulness are marked features of all these inventories, and are in refreshing contrast with the unscrupulous disregard of those virtues which signalize kindred documents of our own times.

These inventories reveal that the men of "Seventy-six" were liberal providers, so far as the creature comforts, food and drink and clothing, were concerned. Barrels of pork and beef, "sides" of beef, "flitches" and "sides" of bacon, carcasses of venison



WOOL WHEEL.

and mutton, and dozens of "gammons" and "shoulders" frequently appear as items, in quantities of which we have no experience in these days of abundant shops and markets. The great number of roasting pigs, fowls, turkeys, and geese which are shown to have been pillaged by the British on their advent into New Jersey in November and December, 1776, indicates not only the lavish supply of these that was maintained by our ancestors, but also that they must have been put on short allowance for their Christmas and New-Year dinners in that calamitous year. Besides the meats already mentioned they had pickled and smoked beef and pork, veal, sausages, wild fowl in abundance, and luscious tidbits of 'coon and bear. Shad and herring were plentiful in their season, and were "laid down" by the barrel and even hogshead for winter use. Every household was supplied with butter, lard, molasses, sugar, and honey—the last-mentioned being so common that almost every farmer had his hive or more of bees. Wheat, rye, buckwheat, Indian corn, potatoes, beans, turnips, and beets abounded; and there was a great wealth of apples, cherries, peaches, plums, and pears. For beverages they had tea, coffee, cocoa, and chocolate; also cider and metheglin—the former by the barrel, and even by one, two, and ten hogsheads, and the latter by the keg or barrel; while for those who were not content with these there were brandy, cider spirits, gin, whisky, and rum in all their varieties, anise-seed cordial, cherry-brandy, and wines of all kinds. Nearly every gentleman had in his cellar a liberal supply of these, wine especially being stored by the barrel, or in cases, each containing six or twelve long and high-backed flasks. Tobacco and snuff, too, were in general use, the last-named being greatly affected by the gentry. Tobacco was smoked in pipes or chewed, but was not manufactured into cigars—not a solitary instance appearing in all these inventories of a cigar forming any part of the losses sustained.

The people of those times were respectably clad. Their store of clothing was abundant, many of the fabrics used were elegant, and the fashion of their dress was frequently very stately. Pantaloon were not yet in vogue, but instead there were breeches of leather, buckskin, worsted, homespun, stockinet, black and brown broadcloth, plush, and velvet for winter; and for summer of linen, cotton, nankeen, white dimity, and drilling. Dress-coats, surtouts, and great-coats were made of bear-skin, buckskin, homespun, denim, wilton, broadcloth, velvet, and sagathy (a kind of serge); and cloaks of camlet, broadcloth, and kersey. Their vests were of linen, twilled cotton, diaper, white dimity, serge, broadcloth, and velvet; their gloves of leather and yarn; their hats of felt, castor, and velvet; their shirts of linen,

cotton, homespun, and tow; their stockings of woolen, cotton, and linen. For boots and shoes almost every householder had in his house whole dressed calf-skins and sides of sole and other leather. Such were the materials of which the garments of the men of "Seventy-six" were made; and they bespeak comfort in every case, and dignified respectability in most.

The apparel of the ladies was still more varied, and exhibits their characteristic love of gay colors and delicate fabrics. The assortment presented in these old inventories is fairly bewildering. Judging by them, the ladies of those days must all have considered caps and aprons indispensable to their toilets, the humblest among them having been the possessors of an indefinite number of each, the former having been made for the most part of cambric, taffeta, millinet, gauze, and linen, and the latter of lawn, holland-linen, taffeta, muslin, millinet, down through the gamut to check, homespun, and tow. Their hats, bonnets, and hoods were of beaver, satin, and bright-colored silks and velvets; their cloaks of worsted, broadcloth, camlet, gay-colored silks, white and black satin, purple and black and blue velvet, and especially of brilliant scarlet flannel or cloth. Their dresses were formed of an endless variety of materials. The common short gown, which seems to have been generally affected when they were not in full toilet, was of kersey, holland-linen, worsted, wilton, calamanco (a stuff resembling prunella), check, homespun, and linsey-woolsey. Their long gowns were of check, striped cotton, worsted, striped homespun, calico, "boughten" calico, muslin, chintz, outside chintz lined with calico, white holland, blue and striped holland, black and blue durant (the fabric known as "everlasting"), grosset, bombazine, blue and black russel (a species of linsey-woolsey), moreen, poplin, French tabby, velvet, and of lutestring, white, crimson, and other colored silks and satins. For the hands they wore gloves of thread, knit stuffs, silk, and leather; their stockings were of thread, cotton, muslin, yarn, linen, worsted, and silk; and their shoes were of cloth, prunella, calamanco, leather, and silk. Shawls were of cloth, cashmere, and taffeta; handkerchiefs and kerchiefs abounded in their wardrobes, and were of linen, cambric, taffeta, muslin, gauze, and Barcelona and other thin silks. Of shifts and petticoats their supply was nearly inexhaustible, some ladies recounting the loss of twelve, fifteen, and twenty of each, the former having been constructed of homespun and muslin, but chiefly of fine five and six hundred linen, and the latter of linsey, tow, flannel, kersey, dimity, bombazine, and calamanco.

Equally abundant, various, and serviceable were the articles of household wear of our Revolutionary ancestors. The bed and



HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

all that appertained to it were the pride of the mistress of the house. It was almost invariably of sweet, soft, and downy feathers; its sheets were of fine "homespun," or "five or six hundred linen;" the bed-spreads were mainly of calico, chintz, and "blue-and-white stuff;" the quilts of calico, calamanco, black and blue durant, "green and blue persian," and lutestring; the blankets and rugs of "spotted woolen" and flannel; and the towering posts at either corner of the bed were garnished with snowy curtains of dimity, or with warmer-colored ones of damask, calico, chintz, diaper, "blue-and-white stuff," "homespun striped and wove with damask flowers," and silk. For table use they had napkins of linen and table-cloths of diaper, "diaper-wove huckaback," kersey, and "damask plain and flowered."

The household goods and furniture of those simple times were in strong contrast with those now in use. China was as rare as gold, and as highly prized, most commonly three china cups and saucers comprising the entire outfit of a respectable family, though the number rose sometimes to six, but seldom to a dozen. Cups and saucers and bowls were usually of delf or "queen's-ware." Plates were equally seldom of china, but, to-

gether with servers, dishes, platters, spoons, tea and coffee pots, and tankards, were of pewter, brilliantly polished, and rivaling the richest silver in lustre. Pewter and copper were the ornamental, and iron, then as now, was the serviceable metal. Of the two former were made basins, ewers, mugs, porringers, ladles, and tea and coffee kettles. There was little glass-ware in use, and the few "jelly-glasses," "half-pint and gill glasses," salt-cellars, punch goblets, and tumblers of glass which are enumerated were considered unusual elegancies. Clocks and looking-glasses embellished the houses of the wealthy and genteel, and the size of the latter corresponded with the degree of its own-

er's social standing. Stoves were not in general use, and coal was unknown except for blacksmithing purposes; wood, charcoal, and turf were the only fuel. Wood was just beginning to be burned in "franklins," but generally was used in fire-places, which were provided with dogs and andirons, and in kitchens were huge caverns, garnished with a forest of chains, pot-hooks, and trammels, swinging on iron cranes or "smoke-jacks" over fires that were fed by great logs from four to six feet in length.

The articles of furniture in the ante-Revolutionary households were not numerous. Mahogany was the most costly and aristocratic material; and of it were made their choice chairs, straight and high backed, bedsteads, chests, drawers, stands, tables, and buffets. Few families were without a "dresser" and a "corner cupboard," and the wealthier ones adorned their houses with the stately "Dutch cupboard," made of costly wood, often imported from abroad, and almost capacious enough for a town-meeting. The ordinary furniture of the houses was usually made of bilsted, gnm, pine, walnut, cherry, or red cedar. This last was the favorite, and was applied to every possible use—for pails, tubs, piggins, lye-casks, ta-



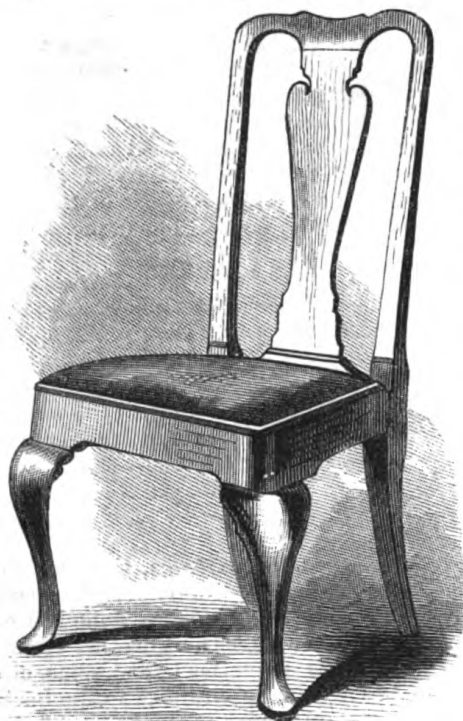
PUNCH GOBLET.

bles, stands, cupboards, slawbanks,* churns; and, because of its fragrant odor, as well as from the belief that it was never infested with vermin, was especially appropriated to bureaus, clothes-presses, and linen chests. If few families were without a cupboard, as few were without the large and small wheel for spinning wool, linen, cotton, and homespun, together with the loom for weaving cloth for the various needs of the household. These are rarely absent from any extended inventory.

The men and women of the Revolution had few books, but what they had they valued highly, and mastered thoroughly. Out of the six or seven hundred persons whose losses are inventoried in the old volume from which the above facts have been drawn, only forty-three presented any claims for books that were pillaged or destroyed. This may be due in part to the fact that the British and Hessian marauders attached slight value to books, especially the kind which formed the literary treasures of our ancestors, or that they found them too cumbersome to carry off. The most probable reason, however, was that books were as rare as rubies, and were possessed by a few only. Wherever there were collections of books, a Bible or a psalm-book was almost invariably found in the number, and, indeed, frequently constituted the entire library. As a matter of literary curiosity, the titles of all the books mentioned in the old inventory are here

* A "slawbank" or "slabank" was an indispensable article to every housekeeper in olden times. The name is derived from the Dutch *sloap bank*, or sleeping bench. It was sometimes constructed in the shape of a cupboard, with closing doors, and contained a bed. More commonly it was a box holding the bedding, and was attached to the wall by strap hinges. By day, to economize room, it was folded up against the wall, and at night was let down to the floor to serve as a bed. Occasionally it took the shape of a bench or sofa to sit on during the day, opening by hinges to form a bed at night.

given as recorded, *verbatim*, the quotation marks indicating the library of each separate owner: "One Bound Book of John Milton's Works;" "Two Bibles and 10 other Books;" "One Bible, 1 hymn-book, and some other books;" "1 Small new Bible, 1 Psalm Book;" "The Whole Volumes of the Spectator, Barket on the New Testament;" "2 Bibles and 1 new Dictionary;" "1 Small Bible;" "1 Bible and some other Books;" "1 Book bound with Silver and Silver Clasps and a Silver Chain;" "1 Bible, 2 Sermon books, 1 large;" "2 Common bibles, 1 Testament, 1 psalm book;" "2 Books—Salman's Gazetteer and Harry;" "1 Bible and Sermon Book;" "A number of Law and other books value of £40;" "Several fine books;" "1 Common Bible;" "1 Small Bible, 1 psalm book, and 3 other books;" "3 bibles, 1 large dutch, y^e other English;" "1 Large note-book, 1 Testament, and 1 Spelling Book;" "2 Volumes of Laws Bound;" "1 dutch Bible Silver Mounted;" "1 large chest of Valuable Books of different kinds;" "1 large new Bible;" "1 new Bible;" "Several Valuable books;" "1 Book call^d the London Art;" "1 Case of Books worth £60;" "1 Bible, 2 Small Books;" "1 Very Elegant Bible 4^{to};" "1 Large Bible;" "Considerable part of my Library which contained upwards of 150 Volumes;" "1 Small Bible;" "Phillipses Dictionary, Harris Do. in 2 Vols., 1 Bound Book of New Jersey Laws;" "1 Bible;" "1 Bible, 1 Testament and Spelling Book;" "2 dutch books, 1 day^s psalms y^e other a prayer;" "1 Sclait, 1 Small bible, 1 book y^e y^s mans Com^s, 1 Psalter and Psalm book;" "2 English Bibles, 5 Testaments and 1 Psalm Book, a large quantity of other books;" "1 Psalm book with Silver hooks and clasps;" "1 large Dutch Bible, 1 Testament Silver Bound, Harris's Travels, Builder's Diction^y 2 Vols.;" "A parcel of dutch and English Books;" "5 maps of 4 Quarters of World and Globe;" "1 Bible."



PARLOR CHAIR OF MAHOGANY.

The precious metals, and articles for ornament or use made of them, were as scarce as books. Silver tea-spoons were very rare, and our "Record" shows that not more than three or six were possessed by substantial farmers or mechanics, and very commonly they could boast of one only. Silver table-spoons were yet rarer; it was seldom that even the wealthy owned them or any other household article of that precious metal. Occasionally, however, we find families who counted among their valuables such heir-looms as a huge "Tankard," or a "Quart Bowl," or a "Pint Mug," or salt-cellar of silver. In one instance a "Silver Salver weighing 59½ ounces" is mentioned, and a "dozen Silver-handled knives and forks." Silver knee-buckles, shoe-buckles, and stock-buckles were largely worn by our ancestors when arrayed in their best breeches of broad-cloth, plush, nankeen, or velvet; as also silver vest and breeches buttons. Sleeve-buttons of gold and silver adorned their shirts, and often had lockets attached containing relics or miniatures. Watches and snuff-boxes of gold or silver formed an essential part of every well-bred gentleman's outfit, and the ladies wore finger and ear rings of gold, chains of gold with pendent trinkets and lockets, and in some cases necklaces, solitaires, stars, and other ornaments of garnet and gold, or gold and brilliants. But beyond the ownership of a plain gold ring these were rare and exceptional cases.

The modes of locomotion were widely different in those days from those with which

we are familiar. There were no turnpikes nor macadamized roads or railways. The travel was tedious, and the country roads were few and rugged. Journeys were mostly undertaken on horseback, and it was thus the men and women went to church, to mill, to market, and to town. Side-saddles and riding coats and habits for women were, therefore, in universal use. The vehicles, outside of the lumbering heavy wagon, were riding-chairs, chaises, and gigs, the bodies sunk down between high wheels and swung on wooden springs which were a prolongation of the shafts or thills. In the winter sleds were used as now; and besides these nearly every one had his pleasure sleigh for family use. It must have been a picturesque sight to see these when laden with ladies clad in their many-colored silks, satins, and velvets; and especially pleasant must have been the contrast of their brilliant scarlet cloaks and hoods with the snow-white mantle which covered the earth.

The men of "Seventy-six" studied brevity. This is apparent in all their manuscript writings, not so much perhaps in the expression of their ideas as in their use of words. Their abbreviations were numerous, and perplexing from their peculiarity, and some of them require almost as much patience for their interpretation as a cuneiform inscription. These were not confined to particular or much-used technical words or terminals, but were applied indiscriminately. "The" was abbreviated to "y^e," "your" to "y^r," "that" to "y^t," "companion" to "comp^a," "hundred" to "hn^d," "young" to "y^s," "Fitz" to "F^z," and so on indefinitely. When two consonants came together one was often dropped, and a circumflex was used to denote the elision. Thus "wagon," according to the established usage of those days, was correctly spelled with two g's, and when spelled with one only the writer signified that he *knew* better by placing a circumflex over it. So also with such words as "common," "trammel," "cellar," "pillow," "committee,"



BIBLE AND IRON SPECS.

etc., one of the doublets was often dropped, and its absence denoted by the circumflex. The use of capitals was also very peculiar, and yet systematic in its peculiarity. The most significant or emphatic words, such as a writer of that day describes as "the more eminent Words in a Sentence," were almost invariably capitalized, as also were all such as derived a certain gravity or solemnity from their legal, religious, moral, or other associations, and "Names of Arts, Sciences, and Trades." In this, however, they followed a usage which had long prevailed among good writers in the mother country, and which continued here some years after it had become obsolete there. As an illustration of their style, I am tempted to note some very odd collocations which occur in these old inventories, in which the most incongruous things are jumbled into strange companionship. They will provoke a smile by their quaint simplicity. For instance, among the entries are such as these: "Two fine white shirts and a pepper mill," "fifteen pounds of butter and pot and six shifts," "one pillow case with seven pounds of sugar," "one silk camlet vest and two pewter plates," "twenty four pounds of cheese and one pair of common gloves," "one large hog and one good tea-kettle," "one tankard and one pair of new sheets," "one large Bible and one new silk bonnet," "one pair of striped trowsers and one pewter teapot," "one looking-glass, one Bible, one handsaw, and twenty five fowls," "one heifer three years old and two new shirts," "one cradle and a large bake trough," "one good bedstead and sixteen bushels of turnips," "one new fine shirt and one sheep," "one tea-kettle and grindstone," "sett of Chaney and good Bible," "one English Bible and one smoothing iron," "one musket and one mare seven years old," "one yearling calf and one iron pot," "one psalm book and two bushels hard salt."

It is impossible to make a cursory examination of these inventories without being impressed by the great number of guns that were in the possession of the men of that day. The great abundance of deer, bears, foxes, wolves, and other wild animals does not entirely account for this. In New Jersey their universal distribution was largely due to the policy of the original "proprietors" to whom the colony was granted, and who made the ownership of a musket and suitable ammunition one of the conditions of their patents of land to settlers. In order that the "planting of the province may be more speedily promoted," they stipulated to grant land on the following terms: "Unto all persons who had already adventured to the province, or who shall transport themselves or servants before January 1, 1665, to every Freeman who shall go with the first

Governor.....armed with a good Musket, bore twelve bullets to the pound, with ten pounds of Powder and 20 pounds of Bullets, with Bandeliers and Match convenient..... 150 acres; and for every able servant that he shall carry with him, armed and provided as aforesaid, 150 acres." The same stipulations were extended to those who should go in two successive years thereafter; and the policy was kept up by the proprietors to a much later date. Whatever was the cause of the general supply which existed in 1776, it was most fortunate for our ancestors and their cause, since all the soldiers in the Revolutionary armies were required to furnish themselves with arms—the resolution of the Continental Congress being, "that each of the privates be allowed, instead of a bounty, one felt hat, a pair of yarn stockings, and a pair of shoes: the men to find their own arms."

The study of our ancestors of the Revolutionary period which these old inventories have invited has been a brief but tolerably close one, and the glimpses of their social condition which we have been enabled to steal have been minute. We have crossed their thresholds and inspected the interiors of their households—their parlors, kitchens, cellars, and wardrobes. We have passed in review their comforts, their few elegancies and luxuries, and have been made familiar with the simple things that made up the sum of their common necessities. Their food, raiment, and furniture have been exhibited to us, and have afforded suggestive glimpses of their manners, customs, and peculiarities. We have been witnesses of their prevalent thrift and substantial well-being at the opening of the war, and of the privations they endured and the indignity and outrage to which they were subjected when the British soldiery occupied their farms, villages, and towns, and burned or devastated their crops and dwellings. Their patient endurance, their zealous patriotism, their unconquerable devotion, their thrift, frugality, simplicity, rectitude, and fortitude, have arrested our attention and extorted our admiration. And the result has been to lift these men to a higher level. In all the qualities which contribute to genuine manhood and to enduring national character they were rich beyond any precedent; and they remain at this day the best models for our imitation in those solid and unobtrusive virtues which make a people vigorous and great. Their entire record may be scanned with reverential pride by those who are the inheritors of the liberty for which they toiled. May their memory remain green and their example influential among us as long as freedom is worth privations, sacrifices, suffering, wounds, and death!

MY MOTHER AND I.

A Love-Story for Girls.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



CHAPTER XIII.

"SLEEPING for sorrow." Some people know what that is, especially when they are young; they know, also, how terrible is the waking.

About midnight I had thrown myself on the bed in my clothes. Just before dawn a twittering swallow outside woke me, shivering with cold, wondering where I was, and why I was still dressed. Then the whole truth poured upon me like a flood.

After a while I gathered strength and confidence enough to get up and listen. All was quiet in the next room, dead quiet. Even the faint, slow stirring of the fire, the last sound I had caught before falling asleep, had ceased. Who was there? What was happening? I opened my door noiselessly—the other door stood ajar, so that I could look in. Every thing was half dark; the fire had dropped into red embers; the nurse sat beside it, asleep in her chair. The bed I could not see, but I heard from it faint breathing, and now and then a slight moan.

Oh, my mother! my mother!

She was saying her prayers—all alone, in the middle of the night, with not a creature to love her or comfort her; sick, dying perhaps—dying without one sight of me. She was saying to herself the words which, she once told me, had been her consolation her whole life through—"Our Father," and "Thy will be done."

My heart felt like to burst. But the self-control which she had tried vainly to teach me, until God taught me in a different way, stood me in good stead now. Hiding behind the door, I succeeded in keeping myself perfectly quiet.

By-and-by she called feebly for "some water to drink," but getting no answer, turned over again with a patient sigh.

What should I do? wake the nurse, or go to my mother myself—I who had been so cruelly shut out from her? But what if, as they said, I did her harm? I had had no experience whatever of sickness or sick-nursing. Suppose at the mere sight of me she should get startled, excited? And then I remembered, almost with relief, that she could not see me. The small-pox had, as often happens, for the time being made her totally blind.

She called again upon the stupid, sleeping nurse—well, poor woman, she had not been to bed for eight nights!—and called in vain. Then I determined to risk it. Stepping stealthily forward, I came beside the bed, and looked at my darling mother. Oh, what a sight!

Once I heard a poor lady say, threatened with heart-complaint, "Thank God, it is a clean disease to die of!" and the horror of so many of those illnesses which we have to fight with and suffer from is that they are just the contrary—so terribly painful both to the sick and those about them. Small-pox is one of these.

My mother had it in a comparatively mild form; that is, the eruption had not extended beyond the face and head. Yet there she lay—she, once so sweet and pure that kissing her was, I sometimes said, like kissing a bunch of violets—one mass of unpleasantness, soreness, and pain.

Wearily she moved her head from side to side, evidently not knowing where to lay it for ease, talking to herself between whiles in a helpless, patient way, "Oh, the long, long night!—Oh, I wish it was morning!—Nurse! nurse! Isn't there any body to give me a drink of water?"

Then I hesitated no more. Ignorant as I was, and half stupid with misery besides, I managed to lift her up in the bed, and hold the glass to her lips with a perfectly steady hand, afterward re-arranging her pillows, and making her, she said, "so comfortable." This I did not once, but several times. Yet she never found me out. She said, "Thank you, nurse," and seemed a little surprised at not being answered; but that was all. Sickness was too heavy upon her to take much

notice of any thing. And then the nursing she had had was mere mechanical doing of what was necessary, not caressingly, not what a daughter's would have been. Poor darling! as she lay back again in her patient darkness, not seeming even to expect any thing—not one soothing word or touch—her poor hands folded themselves in the same meek resignation.

"Pray go to your bed, nurse. I will try to go to sleep again."

I kept silence. It was for her sake, and I did it; but it was one of the hardest things I ever had to do in all my life. Until morning I sat beside my mother, she utterly unconscious of my presence, and I thinking of nothing and nobody but her.

Yes; it was so. The sight of her poor face blotted out entirely every other face—even his. This was the real life—the dream-life was gone. As I sat there, quite quiet now, not even crying silently, as at first I had done, all I said to myself was that vow which another girl made, not to her own mother, only her mother-in-law, "God do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

I think I could have restrained myself, and managed so cleverly that for hours my mother might never have found me out, had not Mrs. Golding suddenly entered the room with a flash of daylight, waking up the nurse, and coming face to face with me as I sat keeping watch in her stead.

"Bless my soul! you here! Go away directly."

I said in a whisper, but with a resolution she could not mistake, "I shall not go away. I have been here half the night. No one shall nurse my mother but me."

Sick people often take things much more quietly than we expect. All things come alike to them; they are surprised at nothing. My mother only said—

"Mrs. Golding, who is it that you want to send away? Who says she has been sitting with me half the night? Was it my child?"

"Yes, mother darling, and you'll let me stay! I'll be such a good nurse—and, I'll never go to sleep at all."

She laughed, a little, low, contented laugh, and put out her hand; then suddenly seemed to recollect herself, and drew it back.

"You ought not to have come—I told you not to come."

"It is too late now, for I have been here, as I said, half the night; and didn't I make you comfortable?"

"Oh, so comfortable! Oh, how glad I am to have my child!"

This was all she said, or I. People do not talk much under such circumstances. Even Mrs. Golding forbore to blame or scold, but stood with the tea-cup in her hand until a large tear dropped into it. Then she gave it up to me, and disappeared.

The nurse followed her, a little vexed perhaps; but they both recovered themselves in time, and allowed me to take my place beside my mother without much opposition. Truly I was, as they said, "a young, ignorant, helpless thing," but they saw I tried to do my best, and it was my right to do it.

So I did it, making a few mistakes, no doubt, out of utter inexperience; but out of carelessness, never. My whole mind was set upon one thing—how I could best take care of my mother. Of those words which, when uttered, had shot through me with such a sense of joy, "Take care of yourself," I never once thought again, or of him who had said them. For the first time in my life I learned the utter absorption of a sick-room—how every thing seems to centre within its four narrow walls, and every thing in the world without seems to fade away and grow dim in the distance. No fear of my forgetting my mother now.

It was very painful sick-nursing, the most painful, I think, I ever knew, and I have known much in my lifetime. The mere physical occupation of it put out every other thought, leaving no single minute for either hopes or fears. To keep stolidly on, doing every thing that could be done, day by day, and hour by hour—that was all. As for dread of infection, or anxiety as to what would happen next, to her or to me, I do not remember even thinking of these things. Except that it was just her and me, my mother and I, as heretofore, shut up together in that one room, with the eye of God looking upon us—we uncertain what it would be His will to do, whether, in any way, either by taking her and leaving me, or healing her and smiting me—I deserved it! oh, how intensely I sometimes felt that I deserved it!—He would part mother and child.

He did it not. She slowly recovered, and by one of those mysterious chances which now and then occur with small-pox, I, though running every danger of it, never took the disease. They all watched me—I could see how they watched me, with a kind of anxious pity that I never felt for myself; but day after day went by, and still I kept perfectly well, able for all that I had to do, never once breaking down either in body or mind. My mother sometimes followed me about the room with a tender content in her eyes.

"I used to wonder what sort of woman my child would grow up—now I know."

We had "turned the tables," she and I; she was weak, I strong. Naturally, illness made her a little restless and querulous; I was always calm. In fact, as I told her, laughing, once, she was the baby, and I the old woman. Yes; that was the greatest change in me—I began to feel so very old.



COUSIN CONRAD PUT HIS HAND A MOMENT LIGHTLY ON MY SHOULDER.—[SEE PAGE 254.]

That did not matter: Heaven had preserved my mother, and me too, though I had taken my life in my hand to save or lose. It was saved. I was kept to fight on and labor on all these years, and at last, I suppose, to be laid in my coffin with the same face which, even to this day, those who love me are pleased to call beautiful.

But my mother's face was changed; though she recovered, and when she really began to mend, more rapidly than any one expected, still the disease left its mark upon her soft cheeks, her pretty neck and throat, round which, when I was quite a big girl, my sleepy hand loved to creep in babyish fashion. The expression of her dear face could not alter, but her complexion, once fresh as a child's, totally faded. When I left her—that day she stood at the door, and watched the carriage drive away—she had still looked

young; when she rose up from her sick-bed, she was almost an elderly woman.

Still, this also did not matter. People do not love their mothers as knights their lady-loves, or husbands their wives, for the sake of their youth and beauty; though I have known of chivalric devotion to a very plain woman, and tender love to a wife both feeble and old. When I got my mother once more down stairs, and had her in my arms safe and sound, warm and alive, I think no lover ever wept over his mistress more passionate, more joyful tears. Her poor faded face counted for nothing. Only to think, as I say, that she was safe and alive!—that I had fought for her with Death, and beaten him—that is, God had given me the victory. For I was so young still, so full of life: I could not accept death, as we afterward learn to do, as coming also from God's hand. The

first day that my mother came down stairs, I sang my jubilate all over the house, and ran about, half laughing, half crying like a child.

Only for one day. Then began the weary time of convalescence, sometimes better, sometimes worse—the reaction of the household from the excitement of a dangerous illness, which is always trying, and apt to leave folks rather cross. Besides, there were all the purifications to begin at once, with us still in the house. Poor Mrs. Golding! she was very good, more especially when we considered she had lost through us her summer lodgers; for it was now June. Yet for them to come in was as impracticable as for my mother and me to turn out.

"We must make it up to her in some way," said my mother, with a sigh, beginning already to trouble herself with domestic and financial anxieties, until she saw that I would not allow it. I threatened her, if she still persisted in considering me a child, incapable of managing any thing, that I would take the law into my own hands, and treat her like a captive princess; bound in silken chains, but firmly bound. At which she laughed and said I was "growing clever," besides tyrannical. But I think when Mrs. Golding assured her I really had some sense, and was managing matters almost as well as she herself could, my mother was rather proud than otherwise.

Other things she also, from the feebleness of illness, seemed to have let slip entirely. She scarcely made a single inquiry about my grandfather, or any of them in Bath. This was well, since it might have hurt her to find out—as I accidentally did—that none of them had sent to inquire, not even to the garden gate. But perhaps, on every account, this was best. And yet I could not choose but think it rather strange.

Gradually we passed out of the mysterious unnatural half life of the sick-room into the full clear daylight of common existence. Then we found out what two changed creatures we were in many respects, but still, ever and always, my mother and I.

We were sitting together in the parlor, that is, I was sitting, busy at work, and she lying idle, as was our way now. I had taken very much to my needle—the girl's dislike, the woman's consolation. The doctor had just been and said our invalid was much better—quite able to see any body, only people were afraid of infection still; and besides there was nobody to come. But he said half the village had inquired for us, and to one person in particular he had had to give, or send, a bulletin every day.

Only after the doctor had gone there darted into my mind the possibility as to who that person was. To let go of one's friends is one thing, but to be forced to feel that they have let you go, in an unkind way, and that you can not think quite so well of them

as you used to do, is another and a much harder trial. As I said my prayers that night, I added, earnestly, "Thank God!"—For what, He knew.

But neither that day nor the next did I let my mind wander one minute from my darling mother, given back to me from the very jaws of the grave. Oh, what a girl can be to a mother—a grown-up girl who is gaining the sense and usefulness of womanhood! And oh, what a mother is to a daughter, who now learns fully to feel her value, and gives her all the devotion of a lover, and all the duty of a child! More especially if no duty is exacted. My mother and I never even mentioned the word. But I loved her—God knows how I loved her—even then and through it all.

My needle-work done, I took to balancing our weekly accounts, which cost me as much trouble as if I had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, and when they were done, began to tell my mother of a good suggestion of Mrs. Golding's—that we should go to some sea-side lodging she knew of for a week or two, while she got the rooms cleaned and repapered; then we could come back and remain here the whole summer.

"She does not want to part with us; she has grown so fond of you, mother."

"But she will want more rent, and how can we pay?"

"I can pay!" said I, with pride. "I could not tell you till now, darling, but the doctor wants me to teach his children as soon as ever we are out of quarantine. He says, politely, such a good nurse will make a good governess, which does not follow. But I'll try. Do you consent?"

She sighed. She too might have had other dreams; but they had passed away like mine. She accepted the fact that I must be a governess, after all.

We kissed one another, and then, to prevent her dwelling on the subject, I began the innocent caressing nonsense which one gets into the habit of during sickness, when the patient's mind is too feeble, and the nurse's too full, to take in aught beyond the small interests close at hand. We were silly enough, no doubt, but happy—when I heard a step come up the garden, a step I knew.

My first thought—I can not well tell what it was; my second, that we were still an infected household.

"Stop him!" cried I, starting up and running to the door. "Somebody must stop him. Mrs. Golding, tell that gentleman he is not to come in."

"Why not?" And I saw him stand there, with his kind, smiling face. "Why not, Cousin Elma?"

"Because it is not safe—we are in quarantine still, you know."

"Of course I know—that and every thing else. But I have taken all precautions.

Your doctor and I are the best of friends. He sent me here. Mrs. Picardy, may I come in?"

"Certainly," she answered, looking quite pleased; so without more ado he entered. Though he took no notice, I perceived that he saw the change in her—saw it and was very sorry, both for her and me. Appropriating my chair, he sat down beside her and began talking to her, giving small attention to me, beyond a nod and smile. But that was enough; it felt like windows opened and sunshine coming into a long-shut-up room.

"General Picardy sends all sorts of kind messages to you. He left Bath almost directly after your daughter went. He said he could not bear the dullness of the house. But I have kept him almost daily informed of you both."

"Then we were not forsaken by you all," said my mother, gently, by which I guessed she had thought more of the matter than I supposed.

Cousin Conrad shook his head gayly. "Elma, tell your mother she does not quite know us yet—not so well as you do."

She looked up quickly, this dear mother of mine, first at him and then at me; but there was nothing to see. In him, of course, nothing; in me— But I had learned to accept his kindness as he meant it, the frank familiar friendship which implied nothing more. I answered Cousin Conrad as I would have answered any other friend whom I warmly liked and respected, and in whom I entirely believed.

Then I took my sewing again, and left him to his chat with my mother, which she evidently enjoyed. He had come to see her so often while I was in Bath that they were better friends than I knew. My only wonder was that all this long time she had never praised him—scarcely spoken of him to me at all.

He took tea with us, and we were very happy in his company; so happy that I almost forgot to be afraid for him. At last I thankfully heard him tell my mother that he had had small-pox very severely as a boy, and since then had gone in the way of it many times with perfect impunity.

"Not that I should ever run useless risks—one's self is not the only person to think of; and before I go home I mean to change my clothes and do a deal of fumigation. You need not have the slightest uneasiness about me, Mrs. Picardy. I may come again?"

"We shall be very happy to see you."

There was a little stiffness in my mother's manner, but she looked at him as if she liked him. I knew her face so well.

"Not that I shall burden you with many visits, as I am still going to India, though not just yet. Would you like to hear how things are settled?"

Without any apologies, but telling us as naturally as if we belonged to him, he explained that the hill-station to which he had been ordered was so healthy that the doctor said he would be as well there as in England, perhaps better. Two or three years might re-establish his strength entirely.

"And I should be thankful for that. Though when I first came home I did not much care. At five-and-twenty even, I thought my life was done."

"Mine is not, even at seven-and-forty," said my mother, smiling.

"But then you have your child."

"Ay, I have my child."

My mother looked at me—such a look! As I knelt beside her sofa, laughing, yet within an inch of crying, Cousin Conrad leaned over us and touched my hand. I felt all the blood rush into my face, and my mother saw it.

He staid but a minute or two longer; I let him out at the gate, and listened to the clatter of his horse's hoofs up the village, then came back into the parlor at once.

My mother lay quite still, looking straight before her. In her eyes was a curious expression—not exactly sad, but pensive, as if her mind had wandered far away, and a letter which Cousin Conrad had just given her, saying it was from the General, and he hoped would please her as it had pleased the sender, lay untouched on her lap.

"Shall I open it?" said I, glad to say and do something.

It was a very kind letter, signed by him with his feeble, shaky signature, though the body of it was in another handwriting, one which we both recognized. And it inclosed a hundred-pound note, begging our acceptance of the "trifle," to defray the expenses of her illness "until I can make permanent provision for my daughter-in-law and her child."

"Your child, you see, mother. He puts us both together, he does not want to take me from you now; and if he did, ever so much, I would not go. I will never leave you again—never, darling mother!"

She smiled, but not a word said she—not a single word.

I had expected she would say something of our visitor and his visit, but she did not, until just as we were going to bed, when she asked me to give her my grandfather's letter, as she would like to read it over again.

"It is very kind of him; but I suppose Major Picardy, who seems almost like a son to him, is at the root of it all."

"I suppose so."

"He too is very kind. Indeed, I never met any man who seemed to me so thoroughly good, so entirely unselfish, reliable, and true. No one could know him without loving him."

She looked at me, a keen, steady, half-smiling, half-pensive look. From that moment I was quite certain that my mother had found out all.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALL my life I have been the recipient of countless love-stories, the confidante both of young men and maidens, and I always found the benefit of that sage proverb, "Least said, soonest mended." On my side certainly, because many a silly fancy is fanned into a misplaced love by talking it over with a foolish sympathizer; on theirs, because I have generally found that those who felt the most said the least. Happiness is sometimes loquacious; but to pain—and there is so much pain always mixed up in love affairs—the safest and best panacea is silence.

My mother and I were silent to one another, perfectly silent, though we must have read one another's hearts as clear as a book, day by day; still, neither spoke. What was there to speak about? He had never said a word to me that all the world might not hear, and I—I would not think of myself or of my future. Indeed, I seemed to have no future at all after the 18th of September, the day on which the ship was to sail from Southampton.

Between now and then our life was full enough, even though outside it was as quiet and lonely as before I went to Bath, except for one friend who came to see us now and then, like any ordinary friend, to whom our interests were dear, as his to us. He came generally on a Sunday, being so occupied during the week, and he used to call us his "Sunday rest," saying that when he was abroad he would try to console himself for the loss of it by writing regularly "Dominical letters."

He was very cheerful about his departure, and very certain as to his return, which he meant to be, at the latest, within four years.

"Elma will then be one-and-twenty, and you not quite a septuagenarian, Mrs. Picardy, and the General will be only seventy-five. As I told him the other day, when he spoke of my being one day master at Broadlands, it is likely to be a good many years yet before that time arrives."

But he would be master there some time, as of course he and we both knew. Occasionally we all took a dip into the far-away future, planning what he was to do with his wealth and influence—schemes all for others, none for himself. Not a thought of luxury, or ease, or worldly position, only how he should best use all the good things that might fall to him so as to do the widest good.

How proud I was of him, and am still!

My mother, I could see, enjoyed his society

very much. She told me once there was in him a charm of manner that she had never seen in any man, except one. "Only," she added, "in nothing else does he at all resemble your father."

Though she said this with a sigh, it was not a sigh of pain. She was in no way unhappy, I think—quite the contrary—only a little meditative and grave, but that chiefly when we were alone. When Cousin Conrad came she received him warmly, and exerted herself to make all things as pleasant to him as possible; the more so because sometimes I was hardly able to speak a word.

What long still Sunday afternoons we used to spend, all three together, in our little parlor! What twilight walks we had across the Tynning and over the fields! Cousin Conrad always gave my mother his arm, and I followed after, watching the two, and noticing his exceeding tenderness over her; but I was not jealous of him—not at all.

At first I could see she was a little nervous in his company, inclined to be irritable, and quick to mark any little peculiarities he had—and he had a few; but she never criticised him, only watched him; and gradually I could perceive that she grew satisfied, and neither criticised nor watched him any more.

I had leisure to observe and think over these two, because I dared not think for a moment of myself—how it would be with me when he ceased to come, when we missed him out of our life, and the seas rolled between us, and his familiar presence was only a remembrance and a dream. Many a time when I could not sleep of nights—when all these things came upon me in such a tide that I could have wrung my hands and screamed, or got up and paced the room in the darkness, like a wild creature in its cage, only for fear of disturbing my mother—she would put out her hand and feel for me, "Child, are you wide awake still?" and take me silently into her arms.

Her tenderness over me in those last weeks—those last days—I can not describe, but have never ceased to remember. She kept me constantly employed: in fact, I was nervously eager after work, though I often left it half finished. But, whatever I did or left undone, she never blamed me. She treated me a little like a sick child, but without telling me I was ill. For I was ill—sick unto death at times with misery, with bitter, bitter humiliation—and then by fits unutterably happy; but of the happiness or the misery we neither of us spoke at all.

Only once I remember her telling me, as if by accident, the history of a friend of hers, a girl no older than myself, who, when one day coming into a room, saw a face which she had never seen before, yet from that moment she loved it—loved it in one way or other all her life.

"And he deserved her love; he was a noble and good man," said my mother.

"Did she marry him?"

"No."

We were silent a little, and then my mother continued, sewing busily as she spoke: "The world might say it was a rather sad story, but I do not. I never blamed her; I scarcely even pitied her. Love comes to us, as all other things come, by the will of God; but whether it does good or harm depends, also like other things apparently, upon our own will. There are such things as broken hearts and blighted lives, but these are generally feeble hearts and selfish lives. The really noble, of men or women, are those who have strength to love, and strength also to endure."

I said nothing, but I never forgot those healing words; and often, when most inclined to despise myself, it was balm to my heart to know that, reading it, as I was quite sure she did, my mother did not despise me; and so I made up my mind, as she had said, to "endure."

What *she* must have endured for me and through me—often, alas! from me, for I was very irritable at times—no tongue can tell. Mothers only, I think, can understand how vicarious suffering is sometimes the sharpest of all. During those days I used to pity myself; now, looking back upon them, I pity my mother. Yet I have no recollection of her ever changing from that sweet motherly calmness which was the only thing that soothed my pain.

Her pain, the anguish of seeing herself no longer able to make the entire happiness of her child, of watching the power slip out of her hands, and for a while perhaps feeling, with unutterable bitterness, a vague dread that the love is slipping away too—of this I never once thought then; I did afterward.

Well, somehow or other, the time went by and brought us to the last week, the last day, which Cousin Conrad asked if he might spend with us, both because "we were the dearest friends he had," and because he had a somewhat important message to bring from my grandfather, with whom he had been staying at Broadlands.

"And a charming place it is," he wrote, "and a very well managed estate too, though it is in Ireland." It was always a pet joke of his against my mother that she disliked every thing Irish, and distrusted him because he was just a little bit of an Irishman. She used to laugh, saying it was quite true he had all the Irish virtues, the warm, generous heart, the gay spirits, the quick sympathy, the sweet courtesy which would always rather say a kind thing than an unkind one. As for his Irish faults, she declined to pass judgment upon them. Time would show. "Ah, yes," he would some-

times answer gravely, "if Heaven grants me time."

But these passing sadnesses of his I never noticed much; the mere sight of him was enough to make any one glad; and when he came, even though it was his last time of coming, and I knew it, the joy of seeing him after a week's absence was as great as if he had been absent a year, and we had all three forgotten that he was ever to leave us again.

He and my mother fell at once to talking, discussing the proposition of which my grandfather had made him the bearer. This was that she and I should come at once to live at Broadlands, not, as I at first feared, in the characters of Miss Picardy and Miss Picardy's mother, but that she should take her position as his son's widow and the mistress of his house so long as the General lived.

"That may be many years or few," said Cousin Conrad, "and after his death he promises nothing; but," with a smile, "I think you need not be afraid."

And then he went on to explain that it was my grandfather's wish to spend half the year at Broadlands and the other half in Dublin or London, according as was convenient, especially with reference to me and the completion of my education, so as to fit me for whatever position in society I might be called upon to fill.

"Not that she is ill educated, or unaccomplished. We know what she is, do we not, Mrs. Picardy? Still her grandfather wishes her to be quite perfect, doubtless with the idea that she shall one day be—" He stopped. "I have no right to say any more, for I know nothing of the General's intentions. All I entreat is—accept his kindness. It will prove a blessing to himself and to you also. Elma rich will be a much more useful woman than Elma poor. This, whether she marries or not. If she should marry, and I hope she will one day—"

Here my mother looked up sharply. There was in her face a slight shade of annoyance, even displeasure; but it met his, so sad, so calm, so resolute, and passed away. She said nothing, only sighed.

"Forgive my referring to this subject, Mrs. Picardy; but it is one upon which the General feels very strongly; indeed, he bade me speak of it, both to relieve your mind and your daughter's. There was once a gentleman, a Sir Thomas Appleton—Elma may have told you about him."

No. Elma had not. I felt I was expected to speak; so I said, with a strange composure, and yet not strange, for it seemed as if I were past feeling any thing now, "that I had not thought it worth while to trouble my mother with my trouble about Sir Thomas Appleton."

"Trouble is an odd word for a young lady

to use when a young man falls in love with her," said Cousin Conrad, smiling; "but she really was very miserable. She looked the picture of despair for days. Never mind! as Mercutio says, 'Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love.' Sir Thomas is not dead yet—not likely to die. And your grandfather bade me assure you, Elma, that if half a dozen Sir Thomases should appear, he will not urge you to marry one of them unless you choose."

"That is right," said my mother, "and Elma was quite right too. If she does not love a man, she must never marry him, however her friends might wish it. She will not be unhappy even if she never marries at all. My dear child!"

"Yes, you say truly," answered Cousin Conrad, after a long pause, "and truly, also, you call her a 'child.' Therefore, as I told the General, before she marries, or is even engaged, she ought to have plenty of opportunity of seeing all kinds of men—good men—and of choosing deliberately, when she does choose, so that she may never regret it afterward. Sometimes in their twenties girls feel differently from what they do in their teens, and if after being bound they wake up and wish themselves free again—God forbid such a misfortune should happen to her."

"It never will, I think," said my mother.

"It never must," said Cousin Conrad, decisively. "We will guard against the remotest chance of such a thing. She shall be left quite free; her mother will be constantly beside her; she will have every opportunity of choice; and when she does choose, among the many who are sure to love her, she will do it with her eyes open. You understand me, do you not—you at least?" added he, very earnestly.

"I think I do."

"And you forgive me? Remember, I am going away."

"I do remember. I am not likely ever to forget," replied my mother, visibly affected, and offering him her hand. He clasped it warmly, and turned away, not saying another word.

For me, I sat apart, thinking not much of what either of them said or did, though afterward I recalled it all: thinking, indeed, very little about any thing beyond the one fact—that he was going away, that after this day I should see him no more for days and weeks and months and years.

I sat apart, taking no share in the conversation, only watching him by stealth—him to whom I was nothing at all, and he nothing to me, except just my cousin Conrad. Yet then, ay, and at any time in my life, I could have died for him! said not a word, but just quietly died! I sat, trying to lay up in my heart every trick of his manner, every line of his face, as a sort of memorial

store-house to live upon during the dark famine days that were coming.

"Well, then, that business is settled," said he, with a sigh of relief. "You will go to Broadlands as soon as you can—perhaps even next week;" and he proceeded to give minute directions for our journey, saying it would be a comfort to him to know that all was arranged as easily as possible, and he would think of us safe in my grandfather's beautiful home, while he was tossing on the Bay of Biscay. He could not hear of us for many months. There was no overland route to India then.

"But I can wait. I have learned to wait, and yet it sometimes seems a little hard, at thirty-six years old. But it is right, it is right," he added, half to himself. Years after how thankful I was to remember his words!

Then, rising, he suggested that we should sit talking no longer; but all three go out together into the pleasant afternoon sunshine and "enjoy ourselves."

"Enjoy" seemed a strange word to use, and yet it was a true one. When friends are all at peace together, with entire trust and content in one another, there is no bitterness even in the midst of parting pain. And such was his sweet nature, and the influence it had upon those about him, that this fact was especially remarkable. I have now not a single recollection of that day which is not pleasant as well as dear.

We spent part of it at a place where my mother and I had often talked of going, the abbey which we had started to see that afternoon when the bleak wind made me resolve to buy her a Paisley shawl. As we again crossed the Tynning, I overheard her telling Cousin Conrad the whole story.

"Just like her—just like Elma!" said he, turning round to look at me, and then told how, on his side, he remembered the General's calling him into his room to write a letter concerning the possible granddaughter which he thought he had found.

"It is strange upon what small chances great things seem to hang. We go on and on, year after year, and nothing happens, and we think nothing ever will happen; and then suddenly turning a corner, we come upon our destiny. Is it not so, Mrs. Picardy?"

I do not remember what my mother answered, or if she answered at all. She was exceedingly kind, even tender to him; but she was also exceedingly grave.

Thus we wandered on till we reached the old abbey—a mere ruin, and little cared for by the owners of the house in whose grounds it stood. The refectory was used as a woodshed, the chapel as a stable, and above it, ascended by a broken stair, were two large rooms, still in good preservation, said to have been the monks' library and their dovecot.

"You can still see the holes in the stone walls, I am told, where the pigeons built their nests," said my mother. "Go up and look at them, if you like, you two; I will rest here."

She sat down on a heap of hay, and we went on without her. Only once she called after us that the stair was dangerous, and he must take care of "the child."

"Ah, yes!" he said, with such a smile! It made me quite cheerful, and we began examining every thing and discussing every thing quite after the old way. Then we rested a while, and stood looking out through the narrow slits of windows on to the pleasant country beyond.

"What a comfortable life those old monks must have made for themselves! And how curious it must have been, as they sat poring over their manuscript-writing or illuminating in this very room, to hear close by the innocent little pigeons cooing in their nests! I wonder if they ever thought that the poor little birds were, in some things, happier far than they."

"How?" said I, and then instinctively guessed, and wished I had not said it.

"Very jolly old fellows, though, they must have been, with a great idea of making themselves comfortable. See, Elma, that must be the remains of their orchard—these gnarled apple-trees, so very old, yet trying to bear a few apples still; and there are their fish-ponds—undoubtedly you always find fish-ponds near monasteries; and look, what a splendid avenue of walnut-trees! No doubt they had all the good things of this life; except one, the best thing of all—home; a married home."

It was only a word—but oh, the tone in which he said it! he who, he once told me, had never had a home in all his life. Did he regret it? Was he, as I always fancied when he looked sad—was he thinking of Agnes? Only Agnes?

I was not clever, and I was very young; but I believe, even then, if any one had wanted it, I could have learned how to make a home, a real home, as only a loving woman can. Not a wealthy home, maybe, and one that might have had its fair proportion of cares and anxieties; but I would have struggled through them all. I would not have been afraid of any thing. I would have fought with and conquered, please God, all remediable evils; and those I could not conquer I would have sat down and endured without complaining. No one need have been afraid that I had not strength enough to bear my own burden, perhaps the burden of two. Nay, it would have made me happier. I never wished to have an easy life; only a life with love in it—love and trust. Oh, how happy I could have been, however difficult my lot, if only I had had some one always beside me, some one whom I could

at once look up to and take care of, cherish and adore! How we could have spent our lives together, have passed through poverty if need be, and risen joyfully to prosperity, still together! have shared our prime and our decline, always together! Instead of this—

No! Silence, my heart! What am I that I should fight against God? It was His will. With Him there are no such words as "might have been."

One thing I remember vividly—that as we stood there, looking out, Gousin Conrad put his hand a moment lightly on my shoulder.

"Keep as you are a minute. Sometimes as you stand thus, with your profile turned away, you look so very like her—so like Agnes—that I could fancy it was she herself come back again, young as ever, while I have grown quite old. Yes, compared with you, Elma, I am quite old."

I said nothing. If I had said any thing—if I could have told him that those we love to us never seem old, that, even had it been as he said, he with his gray hair was more to me, and would be down to the most helpless old age, than all the young men in the world! But how could I have said it? And if I had, it would have made no difference. Years afterward I recalled his look—firm and sweet, never wavering in a purpose which he thought right. No; nothing would have made any difference.

We staid a few minutes longer, and then came back, he helping me tenderly down the broken stairs, to my mother's side. She gave a start, and a sudden, eager, anxious look at us both; but when Cousin Conrad said, in his usual voice, that it was time for us to go home, she looked down again and—sighed.

We went home, rather silently now, and took a hasty tea, for he had to be back in Bath by a certain hour, and, besides, the mists were gathering, and my mother urged him to avoid the risk of a cold night ride.

"We must say good-by at last, and perhaps it is best after all to say it quickly," I heard her tell him, in an under-tone. Her voice trembled, the tears stood in her eyes. For me, I never stirred or wept. I was as still as a stone.

"You are right," answered he, rising. "Good-by, and God bless you. That is all one needs to say." Taking her hand, he kissed it. Then glancing at me, he asked her—my mother only—"May I?"

She bent her head in assent. Crossing the room, he came and kissed me, once on my forehead, and once—oh, thank God! just that once!—on my mouth. Where I keep it—that kiss of his—till I can give it back to him in Paradise.

For in this world I never saw my cousin Conrad more.

We had a very happy three years—my mother and I—as happy as we had ever

known. For after Cousin Conrad's departure we seemed to close up together—she and I—in one another's loving arms; understanding one another thoroughly, though still, as ever, we did not speak one word about him that all the world might not have heard.

Outwardly, our life was wholly free from care. We had as much of each other's society, or nearly as much, as we had ever had, with the cares of poverty entirely removed. My grandfather proved as good as his word, and all that Cousin Conrad had said of him he justified to the full. He received my mother with cordial welcome, and treated her from first to last with unfailing respect and consideration. She had every luxury that I could desire for her, and she needed luxuries, for after her illness she was never her strong, active self again. But she was her dear self always—the sweetest, brightest little mother in all the world.

To the world itself, however, we were two very grand people—Mrs. and Miss Picardy of Broadlands. At which we often laughed between ourselves, knowing that we were in reality exactly the same as in our shut-up poverty days—just “my mother and I.”

Cousin Conrad's letters were our great enjoyment. He never missed a single mail. Generally he wrote to her, with a little note inside for me, inquiring about my studies and amusements, and telling me of his own, though of himself personally he said very little. Whether he were well or ill, happy or miserable, we could guess only by indirect evidence. But one thing was clear enough—his intense longing to be at home.

“Not a day shall I wait,” he said in a letter to my grandfather—“not a single day after the term of absence I have prescribed to myself is ended.” And my grandfather coughed, saying, mysteriously, “that Conrad always had his crotchets; he hoped this would be the last of them; it was not so very long to look forward.”

Did I look forward? Had I any dreams of a possible future? I can not tell. My life was so full and busy—my mother seemed obstinately determined to keep it busy—that I had little time for dreams.

She took me out into society, and I think both she and my grandfather enjoyed society's receiving me well. I believe I made what is called a “sensation” in both Dublin and London. I was even presented at court, and the young Queen said a kind word or two about me, in her Majesty's own pleasant way. Well, well, all that is gone by now; but at the time I enjoyed it. It was good to be worth something—even to look at—and I liked to be liked very much, until some few did rather more than like me, and then I was sometimes very unhappy. But my grandfather kept his promise; he never urged upon me any offer of marriage. And my mother too—my tender mother—

asked me not a single question as to the why and the wherefore, though, one after another, I persistently refused them all.

“When she is one-and-twenty, my dear, we may hope she will decide. By then she will have time to know her own mind. Conrad said so, and Conrad is always right.”

Thus said my grandfather to my mother, and they both smiled at one another: they were the best of friends now, and so they remained to the last.

The last came sooner than any of us had thought—for Cousin Conrad's prophecies were not realized. When we had had only three years in which to make him happy—and I know we did make him happy—my dear grandfather died; suddenly, painlessly, without even having had time to bid us good-by. It was a great shock, and we mourned for him as if we had loved him all our lives. Ay, even though, to the great surprise of our affectionate friends—a large circle now—he left us only a small annuity—the rest of his fortune going, as the will proved he had always meant it to go, to Cousin Conrad. I was so glad!

Cousin Conrad was now obliged to come home. We had only one line from him, when he got the sad news, begging my mother to remain mistress at Broadlands until he arrived there, and adding that, if it did not trouble us very much, he should be grateful could we manage to meet him at Southampton, he being “rather an invalid.”

So we went. I need not say any thing about the journey. When it ended, my mother, just at the last minute, proposed that I should remain in the carriage, at the dock gates, while she went forward to the ship's side, where we could dimly perceive a crowd disembarking.

They disembarked. I saw them land in happy groups, with equally happy friends to greet them, laughing and crying and kissing one another. They all came home, safe and sound, all but one—my one. Deep in the Red Sea, where the busy ships sail over him, and the warm waves rock him in his sleep, they had left him—as much as could die of him—my Cousin Conrad.

* * * * *

He had died of the fatal family disease which he knew he was doomed to, though the warm climate of the East and the pure air of the hills kept it dormant for a long time. But some accidental exposure brought on inflammation of his lungs; after which he began to sink rapidly. The doctors told him he would never reach England alive; but he was determined to try. I heard it was wonderful how long the brave spirit upbore the feeble body. He did not suffer much, but just lay every day on deck; alone, quite alone, as far as near friends went—yet watched and tended by all the passengers, as if he had belonged to them for years. In

the midst of them all, these kind strange faces, he one day suddenly, when no one expected it, "fell on sleep." For he looked as if asleep—they said—with the sun shining on his face, and his hands folded, as quiet as a child.

All that was his became mine. He left it me—and it was a large fortune—in a brief will, made hastily the very day after he had received the tidings of my grandfather's death. He gave me every thing absolutely, both "because it was my right," and "because he had always loved me."

He had always loved me. Then, why grieve?

In course of years I think I have almost ceased to grieve. If, long ago, merely because I loved him, I had felt as if already married, how much more so now, when nothing could ever happen to change this feeling, or make my love for him a sin?

I do not say there was not an intermediate and terrible time, a time of utter blankness and darkness, when I "walked through the valley of the shadow of death;" alone, quite alone. But by-and-by I came out of it into the safe twilight—we came out of it,

I should say, for she had been close beside me all the while, my dearest mother!

She helped me to carry out my life, as like his as I could make it, in the way I knew he would most approve. And, so doing, it has not been by any means an unhappy life. I have had his wealth to accomplish all his schemes of benevolence; I have sought out his friends and made them mine, and been as true to them as he would have been. In short, I have tried to do all that he was obliged to leave undone, and to make myself contented in the doing of it.

"Contented," I think, was the word people most often used concerning us during the many peaceful years we spent together, my mother and I. Now it is only I. But I am, I think, a contented old woman yet. My own are still my own—perhaps the more so as I approach the time of reunion. For even here, to those who live in it and understand what it means, there is, both for us and for our dead, both in this life and in the life to come, the same "kingdom of heaven."

Of course I have always remained Elma Picardy.

THE END.

ONE OF MANY.

THE world just now is full of heroes, for the wars of the late decade are resplendent with actions well fulfilling the poet's prophecy of the period when

"Many a darkness into the light shall leap,
And shine in the sudden making of splendid names."

But among all the laureled number it has not been our fortune to hear of any whose exploits eclipse in brilliancy and *élan* those of one of our young naval officers who entered the lists a stripling, and whom the close of the war found, at the age of twenty-two, with the rank of lieutenant-commander, and with the engrossed thanks of Congress and of the Navy Department in his possession, together with countless testimonials, medals, and acknowledgments from generals of division, Union Leagues, and corporate bodies in all parts of the country: tributes to deeds which bring back to us a remembrance of those of the old heroic days—deeds so great that men became great through the mere recital of them. And certainly he who so often and so gallantly risked life and fame for his country as Lieutenant-Commander William B. Cushing did deserves some other record than the disjointed and fragmentary one hidden away in the archives of the Bureau of State; and it is a task full of interest to gather one rumor and another, sift their truth, and put official statement by statement, till the story

of those five glorious years of his service stands complete.

Midshipman Cushing sailed from Boston in the frigate *Minnesota*, and reached Hampton Roads in May, 1861—a lad then scarcely seventeen years old, but fully determined upon playing a great part in the great events to come. The *Cumberland*, the *Quaker City*, and the *Monticello*, men-of-war, all lay in the roads, and the latter of them, which has the honor of having been the first ship under fire in the rebellion, young Cushing subsequently commanded. The fleet had not been at anchor a single day when five schooners, loaded with tobacco, were captured; and that night the young midshipman took into port the *Delaware Farmer*, the first prize of the war. During the next month he was on duty with the blockading squadron on the Carolina coast; but in August he was again in Hampton Roads, and was in the first launch with those sent to storm a battery and burn some small vessels; and in the same month he sailed in the *Minnesota* to the assault of the Hatteras forts, the squadron consisting of the flagship with six other men-of-war and some steam-transports, and being the largest that had ever sailed together under the American flag. The waters to which Hatteras Inlet gave entrance at that time swarmed with privateers and blockade-runners, and its possession was an object of importance, and was guarded by the two forts, Clark and

Hatteras. As the squadron moved into line, and the first shot fired by the *Wabash* was answered by the rebel guns instantaneously, and every ship seemed suddenly sheeted in flame, the scene heightened by the contrast of perfect peace otherwise on sea and sky during all the bright summer day, we can easily imagine what an experience it was to the boy for the first time under the fire of one of those engagements to which his fancy had thrilled a thousand times, and his enjoyment of it may be known by the eagerness with which from that moment he plunged into every thing affording any promise of the same excitement and danger.

During the following winter Midshipman Cushing did blockading duty on the *Cambridge*, and saw some hot work with a party "cutting out" a schooner up a narrow stream, being attacked by and defeating a large body of infantry and artillery. He was often in this stormy season out in open boats for hours together, with the sea breaking over him, till it was sometimes necessary to hoist him on board, too stiff with ice and sleet to bend a joint. But it was at this time that the great *Merrimac* fight came off, a part of which he was—a part of the Saturday's black despondency that saw the *Cumberland* go down and the white flag flutter from the peak of the *Congress*, of the Sunday's superb confidence, when the rebel giant, with the sun glistening on her iron shields, bore down on her grounded antagonist, and never seeming to see an idle mote in the distance till a 200-pounder came from it, crashing through her consort, which turned and fled, a wreck, while shot after shot beat and brayed her own sides till the skies rang with the echoes, and the fate of the old navies, with their snowy billows of canvas, was settled by the victory of the little black iron turret.

Of course the young sailor had, as time went on, the usual number of the escapades that seem to be the peculiar properties of his class, one, not the least, of which happened after the fight at Malvern Hill, when, being ashore with his admiral, and fired, by the account of his valiant brother, with the desire of sharing in an affair that might be similar to the seven days' battle, he boldly made off in search of adventure, and rode to review the army on President Lincoln's staff, finding himself under arrest on his return, though presently, with the proverbial luck of the middy, released from duress. He was destined, however, soon to leave that fortunate and irresponsible condition, and in July, 1862, was promoted to a lieutenantancy, the intermediate grades being overlooked, and was ordered to the sounds of North Carolina; and, having turned to account the year's stern schooling, there the career that has rendered his name remarkable really began. And it may be mentioned

here that it was not only in the art of the sea-fight that he had accomplished himself, but in the more difficult art of attaching men to him in such wise that they would hazard life and fortune to follow him, a thing absolutely indispensable to his undertakings. Of this attachment of his companions and subordinates an instance may be cited to the purpose, though so trifling. This occurred once when the lieutenant went to Washington with dispatches, and when, chancing to look over the hotel register, he found the names just above his own were those of the officers who had ventured with him on that terrible night of the affair of the *Albemarle*, and whom he had supposed to be gone to their long home. He had worn on the coat which he had thrown off that night upon taking to the water a ribbon with a gold chain and locket of some value; and on springing into the room where were the officers, in the sorry guise of their prison habiliments, after the first greetings were over he saw one take from under the collar of his blouse some of the buttons of that coat, one the locket, one the chain, and another the ribbon, the men having carried these articles, unsuspected and untouched, through all the want and privations of four months in rebel prisons.

It having been decided not long subsequently to Lieutenant Cushing's promotion to make a combined movement of army and navy against the town of Franklin—afterward destroyed by the army—an agreement was entered into for the army to open the attack, and the navy to send three vessels up the Blackwater in order to intercept the retreat of the seven thousand rebels. For some reason or other the plan was changed, but the messenger dispatched by the commanding officer with the account of the change did not reach his destination in season; and presuming that all was to be as arranged, three vessels moved up the Blackwater at the appointed hour, and were presently engaged, with a couple of hundred men and a few cannon, by all the strength of the enemy, in a stream exceedingly narrow, and so crooked that lines had constantly to be taken from the ships and wound about the trees on the shore, to obtain purchase and haul the bows round the bend. At last, on working past a sharp angle of the shore, they came upon an impassable barricade, an abatis formed of the great trees felled from both banks directly across the stream, at a point where the force of the angry current drifted them strongly in toward the left side; and at the moment every object on the bank became alive, and blazed with a deadly fire, and such a yell burst forth from every quarter that it seemed to belong to the universal air. Captain Flusser instantly ordered all hands into shelter, since it would have been the merest bravado to at-

tempt fighting his few men on an open deck; but Lieutenant Cushing, chancing to glance over the side, saw a mass of infantry rushing down under cover of this fire to board the vessel that lay in such a cruel ambush, and calling for volunteers, he dashed out, cast loose the howitzer, and by the aid of half a dozen men and an officer, wheeled it to the other side of the deck. Before the piece could be leveled the seven men lay dead and dying around him, and, alone on the deck, he sent the death-dealing canister flying into the assailants with a will. It had the effect of magic, making such havoc that the enemy fled in terror—all save the leader, a man of noble appearance, who, unaware of the faltering of his troops, advanced, brandishing his sword, his long hair streaming behind him, a shining mark for death to lay low. Upon this all hands were called to the scene, the guns were worked with grape and canister, and the marines, protected by the hammocks, watched the tree-tops for a puff of smoke, and picked off the sharpshooters, who fell every moment through the breaking branches with wild cries. After that nothing was left but retreat, and there followed half a day of furious assault and repulse, of fighting for every point, in order to send the lines ashore there, and so to round the curves of the river; of struggling on the enemy's part to keep the ships in the toils, of barricades at every bend, of rifle-pits on every bluff. Of course the ship that had been in the rear of the advance now led the retreat, and received the concealed fire of a thousand infantry at every exposed spot, while the *Commodore Perry*, bringing up the rear at some distance behind, was in almost every instance unexpected by the rebels, and coming on their flank, threw into them such volleys of grape and shrapnel that those on board could distinctly see the bloody havoc that they wrought. At length, completely exhausted, the three brave vessels were in open water once more, decks wet with blood and heaped with dead and wounded, and sides fairly riddled with bullets. It was probably owing to the report of this affair, in which Lieutenant Cushing was highly complimented, that he was ordered to his first command, the gun-boat *Ellis*, a craft of a hundred tons, mounting two guns, and drawing so little water that, in Western parlance, she could float on a heavy dew; and in her the young officer, aged nineteen, resolved upon noble achievements.

After capturing the town of Swansborough, taking and being obliged to burn the *Adelaide*, with a cargo worth a hundred thousand dollars, and destroying many important salt-works, Lieutenant Cushing made a dash for the county seat of Onslow Court House, about twenty miles from the mouth of New River, where the wide and

deep waters afforded an excellent harbor for Nassau vessels. The following is his official report of the affair to his senior officer, and his demand for an investigation, which was denied him, because, as Mr. Fox said, "We don't care for the loss of a vessel when fought so gallantly as that."

"U. S. S. 'HATTEL,' November 26, 1862.

"SIR,—I have the honor to report that I entered New River Inlet on the 23d of this month, with the United States steamer *Ellis* under my command, succeeded in passing the narrow and shallow place called the Rocks, and started up the river. My object was to sweep the river, capture any vessels there, capture the town of Jacksonville, or Onslow Court House, take the Wilmington mail, and destroy any salt-works that I might find on the banks. I expected to surprise the enemy in going up, and then to fight my way out. Five miles from the mouth I came in sight of a vessel bound outward, with a load of cotton and turpentine. The enemy fired her to prevent her falling into our hands. I ran alongside, made sure that they could not extinguish the flames, and again steamed up the river. At 1 p.m. I reached the town of Jacksonville, landed, threw out my pickets, and placed guards over the public buildings. This place is the county seat of Onslow County, and quite an important town. It is situated on the right bank of the river going up, and is thirty-five or forty miles from the mouth. I captured twenty-five stand of public arms in the courthouse and post-office, quite a large mall, and two schooners. I also confiscated the negroes of the Confederate postmaster. I forgot to mention that the town is situated upon the main turnpike-road from Wilmington. Several rebel officers escaped as I neared the town, and carried the news to that city.

"At 2.30 p.m. I started down the river, and at 5 p.m. came in sight of a camp on the bank, which I thoroughly shelled. At the point where the schooner captured in the morning was still burning the enemy opened fire on the *Ellis* with rifles, but were soon silenced by our guns. I had two pilots on board, both of whom informed me that it would be impossible to take the steamer from the river that night. High water and daylight were two things absolutely essential in order to take her out. I therefore came to anchor about five miles from the outer bar, took my prizes alongside, and made every preparation to repel an attack. All night long the signal-fires of the enemy could be seen upon the banks. At daylight I got under way, and had nearly reached the worst place in the channel, when the enemy opened on us with two pieces of artillery. I placed the vessel in position, at once hoisted the battle-flag at the fore, the crew gave it three cheers, and we went into action. In one hour we had driven the enemy from his guns and from the bluff, and passed within a hundred yards of their position without receiving fire. Up to this time I had been in every way successful, but was here destined to meet with an accident that changed the fortunes of the day, and resulted in the destruction of my vessel. About five hundred yards from the bluffs, the pilots, mistaking the channel, ran the *Ellis* hard and fast aground. All hands went to work at once to lighten her, and anchors and steam were used to get her afloat, but without success. The headway of the steamer had forced her over a shoal, and into a position where, as the centre of a circle, we had a circumference of shoal all around. When the tide fell I sent a party ashore to take possession of the artillery abandoned in the morning, but when they reached the field it was discovered that it had been removed while we were at work upon the vessel. If I had secured this, I proposed to construct a shore battery to assist in the defense of my vessel by keeping the rebels from placing their battery in position. At dark I took one of my prize schooners alongside, and proceeded to take every thing out of the *Ellis* excepting the pivot-gun, some ammunition, two tons of coal, and a few small-arms. Steam and anchor again failed to get my vessel afloat. I felt confident that the Con-

federates would come on me in overwhelming force, and it now became my duty to save my men. So all hands were called to muster, and the crew told that they could go aboard the schooner. I called for six volunteers to remain with me on board and fight the remaining gun. Knowing that it was almost certain death,* the men came forward, and two master's mates, Valentine and Barton, were among the number. These gentlemen subsequently behaved with coolness and bravery. I ordered the schooner to drop down the channel out of range from the bluffs, and there to wait for the termination of the impending engagement, and if we were destroyed, to proceed to sea. Early in the morning the enemy opened upon us from four points with heavy rifled guns (one a Whitworth). It was a cross-fire, and very destructive. I replied as best I could, but in a short time the engine was disabled, and she was much cut up in every part, and the only alternatives left were surrender or a pull of one and a half miles under their fire in my small boat. The first of these was not, of course, to be thought of; the second I resolved to attempt. I fired the *Ellis* in five places, and having seen that the battle-flag was still flying, trained the gun upon the enemy, so that the vessel might fight herself after we had left, and started down the river, reached the schooner, and made sail for sea. It was low water on the bar, and a heavy surf was rolling in, but the wind forced us through after striking several times. We were just in time, for about six hundred yards down the beach were several companies of cavalry trying to reach the mouth of the inlet in time to cut us off. We hoisted our flag, gave three cheers, and were off. In four hours I reached Beaufort. I brought away all my men, my rifled howitzer and ammunition, the ship's stores and clothing, the men's bags and hammocks, and a portion of the small-arms. I retained on board the *Ellis* a few muskets, pikes, and pistols to repel boarders. I neglected to state that when I took possession of the enemy's ground on the 24th a salt-work was destroyed, and ten boats rendered useless that were to have been used for boarding.

"At 9 A.M. the United States steamer *Ellis* was blown in pieces by the explosion of the magazine. Officers and men behaved nobly, obeying orders strictly under the most trying circumstances.

"I respectfully request that a court of inquiry may be ordered to investigate the facts of the case, and to see if the honor of the flag has suffered in my hands."

This report was indorsed in commendatory terms by the senior officer to whom it was addressed, and was further indorsed by Admiral Lee with the expression of his "admiration for Lieutenant Cushing's coolness, courage, and conduct."

Shortly after this affair, there being need of pilots for the harbor of Wilmington, upon which place an attack was meditated, Lieutenant Cushing undertook to make prisoners of some; and in the course of his adventure, at night, a couple of miles up a narrow shadowy stream, he was suddenly saluted by a volley of musketry. Without losing a moment he turned his boats to shore, and crying to his men to follow him—there were but twenty in all—he had them, yelling and shouting, up a bluff and charging an earth-work, over ditch and parapet, and, through the might of sheer boldness, driving the garrison from the fort with so firm a conviction that they were surprised by a much superior body that arms and valua-

bles, and even supper, were left at the mercy of the conquerors, who, enjoying the supper, and possessing themselves of every thing portable, soon destroyed the earth-work and returned to the little prize schooner in which they had disguised their approach, and which was already rolling in the heavy swell of an advancing storm. Inside of the angle made with the coast by Cape Fear and Frying-pan Shoals, which jut out into the Atlantic for some thirty miles, and where every southwest gale heaps up the sea in a fearful manner, in a vessel of forty tons, with one anchor, a few fathoms of chain, and a lee shore alive with an angry and alert enemy—this is a situation certainly not to be coveted; and though the *Hope* ran under close-reefed canvas, it soon became apparent that, making as much leeway as headway, there was no possibility of her weathering the shoals at all. Meanwhile a tempest of rain abated in some degree the great height and power of the waves, but it was accompanied by a dense fog that in-folded the little schooner like a fleece, and shut her off from all the world of raging waters round them. At this juncture one of two things must at once be decided upon—either to go ashore and surrender vessel and crew as prisoners of war, or to put boldly out across the thirty miles of stormy space between the shore and the shoals, and, allowing for all the leeway made, endeavor to strike the mere vein of a channel that was known to streak them like a hair. Of course Lieutenant Cushing chose the latter, although, in such a gale, he was aware that the breakers must be very high even in that narrow channel. It was, in fact, a magnificent game of chance, for should they veer to the right or the left the distance of a dozen rods, not one plank of the schooner would be left upon another. Accordingly he fixed his course, placed Mr. Valentine—the same master's mate who acted so gallantly at the loss of the *Ellis*—at the helm, and told him alone of the danger.

"All at once," says Lieutenant Cushing, in relating the affair, "I saw the old quartermaster at the lead turn deathly pale as he sang out, 'Breakers ahead! For God's sake, Sir, go about!' In an instant the cry was, 'Breakers on the lee bow!' then, 'Breakers on the weather bow!' and we were into them. All seemed over now; but we stood at the helm, determined to control our boat to the last. A shock—she had struck. But it was only for a second, and she still fairly flew through the great white breakers. Again and again she struck, but never hard. She had found the channel, and in twenty minutes we were safe, and scudding for Beaufort."

Lieutenant Cushing now took command of a steamer mounting five 100-pounder smooth-bore guns, one 100-pounder Parrott rifle, and

* The magazine, as Lieutenant Cushing does not mention in his report, being entirely exposed.

a 12-pound howitzer, with a crew of one hundred and fifty men—preferring this command in Hampton Roads, with a good prospect of engagement, to that of the fast blockader *Violet* and a prospect of many rich prizes. And fighting being what he wanted, he had, one might suppose, a plenty of it, being engaged continuously for three weeks, and never once defeated: taking earth-works and bringing off the guns; pulling in his gig from ship to ship under the muzzles of the enemy's guns in full blast; taking, with ninety sailors and a howitzer, the town of Chuckatuck four hours after it had been occupied by Longstreet's left wing; making important reconnaissances, constantly exposed to danger—bullets grazing his skin, and one shearing a lock of hair from his head close to the crown—but never meeting with any injury. At the close of this duty he received a letter of congratulation and thanks from the Secretary of the Navy, and being ordered into dock for repairs, he was sent for by the President, who complimented him with enthusiasm in an hour's interview.

After being put in condition again Lieutenant Cushing's ship proceeded on an expedition up the York River, in which Brigadier-General Lee, the son of General Robert E. Lee, was made prisoner; and before long he was ordered to the defense of the capital, which the advance of the rebels had endangered. It was while he was stationed at Washington that the battle of Gettysburg took place, where his brother fell fighting in command of a battery of the Fourth United States Artillery, and Lieutenant Cushing at once proceeded to the field with the double purpose of procuring his brother's remains and of working his guns, if permitted to do so; but the army had already moved on, leaving its terrible débris of horses and cannon and caissons, of countless wounded men and unburied dead, beneath the burning sky. "As I write this," says Lieutenant Cushing, some years later—"as I write this, rocked on the long swell of the Pacific, under the warmth of an equatorial sun, my mind goes back in review of the many sad scenes in those bloody years of rebellion, but fails to bring up any picture that is so grand, or solemn, or mournful as that great theatre of death."

In the following August—that of 1863—the lieutenant went on board the *Shoboken*, which was a ferry-boat with the hull built out, fitted for work in all manner of shallow creeks, but eminently unseaworthy. In her he destroyed the blockade-runner *Hebe*, after a contest with a rebel battery; and being refused permission to do as much for another vessel in New Topsail Inlet, soon undertook the task without permission. Anchoring the *Shoboken* near the land late in the afternoon, he led the enemy to suppose that an expedi-

tion in boats was intended six miles up the river to the wharf where the prize lay; and accordingly one gun was detached from the rebel battery of six at the mouth of the inlet, carried up to the wharf, and pointed so as to command the deck of the prize, in case the remaining guns had not already annihilated the party attempting entrance; and a watch having been set, things seemed as safe as strength and vigilance could make them. But the rebels had a foe to deal with of whose strategic powers they made no calculation, and it did not enter their heads to observe that the *Shoboken* was anchored four miles up the beach, and to draw any inference from such anchorage. So, with the night, taking ashore two boats' crews in a single boat, the lieutenant had them shoulder the dingy and carry it across the narrow neck of land, and launch it on the other side, four miles inside the inlet, and entirely out of range of the battery at the mouth. A night surprise is apt to be a successful thing, for it has to aid it all the doubt and magnitude and awe of the night, which increases the attacking force to infinity, and bewilders the judgment of the assailed with darkness; but even with knowledge of this the rebels might have been amazed if they had ever learned that they were surprised, charged, and routed in the night by six sailors, their artillery and ten prisoners captured, the vessel burned, and some valuable salt-works destroyed, two sailors acting as pickets, two guarding the prisoners, and two, assisted by the ever-ready plantation hands, burning the vessel and buildings. Of course the ten prisoners would have been entirely too much for the six men if they had only known there were but six, but three of them being stowed in the dingy, while a great amount of ordering and answering passed between supposititious boats on the stream, the remainder were directed to go some furlongs up the bank and report to an officer there, and not to go too far out unless they wished to be shot by the pickets of their captors; and that being done, the lieutenant and his party glided away in the darkness and regained the *Shoboken* in safety.

But not to rest. It was only from one thing to another with this daring spirit. Finding the next day, on regaining the squadron, that it was engaged with a battery on the shore, he threw himself with twenty men into boats, assaulted the battery, and took two rifled guns, which he got aboard his ship; and immediately afterward, no other enemy being at hand, entered into a tussle with a northeast gale, which so nearly had the better of him that when he came in sight of the fleet again he learned that all had supposed him at the bottom of the sea; but he had, in truth, a curious way of always coming to the surface again,

and of frequently being taken for his own ghost, as was evident, indeed, on the night succeeding the destruction of the *Albemarle*. Immediately after this gale he was detached from the *Shoboken* and ordered to the *Monticello*, the command being given him, said Mr. Fox, "for distinguished services rendered," and it is not a little amusing to find him, hot-headed as ever, while on shore awaiting his outfit, administering summary chastisement to some men who had dared to speak disrespectfully of his uniform.

In the winter of 1862 he was again blockading off the Carolina coast. This service must have been on many accounts an interesting one—the ships by day lying at their anchorage out of the enemy's range, by night drawing together in one long line across the bar in order that none of the leaden hulls of the runners, so skillfully mingling with the tints of mist and twilight, might elude them, and always on guard against shoal and reef and the coming out of the moon to show them "close under a hundred rebel cannon," pointed at different altitudes, so that one might do what another failed to do. There were also cruisers stationed farther out, whose duty it was to determine what ought to be the whereabouts of the richly laden escaping steamers, taking into account the probable time of escape, moon and tide and speed, a look-out being always aloft to give the cry, and start the chase that would presently overhaul a million dollars for prize. Such work, however, was not adventurous enough for Lieutenant Cushing's fancy, and he determined to celebrate Washington's birthday in a more exciting manner, and by taking and holding Smith's Island, close to the enemy, one of the outlets of Cape Fear River, which would have been an event of great importance. Failing to obtain permission, through his senior officer's fear of assuming responsibility, although the undertaking proceeded on the assumption of such complete security in the strength of their position on the part of the enemy that every precaution which could stand in the way of a surprise was most probably omitted, and indignant with what seemed to him a lack of dash and spirit where it could be of any service, the young man at once proceeded to act for himself, and we have never heard of any instance since the days of windy Troy to compare with that night's adventure; for as he was not allowed the means to carry out his original proposition, Lieutenant Cushing had gravely assured his senior that in order to prove to him how completely feasible it was, he would have the honor of bringing off the Confederate commanding officer to breakfast with him in the morning. All lovers of heroism will remember the passage of the *Iliad* where Ulysses and Diomed leave the circle of old kings sitting around the field fire in the dead of the night, and exploring the hostile camps,

take the spy Dolon and destroy Rhesus in his tent, and bring off the

"steeds
More white than snow, huge and well shaped, whose
fiery pace exceeds
The winds in swiftness."

It was quite as daring a thing which Lieutenant Cushing now proposed to do.

He had already on a reconnaissance found that the rebel confidence was so great that when grazing the very face of the forts he had received no challenge, and therefore on this night he took twenty men, entered the Cape Fear River, and pulled directly up to Smithville, the rebel head-quarters, landing before the hotel, perhaps twenty-five yards from the fort, and hiding his men on the shore. Obtaining from a negro at a salt-work on the bank the requisite information, with two of his officers he crept at midnight, when not a sound disturbed the air, up the principal street to the commanding general's residence, a large house, with verandas, opposite the barracks, where, about fifteen yards off, lay twelve hundred men without a dream of danger. There had been a gay gathering, apparently, in the house that evening, and delaying till after the guests had gone and the occupants might be supposed to sleep, Lieutenant Cushing noiselessly tried the unbolted door, entered the hall, glanced into a mess-room, and then ascended the stairs. But at the moment of softly opening the door of a sleeping-room he heard a crash and the whispered call of his officer below, and quickly springing to answer it, he found that his other companion, whom he had left on the veranda, had, in a sublime confidence that the place was already taken, gone strutting up and down, awaking the Confederate adjutant-general, who, throwing up a window, found himself suddenly looking into the muzzle of a navy revolver, upon which the sash had been dropped with a clang, and the adjutant, escaping through a back-door, had made for the brush. In an instant the lieutenant was in the room, had struck a wax match, had floored the remaining occupant, the chief engineer of the forces there, and with his pistol at the head of the man, still half dazed with sleep, threatening to blow out his brains if he spoke, had made him put on some clothes, had learned from him that the commanding general had gone that day to Wilmington, had possessed himself of the adjutant-general's papers and plans, and was in his boat again and in the middle of the stream before the outraged rebels had gained their senses, or had begun to swarm out and fill the air with cries and calls; and while the signal-lights were flashing to the forts below, and the long roll calling to arms, he was pulling quietly aboard his ship, and carrying the chief engineer of the enemy, snatched from the very teeth of that enemy,

to breakfast with his commander—if not exactly what he had promised, at least the next best thing. There being occasion on the following day to send in a flag of truce, a note was dispatched by it, of which a copy is given below :

"MY DEAR GENERAL,—I deeply regret that you were not at home when I called. I inclose my card.

"Very respectfully, W. B. CUSHING."

Of course, after the first burst of indignation, the matter was taken very good-naturedly by the offended party, but this note was declared to be the very climax of impudence, and Lieutenant Cushing was given very distinctly to understand that his experiment could not be repeated—a gage which he had no opportunity to take up until the following June.

Having been undergoing repairs at Norfolk, in June Lieutenant Cushing returned to Beaufort, his coaling station, and there learned that a rebel iron-clad, the *Raleigh*, had been defying the fleet after wanton fashion, and, conscious of her strength, had not only convoyed blockade-runners through the intimidated squadron, but had remained out of harbor for several hours, only returning at her leisure after daybreak. Of course the younger officers of the navy were burning with resentment, and Lieutenant Cushing, in the *Monticello*, accompanied by the *Vicksburg*, immediately started in pursuit, though unsuccessfully, as she had taken harbor; and it was not until a letter came from Admiral Lee himself that Lieutenant Cushing was allowed the men and boats that he desired to go upon an expedition inside the bar, and to avenge the insult the navy had received by boarding and taking possession of the *Raleigh* where she lay. After dark, then, one night late in June, with fifteen men and two officers—Mr. Howorth and Mr. Martin—he slipped into the harbor, passing Forts Caswell and Holmes and the other batteries, and pulled up the river with muffled oars, just escaping being run down by a tug, and passing the town of Smithville—the scene of his capture of the chief engineer—in safety. His object was to determine the whereabouts of the *Raleigh*, and then to return and bring back a hundred men to board her. The *Raleigh*, however, was not to be seen any where either inside the bar or at quarantine, and he accordingly pursued his course up stream, although a strong current made it best for him to hazard pulling on the side where the moon lay. Just as the boat reached Fort Anderson, there came a sentry's hail, followed by the shouting of a dozen other voices and a quick volley of musketry. Immediately the lieutenant put the boat about and pointed her head down stream, and giving the helm a turn so as to present the least possible surface to the moon's rays, he cut across into the shadow

of the other bank, where he once more made his way up the river, leaving the enemy to pursue an imaginary foe in the opposite direction.

When within four miles of the city, it being nearly daylight, the crew went ashore, and drawing the boat by means of their united strength into a patch of swamp, they masked her with branches of trees, and disposed of themselves in the growth along the bank. Here during the long summer's day they saw several steamers going unobtrusively up and down the river, with the rebel commodore's flag-ship and many smaller craft, but there was no sign of the iron-clad to be seen. At twilight, however, fancying that an approaching party of fishermen in a couple of boats was a discovery and an attack, Lieutenant Cushing stepped from his hiding-place, hailed them, and boldly ordered them to surrender, which the gentle creatures did upon the spot. From these prisoners he ascertained that there was very good reason for his not finding the *Raleigh* at her anchorage, nature having taken the matter quite out of the lieutenant's hands; for having run upon a sand-bar some time previously, the iron-clad, with the falling of the tide, had broken in two by her own weight, and was now an utter wreck. Being satisfied that this was really the case, Lieutenant Cushing resolved, before returning, to obtain all the information possible concerning the batteries and obstructions of the place, knowing that a movement upon it was already in contemplation. Having mastered all the facts of the forts and channels, he at last stationed himself with eight men at a junction of the main turnpike with two other roads, hardly two miles from the city and all its swarms of soldiery and lines of fortifications. The first thing done was to capture the army mail-carrier, with his mail of between four and five hundred letters, among which were those containing plans of the rebel defenses, and other important documents; and the adventurers being by this time rather hungry, and having taken prisoner a wandering store-keeper, Mr. Howorth put on the coat and cap of the mail-carrier, mounted his horse, and started for the town to procure provisions, his pocket being well lined with the Confederate money taken from the mail; and he presently returned from his dangerous errand—one on which detection would have twisted a rope round his neck, with a very short shrift—bringing in good refreshments, and having mingled freely with the enemy, for whom he had been obliged to exert his inventive faculties after a manner that would have done justice to the best romancer living. In the mean time the lieutenant and his men had not been idle, and they were now guarding twenty-six prisoners under the most excellent discipline, since

a shout from any one of them would have brought an army about their ears; and he was now only waiting for the evening courier with the Richmond mail before rejoining the remainder of his party and putting off for sea. He decided, however, to send his prisoners to the boat, and it was just as they were crossing the road that the mail-carrier came in sight, accompanied by a Confederate officer, who, drawing a swift conclusion, turned about to flee. Being mounted on the horse of one of the prisoners, the lieutenant instantly gave chase, but to no purpose, as his horse was neither of the best nor freshest; and thereupon, cutting the telegraph wires in two places, he hastened to his boat, which now lay moored in a little creek, put the prisoners into the canoes which had been picked up, and dropped down toward the river, which was reached exactly as the shadows of night darkened it pleasantly. It had been the lieutenant's intention to leave the greater part of his prisoners on the light-house island in the river, having captured them merely for the sake of securing their silence; but just as he was putting in under the bank for that purpose the steamer *Virginia* came puffing close upon him. In a breath the order was given for every man to jump overboard and push the boats into the marsh grass, and the prisoners were promised instant death upon the first sign; and while every head was held under the gunwale for a moment, the steamer plowed by without suspicion. Having eluded this danger, Lieutenant Cushing now removed the oars and sails from the canoes, and set twenty of his prisoners adrift in the tide-way, knowing they would knock about safely there till morning, when they would be seen and cared for from shore; and attaching to a buoy, where it could not fail to be seen and taken off, a note, in which he happily recalled to the memory of the authorities their declaration that he would not again enter their harbor, he made all haste for sea, intending to pass through the upper outlet, and having Forts Anderson and Fisher to pass, together with the island and outer batteries. It was a little below Fort Anderson that, encountering a boat-load of soldiers, he captured them without ado, and learned that a guard-boat containing seventy-five men awaited him on the bar. This was not unexpected; and the fresh prisoners having been menaced with assurance of their due deserts if they attempted aid or comfort to the enemy at the critical time, it was resolved by the lieutenant and his officers to pull for the bar, the tide setting down strongly, lay themselves alongside the guard-boat in the bright moonlight, and, while engaging the men there with cutlasses and revolvers, drift with them by the batteries, which, since they could not destroy them without firing on their own men, would be likely to let

them pass. It was no great while before glimpses were caught of a boat rocking on the tide below them, and they eagerly made for it, quite confident of their ability to occupy many times their own number of land-lubbers until they should be out of range of the batteries, when it would be just as easy to leave their foe behind. But when still some yards distant from the boat, and just preparing to open a broadside upon it, suddenly four other boats darted out from behind a neighboring point, and five from the opposite island, and formed a line across the bar, completely entrapping the lieutenant and his men, while at the same time, going short round, a large sail-boat was discovered to windward. Misfortune could hardly have seemed more imminent and absolute, and if any thing could be done it must be done on the instant. The river, as it chanced, divided at that point round an island, making two channels, one that up which they had passed on the preceding night from Fort Caswell, now lying seven miles below, and which it would have been madness to try, since it would have brought them opposite Smithville and the forts by broad daylight, even if the southwest gale had not been blowing there, and making breakers in which the boat would have been crushed like a bubble. Of course, then, their only hope was to circumvent the enemy, so that the other and shorter channel might be gained, at whose entrance no such dangerous sea was to be encountered. Quickly giving the word to his men, the lieutenant darted off with his boat as if for Smithville, passing the large sail-boat; then suddenly sheering, so as to escape the full moonlight (as in going by Fort Anderson the night before), he was for one moment invisible in the swell, and the whole ten boats were after him on the way to Smithville—boats manned by soldiers instead of sailors, who were, therefore, totally unaware of the impossibility of exit by that channel. Seizing the opportunity, the lieutenant boldly turned about, and when he came in sight again was making for the sail-boat as if he intended to board her. Of course the crew of the sail-boat, unused to such contests, hesitated, and started to tack, but missed stays, and drifted away on the tide before they could recover themselves, while the crew of the lieutenant's boat, bending all their strength to the oars, darted round in a broad curve astern the line of boats, and were in the desired channel, a hundred yards in advance of all the rest, before their object was fairly understood; and heading for the breakers on Carolina Shoals, lest on another course the batteries should blow them to atoms—breakers which the boats rowed by soldiers could not dare dream of attempting—they took the great waves safely, and were presently past all pursuit. The results of this expedition

were so important, and the conduct of it so remarkable, that we are not surprised to find its leader again receiving the formal thanks of the Navy Department. Indeed, these official congratulations became apparently quite a matter of course; and in the following October he was earning them again, together not only with the engrossed thanks of the Congress of the United States, and addresses from chambers of commerce, boards of trade, municipalities, and clubs without number, but with the more substantial reward of a promotion to the grade of lieutenant-commander, at the age of twenty-one, all in recognition of his destruction of the rebel ram *Albemarle*, an iron-clad of the same model as the *Merrimac*, which had done great damage, and met the fire of hundred-pounder Dahlgrens and Parrotts at ten yards range without injury.

Directly upon his promotion the young hero took command of the flag-ship *Malvern*, bearing the broad pennant of the rear-admiral, and in December was part of the force operating against Fort Fisher. Here Commander Cushing performed what, with the exception of the *Albemarle* affair, was in reality the most dangerous exploit in all his term of service, and one requiring a more steady courage, being nothing less than the buoying of a channel in an open skiff—a skiff rivaling the famous little boat of the battle of Lake Erie—in the midst of a shower of round shot, shell, and shrapnel, the work continuing for six hours, the skiff frequently half filled with water by the plunging shot, and its companion being sunk.

During the brief cessation of more active operations against the Wilmington forts, Commander Cushing offered battle to the *Chickamauga*, a rebel privateer carrying an extra crew; but the challenge being declined, he drove a large blockade-runner ashore under her nose, and returned to the fleet, which on the 12th of January resumed the attack upon the forts, the ships being sixty in number, comprising iron-clads, frigates, sloops of war, and gun-boats. An assault being ordered after a three days' bombardment, Commander Cushing, with other officers, accompanied the force of sailors and marines about to storm the sea front of Fort Fisher. Marching to within a few hundred yards of the embrasures, the entire body threw themselves down under the slope of the beach, waiting for the signal of attack, the whole fire of the navy passing with a deafening noise just over their heads. Springing to their feet at the word of command, they moved forward steadily over the soft white sand, which the sunshine made dazzling, and the relief of which rendered every officer in his uniform of blue and gold-lace—and, indeed, every man—a conspicuous target, the rebels meanwhile pouring forth an unceasing fire that cut down their foes in windrows.

Finding himself alone at last, just after reaching the palisades, Commander Cushing turned to rally his men, and was obliged to cross a hundred yards of the bare sand with the bullets pattering about him in such wise that it seems as if he must have borne a charmed life. Most of the ranking officers were either dead or badly wounded by that time, or else remaining under shelter of the palisades till night-fall—more fortunate than their comrades, who, dropping on the beach, were swept out to sea by the rising and falling tide—he therefore assumed the command himself, and gathering some hundreds of men with great effort, he was again proceeding to the assault, when requested to relieve with them a regiment which went to the assistance of the army on the other side, which was operating to such effect under the gallant General Ames that before midnight the works had surrendered.

The first important action of Commander Cushing after the surrender was the seizure of the pilots who had so many times safely steered the blockade-runners into port; and when his preparations to hang them had thoroughly frightened them into obedience, he agreed to spare their lives on condition of their erecting the customary signal-lights on Oak Island by which the blockade-running steamers came in and out. Accordingly, some four or five days after the capture of the forts, the large blockade-running steamer *Charlotte*, trusting to the lights, came over the bar and made her private signals to Fort Caswell, and being hailed and told that the signal corps had been withdrawn to Smithville, came confidently up to her anchorage. She was commanded by a British ex-naval officer, and she carried among her other passengers two officers of the British army coming over to see the Confederate sport, and the owners of her costly cargo of arms and munitions—all of whom, in great glee at the successful termination of their hazardous enterprise, had just sat down to a sumptuous banquet, and were toasting their safe arrival in Champagne. Suddenly the door opened, a light form stepped in, a hand was laid upon the captain's chair, and every one looked up in amazement to meet the gaze of those dauntless eagle eyes of Commander Cushing, which no one who has once seen him is likely to forget. "Gentlemen," said he, "you are my prisoners. Allow me the pleasure of joining in your toast. Steward, another bottle of Champagne!" Of course there was nothing but submission, for his men were already disposed about the deck, and the *Charlotte* was his prize. There was a moment or two of sullen silence on the part of the discomfited passengers; then one of the British officers looked at his *vis-à-vis*, and exclaimed, in noble rage, "I say—beastly luck!" To which his comrade pres-

ently replied, in a voice proceeding from the depths of his disgust, "Unmitigated sell!" After which disembarassment a better feeling prevailed, and the banquet was proceeding as gayly as the circumstances allowed, when Commander Cushing was summoned on deck with the announcement that another steamer, the *Stag*, was coming up the river, upon which he bade adieu to the festive scene, and proceeded to make prize of the second steamer.

It would be easy to go on enumerating the days of this young officer by his valiant deeds; to tell of the capture of small towns, of great store-houses of cotton, corn, and bacon; of his examining the obstructions before Fort Anderson, and going so close in that one night, exasperated by the speech-making and carousal there, he sent a bullet whistling through the astonished merry-makers, and in consequence very nearly robbed the navy of one of its brightest ornaments by the storm of grape that instantly scattered the water about him; of his constructing a mock-monitor out of an old flat-boat and some painted canvas, and sending her past the fort on the night tide, so that the commandant, knowing the army to be in his rear, and seeing the gun-boats gaining the stream above, abandoned his fortifications without spiking the guns. But an account has not yet been given of the greatest of his achievements, and it is perhaps enough to close with the story of his destruction of the *Albemarle*—a more daring and spirited act than we can call to mind out of the records of any navy.

The *Albemarle*, as it has been mentioned, was an iron-clad of tremendous strength, which had already defeated the whole Federal fleet, sunk the *Southfield*, exploded the boiler of the *Sassacus*, engaged nine foes at once without danger to herself, forced the surrender of a brigade, and the abandonment of the whole region of the Roanoke by the Federal forces. The government having no iron-clads capable of crossing Hatteras bar and encountering her, all its operations in that section were rendered practically useless by the *Albemarle's* presence there, and the expense of the squadron necessary to keep watch upon her movements was something enormous. In this emergency Lieutenant Cushing submitted two plans to Admiral Lee for the ram's destruction. The admiral approved of one of them, and sent its projector to Washington to lay it before the Secretary of the Navy, and the latter, though at first a little doubtful of its merit, finally authorized him to procure the means to carry it into execution; and he immediately purchased in New York two open launches, each about thirty feet long, fitted with a small engine and propelled by a screw, carrying a howitzer, and provided with a long boom that swung by a hinge, which could be raised or

lowered at will, and which had a torpedo in the groove at its further extremity. These boats were taken down through the canals to the Chesapeake, one of them being lost on the way, and the other reaching the sounds at last through cuts and creeks and an infinitude of toils, hinderances, and ruses. Joining the fleet, which lay at the mouth of the river, the lieutenant disclosed his object to his men, assuring them that they not only must not expect, but they must not hope, to return, for death was almost inevitable, and then called for volunteers. They all stood by him, and six others presently joined them, Assistant-Paymaster Frank Swan and Mr. Howorth, who had often accompanied him on his most reckless adventures, being of the number. The *Albemarle* lay moored at the Plymouth wharf, eight miles up the river, both banks of which were lined with batteries, and held by several thousand soldiers, while, at some distance up, that portion of the wreck of the *Southfield* which still lay above water was occupied by a picket-guard, whose duty it was to throw up rockets on the first alarm, for, unknown to the attacking party, rumor of the intended endeavor had in some mysterious way already reached the Plymouth authorities, and every provision had been made for their reception. However, on the night of the 27th of October, the little launch entered the Roanoke River, her engine at low pressure, to make the least noise possible, left behind all obstructions, passed within thirty feet of the unsuspecting picket on the *Southfield*, and approached the wharf where the ram lay, a vast black mass in the darkness. Greatly emboldened by this success, the lieutenant for a moment resolved to change his plan, and, knowing the town perfectly, to put in shore and trust to the effect of a night surprise, with which he was so well acquainted, overpower those on board, get her into the stream before the forts could be aroused, and fight the batteries with her on her way down. But just as he was about to carry his sudden plan into execution, a cry from the ram rang out sharply on the night, repeated on every side, followed by the instantaneous booming of the great guns from ship and shore; and returning no answer, the lieutenant put on all steam and made for her. At the same moment an immense bonfire of pine-knots and turpentine blazed up on the bank, most fortunately for him, since it revealed directly the untoward fact that a boom of logs extended around the ram in all directions to guard her from torpedoes, which for one second seemed an insurmountable obstacle. Only for one second, though. With the next the lieutenant had given orders to sheer off across the stream, so as to get room for acquiring headway and carrying his launch by the force of its own impetus straight across the boom, though it never could get out again,

he knew. As they turned, a volley of buck-shot tore away the whole back of his coat and the sole of his shoe, and the man by his side fell lifeless. Before the volley could be repeated the launch had struck the boom, was over, and was forging up under the *Albemarle's* quarter, directly beneath the mouth of a rifle-gun, and so close that the merest whisper on board the ram, where they were endeavoring to bring the gun to bear, could be distinctly heard.

That must have been a terrifically exciting moment to those on that little launch, with the vast mountain of iron towering above them, the fire-lit mass of foes upon the shore, and triumph and eternity in the next moment. Lieutenant Cushing stood at the bows of the launch, with several lines before him: one of these lines was attached to the howitzer, one to the ankle of the engineer; one to the officer who was to lower the boom carrying the torpedo, one was that by means of which the torpedo was to be slid under the ram, another was the exploding-line, which should pull away a pin and let a grape-shot drop on the percussion-cap beneath. The howitzer had already been discharged. The line attached to the engineer was pulled: the engine stopped. The boom was lowered, the torpedo slid slowly off and under, the air-chamber at top bringing it up in position beneath the ram. The last line was pulled, the grape-shot fell, just as the rifle-gun went off—and the rebel ram and the launch blew up together, and columns of water shot up and fell again, heavy with dead and dying. But just as Lieutenant Cushing pulled the exploding line he had cried out to his men to save themselves, and throwing off arms and heavy garments, had struck out into the water. The surface was being ripped up with shot, boats were already out picking up the wounded, and dying men were going down with gurgling groans around him; but he boldly made for the other bank, and was just reaching it, when he heard the voice of one of his own men in a sinking state, and turned to relieve, if possible, one who had shared such peril with him. Finding the man, he supported him with one arm and kept him afloat for several minutes, when all at once he went down, leaving the lieutenant alone on the water, swimming with faint strokes, with what seemed interminable distances before him, but so firmly resolved to escape that, perhaps, after voluntary power was expended, the muscular motion still continued mechanically, and carried him at last to shore, where he fell, with his feet still in the water, and lay, not more than half conscious, till morning, when the bright, invigorating sunshine showed him that he had gained a piece of swamp not far from one of the forts, and from whence he could see the angry and excited town, with a curious sense of power

in the midst of all his weakness. The sentinel, meanwhile, was walking his round on the parapet, and in order to make any shelter it was necessary to rise and run for it the moment his back was turned. Doing so, he was obliged, at the instant the sentinel turned about again, to drop where he was, between two paths of the tall grass, which partially sheltered him, since, being covered with mud from head to foot, he was hardly distinguishable from the soil, as he presently found when a party of men came down one of the paths and passed so near him as almost to tread on his arm without discovering him. Knowing it would be impossible to remain there safely for any length of time, he lay on his back, planted his elbow and his heel firmly in the ground, and thus hitched himself slowly along till he gained the cypress swamp, a mass of bog and brier, through which, barefooted, bare-headed, and bare-handed, he had to force a path till the blood flowed from his innumerable wounds and bruises. Entering at last a clearing, a fresh danger appeared, in the shape of a group of soldiers, behind whom he had to pass at a distance of twenty yards, creeping through a corn furrow. He was now in the outskirts of a wood, and encountering an old negro, he gave him a piece of money which had chanced to remain about him, and sent him back to town to bring him news of what had happened there overnight; for he wished to be sure that he had done the work there thoroughly before making any more effort to get back to his ship; and famished, exhausted, and with every nerve strung to its utmost tension, it seemed to him that if he had failed he did not care to get back at all. Vibrating, in his suspense, between a fear that the man might betray him and a confidence that he would not, he rested there till the messenger came back, bringing him news of the complete destruction of the rebel ram, and he plunged gayly into another swamp, so dense that he could only direct himself by the sun, emerging from its tall reeds and brambles, a couple of hours past noon, upon one of the deep and narrow creeks that wind in and out through all those regions, exactly opposite a fresh detachment of soldiers on the other bank, and who, as fate willed it, had a little skiff made of four or five rough boards, with the seams pitched with tar, "toggled to the root of an old cypress-tree that squirmed like a snake into the inky water," as he described it. Lying in wait in the dense greenery and shade till the men went back to their rude meal, he gently slipped between the reeds and slid into the water, swimming softly till he reached the skiff, loosened it, pushed it before him round the first curve, when he clambered in and paddled away for dear life: paddled all day, into sunset, into twi-

light, into starlight—such starlight as sifted down through the great shadows of the swamp and the cypress-lined and moss-hung banks of the creek. At last he was in the Roanoke, at last in the open water of the sound, where a swell would have swamped the frail skiff, but where the night was singularly still and soft—though, as it was, he was obliged to paddle all upon one side to keep his boat on the course which he laid for himself by the stars. When he came, after a weary while, in sight of the picket vessel of the fleet, and, after what seemed a longer and still wearier while, within hail, he gave his “Ship ahoy!” and dropped, gasping, benumbed, and half dead, into the bottom of the boat. But immediately on his hail the vessel had slipped her cable, and had got out her boats to take measures against infernal machines, firmly convinced that the skiff was a piece of retaliation on the part of the rebels, and, in response to his assertion that he was Lieutenant Cushing, loudly assuring him that Lieutenant Cushing was no longer in existence; and it was still some time before he found himself on board, refreshed, clothed, and in his right mind, and on the way to the flag-ship, where, in honor of his return, rockets were thrown up and all hands called to cheer ship, even before the success of his expedition was announced. And for once valor had its due acknowledgment and reward.

JOHN AND I.

“COME, John,” said I, cheerfully, “it really is time to go; if you stay any longer I shall be afraid to come down and lock the door after you.”

My visitor rose—a proceeding that always reminded me of the genius emerging from the copper vessel, as he measured six feet three—and stood looking reproachfully down upon me.

“You are in a great hurry to get rid of me,” he replied.

Now I didn’t agree with him, for he had made his usual call of two hours and a half: having, in country phrase, taken to “sitting up” with me so literally that I was frequently at my wit’s end to suppress the yawn that I knew would bring a troop rushing after it.

He was a fine, manly-looking fellow, this John Cranford, old for his age—which was the rather boyish period of twenty-two—and every way worthy of being loved. But I didn’t love him. I was seven years his senior; and when, instead of letting the worm of concealment prey on his damask cheek, he ventured to tell his love for my mature self, I remorselessly seized an English Prayer-book, and pointed sternly to the clause, “A man may not marry his grandmother.” That was three years ago; and I added, encouragingly, “Besides, John, you

are a child, and don’t know your own mind.”

“If a man of nineteen doesn’t know his own mind,” remonstrated my lover, “I would like to know who should. But I will wait for you seven years, if you say so—fourteen, as Jacob did for Rachel.”

“You forget,” I replied, laughing at his way of mending matters, “that a woman does not, like wine, improve with age. But seriously, John, this is absurd; you are a nice boy, and I like you—but my feelings toward you are more those of a mother than a wife.”

The boy’s eyes flashed indignantly; and before I could divine his intention he had lifted me from the spot where I stood, and carried me, infant fashion, to the sofa at the other end of the room.

“I could almost find it in my heart to shake you!” he muttered, as he set me down with emphasis.

This was rather like the courtship of William of Normandy, and matters promised to be quite exciting.

“Don’t do that again,” said I, with dignity, when I had recovered my breath.

“Will you marry me?” asked John, somewhat threateningly.

“Not just at present,” I replied.

“The great, handsome fellow,” I thought, as he paced the floor restlessly, “why couldn’t he fall in love with some girl of fifteen, instead of setting his affections on an old maid like me? I don’t want the boy on my hands, and I won’t have him!”

“As to your being twenty-six,” pursued John, in answer to my thoughts, “you say it’s down in the family Bible, and I suppose it must be so; but no one would believe it; and I don’t care if you’re *forty*. You look like a girl of sixteen, and you are the only woman I shall ever love.”

Oh, John, John! at least five millions of men have said that same thing before in every known language. Nevertheless, when you fairly break down and cry, I relent—for I am disgracefully soft-hearted—and weakly promise then and there that I will either keep my own name or take yours. For love is a very dog in the manger, and John looked radiant at this concession. It was a comfort to know that if he could not gather the flower himself, no one else would.

A sort of family shipwreck had wafted John to my threshold. Our own household was sadly broken up, and I found myself comparatively young in years, with a half-invalid father, a large house, and very little money. What more natural than to take boarders? And among the first were Mr. Cranford, and his son, and sister, who had just been wrecked themselves by the death of the wife and mother in a foreign land—one of those sudden, unexpected deaths that leave the survivors in a dazed condition, be-

cause it is so difficult to imagine the gay worldling who has been called hence in another state of being.

Mr. Cranford was one of my admirations from the first. Tall, pale, with dark hair and eyes, he reminded me of Dante, only that he was handsomer; and he had such a general air of knowing every thing worth knowing (without the least pedantry, however) that I was quite afraid of him. He was evidently wrapped up in John, and patient with his sister—which was asking quite enough of Christian charity under the sun, for Mrs. Shellgrove was an unmitigated nuisance. *Such* a talker! babbling of her own and her brother's affairs with equal indiscretion, and treating the latter as though he were an incapable infant.

They staid with us three years, and during that time I was fairly persecuted about John. Mrs. Shellgrove wrote me a letter on the subject, in which she informed me that the whole family were ready to receive me with open arms—a prospect that I did not find at all alluring. They seemed to have set their hearts upon me as a person peculiarly fitted to train John in the way he should go. Every thing, I was told, depended on his getting the right kind of wife.

A special interview with Mr. Cranford, at his particular request, touched me considerably.

"I hope," said he, "that you will not refuse my boy, Miss Edna. He has set his heart so fully upon you, and you are every thing that I could desire in a daughter. I want some one to pet. I feel sadly lonely at times, and I am sure that you would just fill the vacant niche."

I drew my hand away from his caress, and almost felt like hating John Cranford. Life with him would be one of ease and luxury; but I decided that I had rather keep boarders.

Not long after this the Cranfords concluded to go to housekeeping, and Mrs. Shellgrove was in her glory. She always came to luncheon now in her bonnet, and gave us minute details of all that had been done and talked of about the house in the last twenty-four hours.

"It is really magnificent," said she, lengthening out each syllable. "Brother has such perfect taste; and he is actually furnishing the library, Miss Edna, after your suggestion. You see, we look upon you quite as one of the family."

"That is very good of you," I replied, shortly; "but I certainly have no expectation of ever belonging to it."

Mrs. Shellgrove laughed as though I had perpetrated an excellent joke.

"Young ladies always deny these things, of course; but John tells a different story."

I rattled the cups and saucers angrily;

and my thoughts floated off not to John, but to John's father, sitting lonely in the library furnished after my suggestion. Wasn't it, after all, my duty to marry the family generally?

The house was finished and moved into, and John spent his evenings with me. I used to get dreadfully tired of him. He was really too devoted to be at all interesting, and I had reached that state of feeling that, if summarily ordered to take my choice between him and the gallows, I would have prepared myself for hanging with a sort of cheerful alacrity.

I locked the door upon John on the evening in question, when I had finally gotten rid of him, with these feelings in full force; and I meditated while undressing on some desperate move that should bring matters to a crisis.

But the boy had become roused at last. He too had reflected in the watches of the night; and next day I received quite a dignified letter from him, telling me that business called him from the city for two or three weeks, and that possibly on his return I might appreciate his devotion better. I felt inexpressibly relieved. It appeared to me the most sensible move that John had made in the whole course of our acquaintance, and I began to breathe with more freedom.

Time flew, however, and the three weeks lengthened to six without John's return. He wrote to me, but his letters became somewhat constrained; and I scarcely knew what to make of him. If he would only give me up, I thought; but I felt sure that he would hold me to that weak promise of mine, that I should either become Edna Cranford or remain Edna Carrington.

"Mr. Cranford" was announced one evening, and I entered the parlor fully prepared for an overdose of John, but found myself confronted by his father.

He looked very grave; and instantly I imagined all sorts of things, and reproached myself for my coldness.

"John is well?" I gasped, finally.

"Quite well," was the reply, in such kind tones that I felt sure there was *something* wrong.

What it was I cared not, but poured forth my feelings impetuously to my astonished visitor.

"He must not come here again!" I exclaimed. "I do not wish to see him. Tell him so, Mr. Cranford! tell him that I had rather remain Edna Carrington, as he made me promise, than to become Edna Cranford."

"And he made you promise this?" was the reply. "The selfish fellow! But, Edna, what am I to do without the little girl I have been expecting? I am very lonely—so lonely that I do not see how I can give her up."

I glanced at him, and the room seemed swimming round—every thing was dreadfully unreal. I tried to sit down, and was carried tenderly to the sofa.

"Shall it be Edna Carrington or Edna Cranford?" he whispered. "You need not break your promise to John."

"Edna Cranford," I replied, feeling that I had left the world entirely, and was in another sphere of existence.

If the thought crossed my mind that Mr. Cranford had rather cheerfully supplanted his son, the proceeding was fully justified during the visit which I soon received from that young gentleman. I tried to make it plain to him that I did him no wrong, as I had never professed to love him, though not at all sure that I wouldn't receive the shaking threatened on a previous occasion, and I endeavored to be as tender as possible, for I felt really sorry for him.

To my great surprise, John laughed.

"Well, this is jolly!" he exclaimed. "And I'm not a villain, after all. What do you think of her, Edna?"

He produced an ivorytype in a rich velvet case—a pretty, little, blue-eyed simpleton; she looked like astat seventeen.

"Rose," he continued—"Rose Darling: the name suits her, doesn't it? She was staying at my uncle's in Maryland—that's where I've been visiting, you know—and she's such a dear little confiding thing that a fellow couldn't help falling in love with her. And she thinks no end of me, you see—says she's quite afraid of me, and all that."

John knew that I wasn't a bit afraid of him; but I felt an elder sisterly sort of interest in his happiness, and had never liked him so well as at that moment. And this was the dreadful news that his father had come to break to me, when his narrative was nipped in the bud by my revelations, and the interview ended in a far more satisfactory manner than either of us had anticipated.

So I kept my promise to John, after all, and as Miss Rose kept hers, he is now a steady married man, and a very agreeable son-in-law.

FALSEHOOD IN THE DAILY PRESS.

By JAMES PARTON.

IN the early days of journalism there was of necessity a very large ingredient in it of falsehood, because both writers and readers were ignorant and credulous. A London paragraphist of the year 1653 favored his readers with this item:

"A perfect Mermaid was by the last great wind driven ashore near Greenwich, with her comb in one hand and her looking-glass in the other. She seemed to be of the countenance of a most fair and beautiful woman, with her arms crossed, weeping out many pearly drops of salt tears; and afterward, she gently turning herself upon her back, swam away without being seen any more."

Probably the writer believed the substance of this paragraph, and only exercised his journalistic talent in decorating his fact with tender and romantic incidents. Men could believe any thing then, except the demonstrable truths of science. The writer of that mermaid item had seen from his childhood occasional advertisements in the gazettes announcing when and where a gracious king would next cure his subjects of scrofula by a touch of his royal finger. Here is one of them, issued by command of Charles I.:

"Whitehall, May 14, 1644.—His Sacred Majesty having declared it to be his Royal will and purpose to continue the healing of his people for the Evil during the month of May, and then to give over till Michaelmas next, I am commanded to give notice thereof, that the people may not come up to town in the interim, and lose their labor."

What were mermaids and men-fish to this? But Charles II. touched ninety-two thousand

people for the king's-evil—twenty a day for his whole reign—and even poor Louis XVI., at his coronation in 1774, was so good as to touch twenty-four hundred. So, at least, Voltaire informed King Frederick. The word "touching" gives us a most inadequate idea of the deliberate solemnity of this ceremonial in the days of the Stuarts. Imagine the king seated in a chair of state upon his throne, under a rich canopy, in a spacious hall of the palace. Each surgeon leads his patients in turn to the foot of the throne, where they kneel, and while a chaplain in full canonicals intones the words, "He put his hands upon them and healed them," the king strokes their faces with both hands at once. When all have been thus "touched," they come up to the throne again in the same order, and the king hangs about the neck of each by a blue ribbon a golden coin, while the chaplain chants, "This is the true Light who came into the world." And the whole concludes with the reading of the epistle for the day and prayers for the sick. Such was the credulity of our ancestors of yesterday! Such was the public which the press addressed in the first century of its existence!

In the early time, too, it was a thing of most imminent and deadly peril to have to do with printer's ink. In the reign of the same Charles a respectable father of a family, John Gwyn by name, was hanged, cut down while still alive, disemboweled, beheaded, and quartered, for merely *printing* a

piece disagreeable to the royalists. Editors took the hint. The great fire of London, which swept over four hundred and thirty-six acres, was chronicled in two short paragraphs, but the narrator devoted several lines of the same in assigning the glory of putting out the fire to the king, and to his brother, who was to be king. Amidst the hush of all thoughtful England a deed was done in the same reign which the timorous journalism of the time recorded thus:

"This day Algernon Sidney, Esq., was brought from the Tower to the place appointed for his execution on Tower Hill, where he was beheaded on a scaffold erected for the purpose."

No details, no comments. The monarchy, which was not strong enough to bear the simplest true narrative of heroic Sidney's murder, was strong enough to disembowel a printer and set up his head over Temple Bar. It were vain to expect much truth from newspapers when a paragraph might cost the writer his estate, the printer his entrails, and the carrier his ears.

And long after the brutal Stuarts had fled from the kingdom which they had polluted, editors were denied access to the sources of important news, while remaining always subject to the iron necessity of being interesting. Hence writers for the press resorted to inventions more or less innocent. Defoe would never have written fictitious accounts of the London fire and the great plague if the newspapers had supplied true ones; and Benjamin Franklin would not have amused the readers of the *Pennsylvania Gazette* with the "Speech of Polly Baker" if winds and tides had not retarded vessels bringing later news from over the sea. "To amuse our customers," Franklin once said, "I used to fill up our vacant columns with anecdotes and fables and fancies of my own." But, like Defoe, he gave his fables and fancies such an air of truth as to deceive. The Abbé Raynal quoted "Polly Baker" in his *History of the Indies* as an illustration of the advanced and enlightened justice of Massachusetts courts; and as to Franklin's descriptive catalogue of the packages of scalps taken by the British Indians during the Revolutionary war, it was done with such particularity and naturalness that to-day it will deceive nine readers in ten who do not know the secret. So, in our own day, the first letter in the *Cleveland Plaindealer* that was signed "Artemus Ward" was accepted as the genuine epistle of a coming moral showman.

The "local" editor in a quiet interior city often finds himself in the situation of a writer for the press in the infancy of the art. Journalism deals in the extraordinary, but nothing extraordinary has happened. Not the less—nay, all the more—is his public hungry for local news; and if he permits his readers to suffer the pangs of inanition, it is either because he is less or more than

editor. And here we have the origin of that new school of "American humor" which for ten years past has enlivened the newspapers of all lands, even to the remotest islands of the sea. Franklin began it a hundred and forty years ago, between arrivals of ships, in the *Pennsylvania Gazette*; wherein, besides such tales as "Polly Baker," he would write fictitious letters to himself (the editor), and in following numbers insert fictitious and comic replies. Artemus Ward only gave the practice a new impulse and a wider celebrity through the happiness of his conception of the moral showman, and the remarkable fertility of resource which he displayed in carrying it out. There are now afloat in the newspapers many thousands of amusing three-line fictions which had no other origin than the invention of a local itemizer, within whose sphere of observation nothing unusual had happened.

What we to-day think of as journalism began when young Samuel Johnson first composed Parliamentary speeches for *Cave's Magazine*, in 1740, which is equivalent to saying that it began in systematic falsehood. Johnson avowed the fact a few years later at Foote's table, and avowed it with a feeling that seemed nearer akin to exultation than shame. A certain speech, attributed to the elder Pitt, being highly commended, one of the guests took down the magazine and read it aloud. When the company had given full vent to their admiration, Johnson, who had sat silent during the scene, startled them all by saying, "That speech I wrote in a garret in Exeter Street." Responding to their amazement, he explained: "I never was in the gallery of the House of Commons but once in my life. Cave had interest with the door-keepers. He and the persons employed under him had admittance. They brought away the subject of discussion, the names of the speakers, the side they took, and the order in which they rose, together with notes of the various arguments adduced in the course of debate. The whole was afterward communicated to me, and I composed the speeches in the form they now have." Here, perhaps, we have the origin of Dr. Johnson's aversion to newspapers; for we all abhor our sins when another commits them. He wrote in one of his *Idlers* for 1758 that if an ambassador may be defined as a person who lies abroad for his country's good, an editor is one who lies at home for his own.

It was in Johnson's day, too, that ministers began to think writers for the press worth buying; and curious it is to note the vast difference between the emoluments of corruption and the wages of honesty. It is so in the politics of the present time. In the good old times when George III. was a young king there were still newspapers that bought items at sixpence a dozen. Journalism was a vagabond, and had been a vaga-

bond always. "All Grub Street is dead and gone," wrote Swift, when the first half-penny stamp was imposed. "No more ghosts or murders for love or money." Almost within the memory of living persons Lamb supplied amusing paragraphs at sixpence each; Campbell received two guineas for a poem in the poet's corner of a newspaper; Hazlitt wrote criticism that is still enjoyed at five shillings for a closely printed column; and Burns refused an engagement upon the *Morning Post* at a guinea a week. That Burns should decline this offer appeared to the proprietor a piece of "insolence." This proprietor was the individual who once said to a writer, "I wish I had you in a garret without a coat to your back, as I once had Coleridge." But Coleridge did not enjoy the situation, in which, however, he expended his best years, his manhood's prime, and all that we now like to think of in connection with his name.

But it was during that long reign of bigotry and ignorance that a single article of fulsome flattery of the king or reckless defense of the Prince of Wales could get a rake a rich living in the church, and when a pamphlet was often rewarded with a valuable place or liberal pension. A pleasant thing it was, and a comfortable, to be an English editor during the American Revolution, if you were discerning enough to be on the side of the king and mob. The infuriate zeal of the Tory papers betrays their imperfect sincerity. An extra of 1777, which chronicled the retreat of General Washington from the Harlem River, flamed with extravagant headings denouncing "the most wicked, daring, and unnatural rebellion that ever disgraced the annals of history, fomented and abetted by a junto of republicans on this side of the Atlantic." The exultant editor appended a little lying gossip to his news:

"Mr. Washington, notwithstanding his amour with Mrs. Gibbons, is, we hear, married to a very amiable lady, but, it is said, Mrs. Washington, being a warm loyalist, has been separated from the General since the commencement of the present troubles, and lives very much respected in the city of New York."

Thus early in the life of journalism began the exploits of those twin calumniators, "*It is said*" and "*They say*." They have worn various disguises since, only to become more mischievous. "It is perfectly notorious;" "It was stated at the time, and not denied;" "No one here doubts;" "At first we were inclined to question the story, but we have had it from so many sources that really;" "This is only the gossip of the street, but where there is so much smoke"—are only variations of the old familiar "*They say*," which in the most ancient known languages played precisely the same part it does in ours.

Journalism had no chance in the early

day, and its sins are not to be laid at its own door. It was not until within the memory of living men that Defoe's famous utterance ceased to be strictly applicable to the case of writers for the press: "If a writer tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells their virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides." I am not sure that these words have even yet lost all their meaning. Let any one to-day presume to defend in public any of the persons whom a considerable number of writers for the press regard in the light of established targets for vituperation, he will be likely to become a target himself. Mr. G. W. Curtis, in the columns of *Harper's Weekly*, ventured a few months ago to defend a Senator from an accusation. He was promptly warned off the premises: "If Mr. Curtis keeps this up, he will be suspected of being an accomplice."

Until the development of the telegraph had completed the resources of the daily press, the mere tumult of haste in which the vital part of its work was done was the cause of numberless errors. The exploits of the special-express riders thirty years ago were wonderful indeed; but what they gained in time the newspaper often lost in correctness. A trifling accident would delay a rider long enough to deprive the editor of the most momentary opportunity of revision. In a file of the *New York Tribune* of 1841 we read of a noted rider of that day, named Enoch Ward, who used to accomplish the distance between New Haven and New York, seventy-four miles, in four hours and a half. This was creditable enterprise, but the system kept an editorial corps in a whirl of excitement, and accustomed writers to headlong haste. The news was written as fast as the pen could be driven over the paper, and in many instances editorial comments were executed not less rapidly. I have heard the late Horace Greeley say that, in the earlier years of the *Tribune*, he thought nothing of writing a column in an hour, and that often he had kept on at this furious rate so long that he was obliged at last to wind a wet bandage round his arm to reduce the swelling and the ache to the bearable point. His excitement at the reception of news by special express is inconceivable by those who never witnessed it. Mr. Augustus Maverick has recorded the events of an evening when one of the primitive locomotives brought to New York special election returns from Patchogue, or Quogue, or some other queer place on Long Island. The cry of joy which the enthusiastic editor uttered when he saw the returns "might have been heard a quarter of a mile."

But the necessity for this tumultuous and exciting haste has ceased to exist. The an-

nihilation of distance by the telegraph, and the numerous mechanical improvements by which copies can be printed at any desired rate—a million copies an hour if it should ever be necessary—have made it possible for nearly all the work done upon newspapers to be executed with a considerable degree of deliberation. Seven-tenths of it is cool routine, and the rest may usually be done at a pace not incompatible with the exclusion of the more egregious and pernicious errors. In two countries, also, the press is now sufficiently free. In them all the old sources of intelligence are open to the press, and a new one has been added of great value, interviewing, which is founded on the principle of applying to the source of information, instead of putting trust in that ancient gossip-monger, *They say*. After two centuries and a half of struggle, more or less heroic, the daily press is free from artificial and external necessity of uttering falsehood or suppressing truth, and finds itself face to face with those difficulties of its task which are natural and unavoidable.

And yet it has not purged its columns of falsehood. There are several persons in the United States besides members of Congress who feel deeply aggrieved by its misconceptions and perversions, and there have been rumors or threats of an Anti-press Association of some kind in the city of New York. At this period of reaction it is not uncommon to hear American citizens denounce an "unbridled press" along with the other incidents of freedom, and express a wish for some measure of restraint. Nothing could be more absurd or short-sighted than such a desire. The daily press, being a human institution, is a great sinner, of course. But we might as well rail at the Hudson River because of the drainage that pours continually into it from two hundred and fifty miles of inhabited country, as to condemn the daily press on account of its perversions, exaggerations, and falsehoods. The pollution of a dozen large cities mingles with the Hudson's clear and sparkling tide, only to stain the edges of the stream, not to lessen its utility, nor much diminish its refreshing charm; for a living stream is at once a receptacle and a disinfectant. So is it with this flowing tide of publicity, the daily press, whose office is not to lead or reform the world, but chiefly to receive and carry the tidings, day by day, of what our busy race has done and thought, and, by the mere fact of publicity, preserve and distribute whatever is valuable, while letting the unclean and false sink out of sight, or drift to the ocean of oblivion.

And, as I am to descant upon the falsehoods of the daily press, it is but fair to admit that every important newspaper is conducted on the general plan of giving correct intelligence. The chief business of an editor

is to keep lies out of his journal. *His* labor is to fill the waste-paper basket, while other men fill the paper. The hasty reader glances at a page of news, consisting, perhaps, of fifty items—no great show of matter—and he thinks it an easy thing to have them all true. But those fifty may be but the residue of a thousand, and it was the examination and rejection of the nine hundred and fifty that tired out the responsible head of the department, and added another gray hair to his beard. "The average reader," as the *Springfield Republican* truly remarked the other day, "has, and can have, no conception of the flood of information that continually pours from all directions, and from all sorts of sources, into the office of a leading newspaper." The same average reader is equally unaware of the strenuous efforts made in all respectable newspaper offices to get falsehoods safely stuffed into the basket, instead of setting them afloat upon the tide of journalism, it being an axiom with all journalists who know the rudiments of their profession that falsehood, in a matter of news, hurts nothing half so much as it hurts the newspaper in which it originates.

Why, then, are there so many errors in the daily press?

It is chiefly because the task which the daily press attempts to perform is among the most difficult that man ever undertook; being no less than the gathering, writing, and publishing of the history of the world for one day in one day, a task which requires the co-operation of several hundred individuals scattered widely over the earth, many of them far beyond the reach of supervision. In the present condition of the arts and sciences this is only beginning to be a possible thing, and demands a liberality of expenditure which only a very few existing journals can sustain. If we are often offended at the calumnies and misinterpretations of the press, we oftener have reason to stand amazed at the rapid advances it makes toward actually doing what it attempts. It is but right that we should judge the unintentional errors of the press with abundant allowance for the difficulties of its work, and hail its triumphs with generous applause.

"As easy as lying," says Hamlet. This is one of those happy touches of Shakspeare that seem slight and accidental, while furnishing a fruitful text to all after-time. Self-observant persons are aware of the ease with which exaggeration and other varieties of falsehood slip from the tongue, and the extreme difficulty of giving an *exact* account of the simplest matter. And this difficulty is greatest to ardent and imaginative persons, who naturally take to writing. The very qualities of mind which give them their power to interest other minds are, in many instances, the qualities that incline them to picturesque and effective exaggeration. Tell-

ing the simple truth is the hardest thing done either by tongue or pen. How easy it was to represent Napoleon Bonaparte galloping over the Alps on a robust charger, gorgeously caparisoned, his cloak flying in the breeze, and compact legions pressing up the steep acclivity! This lie was imagined in a moment; but it cost M. Thiers much painful toil and long travel to ascertain that his conqueror crossed the Alps on a mule, muffled to the eyes in his cloak, and attended by one guide on foot.

In the press, as in literature, falsehood has the additional advantage over truth of being much the less expensive. Your raw hand will bring you in an account of a finance meeting which shall be of necessity a mere tissue of misconceptions and misstatements. To get an approximately true narrative of what occurred, without verbatim reports, you must send three persons of trained intelligence; but a full and exact report, with the requisite descriptive matter, demands the intense labor of twelve trained men. Now the account stands thus: tissue of green falsehood, two dollars; vivid narrative strongly resembling the truth, thirty dollars; verbatim report, eighty dollars. In every department of a newspaper, from the most commonplace reporting to the most important criticism, we find that lies are very cheap and truth is very dear.

We must also bear in mind that if lying is easy, it may also be for the moment highly effective. That tawdry falsehood of Bonaparte bounding over the mountains adorns at this hour hundreds of barber shops in all countries, as the tale, equally groundless, of Lincoln and the Scotch cap figures in many histories of the late war. Some men of very ordinary abilities do succeed, after long practice, in purging their conversation of the usual exaggerations and credulities; but even this negative part of a difficult virtue is apt to be purchased by the loss of vivacity. Their conversation is as dull as it is correct. But the journalist lies under an inexorable necessity of *not* being dull. Incorrect he may be, to a certain extent, and live; but if he is dull, he dies.

And, unhappily, there are three ways open to the journalist of avoiding dullness; two wrong, and one right. The right way is vigilance, tact, and hard labor in the gathering and utterance of truth proper to be told. The two wrong ways demand vastly inferior powers. One is the invention or repetition of falsehood, and the other the revelation of matters not proper to be told. A fertile and sympathetic mind, capable of public spirit, finds the material for stirring and delightful journalism in a village; but there are dull dogs that, even when posted in Washington, the most interesting capital in the world, are compelled to eke out their daily dole of routine by calumnious inven-

tion. Mr. E. J. Huling, of Saratoga, has recently described the exploits of some of those young gentlemen who are dispatched every summer to write Saratoga letters—a task demanding knowledge of the world, knowledge of human nature, a very extensive knowledge of America, and a mind capable of discriminating between what may and what may not be printed. Bewildered by the pageant, not knowing a soul in the place, having access to no circle, they soon exhaust the reputable topics, and have no resource but to dilate upon the imaginary splendors of a gambling-house. Most readers, as Mr. Huling remarks, know nothing whatever of this branch of industry, and hence a writer is safe in giving free play to his inventive powers. “I must send *something*,” says the young journalist, “that something must go to-day, and it must be interesting.” We must all allow that here is sore temptation to a young man of the best intentions, unless he has an exceptionally endowed mind. It is far from an ordinary intellect to feel the superior interest of the simple truth, and perhaps it is still farther from his inclination to take the prodigious amount of trouble which the presentation of truth compels.

Hazlitt, who lived in the iron age of journalism, used to lay the blame of newspaper falsehoods to the Editor, who was then a mysterious and awful being, despotic and capricious. He had his satellites, his court, his favorites, who flattered his whims and intrigued for his favor. A sensitive and brilliant writer like Hazlitt had no rights which this dull potentate felt himself bound to respect. He erased the contributor's happy epithets, and converted his strongest passages into prudent inanity. “There are editors,” said Hazlitt, “who, if you insert the name of a popular actor, strike it out, and in virtue of their authority insert a favorite of their own—as a dextrous attorney substitutes the name of a friend in a will.” Some editors, he adds, will let you praise nobody, others will let you blame nobody. Some dine with lords, and scrutinize every contribution with a view to its possible effect on the flow of invitations. “An editor,” he continues, “takes a turn in St. James's Street, and is congratulated by the successive literary or political groups on all he does *not* write, and when the mistake is found out, the true Simon Pure is dismissed.”

Editors are still human; but it is safe to say that no Hazlitt of the present time could be subjected to such treatment as this. A potentate has taken the place of the capricious editor in some newspaper offices, who may be styled the Incongruous Proprietor. The time was when almost every editor owned his paper. The time is at hand when scarcely any editor will do so; for a complete newspaper establishment at present absorbs an amount of capital which a high-

ly intellectualized person has never possessed unless by accident or inheritance, and which he could not efficiently wield if he had it. In conducting the prodigious establishments of modern days, there must be a division both of labor and responsibility; and when this is done justly, the public is served with an economy and efficiency never possible before. No body of learned men could produce such a work as the *American Cyclopædia* unless they had behind them both the capital and the business talent of a great publishing house; and no newspaper up to the demands of this age can exist unless there is a great man in the counting-room, as well as a great man in the editorial chair, each keeping to his sphere, but working in harmony, neither of them wholly subject or wholly lord.

It takes time, however, to get these huge things in running order, and meanwhile there is frequent dislocation. We occasionally see an odd reversal of what would seem to be the natural order: the capitalist every thing, the writer nothing; the counting-room commanding, the editorial rooms obeying. It is not yet so clearly seen as it will be that neither of these two centres of force can work successfully an engine which is at once a complicated business and an intellectual influence. By the chances of business the most ignorant person may come to own a newspaper, or one may fall by inheritance to the most incompetent individual. A lucky operator has taken a newspaper, or part of one, for a gambling debt. A corrupt Ring might acquire in a newspaper a silencing interest; and a moneyed dunderhead has occasionally bought one outright as an investment. John Taylor, the witty author of *Monsieur Tonson*, one of the best-known humorous poems in the language, who was editor for some years of the *Morning Post* of London, had an ignorant savage for proprietor. "Among other complaints," Mr. Taylor records in his *Memoirs*, "he told me that the paper was wholly confined to politics, and had none of those little *antidotes* which had before diverted the readers." It has lately been disclosed that the owner of another London paper, the *Morning Chronicle*, "made an arrangement with the government of Louis Napoleon to become the strenuous and daily supporter of the imperial régime," the French government agreeing to give in return a "concession" for a system of French telegraphic lines, in addition to large sums of money. So says Mr. James Grant, to whom this high-spirited individual twice offered the editorship. I wonder how the proprietor announced the new line of politics to his corps of writers. Not, we may presume, with the off-hand candor which sometimes marks similar events in free-and-easy America. "Boys," said the proprietor of a newspaper in Western New York to his corps, as he pre-

sented a stranger to them—"boys, this is Mr. Smith from Smithton, who has come down here to write up the new railroad. Whatever he writes, print just as he writes it, but not a word on the other side." And they obeyed. Every mail brought remonstrances against the scheme, all of which went into the basket unread.

The convict Tweed was well aware of this new fact in newspapers, the supremacy of the counting-room, though the poor man could not know that newspapers unduly controlled by the counting-room are powerless over public opinion. The number of newspapers upon the pay-roll of the Ring was eighty-nine, of which twenty-seven so depended upon this plunder for subsistence that when the Ring was broken they gasped and died. In those halcyon days of roguery people used to glance in their morning paper over a mayor's message of six or eight columns, innocently supposing it part of the news of the day, while book-keepers were at the same moment charging it to the city as an advertisement at a dollar a line. Petty evening papers received a thousand dollars a month; and after the newspapers had been bought and silenced at this rate for five years, and the Ring had no longer the control of the treasury, the unsettled "claims" of the various counting-rooms amounted to more than two millions of dollars. The writers for the press got little of this. They were put off with a ridiculous gratuity of two hundred dollars a year, voted by the aldermen to the reporters who omitted twice a week to tell the public what the aldermen had done.

There never was a period during the thirty years' reign of thieves in the city of New York when the press could not have brought them to naught, if its counting-rooms had been disinterested or its editors in command.

I wish it could be said that an interested counting-room is the only disturbing influence in the daily press, because in that case the remedy would not be difficult. The body of working journalists, in which there is a great mass of ability and force, could control the situation if they husbanded their strength and stood by one another. The men and women who produce the material of which newspapers are made are surely among the most important members of a free state. The most obscure paragraphist in the most remote and insignificant village of the Rocky Mountain States may drop into the tide of journalism an item which shall do good or do mischief wherever the English language is spoken, and remain afloat in newspapers for generations, always working beneficially or injuriously upon the minds of men. Their antipathies and preferences, their opinions and principles, mould or tinge every thing they write, and constantly enter into that atmosphere of influence, that some-

thing "in the air," to which all but the dullest and the strongest minds are subject. And it often falls to them to decide what shall appear, what shall be omitted, what shall be prominent, and what obscure. By indulging a personal preference, seizing every chance to insert a favorite name, they can create renown; and by being on the watch to erase allusion to persons they dislike, they can keep them long in the shade. There is mighty power wielded in merely leaving things out. And though a writer may have his task distinctly assigned him, he can not but infuse a portion of his personality into every sentence that he pens. If he is a man of honor and public spirit, those qualities tell in every line; if he is frivolous and dissolute, all that he does is low, small, or false.

Until within a few years past our colleges and higher schools did not contribute their fair proportion to the ranks of this difficult profession. Mr. Greeley seemed prejudiced against a youthful applicant if he came fresh from a college; and, of course, a student has much to unlearn, as well as much to learn, before he can efficiently fill the easiest place upon the staff of a daily paper. But the graduate of a college usually has qualities that come into play advantageously when, after practice, he has acquired the rudiments of his profession. He is apt to have character and a sense of responsibility, to say nothing of the knowledge which he acquired at college, and which has its value even in the lowest grade of reporting. Of late the newspaper offices have been oftener recruited than formerly by young graduates, to the manifest improvement of the service.

But there is still a residuum of the original vagabond element in some departments of journalism, which leads to egregious falsehood, often reckless, sometimes intentional. One example will suffice to show how important it is to intrust the lowest duties of journalism to persons who respect themselves and the public.

There was a poor Italian to be executed a year ago at one of the most elegant and polite of our suburban towns—Morristown, New Jersey. Never was a quiet and decorous village more astounded than Morristown was on this occasion with the conduct of the representatives of the New York press. The first to appear on the scene was the artist of the *Graphic*, who arrived two or three days before the execution, and employed himself in making drawings of the various objects to which the execution would impart a momentary interest. He took no part in the scenes about to be described. During the afternoon before the event reporters kept coming by every train, until they numbered fifteen, including the representative of the Associated Press. Early in the evening the whole body strolled from their hotel to the jail, the morning paper

men to get the material for immediate telegrams, and the evening paper men to procure the means of beginning the minute narrations which they expected to finish in the cars the next day in time for second editions. But, to their disappointment and disgust, they discovered that the worthy sheriff of the county had a deeper sympathy with a wretch about to die than with the exigencies of a band of enterprising reporters. He would not permit the prisoner to be interviewed. No admittance to the jail till to-morrow morning. The young gentlemen condemned the sheriff both on an ascending and descending plane; but as hard words do not break locks, they remained outside.

There was now a company of reporters in a country place, with an evening before them all their own. No one acquainted with newspapers needs to be informed how some of them spent that evening. One of the oldest members of the New York press divides his brethren with regard to their drinking habits into several classes. One-third he calls hard drinkers, men who are always under alcoholic influence, and often get drunk. One-third drink too much, but rarely exceed their allowance, and are seldom intoxicated. Some of this class go upon a reckless debauch occasionally, and afterward drink nothing for a considerable period. Of the remaining third a very few are teetotalers on principle, a few are teetotalers because they can not taste liquor without losing their self-control, and an extremely small number (about one-twelfth of the whole) drink a little wine or malt-liquor daily, but never to help them out with their work. In short, several of this gallant band of reporters, as soon as they found that nothing could be done in the way of business that evening, began a carouse, which lasted till past midnight, and some of them, it is supposed, kept it up till daylight.

Drinking is the blight and bane of the literary class in all countries. More than two of the brightest lights literature has known during the last twenty years as truly died from the effects of alcohol as Edgar Poe did, who was picked up insensible in the streets after a wild drink of many hours' duration. But of all the men who live by writing, it is journalists to whom alcohol is most deadly. Other men are lowered and perverted by drink, but to journalists it is ruin and death. Some men, it is true, of iron constitutions, lapse into old soakers, and descend gradually from high positions to lower, and finally wander from office to office, offering with palsied hand their manuscript to editors who were once their assistants and inferiors, and are still young enough to be their sons. But to most young men in the press who drink freely the practice is death within seven years. The shore is

strewn with the bodies of promising youths, who came to the city furnished only with the unscientific, baby morality with which so many children are sickened, and thought it a fine thing to be called Bohemians, and to end a hard night's work with a deadly supper in a cellar. They did not suspect that it was only a low and mean kind of suicide until they had lost the power to withdraw.

Alcohol, among other pernicious effects, renders the mind inexact, disposed to exaggerate, and reckless of the consequences of what it utters. Watch a man who is going down this steep decline to ruin, and you will observe, as one of the symptoms of a moral lapse along the whole line of character, a growing insensibility to the claims of truth, and a growing inability to discern truth. The Coming Journalist will not, if only for reasons of policy, have a writer in his corps who is not temperate; and in this climate, in that profession, there is only one man who is *safely* temperate: it is the teetotaler.

Such a night as those reporters passed in rural Morristown was the proper prelude to their next morning's exploits. Their behavior was, indeed, a marvel to the inhabitants; for in a country town they do not hang a man oftener than once in a generation or two, and the people in their simplicity supposed that the deliberate putting to death of a human being was an event that had in it an element of seriousness. A certain solemnity hung over the town. The children went to bed hushed and timorous. But to these carousing reporters the affair was merely a country hanging, which they regarded very much as medical students do the arrival of a new "subject" for dissection. "I made sixty-four dollars out of one little murder," I heard a perfectly respectable and worthy reporter say, with an amazing sincerity of nonchalance. Occasionally there would circulate a report that the jail was open, or that some one had come from the cell, and then the whole body would plunge headlong into the street, and go off roaring to the gate, only to return and drink anew, and curse an imbecile sheriff, an obstinate warden, and a rustic county, insensible to the importance of gentlemen representing the Metropolitan Press.

Soon after the dawn of day they began to assemble at the jail and knock for admittance. The warden came to the door, evidently impressed with the gravity of the occasion, and moved with the scene passing within. He spoke politely to the clamorous crowd. He told them that the man was awake, but engaged with the priest and the Sisters of Charity, and must not be disturbed. They demanded to be at least admitted into the jail. This, too, the warden politely refused, alleging an order of the sheriff to

admit no one until nine o'clock. More reporters kept coming up, and every few minutes some of them would give thundering knocks at the door, at which the warden would re-appear, and repeat his explanation. They argued, threatened, stormed, and swore, with a defiance of decency of which young men at 6 A.M. demoralized by alcohol alone are capable. Next they trooped off to the abode of the sheriff, a gentleman of staid respectable character, who had been for weeks dreading the duty of that day, but had nerved himself up to perform it with decorum and every humane precaution. Of him the infuriate band made a new demand. They wanted the man executed at ten o'clock instead of eleven, so that they could catch the train at half past eleven. "In New Jersey," replied the sheriff, "we do not hang people to suit the convenience of reporters."

On leaving the sheriff's house they held an informal "indignation meeting," at which it was resolved, as they expressed it, "to give the sheriff fits." The execution occurred soon after the appointed hour, and it was managed with so much forethought and skill that the man died almost immediately, and apparently without pain. Nothing marked the execution, except the extraordinary suddenness and painlessness of the prisoner's death; and this fact was noted in the report of the attending physicians, in that of the Associated Press, in that of the *Herald*, and in several of the New Jersey papers. But it was not so reported by the festive youths who had vowed to give the sheriff "fits." Here are some of the "fits" they gave him:

"An officer knocked the soap-box from under the convict.... For seven and a half minutes did the wretch suffer the horrors of asphyxia, for the knot had slipped under the chin, and the neck was not broken."

"The knot had been arranged in the most bungling manner.... Of course the wretched criminal was strangled to death. For seven minutes," etc.

"He died hard, owing to the bungling manner of conducting the execution."

"The knot had been arranged in a most bungling manner, and shifted to a position beneath the chin of the dying man. Of course the wretched criminal was strangled to death."

"Owing to a bungling arrangement of the knot, which the sheriff was advised in whispers several times to adjust, it slipped almost under his chin, and the wretched man began those repulsive struggles of agony which are shocking to behold."

"The haste and bungling made the execution seem almost like butchery."

"At the last moment the rope was found to be too short, and a box having been brought and stood on end, the culprit, an Italian, only twenty-four years of age, half crazed with excitement, leaped upon it, while the noose was attached by a series of jerks that finally caused the knot to slip around under his chin, so strangling him instead of breaking the neck."

None of these statements has any resemblance to the truth. There was no soap-box, no series of jerks, no excessive excitement, no slipping of the knot, no seven

minutes of anguish. These interesting particulars were merely the threatened "fits"—the preconcerted vengeance of reporters who could not have their hanging adjusted to the time-table of the railroad. One of the reporters, who did not show any haste to get away after the execution, explained his indifference by remarking that he had telegraphed his account half an hour before the criminal left his cell. He did not, however, omit to mention the sheriff's "bungling" and the prisoner's "seven minutes" needless agony. Such are the possibilities of falsehood and of riotous indecency to brains weakened and crazed by the fumes of alcohol! In all the press there is no disturbing influence like the whisky in the brains of journalists.

A thing which strikes an observer of the press with most surprise is the little knowledge which its conductors have of the human mind, and of the arts by which good work can be continuously got from men without impairing their working powers. The editor of a great newspaper should have little to do but acquire that knowledge and practice those arts. The successive John Walters who have conducted the London *Times* for nearly a century appear to have been the only men in the profession, until recently, who knew that the secret of great journalism lay in the gradual formation of a great corps by treating men with justice and consideration. It appears that they adopted the system seventy years ago of never paying the "market price" for a kind of work so exceptional and, I may add, so unnatural as writing, but made it a rule to pay more than others, and more than the writer would himself demand. Abundant honor also awaits the performance of excellent work, as well as the needful pause and retreat after extraordinary exertions. It is always thus that men who are born to command treat the persons whom they select to execute their plans. The consequence is that the *Times*, though not exempt from the liability to error which marks all organizations conducted by mortals, remains, after all changes, the first of European newspapers. There are other journals on both sides of the Atlantic which have the will to employ the system of the *Times*, but few have the power; and so vast is the revenue required to sustain a really superior newspaper that, perhaps, there can never be more than two or three in any country possessing an income entirely and always adequate. Are there five now existing in the world? Probably not more than five.

The suppression of half our daily papers would greatly advance the art of journalism in the United States. Five, six, seven daily papers in a city of less than a hundred thousand inhabitants! Some of these have a corps consisting of one individual; and

where there are three persons employed, the paper feels itself entitled to some rank in the world of journalism. One consequence is that two-thirds of all the working journalists in the country receive less than the wages of good mechanics; and another consequence is that the daily press, published in the midst of an intelligent people, is sometimes a daily miracle of calumnious inanity. Falsehood and folly in daily papers are, I repeat, not so much an evidence of depravity as of poverty. Intelligence and character are costly; frivolity and recklessness are cheap. The incessant abuse of individuals is one of the few resources of an empty mind. It can not discuss principles; it can not communicate knowledge; it can not enliven by wit and good humor: nothing remains to it but to assail character. And even where the decorums of the press are strictly observed, we find in the columns of newspapers which are struggling for life amazing exhibitions of helpless ignorance. The nauseating trail of fifteen dollars a week is seen all over them, a sign of that agonizing contest for existence which goes on wherever ten are trying to subsist upon means insufficient for five. And really, when I look down the long pay-roll of a complete newspaper establishment, I am inclined to wonder that such a large number of daily papers acquit themselves creditably without being able to afford one-quarter of the expenditure which excellence costs. In New York, where alone in the United States newspaper offices exist in which poor-devilism has been extirpated, the editorial force of a daily paper, fully equipped, consists of about fifty individuals, of whom at least twelve receive compensation which approaches that of the lower grades of the other liberal professions. The press has advanced so far in this one city of the Western continent that a competent and well-trained journalist receives as large a compensation as a lawyer, doctor, or clergyman of the fourth rank, and nearly enough to pay the rent of a small house in a second-rate neighborhood. This is a considerable advance from the time when Horace Greeley let Mr. Raymond leave the *Tribune* rather than add five dollars to his weekly stipend of twenty. The editor-in-chief of a New York daily paper of the first rank receives from four to eight thousand dollars a year, with the assistance of a short-hand reporter, and the use of a cab. His leading assistants receive about half as much. In London, as Mr. James Grant informs us, the established salary of the editor of a morning paper—always excepting the princely *Times*—is a thousand guineas a year. There is not likely to be for some time to come more than one newspaper in any country that can safely go much beyond this scale of compensation. And, indeed, it is almost high enough to admit of the gradual formation

of a corps capable of holding its own against the dense swarm of lies always struggling or scheming for admittance into the press. In every service under the sun the rank and file must of necessity work hard for little pay. It is only necessary to have a few great prizes to stimulate the whole body by rewarding the excellent few.

Let us by all means be just to this most difficult, most exacting, and least developed of all the liberal professions, for we all have an interest in its honor and in its prosperity. The press can not long be much better or much worse than the people to whom it ministers; and he must be blind indeed, or of most defective memory, who does not see that the daily press of this country has significantly improved in all leading particulars during the last thirty years. The mere fact that a daily newspaper is the result of fifty men's work serves to show how many apertures there are by which errors both of fact and judgment can find their way into it. And each of the members of an editorial corps is an imperfect human being, using an imperfect medium of communication, and having also his special credulities, prejudices, vanities, ambitions, timidities, sympathies, antipathies, grudges, animosities, friendships, and alliances, all more or less misleading. Some men are naturally credulous of evil, others of good. Some able and worthy journalists are cursed with a bad temper; and there may be members of the press who, as Mr. Disraeli insinuates, look with jaundiced eyes upon the victor in fields where themselves have suffered defeat. There are minds, too, which seem loosely constructed, and have little intuitive sense of probability. The latest historian of the English press, for example, garrulous James Grant, who edited, as he tells us, the *Morning Chronicle* of London for twenty years upon a salary of a thousand guineas, possesses a mind of this description. In his chapter upon the American press he pauses to explain the marvelous growth of Chicago, which he attributes to the easy divorce laws of Illinois. "Persons," he says, "whether men or women, intending to get rid of their wives or husbands flock to it from all parts of the United States." This accounts at once for the increase of population and the great number of newspapers published: for "almost every husband and wife in Chicago takes in every paper published in the town, lest the husband should unknown to her have made the declaration necessary to get rid of her, or she secretly have given it to get rid of her husband." Imagine such a Mrs. Partington sweeping out the torrent of falsehood that comes rushing into a daily newspaper! He also records that "five-sixths" of our newspapers are sold in the street, that the Americans value no news so much as they do

shipping intelligence, and that an American editor in some parts of the country has less chance of escaping assassination than an officer in the late war had to escape death in the field. There is a mind to control a newspaper!

There are also natural liars, inventors of falsehood, as there are kleptomaniacs. Here and there in the press, as out of it, there are persons like the actress Rachel, of whom her brother reports: "If she liked people, she imagined and related a thousand agreeable anecdotes about them; and if she hated them, she invented any number of enormities to illustrate their evil qualities." Others there are who believe falsehood easily, and repeat without thought any tale they chance to hear. During the period when Mr. Williams was a candidate for the place of Chief Justice, probably as many as five thousand paragraphs were printed reflecting upon his character and abilities, of which it is doubtful if five were the expression of real knowledge of the man. There is a fashion in vituperation; and while a select few of our race never join in a hue and cry *because* it is a hue and cry, a very large number are only too willing to do so. And what easier way is there to hide our ignorance, and give our readers the impression that we know the inside truth of things, than to borrow a sneering paragraph, give it a sharper sting, and send it forth to make the unskillful laugh and its unseen victim writhe?

The journalistic triumphs that have been won by the exposure of corruption will not be an unmixed blessing if they give newspapers too strong a bias toward such exploits. The great fame of Junius, too, is a misleading circumstance. Junius was not a well-informed person in politics; his sounding denunciations of public men, whose motives we now know that he misinterpreted, have given a sort of license to anonymous writers to abuse any man if only he is so unfortunate as to hold a public office. And unhappily events have occurred which incline the people to think ill of those who serve them. There are also bulls and bears in politics as well as in Wall Street—people whose party feelings dispose them to believe or to disbelieve evil of present holders of power. At this moment, as all readers know, the bear interest is powerful in the press, and it is not weak among the press's readers. It is evident that multitudes enjoy their morning villain. The very easy rôle of Cry-aloud-and-spare-not appears to be almost as popular as it is easy; for let a newspaper publish a slashing leader assailing some anxious drudge in a Washington bureau, no matter how false the charge, how cruel the calumny, a dozen subscribers will send in letters applauding the heroic exposure of "men in high places." The editor hears little of the indignation which his vague censure excites

in considerate minds, and knows nothing of the wide-spread sorrow that this daily outcry of wolf! wolf! should render the press so little able to raise an effective alarm when at last a wolf is in the fold. What government but the government of the United States has ever been strong enough or pure enough to stand the fire of indiscriminate vituperation to which it has been of late subjected?

Our daily bears have really terrified innocent readers beyond measure. They call to mind Daniel Webster's humorous remark upon the crowds of excited people that came to Washington to witness the inauguration of Andrew Jackson: "People have come five hundred miles to see General Jackson, and they really seem to think that the country is rescued from some dreadful danger!" It would be amusing now, if it were not significant of possible peril in the future, to observe the embarrassment of a worthy citizen who finds himself for the first time in Washington. He has been reading for years of the appalling state of things in that metropolis of shabby boarding-houses, one-horse cars, and impecunious clerks longing for pay-day. He has been informed by his daily bear that in that centre and focus of pollution he might see "families of secretaries and other high officers of state riding about in bretts and landaus purchased with the 'contingent fund' of the departments." Little he knows what a landau is, and the only brett with whom he had any previous acquaintance was Bret Harte. A vague horror filled his soul upon reading of these mysterious vehicles paid for out of a fund not less mysterious. "Here," continued his much-trusted daily, "is the engraving bureau of the Treasury Department turning out bushels of visiting-cards for the ladies and gentlemen of the court. Here are perquisites and allowances to the value of \$50,000 a year going to the White House, and pickings and stealings of every kind in the inferior departments of the government. The footman who waits on you when you dine with Mr. Secretary So-and-So is paid by the United States as an 'extra clerk.' The coachman who drives the secretary's wife when she shops or visits draws his pay from the department as a 'laborer' or a 'fireman,' and the gardener's name appears, perhaps, on the rolls as a 'messenger.'"

This is terrible indeed. Our innocent friend goes forth from Willard's the morning after his arrival to gaze upon the hideous scenes that foretell the downfall of his beloved country. He does not find them. If he visits the departments, he can discover nothing but a large number of busy clerks, male and female, moderately paid, who work from nine to four, and go home to boarding-houses that do not, at the first glance, seem sumptuous or inviting. There does not ap-

pear to be any card-printing going on. At the Capitol he finds three hundred gentlemen who, to the finite mind of persons not connected with the bear interest, seem to be diligently and honestly employed in serving their country. He may succeed in discovering what a brett is, and also a landau, but he must look long before he catches a "high officer of the government" in one. The only thing he can find in Washington that gives color to the statements I have quoted is that several correspondents of newspapers eke out their slender incomes by serving as secretaries to Congressional committees. Shall I ever forget the long breath of relief I once drew in the Capitol when, after three weeks' vigilant search for the iniquities of which I had read so much, I cried out, in despair, to the genial and veteran "Perley," "Where is the Lobby of which the papers tell us such dreadful things?" "The Lobby!" he replied, with a twinkle in his eye, and a smile upon the rest of his face; "the Lobby is a gigantic myth!"

Our innocent wanderer returns to his native haunts, not satisfied, indeed, with all that he saw at his country's capital, but well pleased to think that there is no evil there as great, nor as difficult to remedy, as the exaggerations of the press that sent him thither in consternation. But if he attempts to moderate the anxiety of his neighbors, he may chance to hear one of them say, as he rises from the perusal of his morning bear, "Didn't they pull the wool over the deacon's eyes in Washington?" How much easier it is to swell one poor "landaulet" into "bretts and landaus" than to reduce "bretts and landaus" down to their infinitesimal origin in the brain of an itemizer who *must* send something piquant over the wires!

To become pecuniarily strong is the first step toward the extirpation of falsehood in a newspaper. The great and durable successes, during the last century, have been won by journals which conquered, by hard knocks and gritty persistence, their independence of the chief lie-compellers—poverty, class, and party—journals which can snub subscribers, offend advertisers, defend Congress, change parties, disgust the rich, admonish the poor, or spend an extra thousand dollars a week for six months at a time, and still go on in triumph. Such papers have not always used their power aright; but they generally have; for it belongs to the very nature of the Strong to speak the truth. First, catch your hare. The acquisition of the *power* to utter truth must precede its utterance. A weak paper, like a weak man, can hardly choose but lie.

And we must admit that during the last two generations Christendom has witnessed events that have sensibly lessened the general regard for truth. There was an editor of the *Moniteur* of Paris, Napoleon Bonaparte

by name, whose bulletins were a positive advance in the art of lying, and there was scoffing Talleyrand at his side to reconcile Europe to the practice by repeating that speech was given to man to enable him to conceal his thoughts. Two such men, in such places, were enough to lower the sense of the sacredness of truth in a whole generation. And what have we of the present generation seen? We have seen this: the queen of the country that values itself above all other things for its love of truth paying a public visit to the perjured usurper of the French throne, and submitting to be kissed by him on both cheeks!

On the last celebration of Washington's birthday the press afforded us a curious illustration of the lasting harm that may result from a kind of falsehood which most people would think innocent. Scarcely any of the papers attempted to recall the character or deeds of Washington to the recollection of their readers, but a hundred paragraphists exercised their powers in jesting upon the story of the hatchet and the cherry-tree—the invention of Parson Weems, in 1800, to make his little peddler's *Life of Washington* more acceptable. That absurd fiction covers the name of Washington with a certain ridicule in perhaps a million minds.

It is we, the public, the readers of newspapers, the people of the United States, mankind in general, who need to relearn the lesson which the ages reveal to us, that truth is in itself a sacred and a precious thing. It is only the truth-revering races and men that ever long hold their own. Much of this outcry against the liars of the daily press is unjust, for there is but one liar in the daily press: it is Man.

MY WIFE'S EDITORIAL.

"IF I were an editor," said my wife, interrupting me as I was about to read her my nearly finished paper on the dynamics of our social system, "I would not waste time over such hard names and profound researches; I would work for the need of the hour, and let the need of the century take care of itself."

"Precisely what I am doing, my dear, if you would but have the courtesy to listen. You are not afraid of a few hard words?"

My spouse settled herself in that especial little easy-chair of violet velvet in which she is used to assist at the private audience, and, monished by the slight tap of her foot upon the carpet, I plunge into my subject. That foot-tap, by-the-way, is capable of as many interpretations as is the Italian *altro*. It may mean impatience, disapproval, eagerness, embarrassment, or a subtly conveyed criticism, as in the present instance, when it said simply, "Bother!"

She listened graciously, however; nodded

once or twice to some delicately poised distinction; but I noticed toward the close that her attention was wandering, and that in the pocket of her apron was a folded paper that her hand sought from time to time as the peroration drew near.

I may as well confess it at once, before proceeding further, that I am—and I like to be—tied to an apron-string! Other men may choose to deck their wives in cashmere and velvet; may gloat over the diamond in the delicate ear, or delight in the splendors of a *grande toilette*; I simply worship my wife's apron, with all the dear sanctities and sweet home charities it suggests and unfolds.

So I prepare to yield at once, when, at my last word,

"Excellent, Taddeo; a little wordy. But please listen. Here's a letter that came to me this morning. Ever since I took upon me, with fear and trembling, the secretaryship of the Woman's Aid Society, haven't I had the heart-ache! There seems such an ocean of incompetence every where, and such a very few rafts! Except for the good it does me to get very angry, I sometimes wish I was out of the whole thing—that at least I should not hear, when I can do so little to help.

"Just listen to this letter. Notice the old-fashioned handwriting, won't you?—the Italian hand of twenty years ago. Doesn't that delicate, uncertain hand tell a history? I knew before I opened it what I should find, but read it.

"DEAR MADAM,—As Secretary of the Woman's Aid Society, I lay my case before you. My father and mother are old people, and I am their only child. I was brought up in every luxury, and never expected to have to do any thing for a living.

"But my father's investments have proved unfortunate; and the failure of a banking house, where his remaining funds were deposited, has brought him to ruin. Both he and my mother are old, and since his reverses he has grown very feeble. We live in some rooms over the apothecary's shop, corner of — and — streets; but I do not know how we can retain them, as it takes all my time to wait upon my father and mother and do the necessary house-work.

"If I had any accomplishment that I could make money by I could hire a servant, but all that I am capable of is a little fancy-work, and I find that rather hard upon my eyes at present. I suppose much weeping has made them weak.

"I have tried to get copying from the lawyers, but they say my handwriting is not of the kind they use. I am no longer young, and I suppose mine is too old-fashioned.

"I see it noticed in the circular of the Woman's Aid Society that you strongly recommend domestic service to women wanting work. But even if I were competent, which I am not, to undertake any thing in this department that requires strength or skill, I could not leave my father and mother without hiring a servant for them, which would amount to the same thing as though I staid at home.

"Dear madam, I hope this letter will be confidential, as I am told the transactions of the Ladies' Repository are, where the ladies are known by numbers, and every thing is kept secret. But I will sign my full name to you,

LAVINIA VON LERNHAUSEN.

"P.S.—Do please tell me what to do. I am almost crazy thinking it all over."

"It is well," said my wife, "that she added that postscript; for when I came to the Ladies' Repository business, I was very near putting the letter in the fire.

"If ever there was a mean, false, hypocritical delicacy, it is that which encourages women to work under false colors, and to earn money while pretending in elegant idleness to make fancy-work for their friends. I never had any patience with it. Why should a woman be ashamed of earning money? Why should she hide that she is obliged to work? The endless falsehoods and evasions that it leads to!

"I remember how amazed I used to be, as a girl, at the immense amount of baby linen that was made up in one of our neighbors' houses. There were three maiden ladies, and they were forever knitting shirts and socks, and tucking and ruffling little garments, 'for one of their friends,' they would say to the inquisitive child. But I remember, when their friends drove up in elegant carriages, the work was immediately thrust behind sofa-cushions or into a closet, while they awaited their guests with folded hands and serene composure—all the while pretending to live elegantly on an income, and do nothing but for pastime. I remember what a shock it gave me afterward to find out that they were regularly employed by the Ladies' Repository, where they figured as numbers nine, twenty-seven, and eleven.

"Think of it!—a woman condescending to be a number, instead of herself; to take as a sort of mitigated charity the reward of her own hard work! It is one of the weaknesses that I like to make war upon. Which is more degrading, I should like to know, working or lying?

"And here was one of our own managers the other day coming to ask for copying for some young ladies who needed work, saying she had promised them that their names should not be known. She wanted to take it out in her own name, but fortunately we have a good honest rule that compels the registry of all actual copyists. And the father of those girls is a worn-out book-keeper, who holds his place from the sheer inability to give it up. Every body knows how hard he works. Any body may see him going down street early and returning late. It is only that his daughters are ashamed of work for themselves—they are not ashamed of it for him.

"If ever you break down, my dear Taddeo, with over brain-work"—here a slight smile curled the lip of my queen—"and I have to do crayon heads or mend lace for a living, depend upon it I will have a sign that shall reach all across the house.

"But this poor girl! 'No longer young?' Oh, my dear, what a wicked, wicked father she must have had, not to make her life secure?"

And again my wife taps her foot. The remark, I observe, is not characterized by her usual sagacity, and I tell her so.

"How can any thing be secure in this day and generation? What rock more firm, to all appearance, than that on which Ogontz was builded, of fair fortune and fair fame; and look! an autumn wind has scattered its tenants with the autumn leaves. It is nonsense to talk of permanent fortunes in America."

"It is and it isn't. The fortune I meant was the knowledge of work, the trade, the art training, the profession or business, that fathers give to all their sons, but withhold from their daughters, with a blindness equal to Milton's own. I have never been able to forgive that old tyrant for teaching his daughters the Greek letter for his own benefit, and refusing them the golden grain to which it was the key. And"—with a skillful diversion to an apparently irrelevant topic—"if resistance to tyrants be obedience to God, I don't wonder that his wives ran away from him. You needn't raise your eyebrows, Taddeo; I say wives in a Tilly Slow-boy sense. I know perfectly well there was only one who did. It's a pity that others of the family hadn't the courage of the example."

"If my wife were to run away from me just now, I *might* finish my paper," I humbly suggest; "but what with Mrs. John Milton, the Misses Milton, and Miss Lavinia— Pardon me, I forgot her desire to remain unknown—"

"Let me write an editorial;" and my wife seized upon a pen. The result of her raid upon my writing-table is herewith respectfully submitted. TADDEO GADDI.

CHOOSING A CAREER.

One sharp lesson of the autumn's panic, and, indeed, of our shifting American fortunes without any panic at all, is the wasteful folly and cruelty of the old education of woman. It is folly, in an economic sense, that ignores the sharp possibilities of the future for our girls, while we send our boys out into life fully armed and equipped for the fray.

The young man, returned from college or the scientific school, in the bright glow of dawning powers, untrammelled as yet by care, and under the shelter of his father's roof, decides upon his career. Admiring aunts and sisters waft their prayers and hopes upon the winds that wing his sail; the father's experience and counsel pilot the boat through the shallow waters near the shore. Every thing aids his start—youth, freshness, and special training. He has no responsibility upon him save for his own health and good behavior.

When does a woman choose her career? In middle age; broken down by sorrow; when she has seen her life's hopes go down one by one in the horizon. As a girl, she has waited in her father's house for the lover who never came. All of youth has gone by in vague dreams. In

the frivolous business of fashionable society her strength has spent itself.

Her hands are skill-less save in delicate embroidery; her brain is sluggish, though it aches with this new anxiety and despair. Heavily weighted with responsibility, it may be, with the broken-down father or the always invalid mother now suddenly dependent upon her, she sets out upon this new path with weak, uncertain steps. Beginning a career at forty, all untrained!

The daughter of her washer-woman can distance her; the girl who used to bring home her shoes has already shot far ahead. She scarce used to notice these girls, save when they were thinly clad or looked hungrier than usual. It was easy to loosen her purse-strings or send them into the servants' room to be warmed and fed. Where are they now, while she is halting, timorous, on the sharp stones of the highway? The

washer-woman's girl is a salaried teacher in the model school-house yonder; the other is book-keeper in her father's shop, and it pays her well.

Ah! that artisan father, that mother toiling early and late, had a deeper wisdom in their need than the merchant, the clergyman, the railway king, in his hour of power. What cruelty like to their indulgence now! The unreasoning fondness which reared their girls in luxurious helplessness, which assumed the future as certain in its golden round, has its parallel in other lands. There are Asiatic fathers who put out the eyes of a girl that she may be a more pathetic beggar. To the study of this Chinese prototype we commend the American father who, choosing a career for his boys in the fine freshness of early manhood, leaves his darling daughters helpless amidst the buffets of the changing tide.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE coincidence of the return from Africa to England of the dead Livingstone and the living Wolseley was the natural subject of comment at the memorial meeting of the Geographical Society of New York. Both had served their native land well, and that land received the victor with acclamation, and the body of the martyr with sympathy and every sign of honor. Both had illustrated that sturdy heroism which is so grateful to the Englishman—the “unconquerable will” which commands fate, the tenacity which made the little island for so long mistress of the seas and the leader of modern civilization. England also, by the honors she offers both to the living soldier and the dead traveler, appeals to a feeling which our own practice leaves very much untouched—the satisfaction in a national recognition of national service. “A peerage or Westminster Abbey!” cried Nelson, as he went into action. He knew that whether he survived or fell he was sure of a visible permanent mark of the honor and gratitude of his country; and this consciousness has inspired many a heart and nerved many a hand which otherwise would not have been so effective.

Nor is it altogether a low or meanly selfish motive. He, indeed, is the loftiest character who in great duties and sore sacrifices utterly forgets himself, and thinks only of the cause, counting his loss gain, and the sacrifice sweeter if his very name perish unknown. The Jesuits in Canada in the seventeenth century, whose noble and heroic story has been so vividly told by Parkman in his *Jesuits in North America*, went beyond civilization, beyond the knowledge and report of men, as it seemed, and, without other witnesses than their tormentors and their fellow-sufferers, endured tortures that soldiers and sailors in dire extremity seldom know. Jean de Brébeuf defied suffering, and made his tormentors frantic by his smiling superiority to pain. For four hours he endured agony before he died, and at the last the savages tore open his breast and thronged to drink his blood, hoping to imbibe some of that transcendent courage. For seventeen hours his companion, Lalemant, survived through the same torture before an Indian, tired

of the long sport of anguish, slew him with a hatchet. They were missionaries, like Livingstone, and, like him, far beyond the usual spurs and motives to heroism. For them there was no peerage or Westminster Abbey. There was no reason to suppose that their fate would be known. Like men sinking in a stormy sea at night, they perished invisibly, trusting only their own hearts and the God they served. The splendor of the battle pales before that greater glory of the Canadian forest. Were soldiers and sailors so inspired, armies and navies would be invincible.

This kind of renunciation, which the heart feels to be the highest reach of human character, has a perfect expression in one of the poems of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. The mourner, brooding over his loss, and drooping with the sense of personal bereavement, suddenly, in one clear moment of vision, purified and exalted by sorrow, perceives that earthly affection may possibly clog that higher flight, becloud that finer life, and in one of the loftiest strains in literature exclaims:

“Tho' if an eye that's downward cast
Could make thee somewhat blench or fail,
Then be my love an idle tale,
And fading legend of the past;

“And thou as one that once declined
When he was little more than boy
On some unworthy heart with joy,
But lives to wed an equal mind,

“And breathes a novel world, the while
His other passion wholly dies,
Or in the light of deeper eyes
Is matter for a flying smile.”

These are the very divinest emotions of human nature; but other motives, if not so high, are most generous and worthy. The desire of good fame, of kind remembrance, of tender mention, has perhaps the selfish element, but how purified and elevated! And of this regard the peerage and Westminster Abbey are the outward signs. They are national gratitude made manifest. Can you not serve your country for her own sake? asks Gradgrind of Nelson. Are your devotion and your heroism only selfish? “No, no,” answers the brave heart, beating so high,

and so soon to beat no more—"no, no; but as I love my country, so I delight to feel that my country loves me."

This is the moral of "the peerage or Westminster Abbey." They are the symbols of that national pride and love. They are the perpetual monuments of the admiration and honor with which the country regards those sons of hers who serve her faithfully and well. They do not make those sons brave and enduring and successful, but they remind them that if they are so they will not be forgotten. Livingstone, lost in the heart of Africa, intent only upon destroying slavery and finding the sources of the Nile, refusing to return with Stanley, and pushing farther on among the farthest savages—so far away that, dying in May, he is buried in his own land only at the end of April—humble, patient, heroic, devoted, little dreamed that he should lie with kings and poets and statesmen; thought no more at the last that he should ever be buried in English soil, or the date or spot of his death be known, than that he should be honored wherever his language is spoken. What to him was Westminster Abbey? Consciously, nothing. But he was a Briton bred under the influences that have made the nation, and among them, deep, rich, persuasive, inspiring, is the sentiment of honor and recognition for heroic service. We have no Westminster and no peerage. But we too are largely children of the race that has them both, and deep in our character is the same instinct. The selection of the soldier for civic honor, the resolution of Congress that among equals he should be preferred in appointment to office, are signs of the same feeling that knights Sir Garnet Wolseley, and gives him a revenue for three lives, and that sends an honorable deputation to Southampton to receive the body of Livingstone, and consigns it with stately pageant and far-sounding requiem to Westminster Abbey.

THE sudden interest in cremation, or burning, instead of burying the dead body, is one of the striking events of the time. For English-speaking readers the discussion was begun by Sir Henry Thompson, who, as we privately learn, means to push his project to the end unless some prohibitory law shall be found. In this country the debate has been taken up with alacrity, and a bill was introduced into the New York Legislature to incorporate a society for cremation. The quaint old author of the *Religio Medici*, Sir Thomas Browne, is before us all in the matter in his pleasant "Urn Burial." "Though earth hath engrossed the name," says Sir Thomas, with his grave gayety, "yet water hath proved the smartest grave, which in forty days swallowed almost mankind and the living creation." He holds that "carnal interment," or burying, was of the elder date, as witness Abraham and the patriarchs. And "it were without competition if it could be made out that Adam was buried near Damascus." Yet the practice of burning was of great antiquity; for, not to mention Hercules, there are the Homeric obsequies of Patroclus and Achilles, and the "solemn combustion" of Menœceus and Archemorus, "contemporary unto Jair, the eighth judge of Israel." Yet as all customs, he thinks, had some bottom of reason, so had every method of disposing of the body. Those who thought with Thales that water was the original of things

held it better to "conclude in a moist relentment." Others who conceived fire to be the master principle in the composition "declined a visible degeneration into worms."

Then the delightful old scholar recounts the various practices of many nations. The "Indian Brachmans" were too friendly to fire, burning themselves alive. The Chaldeans, idolaters of fire, thought it sacrilege to burn their bodies. The Persian magi, anxious only for their bones, abandoned the flesh to dogs and birds. The ancient Germans burned their dead, but whether not to offend their deity Hertha, or the earth, who shall say? The Egyptians embalmed, afraid of fire, and from such scruples Numa and the Pythagoreans "waved the fiery solution." The Scythians made their graves in the air. The Balerians burned wood over the dead, and the Chinese the same, civilly consuming many prints of slaves and horses instead of exacting the reality. But Christians abhorred this fiery way, except for martyrdom, "affecting rather a depositure than assumption." Thus earth and fire and water have each their arguments and their advocates. But the present interest springs mainly from sanitary fears. The neighborhood of city cemeteries has infected wells, and when once, for any reason, the question is raised, there seems a thousand good reasons of many kinds for its advocacy.

For once sentiment and science seem to agree. Let us soar aloft with Elijah in a chariot of fire! gushes sentiment. Let us decompose the body in the least harmful way! remarks science. There is the usual appalled objection that there is something monstrous and blasphemous in the proposition. There was the same censure of Galileo's opinion that the earth revolved about the sun. Harvey's doctrine of the circulation of the blood and Jenner's vaccination were received with the same alarmed incredulity. And how have medicine and surgery in detail escaped? It is said that Christ was laid in the tomb. But the argument fails, for his body, according to the old prophecy, was not allowed to see corruption. The question is fairly open upon its merits; and should some simple and inexpensive method of cremation be found, there seems to be no reason to doubt that it will be tried. Whether by fire, or water, or earth, the body must return to the dust. Even by the fond deceit of embalming, the final dispersion could only be delayed, not averted; and since science shows that there is no perishing but only changing, sanitary and sentimental considerations alone remain.

In the English burial service the words dust and ashes are supposed to be synonymous. But a severe scholarship distinguishes them. Upon his first visit to England Mr. Sumner was one day at breakfast with a pleasant party at Walter Savage Landor's. The host turned to Mr. Sumner and asked him why General Washington was not buried under the Capitol in the city that bears his name. Mr. Sumner answered him, and ended by saying, "And so his ashes rest at Mount Vernon." "Ashes! ashes!" thundered Landor; "I am surprised to hear a scholar use such a word under the circumstances. Do you mean to say, Mr. Sumner, that General Washington's body was burned?" Mr. Sumner instantly, and with equal spirit, replied, "Mr.

Landor, when I read in the famous verse of a great and scholarly English poet,

'E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires,'

am I to understand that Gray refers to some process of cremation among your English forefathers?"

Dr. Barnard, of Columbia College, in New York, thinks that there would be a natural reluctance upon the part of friends to hasten the inevitable destruction of a beloved form. This also is a natural sentiment, but it is no more; for whether the process be slow or swift no man knows, when that form is hidden from his eyes. And why not hasten that dissolution if it relieve the imagination, since science and religious faith agree that in the dead body only inert matter remains? The soil in St. Innocent's Church-yard, in Paris, was thought to destroy the body speedily; that of Sicily to retain it long. In the Campo Santo, at Pisa, was earth brought from the Holy Land for the more comfortable repose of the body. This is all the plea of the imagination. It is we, not the dead, who know that they lie in one soil or in another, or are consumed by water or by fire. "To live, indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's Church-yard as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be any thing in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as with the moles of Adrianus."

Nothing in our civilization would probably astonish our red predecessors upon this continent more than the post-office. Savages had no news. They had no correspondence. They had no business. Henry Thoreau cherished a secret conviction that they were very much superior to their Saxon successors in America, and insisted that most of our improvements were merely a painful increase of resultless vexation, and that the finer and nobler qualities of human character are no more evident in us than in the red men. But Thoreau loved a paradox, and sometimes confounded civilization with its abuses and diseases. He had a natural sympathy with the Indian, for he had a love of wild nature, nature untouched by art—the primeval forest, the solitary stream, the haunt of the beaver and the fox—and he had a curious knowledge of the aspects of the daily life of the woods and fields, the habits of animals and plants. The Easy Chair remembers a weird night with Thoreau in his boat upon the Concord River, the Musketaquid, in whose neighborhood he found arrow-heads and Indian relics that eluded all other eyes, and seemed to have kept themselves patiently for him. The object of the excursion was to watch the night life of the stream. An iron crate was built out from the bow of the boat and filled with the dead roots of old pine-trees—fat pine—and when this was kindled the blaze threw a broad glare for some distance upon the water, shutting out every thing else, and slowly drifting with the stream we could see clearly every thing below us. We hung seemingly suspended in air over fish and grass and sand, floating imperceptibly upon the current. Thoreau's acute observation, his intimate knowledge, his respect for the Indian, and his much-modified admiration of his own race and time were all very evident.

But this is wandering. To speak of the Indian, however, is to think of Thoreau; and his use of the post-office which they could not understand would certainly not have largely increased the revenues of the government. There is no more striking monument of civilization. In every city the building devoted to its uses is one of the most important, and, in this country, it stands with the custom-house as the visible sign of the larger national government, which, as the well-meaning but confused enthusiast exclaimed, is "the common mother of us all." There is no sight in any great city more interesting than the interior of the post-office. Unfortunately it can not well be made a public resort; but they are fortunate who have been admitted to watch its processes. Dickens took the friends that he most wished to please to see the London post-office, the good order of which is famous. And for New York, it is fortunate that as the post-office is about taking possession for the first time of quarters worthy of it, it is under the superintendence of one of the most efficient officers it has known. There are sly stories told of the quiet way in which he reformed many bad habits in the office when he was first appointed. Thus there were clerks who came very leisurely to their work in the morning, as it has been whispered is sometimes the habit of those who serve that invisible master, the government, and these gentlemen were in no hurry to make the day begin under the new direction at any earlier hour. But, to their amazement, they found if they came at nine o'clock, that the chief was already there. If they were startled into appearing at half past eight, he was still there. If, then, they came at eight, lo! he was there. It was found that the hour of his coming re-arranged the calendar, and business began betimes. The influence of quiet energy is incalculable. The clear, intelligent resolution of the head of a department is felt in every fibre of its administration.

As the citizen and stranger look at the vast building which has been erected for the post-office in New York—occupying a space which should not have been taken, for it has robbed the very heart of the city of sun and air which it has always enjoyed—they will hear with pleasure of the small beginnings of the great system. In 1672 the government of New York authorized a post "to goe monthly from New York to Boston," and invited "those that bee disposed to send letters to bring them to the secretary's office, where, in a lockt box, they shall be preserved till the messenger calls for them, all persons paying the post before the bagg be sealed up." This last is a wise course, to which after many years we have returned. In 1702 this monthly post became fortnightly. Until 1704 the regular post went no further east than Boston, nor beyond Philadelphia to the west. In 1753 Dr. Franklin was Postmaster-General for the colonies, and in 1760 this rash innovator proposed that a mail should run weekly between Philadelphia and Boston, leaving each point on Monday morning, and arriving on Saturday night; and in 1774 he said, upon his removal, that he had made the colonial post-office produce three times as much revenue as that of Ireland.

The history of the English office is very interesting, and is briefly sketched by Mr. Sumner in

a speech upon the franking system. In 1635 letters were carried by carriers or foot-posts sixteen or eighteen miles a day, and it was full two months before answers could be received from Scotland or Ireland at London. The common-wealth farmed out all the posts, inland and foreign, for ten thousand pounds. Under Queen Anne the "cross posts" were farmed to Ralph Allen, who improved the management, upon an agreement that the new profits should be his own for life. But the money was well spent, for it is of this contractor, as Mr. Sumner says, that Pope sung,

"Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

The postal revenues were burdened by pensions. The Duchess of Cleveland received £4700 annually, and the Earl of Rochester £4000. Two such facts may perhaps suggest that our own times and country are not so hopelessly worse than all others as certain desponding patriots are wont to imagine. The Duke of Marlborough also enjoyed £5000 charged upon the post-office, "every letter contributing to his annual income." Blackstone thought the post-office a capital method of "raising money upon the subject." But with us the post-office is found to be a convenient scape-goat upon which we lay all the offenses and delays and vexations of our correspondence. If a letter is not immediately received, or if there is any inexplicable event, it is the post-office only that is held to be at fault. This is a great convenience, for it satisfies the natural wish of the mind for enlightenment and explanation. You are in the country, and your town friend asks you to dinner. He receives no reply, and at the hour you do not appear. Of course when you next meet there is coldness, strangeness, possible alienation. To you it is incomprehensible, and you seek a friendly explanation. "Why am I cold?" replies your city friend. "You certainly ought to know. A gentleman who does not even acknowledge an invitation to dinner does not desire to remain upon terms with the inviter." "An invitation to dinner! what do you mean?" "Why didn't you answer my invitation?" "Just Heaven! what invitation?" "The invitation I sent you." "But I have received none." "What!" "None whatever." There is an expressive pause. You rush into each other's arms. You exclaim together, "That [imprecations *ad libitum*] post-office!" And once more you swear eternal friendship. But while the wickedly reckless post-office is thus condemned, the invitation—the *corpus delicti*—is quietly hidden in his hat, where it had slipped under the lining, so that when he posted the others he did not post that.

Poor post-office! When next the reader is vexed by failing to receive a letter, and lavishes his wrath upon the public common carrier, let him consider the true story which follows, and which was told to the Easy Chair by the head of one of the great post-offices. A letter was received by a city bank from its country correspondent, which stated that a draft for a very large sum of money had not arrived. The city bank immediately replied that it had been duly sent. Inquiries were made at both offices. The bank messenger swore that he had posted at the proper hour all the letters given to him for the mail.

The country office swore that it had duly distributed all letters that had been received. But the sum involved was very large, and the matter could not be dropped. The authorities of the city office satisfied themselves that the fault was not with them, and dispatched one of their most accomplished experts to the country office to investigate. He satisfied himself that there was no fault at that point. Thence he went to the country correspondent, and after due inquiry was convinced that every thing was right. So he returned to the city bank, and reported the result of his exploration. "It's all very well," replied the bank, "but we hold you responsible. It shows the shameful carelessness of the post-office." When the bank had spoken, the expert replied, quietly, "That letter has probably never left this bank." There was a sneer of incredulity in answer. "Very well," was the reply, "I have examined every thing else, and now I'll examine you." Due search was made, and between the leaves of a huge account-book the letter was found, properly addressed, stamped, and ready for the mail, but by some chance it had been caught and concealed in the huge book. The hat lining, as it were, and not the post-office, was responsible for the trouble.

Or again, the Easy Chair was once in a great city post-office, talking with the postmaster, when a clerk brought him a letter addressed to a well-known firm, which he said had just been found upon the floor of the office outside. The postmaster made inquiries, and then sent the letter to the firm, with a statement of the facts. The simple truth was that the messenger, having taken out the letter with the others, had unconsciously dropped it, and fortunately it had been at once picked up by honest hands, and returned to the office with an explanation. Had a knave seen it and picked it up, and finding money in it, had he stolen it and destroyed the letter, what a complication of suspicion there would have been! Whether the mail messenger of the correspondent that sent the letter, or the clerks in one of the offices, or the messenger of the firm to which the letter was addressed, were guilty of the apparent larceny, who could have said? One thing only is clear, that the innocent post-office would have been held responsible. *De te fabula narratur!* The gentle reader railing at the wretched post-office that drops, or delays, or steals his letters should look under the lining of his hat.

But the visitor to this most interesting of resorts will find that it is a pack-horse for more than his complaints and vexations. The dead-letter office in Washington and every large city office collects the most curious museum of miscellanies, for the post-office is a kind of parcel express, as well as a carrier of correspondence. The visitor will see yarn stockings, and little shoes, and small boxes, and even little fruit trees, with myriads of other things, retained for want of proper postage. The postal rates are such that dead-weight can be sent by mail for just half the rate at which you can send a book. Almost the entire bullion of the Pacific coast passes through the mails. Mr. Dawes, who tells us these facts, says that a friend of his was in a postal car when the mail-bag was opened, and out rolled from it a huge bolt. It was on its way from Springfield, in Massachusetts, to some large machine-works in Ohio, and its passage in

the mail cost only ten cents. This is evidently an abuse of the post-office, for the object of that characteristic institution of civilization is not to carry parcels, but to diffuse intelligence, whether private news in the form of letters, or public and general in the form of newspapers and magazines and books. The post-office, properly conducted, is not designed for revenue, but for education. It is one of the great educators of the state. Its advantages are so evident and so enormous that its deficit, when its operations have been wisely managed, is one of the most generally useful and unfelt of taxes. It is not primarily a source of revenue. That should be well understood, and then its great benefits can be more wisely ordered. When, under Charles the Second, the franking system for members of Parliament was proposed, Sir Henenge Finch called it "a poor mendicant proviso, and below the honor of the House." The Speaker said, as he put the question, "I am ashamed of it." It was because "the true idea of a post-office was entirely forgotten," and because it was regarded mainly as a source of revenue, that the franking system arose as a legislative privilege. It was defeated in Parliament, but was subsequently interpolated into a contract. And we in this country inherited the false theory of the post as a means of revenue, and the bad practice of the frank as a legislative perquisite.

The law of this far-reaching hand of civilization, the post-office, which of all the departments of the government is the most beneficent and humane, should therefore be cheapness and simplicity. Designed to diffuse intelligence, it should exclude all other duty, and restrict itself to that alone, sure that the smaller the rate, the greater the blessing to the country. Mr. Sumner well asks, in his speech, why, of all the departments, this should be required to be self-supporting. If the army and navy hold aloof the foreign foe, and bind the country together by force, the post-office knits it close with the fine and invincible bonds of sympathy, love, and mutual intelligence. These swift-flying mails, darting by day and night continuously across the whole continent from sea to sea, touching every home and every heart and every mind—what are they but the restless and silent shuttle that weaves the magic web of a nobler civilization?

THE women's temperance revival, as it was called, gradually faded out of the newspapers, and there are not wanting those who ask what was the use of it, and who, like jesting Pilate, stay not for an answer. The use of it is that of all sincere and earnest appeals against conceded wrongs and abuses. When a case is continued in the courts, or the decision is reserved, do we ask what was the use of all this argument and all this testimony? So in the great tribunal of the human conscience and of civilization the case may be continued and the decision reserved, but none the less has the great appeal been heard and the shrewd argument weighed. The women walking in throngs and kneeling at the doors may not all have been free from some lower motive; there may have been love of excitement and of display; there may have been much ignorance and folly and fustian; but what sent them forth—what do you see in the experience of women that should have filled the street with a pray-

ing band? This is the real inquiry. All movements of deep emotion have an unreasonable aspect, if you will choose that point of view. When a hard, cruel, remorseless power held a man in its grasp, and promised him pardon and peace and comfort if he would say certain words, and if not, death for himself and torment for those whom he should leave behind him, why did he not say the words under mental and moral protest, as he would have given his purse to a robber who held the knife at his throat? To the polished, skeptical scholars of Rome the persistence and suffering of the early Christians were the height of folly. What are words, they would have said, when uttered under compulsion? Why not say what the tyrant requires, and enjoy your own spiritual freedom beyond his reach? The same skepticism would easily see what is disagreeable and unhandsome and sensational in the woman's temperance crusade; but neither in the earlier nor in the later Christians could that spirit see or understand the profound and supreme feeling from which the conduct springs.

Think of the tragedy of a single home ravaged by the drunkenness of the husband and father, of the oaths and blows falling upon the innocent and helpless, of the bruised babe, the terror of children who dread the coming of the parent, of the horror and long heart-break of the wife, her hopeless vigils, her endless and useless toil, her hope against hope, and faith against sight, all the light and beauty of life fading away, anxiety, poverty, hunger, despair, crowding swiftly on; think of the daily story of a thousand houses in the city, of the hovels in the town and the country, of the den in which the demon is coiled that works this woe, of the doubts and delays of Legislatures, of the coolness of science, of the practical fatalism that serves as the panoply of every huge evil—and is it wonderful that women any where who had lived for years in the midst of hell go down upon their knees in public or in private, amidst scoffers or among friends, to move the hearts of those who seem to them the authors of their despair? The "use of it" is the appeal that it makes to the conscience and mind of the country, arousing and renewing the conviction that the evil can not be dismissed, can not be left to cure itself, but that every good man and woman must consider how it may best be abated.

It would be very wrong, however, to suppose that there has been no progress in the cause of temperance. The most striking fact in the case is that within a century public opinion has vitally changed. To be drunk was no discredit to a man at the beginning of the century. To offer ardent spirits upon all occasions was the rule of courtesy. To drink copiously was the test of manliness. Within the memory of middle-aged men liquor-drinking at public tables was almost universal. It is so no longer; and there is even a consciousness of opposing public opinion if you order a bottle of wine. This is so true that this pressure of opinion is called tyranny by those who can not escape the consciousness of it, but who resent it. The evasions in the signs of bar-rooms, calling them "sample-rooms" and "wine-rooms" and "saloons," the blinds which surround them, the shame with which so many enter them, all show a universal sense of the stigma which public opinion has placed upon dram-drinking.

It is this public opinion which will be the most powerful element in the reform hereafter, whether it take the form of legal or of moral pressure. But what has affected it in the past, stimulated it, directed it? Will any body deny that it is the agitation which has done it—the agitation whether wise or foolish, whether tasteful or ridiculous? There has been plenty of inconsequence and sophistry and absurdity. But if the world is saved by preaching, and all preaching must be wise to be successful, what a lost world it would be! Certainly it is not the folly which has done the work; it has been wrought by the

profound consciousness of that misery which has driven the women in these last months to pray in the streets, and which no folly of the prayer could conceal. The same consciousness will carry on the work, now under one form, now under another. Each, like the "crusade" of prayer, will have its day. Each will pass by, and Pilate will still ask, "What is truth?" But under all the forms the work will continue; public opinion will be stronger; and only those who do not believe in human progress at all will doubt that the power of that opinion will be as beneficial in this movement as it has been in so many others.

Editor's Literary Record.

THE EDUCATION OF AMERICAN GIRLS.

WHATEVER may be thought of Dr. CLARKE's now famous little treatise, *Sex in Education* (J. R. Osgood and Co.), there can not be two opinions on the question whether it has done good. It has provoked more discussion, awakened more minds, incited to more investigation, than any book of its size which has been published in the past decade. And what is remarkable about the matter is that he has accomplished this not by advancing any new ideas, nor by sustaining old ideas with new arguments, but simply by enunciating in plain terms what a great many mothers had thought before, but had not dared to say publicly. It may be claimed, as it has been, that he exaggerates the difficulty, and fails to prescribe aright the remedy; that American girls are not the degenerate creatures he imagines them to be; and that the causes of such degeneracy are entirely other than those he describes. Still the most determined opponent of his views will be thankful for the intellectual activity they have awakened, and only those will be inclined to complain of him who mistake torpor for conservatism, and object to any discussion of woman's education, work, or place in society. Dr. Clarke's position is a radical and a simple one. It is that persistence is the law of man's being, periodicity the law of woman's being. He claims for her that intellectually she is the peer of man; that she has a right to as high and complete an education; that she has as inalienable a right to do with untrammelled liberty whatever she can do well; that her peculiar physiology, rightly apprehended, is a strength, not a weakness, a glory, not a dishonor; but that, in determining her methods both of industry and of education, her peculiar physiology is to be studied, and her work conformed thereto. The heart and essence of his treatise is found in this sentence: "The best educational training for a boy is not the best for a girl, nor that for a girl best for a boy." And this rests upon the other general principle, that persistence is the law of his being, and periodicity the law of hers. Curiously enough, however, he makes very little attempt to prove this, his fundamental position, and still more curiously, most of his critics make very little attempt to impugn it. The central position of the battle-field is not well defended by the one, nor vigorously assaulted by the other. To support his position we have certain general theoretical considerations adduced, and

a few cases taken from his medical note-book, seven in all, quite too narrow a basis of fact to sustain so fundamental a premise. To attack it we have criticisms on his cases, condemnation of his style, accusations—which we think are quite unfounded—of prejudice, partisanship, and even coarseness. There lie before us as we write three books which have evidently been called forth by his significant little treatise. In the first, *No Sex in Education*, by Mrs. E. B. DUFFEY (J. M. Stoddart and Co.), there is some perception of the issue, but no attempt, at least no successful attempt, to meet it. We have simply assertion set over against assertion. Dr. Clarke says, "It is obvious that a girl.....will not have as much power left for the tasks of the school as the boy, of whom nature requires less at the corresponding epoch." Mrs. Duffey replies, "Nature has supplied her with the extra force and the extra vitality for this very purpose." But neither produces any facts in support of the position maintained, and the impartial reader finds himself in the position of a jurymen compelled to render verdict in a case where there is no evidence proffered, only the contradictory speeches of opposing counsel. The second, *Sex and Education*, edited by Miss JULIA WARD HOWE (Roberts Brothers), is composed of thirteen papers, by different authors, originally published in different journals, in reply to Dr. Clarke's book. Of these articles there are but two that really recognize and meet Dr. Clarke's point. MERCY B. JACKSON opposes hypothesis to hypothesis, with a statement which is left, however, without any support other than its supposed inherent reasonableness, that God has supplied the female organism with a power of more rapid cell growth to meet the peculiar demands made upon her system. The other essay, Mr. T. W. HIGGINSON's, embodies the result, the only scientific result, of the whole discussion as thus far conducted. He calls for a showing, by "careful and discriminating statistics, to what extent girls have been injured beyond boys" by the present systems of education. He points out in detail the particulars on which we need light; and if he does not succeed in furnishing it, which indeed he does not pretend to do, he at least indicates the direction in which we are to look for it. There is now needed, for the true advancement of the true woman's movement, some one with the patience and assiduity of a Darwin to gather up the facts for a well-sustained hypothesis.

Of the various productions which have been evoked by Dr. Clarke's little volume by far the most valuable, indeed the only one which possesses any independent right to life, is *The Education of American Girls, considered in a Series of Essays*, edited by ANNA C. BRACKETT (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Miss Brackett is an experienced teacher of girls, and is well known in educational circles, especially in the West. Her own contributions to the volume before us are by far the most valuable. She is a bold and independent thinker, gives evidence of a wider and deeper study of the educational problems than is generally attempted by even the best of our American teachers, and of a power of digestion and assimilation which is not always the product or even the accompaniment of culture and scholarship. Her first essay, on "The Education of American Girls," physical, mental, moral, and spiritual, comes short of giving complete satisfaction chiefly because she has not filled out her own ideal in it, and we lay down the volume with a sincere regret that she had not given us a book of her own, instead of a collection of essays by various writers, which necessarily lacks that unity that can alone give the highest force to a treatise. In a subsequent essay, "Review of Sex in Education," she is less happy, for she neither apprehends nor replies to Dr. Clarke's fundamental position. "If the one object of the essays is not," she says, "to stay the spread of co-education, we confess ourselves unable to see what it is." And yet Dr. Clarke distinctly, and almost in express terms, disavows objection to "co-education which does not exclude appropriate classification, nor compel the sexes to follow the same method or the same regimen." But incidentally Miss Brackett has done something toward accumulating those facts for which Mr. Higginson calls. The testimonies from Michigan University, Mount Holyoke Seminary, Oberlin, Vassar, and Antioch colleges do not perhaps afford a sufficiently wide basis of fact or a sufficiently disinterested testimony for a scientific determination of the question which Dr. Clarke raises; but they afford a more trustworthy, because a much broader, basis of fact than he has presented, and the comparative health statistics of Mount Holyoke, Amherst, Bowdoin, Brown, Dartmouth, Harvard, and Yale do not sustain the underlying assumption in this whole discussion, that the physical faults of our girls' education are greater than those in the education of our boys. The result of the whole matter is our counsel to such of our readers, whether parents or teachers, as have any direct responsibility for the education of an American girl, to read, though with caution, Dr. Clarke's book on *Sex in Education*, and to follow it with Miss Brackett's book on *The Education of American Girls*. The others may be safely left to repose in the oblivion to which they are certain to be consigned.

HISTORY AND TRAVELS.

OF Mr. SCHWEINFURTH's remarkable book of travels, *The Heart of Africa* (Harper and Brothers), it is scarcely necessary for us to say much here, since so full an account of his explorations has already been given in these pages. As an explorer Mr. Schweinfurth ranks second only to Livingstone and Sir Samuel Baker. As an au-

thor he has one qualification, and an important one, which neither of them possessed—he is an accomplished draughtsman. The products of his skillful pencil are seen in the abundant illustrations which enrich the two volumes devoted to an account of his travels and adventures in Central Africa. Apart from the interest which such a work has to the simple reader, the interest of romance and adventure, it is valuable to the student and to the philanthropist: to the student, because it opens up studies of human nature in phases of development which are perplexing to our common philosophy of the nature, the origin, and the destiny of man; and to the philanthropist, because it points to the causes which have enabled the barbarism of Africa heretofore to keep civilization at bay, and the possibility of a not far distant day when it will yield its material wealth to modern civilization, and its aborigines to the conquering influences of Christianity.

Our readers have already enjoyed in the pages of this Magazine a taste of Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF's new book, *Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands* (Harper and Brothers). This will be the best incentive to its further perusal. To such as have read his articles we need only say that the book is all they might expect it to be. Mr. Nordhoff has a peculiar genius for seeing what other people want to see, and setting it before them with a photographic accuracy. To read his pen-pictures of life at the Sandwich Islands, of the fruit and dairy culture of Northern California, and of lumbering, is the next best thing to a personal visit to the country itself. Mr. Nordhoff is a thoroughly independent writer, and though all men have prejudices, he has an ability greater than most men possess of laying his prejudices aside, and seeing the truth and making fair report of it. He has no national enthusiasm for what he calls the "incorrigible Puritans," but he does not close his eyes to the fact that the revolution wrought in the Sandwich Islands is due to their "remorseless determination." He certainly has no Puritan principles against a glass of home-made wine, but he is none the less ready to record his deliberate judgment that wine-raising involves for the owner "too many risks with children and laborers, even if he himself escapes" the contagion of drunkenness. In brief, Mr. Nordhoff's book has all the elements which give value to a book of travels. He has visited a region about which all Americans ought to know more than they now do; he has observed narrowly and carefully its civilization, industry, and social life; and he has written of what he has seen with a fearless and an impartial pen. The book is elaborately illustrated, and is attractive in external appearance as in contents and interior character.

RELIGION.

THE fact that as we write Professor DAVID SWING, of Chicago, is undergoing trial on charge of heresy will give to his *Truths for To-Day* (Jansen, M'Clurg, and Co.) a peculiar interest. But they do not need any such ecclesiastical impetus to give them both acceptance and value. As a religious teacher Professor Swing is one of the products and exponents of an age that cares more for spiritual life than for doctrinal expres-

sion, for the blossom and the fruit on the tree than for the box which is supposed to be necessary for its protection. It is this fact which primarily has given him his great pulpit popularity, as it is this fact which has brought upon him theological odium. Like Henry Ward Beecher, F. W. Robertson, James Freeman Clarke, Dean Stanley, and a score of other divines of the present generation, he belongs to no particular church, but to the whole Christian brotherhood, and demands for those who are separated from him intellectually, but not sympathetically, the same largeness of religious liberty that he claims for himself. That he has departed somewhat from the "old landmarks" he does not deny; that he is interested in the modern aspects of truth the very title of his book indicates; that religious belief rests not upon external evidence, but upon personal experience, he expressly affirms; that love toward God and good-will toward man are the essentials of religion he repeatedly re-asserts. He appeals not to authority, but to intuition; never to the church, and less frequently to the Bible than to the consciences of his hearers. He is occasionally mystical, if not foggy. What, for example, he means by his definition of faith as "the moral drift of the heart" he would possibly find it difficult to explain. But in the main his thoughts are clear, even if not logically defined, and his style is always crisp, and often sparkling. He is a poet rather than a logician, and reaches the hearts and consciences of his readers not by a circuitous route through the reasoning faculties, but by a direct appeal to their own spiritual consciousness. We have read his sermons with intellectual and spiritual profit to ourselves, and we cordially commend them to others, without assuming to judge what occult heresies may be hidden away in them.

It is difficult to avoid a disagreeable impression of egotism in Canon KINGSLEY's *Westminster Sermons* (Macmillan and Co.). In his introduction, in a passage of twenty-five lines, we count twelve uses of the first personal pronoun, either as "I," "we," or "our;" and we are disagreeably impressed with the fact that there are other pages where the personality is made quite as prominent. Nor on still further reading do we find that spiritual fervor which kindles the heart, or that spiritual insight into Scripture which clarifies the vision, and enables us to see God more clearly in a glass from which the dust and cobwebs of scholastic lore have been cleaned away, nor that strong conviction of spiritual truth which compels conviction by sympathy rather than by argument, nor a strong man's settlement of doubtful disputations, so that, after the reading, doubts disappear. We find sermons which are essays rather than sermons, and which are notable chiefly for the strong semi-animal courage of the speaker, and for his love of nature, and for the religion and theology which have their roots in nature, and find their interpreter, perhaps their chief interpreter, there.

The radical and fundamental question whether the Bible, with the religion it inculcates, is a development of human thought or a gift from God to man, HENRY ROGERS discusses with decided ability in *The Superhuman Origin of the Bible inferred from Itself* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.). The course of his argument is not original, and its power lies rather in the accumu-

lation of reasons than in the presentation of any thoughts that are absolutely new. There is, indeed, little or nothing new to be said on this subject; but a clear and compact statement of the grounds of Christian faith in the Bible as a superhuman production, directed to the current of modern thought, is needed, and that the author of the *Eclipse of Faith* has presented here in a spirit of candor, and in a style that is vigorous without being trenchant.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

THE publishers of *A History of North American Birds*—land birds—three volumes (Little, Brown, and Co.), have produced a work which externally is worthy of its subject and subject-matter. Typographically it is very nearly perfect; artistically it is not less so. It contains sixty-four plates of heads and 598 wood-cuts of birds. These last are not only exquisite in design and execution, they are also wonderful as portraits, in representing not merely with a mathematical accuracy the properties of each bird, but also with a true artistic accuracy the spirit and life and consequent expression of each bird. The outline drawings will prove hardly less attractive to the student than the engraving to the general reader. These outlines present in a very clear and compact manner a distinct idea of the forms and the characteristic features of each species—the bill, the wing, the claw, the feathers, the tail—so that the student who has once mastered the method can at a glance compare the features of different species as though he had them before him. The work is the joint product of three men, whose superiors in ornithology it would not be easy, or perhaps possible, to find—Messrs. S. F. Baird, T. M. Brewer, and R. Ridgway. In addition to the published but scattered material, which has not before been made available to the ordinary student, there is a large amount of manuscript contained in the archives of the Smithsonian Institution, in the form of correspondence, elaborate reports, and the field notes of collectors and travelers, which has been made to contribute to this work. The technical and descriptive matter has been contributed by Messrs. Baird and Ridgway, the former of whom is well known to ornithologists by his previous publications, especially Vol. IX. of the *Pacific Railroad Reports*. The more popular accounts of the habits of the birds are furnished by Mr. Brewer. These descriptions are to be specially commended for clearness and conciseness of style and compactness of thought. There is nowhere manifest that tendency to rhetorical looseness and flow of words which so often, we may almost say so uniformly, characterizes all popular descriptions of either birds or flowers. Indeed, that which, next to beauty of appearance and convenience of arrangement, impresses us in opening these volumes is the marvelous amount of information compacted into so small a space. While the reputation of the authors renders the work an authority, its comprehensiveness leaves little or nothing to be desired in the way of supplemental information; and it is hardly probable that even further investigations will for many years, if ever, supersede what is now certainly the most complete work of its kind in this country, and has probably no superior, perhaps no equal, in European publications.

But we can give the non-scientific reader a better idea of the book by illustrating its use in a single instance. We are considering the question of introducing into our own grounds the English sparrow. There are rumors that it destroys the blossoms, drives away native birds, and does not kill the worms. We turn to this book for information. An index of English names refers us to the volume and page. There we find it placed under the general class of finches (*Fringillæ*), of which there is at the commencement of the chapter a general description. Following along the chapter to the house sparrow, we find first a concise description of it, outline drawings showing the shape of tail, wing, claw, beak, and feathers, a careful and painstaking account of its colors, and then in three pages a description of its character and habits, with a history of its introduction into the United States. We find that it destroys the eggs, worms, and pupæ of the insects that infest our fruit trees; that it lives peaceably with other birds, except that it robs the robin of his food; and that it is "hardy," enduring the severest winter without apparent inconvenience or discomfort; and finally, turning to the index of plates of heads, we find a life-like portrait of the head of the sparrow, which represents, as we have said, not only the contour of the head, but the very expression of character which belongs to it. The indexes to the work are very complete. A fourth volume is promised at an early date, to contain the water birds of North America.

NOVELS.

Lady Anna (Harper and Brothers), Mr. ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S last novel, is a pure love-story, and one of a description which it would be impossible to weave out of any elements afforded by American society. It requires some effort of imagination on the part of a democratic reader to understand why the Countess should have such an ineradicable aversion to Daniel Thwaite, her daughter's lover. It requires some sympathy with English social caste to appreciate the gulf which seemingly separates them, but which true love bridges at last. The gradual influence of such fiction must be to weaken the dividing lines, and make transition from the commoners to the aristocracy more and more easy; and on just such social problems no inconsiderable proportion of English novels really turn. Apart, however, from its interest as a statement, if not a discussion, of a social problem with which Americans are only indirectly interested, *Lady Anna* is a love-story of unusual interest. The reader never loses his sympathy with the persecuted girl or his hope for her plebeian lover, and the novelist has succeeded in painting the resolution of the former without in the least impairing those feminine charms which are essential to an attractive heroine either in fiction or in real life.

A very different sort of a love-story is *My Mother and I*, by Miss MULOCK (Harper and Brothers). It is a very quiet story, with little plot, and with little of the passion which novelists very generally, and young ladies very often, mistake for love; a quiet story, such as Miss Mulock likes best to write, and her admirers like best to read; a story in some sense sad in its close, yet not melancholy; one from which every reader will rise with a higher ideal of true

love, and a higher appreciation of its value, not for what it brings, but for what in itself it is.

Those who have read with pleasure the former books by FRANK LEE BENEDICT will welcome *John Worthington's Name* (Harper and Brothers), and will recognize in the strong points of the book the same evidences of talent that were shown in the preceding volumes. Mr. Benedict is unmistakably fond of delineating womanly failings and excellences. His characters grow and develop in his hands with marvelous semblance of reality. The shocking sins which startle a community are but the fruit of a gradual development, and a weak point in the character suffered to grow weaker will give way before an assault of temptation. At the risk of being numbered by Mr. Benedict among the dyspeptic critics to whom he humorously alludes, we shall venture to suggest that he can fairly afford to leave romantic coincidences of meeting to writers possessing less true genius. There is also a flippancy remark now and then in the earlier part of the book which is not in keeping with the true and unmistakable moral tone of the story.

Whatever other quality Mrs. REBECCA HARDING DAVIS may lack as a writer, she can not be accused of being deficient in strength. In *John Andross* (Orange Judd and Co.) she shows her ability to bring corporations, "rings," and politics into her service for working out the purpose of her story. For pleasant reading this book contains rather too much and too deep rascality. The characters are living people, not lay figures, but are too generally not pleasant acquaintances. The story seems overburdened with material.

There could scarcely be a greater contrast to Mrs. Davis's book than *Thorpe Regis* (Roberts Brothers). Instead of strong and bold strokes, there are dainty touches. The story is not a startling one, nor is it tame to one who enjoys watching the growth of character and the play of mind on mind and heart on heart. The tragedy of a disappointed and a misunderstood hope and love is delineated with delicacy, but with an appreciation which redeems it from weakness. The writer, who is only known to the American public as "the author of *The Rose Garden*," is a lover of flowers, and the book is one to be enjoyed out-of-doors on a quiet summer day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DIO LEWIS'S *Five-minute Chats* (Harper and Brothers) is a capital book to leave on the dining-room mantel-piece, and catch up to read while waiting for the assembling of dilatory members of the family. It has several qualifications for such a service: it is composed of short juicy paragraphs, ranging from two or three lines to two or three pages; it is thoroughly good-humored, and reproves your follies and corrects your faults without disturbing your own serenity or impairing your digestion; and it treats of health—a subject on which we all need instruction—"line upon line and precept upon precept," for which, however, we imagine we never have time till our constant violation of the laws of health lays us on our bed, and the doctor comes to teach us how to recover from the sickness into which we never ought to have fallen.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

DURING the month of April there has been discovered one new asteroid, number 137, found by Palisa, at Berlin, on the 20th of the month. That announced by him on the 25th is, according to Tietjen, identical with Fortuna, or number 19. The second comet of 1874 was first seen by Winnecke, at Strasburg, on the 12th of the month; and on the 17th, Coggia, at Marseilles, discovered the third comet of this year.

In the method of computing the absolute perturbations of the movements of one planet by the attraction of another, Mr. G. W. Hill, of the *Nautical Almanac* office, offers a valuable suggestion, in that he calls attention to the notable abbreviations which are produced in some parts of the formulæ by the introduction of the true anomaly as the variable, according to which the integrations are to be executed. The method is a modification of those of Laplace and Hansen, and the labor of the work is materially less than in the methods formerly applied.

Lord Rosse contributes to the monthly notices of the Royal Astronomical Society of London an interesting paper on the spots on the disk of Jupiter, as observed with his six-foot reflector during the past year. A large number of unusually accurate tinted drawings accompany the paper, and the attempt has been made to deduce both the time of revolution of the planet and the movement of the spots on the surface. There seems no doubt but that these latter are of the nature of clouds in Jupiter's atmosphere.

The remarkable series of dates of solar and lunar eclipses observed by the Chinese during the past twenty-five hundred years, and published a few years ago by Mr. Williams, of London, has attracted the attention of Mr. J. N. Lewis, of Mount Vernon, Ohio. This gentleman, who is known as one of the most cultivated of American amateur astronomers, has prepared solar and lunar tables of sufficiently approximate exactness to enable him to compute the circumstances of an eclipse with great ease, and has undertaken to deduce in detail the results for each of the eclipses recorded in the Chinese annals. The importance of this great work can not be too highly estimated, and should it be extended so as to include every possible eclipse since the beginning of the records of Assyria and Egypt, it would add materially to the precision of our knowledge of the chronology and the science of those ancient times, besides giving a better insight into the usefulness of certain ancient eclipses in improving our knowledge of the movements of the earth and the moon.

In reference to the approaching transit of Venus, Lord Lindsay announces that his nights will be devoted while at the island of Mauritius to observations of the planet Juno, whose opposition occurs in November, in hopes that he may by these determine the solar parallax with an accuracy but little inferior to that resulting from observations of the transit.

The movements of the fixed stars toward or from the earth has, as is well known, formed the subject of a long series of brilliantly successful spectroscopic investigations by Huggins, of London. This gentleman has now contributed an

equally valuable memoir to the Royal Society of London, detailing the results of his attempts to apply to the nebulae a similar course of observation. The difficulties in the way of such an investigation were excessive, and it does not appear that the eminent observer has as yet been able to satisfactorily conclude more than this, viz., that none of the nebulae show a motion of translation of more than twenty-five miles per second, including the earth's motion at the time of observation. The gaseous nebulae, as a class, have not proper motions so great as many of the fixed stars.

The scintillation of the stars has become a very interesting subject of investigation since the application of the spectroscope to this phenomenon by Respighi a few years ago. The latest contribution to this study is by Montigny, of Belgium, who concludes that the "frequency of variations of the colors of stars in scintillation is generally in relation with the constitution of their light according to spectral analysis." Montigny confirms Dufour's law that the red stars scintillate less than the white ones, and explains it as due to the fact that the total separation of the colored bundles of rays by atmospheric dispersion is greater in the case of a red star.

Professor Wright, of Yale College, contributes a highly important memoir on the polarization of the light of the zodiacal light. By means of very delicate apparatus of his own construction he establishes beyond reasonable doubt the fact that the light in question is polarized in a plane passing through the sun to the amount of fifteen or twenty per cent., and that therefore, as its spectroscopic examination shows it to be not perceptibly different from that of the sun, it must be considered as being reflected to us from a crowd of small bodies (meteoroids) revolving around the sun in orbits not far removed from the ecliptic. Such a ring might appear to a person on a neighboring star to have a nebulous aspect, and doubtless some of the ring nebulae, as well as Saturn's rings, have very similar constitution.

In *Terrestrial Physics* it is worth while to note that the recent seismic disturbances in North Carolina have been the subject of careful study by Professor Duprey, of that State, who states that there is no evidence whatever of volcanic action, and that the shock and noises proceed from the interior of the base of the mountain, and are of the nature of slight earthquake shocks.

One of the finest auroras of the past years was observed throughout the northern portions of the United States on the 7th of April. Simultaneous magnetic disturbances were reported in France.

At the recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences Professor Loomis presented a most valuable paper on the movements of storm centres in America, and one that ranks in importance with those of the European meteorologists Mohn, Hildebrandsson, Maydell, etc. The numerous generalizations deduced by him, while in part confirming those previously announced by Espy, Redfield, Ferrel, and Abbe, embrace also many entirely new ideas, and in all respects surpass those of his predecessors by the definitely accurate nature of his results. Perhaps the most

novel of the rules deduced by Loomis are that the storm track is in the axis of the region of greatest rain-fall, and that the storm centre moves most rapidly when the westerly winds in its rear are the strongest.

The German government has, it is asserted, taken steps toward the establishment of a permanent commission on ocean meteorology, and the director of the London Meteorological Office announces that a general international convention will be called during the coming year to consider especially the questions of maritime meteorology—a subject that certainly demands immediate special attention.

To the *Chemist* the month has been remarkable for the amount of good work done in inorganic chemistry. Of this perhaps the most noteworthy portion is the discovery, by Professor Wolcott Gibbs, of Harvard University, of a metameric series of seven compounds in the ammonio-cobalt group—the first case of metamorphism yet observed in the inorganic kingdom.

Cleve has continued his researches among the rarer metals, and now describes many compounds of lanthanum. To this metal he gives the atomic weight of 139.15, regarding it as triatomic. Lanthanum, cerium, didymium, yttrium, and erbium are, according to him, all triatomic metals, and form a special group by themselves.

Crookes has completed a long and exhaustive series of experiments to determine the atomic weight of thallium, and has reached the value 203.642. No more thorough work of the kind has ever been done.

Not many years since the world was startled by Graham's discovery of metallic hydrogenium, as he named the hydrogen occluded by palladium. This occluded hydrogen has just been re-examined by Troost and Hautefeuille, who regard it as uniting with the palladium to form a definite hydride, Pd_2H . A similar sodium compound is also described by them, having the formula Na_2H . In these compounds the specific gravity of the solidified hydrogen appears to be 0.625, water being unity.

A strange occurrence of crystallized silica has been noted by Hübner of Rostock. While preparing some specimens for microscopic purposes from Görlitz brown coal, he noticed in the coal peculiar minute crystals, six-sided columns pointed at both ends. From one kilogram of the coal he obtained three grams of these crystals, which proved to be quartz. He failed to find any thing similar in other brown coals.

A very curious observation has been made by Oscar Loew, the chemist of the Wheeler expedition. In quite a number of plutonic rocks from the far West he has detected minute quantities of cobalt and nickel, metals probably never before found under such circumstances. Both were found in basalt from the Gila River, while cobalt alone occurred in rhyolites from the Peloncillo Mountains, Arizona, and the Burro Mountains, New Mexico, and in trachyte from the Sierra Calitro, Arizona. In this connection it is also worth while to mention the discovery by Dr. Endlich, of the United States Geological Survey, of native tellurium among some ores from the Red Cloud Mine, Colorado. Until this discovery was made, only one locality for this rare mineral was known, namely, near Nagy-Ag, in Transylvania.

The spectrum of exploding gun-cotton has been examined by Lohse. Many bright lines were noticed, but of course could not be readily studied. These lines were remarkably widened, the extent of the widening being apparently dependent upon the violence of the explosion.

In organic chemistry there is little worth noting. Steiner has effected a new synthesis of succinic acid, and Gladstone and Tribe have continued their experiments with the "copper-zinc couple." This time their investigations relate to the action of the couple upon allyl-iodide.

Announcements in regard to *Geological and Mineralogical* subjects have not been very numerous, although various details of local importance have been published; and in the United States there have been some reports of the geological surveys of States, among them that of New Jersey, under Professor George H. Cook. This is especially valuable in its connection with the mining and agricultural resources of the State. Two new mineral species have been announced since our last, namely, horbachite and schrockingenite.

The approach of the season for active operations in the way of *Explorations and Researches* in the United States is marked by the note of preparation, and although it is not likely that as much will be accomplished this year as in 1878, there is yet a reasonable prospect of a satisfactory advance in our knowledge of the West. The parties of Lieutenant Wheeler of the Engineer Corps and of Professor Hayden of the Interior Department are making ready to start as soon as the necessary preliminaries have been completed. Professor Powell, who has accomplished so much in his exploration of the cañon region of the Colorado, hopes also to have the opportunity of completing his field work before the next meeting of Congress.

Mr. William H. Dall, of the United States Coast Survey, left San Francisco on the 20th of April for his season's work, which includes a survey of Cook's Inlet and Bristol Bay, and of the general coast as far north as and including the islands of St. Michael and Nunivak. His special object is the determination of magnetic phenomena and the preparation of a coast pilot. A law has been passed by Congress authorizing the prosecution of researches into the natural history and geographical distribution of the fur seals, and Mr. Henry W. Elliott, so favorably known by his explorations in the Pribylov Islands, has been appointed to this duty by the Secretary of the Treasury. In accordance with the law, he will be accompanied by an officer of the navy, whose more especial duty will be to look after the affairs of the Alaska Commercial Company, and to determine whether they have complied strictly with their contract with the United States.

The account of an exploration of Lake Ochobee, in Florida, as prosecuted during the last winter under the auspices of the *Forest and Stream* newspaper, has been published in that journal, the party consisting of Mr. Frederick J. Ober, Dr. Edward Palmer, and others. They give a rather more definite and much tamer idea of the character of the lake and its natural history than was previously asserted to be the case, their examination dispelling the prevailing fictions as to the existence of ruined buildings, remarkable objects of natural history, etc.

The re-examination of various routes for a canal across Central America from the Atlantic to the Pacific has been completed, and the parties at last advices were on their way back to the United States. It is now likely that at an early date we shall receive full reports, with a statement of the line selected by the committee as considered preferable to the others.

Mr. Osbert Salvin, an eminent English naturalist, well known for his explorations in Guatemala several years ago, has recently returned from a second visit to that country with much additional information respecting its physical and natural history.

Several valuable reports of explorations prosecuted in previous years in America have lately been published. One of these, by Lieutenant Ruffner, of the United States Engineers, at the order of General Pope, gives an account of a reconnaissance into the Ute country, made during the past summer. The report of Captain Selfridge on the ship-canal survey across the Isthmus of Darien has appeared in a well-illustrated quarto volume. The official report of the expedition of the *Polaris*, as obtained from the examination of the various members, has also been published by the Secretary of the Navy, accompanied by a large chart, showing the geographical discoveries made by the expedition.

The arrival of the *Challenger* at Melbourne, after having left South Africa, has been already communicated, and the astronomical world is waiting with much interest the report she brings of Macdonald's Island, Kerguelen Land, and other localities visited, as to their fitness as stations for the observation of the transit of Venus.

Beccari, the intrepid Italian explorer, has commenced the survey of certain little-known parts of Sumatra, and is likely to add to the reputation which Italian explorers have attained within the last few years by their energy and enterprise.

The completion of Gerhard Rohlfs's exploration of the Desert of Sahara and his return to Cairo is announced, although no details of his observations have come to light since his arrival at the Oasis of Dachel.

Messrs. Behm and Wagner have published their annual summary of the population of the world, as obtained by the latest reports and estimates, the footing for the year 1873 amounting to 1,300,000,000 souls.

In *Zoology* we have to announce the discovery of a new bed of the bones of the ancient extinct moa or *Dinornis* of New Zealand, which bids fair to add considerably to the means of illustrating these giants of the feathered tribe in the public museums of Europe and America. The National Museum at Washington was enriched last year by the receipt of several skeletons from the Canterbury Museum, and a still finer series has lately been purchased from the same establishment by the American Museum of Natural History in New York. These with the large series in possession of Professor Marsh, of New Haven, and the scattered specimens in other museums, are sufficient to give a very fair representation of this group in the collections of the United States. Fuller details are published of the fossil bird in the London Sheppey clay, recently described by Professor Owen as *Odontopteryx toliapicus*, a characteristic feature of which

consists in the teeth-like processes on the edge of the upper jaw. These, however, are not distinct teeth implanted in sockets, as in the *Ichthyornis* of Professor Marsh, but only dentary processes.

Professor Cope and Professor Marsh continue the announcements of their discoveries of fossil vertebrates in the tertiary and cretaceous beds of the West, all classes of vertebrates being represented, and the variety so great as to render it impossible to give any special indications in our brief abstract.

Reports have been published by Mr. Dall and Mr. Henry W. Elliott upon the natural history of the birds of the Aleutian and Pribylov Islands, adding much to our knowledge of the character of the aquatic species of the North Pacific.

The natural history of man continues to excite the special attention of ethnologists, whose researches are continually being rewarded by the discovery of remains of his skeleton or of his handiwork. A new bone and prehistoric cavern has been found at Macarsca, in Dalmatia, and another in Switzerland, the latter said to have furnished the best specimens of carvings of prehistoric animals, such as the reindeer, etc., yet brought to light.

The pretended discovery by Calvert of human prehistoric handiwork in the miocene of the Dardanelles near Constantinople proves to be unfounded, the supposed tracings on a piece of bone turning out, it is stated, to be merely the eroding work of some crustacean.

In our own country the shell heaps of the Pacific coast have been prolific in treasures of stone and bone, indicating the opening of a new field in this direction.

The vague traditions in reference to the nurture of human children by wolves, which, beginning with the story of Romulus and Remus, have continued down to the present time, have, it is alleged, been fortified by three recent cases in India, young persons of both sexes having been found inhabiting caverns in company with wolves, and when captured exhibiting all the untamable ferocity and peculiar habits of their foster parents, going on all fours, gnawing of bones, eating of raw flesh, etc.

The meeting of the International Congress of Prehistoric Ethnology and Archaeology is announced to take place at Stockholm on the 7th of August, and a large attendance is expected from all parts of Europe. It is greatly to be regretted that so few representatives from America have hitherto been present at the meetings of this important society.

The subject of *Agriculture and Rural Economy* continues to occupy the attention of all civilized nations, but although a great variety of announcements of discoveries are made, these are either reproductions of what has been already noted, possibly in some other quarter of the globe, or else are so limited in application as not properly to be the subject of so brief abstracts as ours. We may, however, mention that the rapid diminution of American forests, and the influence of this change of physical condition upon climatology, and especially upon drainage, has recently attracted the attention of Congress, and a bill has been introduced for the establishment of a commission, with a view of investigating the subject and reporting upon the extent of the evils and a remedy for them.

The threatened exhaustion of the guano beds on the Peruvian coast, which have so long been the chief source of support to that nation, has been a subject of grave apprehension both to Peru and to the nations which have depended upon her for this important fertilizer. Recent explorations of the coast of the main-land, however, have revealed the existence of new beds, embracing many millions of tons, even richer in nitrogen than those of the Chincha Islands.

A movement is now being made to introduce the prairie-chicken, or pinnated grouse, into various waste tracts in Europe and America, and with probable success. It is stated that a few years ago several pairs were transferred to a district in Maryland, and that in consequence of proper protection the progeny already amounts to several thousands.

The movement toward the establishment of an agricultural experiment station in Connecticut, which was initiated at the annual meeting of the State Board of Agriculture last December, has been progressing quite favorably. During the winter a large number of farmers' conventions have been held throughout the State, in which the matter has been set forth, and very encouragingly received, the intelligent and enterprising farmers giving it their hearty and earnest support. The project has also been brought before the people through the press of the State, and by the publication and circulation of addresses bearing upon the matter. It is expected that a strong effort will be made to induce the Legislature to provide means for the establishment of an experiment station in Connecticut.

We are much pleased to note a "Report on the Analyses and Estimation of Value of ten different Commercial Fertilizers for the Georgia State Agricultural Society, by H. C. White, Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in the Georgia State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts." This report, following the example introduced into this country by Professor Johnson, chemist of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture, estimates the relative values of different fertilizers, by computing, by a scale of prices assumed to be fair for that market, the values of the fertilizing ingredients which they are found by analysis to contain. The assumed scale of values is quite liberal to the dealers; and in certain minor points, as in the discussion of the relative values of different potash salts and of soluble and reverted phosphoric acid, the report is perhaps open to criticism. But a very valuable point is gained in that the principle of the valuation of fertilizers upon the basis of their chemical composition is set forth, and the analyses are made in behalf of the farmers, at the instance of the State Agricultural Society, by the chemist of the State College. The farmers of Georgia appear to be taking a step in the right direction to secure good fertilizers, and their agricultural college is doing very creditable work to aid them.

The analyses of fertilizers, for the purpose of control of the trade in these articles, are becoming year by year more common, and their necessity better understood. In the experiment station at Halle, in Germany, the number of these analyses made annually has been increasing, until now it is over one thousand. In the laboratory of Professor Voelcker, of London, chemist of the Roy-

al Agricultural Society of England, where analyses of fertilizers are made for members of the society and others, the amount of this work has grown to such a degree that five or six assistant chemists are employed, who analyze about two thousand samples per year.

Experience, as decisive as it is costly, both in Europe and in the United States, has shown that the only means for regulating the trade in commercial fertilizers, and preventing immense frauds, is that the buyers know the quality of the goods they purchase, that this can be determined only by chemical analysis, and that complete security must be sought in analyses made by parties working in the interest of the buyer.

In this connection it will be interesting to notice an account given by Dr. Maercker, director of the experiment station at Halle, in Prussia, of the fertilizers at the Vienna Exposition. The principal articles exhibited were, potash salts from the mines at Stassfurth, in Germany, phosphorites from Europe and America, superphosphates, guanos, ammoniacal preparations, and Chili saltpetre. The artificial fertilizers were mostly of German and English manufacture. The German wares were in general unmixed, and were accompanied by strict guarantees of their composition, which fact corresponds with the German practice of buying fertilizers containing known quantities—potash, phosphoric acid, or nitrogen—separately, and mixing them at discretion. The English fertilizers, on the other hand, were generally mixtures of these various fertilizing materials, and were sold as "turnip fertilizers," "wheat manures," etc., thus rendering the control upon the contents of fertilizing ingredients more difficult. From a comparison of the English and German wares Dr. Maercker is impressed with the idea that the German farmers judge more rationally than the English as to what each individual crop needs, and with justifiable pride attributes this to the study of agriculture in the German agricultural schools and universities.

The European experiment stations continue their usual activity. The last official report of the Prussian stations shows that the number of these, including laboratories devoted to investigations in animal and vegetable chemistry and physiology, is over twenty, while the revenue of the stations for the year 1872 was 49,374 thalers, or over \$35,500 in gold.

Accounts from Switzerland show that there are in that country, 1st, the so-called "Alpine experiment stations," four in number, commenced in 1868, for the purpose of making experiments with fertilizers; 2d, a station for dairy economy, established in 1872, at Thun; 3d, a station in process of establishment in connection with the agricultural department of the Polytechnic School at Zürich; 4th, the establishment for investigations in agricultural science maintained by Mr. Riser on his estate of Calèvres, near Nyon. In addition to this, various agricultural societies make arrangements with the laboratories of the schools of science for the analyses of fertilizers, in the exercise of a control over the trade in those articles.

The subject of *Pisciculture and the Fisheries* continues to occupy a great share of public attention, and the number of States having commissioners to look after the fisheries promises to

increase, although no new names have been added to the list since our last statement. Reports have appeared, however, from the Commissioners of Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Ohio, and California, giving satisfactory accounts of the work done. The shad appear to be unusually abundant during the present season on the coast of the United States, the result, in all probability, of the efforts taken by the various States to increase their number. It is said that the Hudson River is better provided with fish than for many years past, the wholesale value being scarcely greater than on the Potomac River, where the supply has always been quite ample.

The recent capture of several full-grown shad in California is the practical earnest of the success of the operations which have been undertaken to introduce this fish into new waters. The question of the food of the shad in the ocean has recently received a partial illustration by the capture of several fish on the Delaware River with their stomachs filled with minute crustaceans, probably of the genus *Mysis*.

Many years ago eggs of the salmon were carried from London to Australia and Tasmania, and there bred in ponds. Although the persistence of the fish in the Derwent River and other Tasmanian streams has been maintained, their positive existence has not been proved until recently, when a salmon was, as is reported, actually taken and sent to London for identification. Another part of the experiment, that of introducing the sea trout, has been perfectly successful, fish of several pounds in weight having been recently captured, their number having increased so rapidly that they already constitute quite an important source of the food supply. The same may be said of the European brook trout.

The distribution of salmon eggs from the United States establishment at Bucksport to the various State Commissioners has been completed, and in most cases the young fish have been placed in the waters for which they were ultimately intended. The Commissioner of Fisheries of Canada has lately caused to be advertised a list of streams in Canada which are offered to parties for salmon-fishing, at minimum sums of from \$20 to \$500 each.

In the department of *Engineering* we may record the progress of a number of domestic and foreign constructions, as well as the projection of numerous new works.

Upon the Illinois and St. Louis Bridge the work upon the roadway and on the eastern approaches, according to the latest published reports, is progressing favorably. The bridge was expected to be ready for use and the eastern approaches finished during the month of May. No time for the completion of the western approaches can yet be fixed.

The project of bridging the Detroit River may be considered as making progress. A general convention of representatives from all parts of the State, lately held at Detroit, took action in favor of the bridge scheme. The proposed structure will start from the foot of Second Street, and will have a total length of 2650 feet, with a height of 15 feet in the clear from the surface of the river. It will have twelve spans: the first 100 feet, the second 375 feet, then seven spans of 200 feet each, another of 375 feet, and

the two nearest the Canadian shore 200 feet each. Four draws are contemplated, large enough to insure no obstruction to navigation.

The new tunnel of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad through Bergen Hill is making headway. On the eastern end the heading has been advanced some fifteen feet. Shaft No. 1 has been sunk seventy-one feet, just to the roof of the tunnel. Shaft No. 2 has been sunk about fifty feet, No. 3 about forty feet, and Nos. 5 and 6 down to the rock, which is here about fifteen feet under the surface. At the west end the rock has been stripped of its covering of earth, and the heading has been commenced. A beginning has also been made on the heavy cutting west of the tunnel. A full force of men is now engaged upon the work.

A project of considerable importance was recently brought before the Legislature of New York, namely, a scheme for the construction of a navigable water-way between Troy and Lake Champlain. The work includes the deepening of the Hudson River from Troy to Fort Edward, and the excavation of a canal from the latter point to Whitehall, on the lake. The proposed improvements will extend over sixty-three and three-tenths miles. Its object is to increase the facilities of New York to command the commerce of the West. The maximum cost of the projected canal is estimated at \$10,000,000, and if carried into effect, it will secure water communication from the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, and from all the ports of the great lakes, to tide-water at the cities of Troy, Albany, and New York for vessels of 2000 tons burden.

A project of similar intent, the James River and Kanawha Canal, to connect the James and Ohio rivers, and which claims to possess extraordinary advantages as a measure of relief to the Western population in providing a great highway for the cheap transportation of their bulky productions to market, and for fostering commerce in general, has lately been made the subject of a favorable report by Chief Engineer General A. A. Humphreys, U.S.A. The cost of this enterprise is estimated to fall within \$60,000,000, and the time necessary for its completion six years.

The Channel tunnel to connect England and France is still talked about. A meeting of French and English railway directors has been held, and, it is said, they have determined what ought to be done. A commission of French inspectors of navigation and ports, in pursuance of their duty of considering questions relating to the improvement of the means of communication between England and France, have been examining a scheme for a new port to the southwest of Boulogne.

A novelty in rapid local transit is about to be tried in the interests of the residents of the neighborhood of Philadelphia. The proposition is to construct an inclined-plane steam passenger railway from Manayunk to Roxborough. From abroad we may record a similar proposal to construct a railway from Naples to the crater of Mount Vesuvius.

A railroad scheme of vast possible importance—namely, the Indo-European Railway—is now receiving considerable attention from the governments most interested. The proposition at present mooted is that of M. Ferdinand de

Lesseps, of Suez Canal renown, and its object is to unite the south and west of Europe with the richest portions of Central Asia, and further on in the future with the far eastern parts of that continent. The Russian and East Indian press are according the project most favorable consideration as a means of developing the enormous and varied resources of the East.

In the direction of railway improvement, it is interesting to record the favor with which several successful American inventions have been received abroad. The Pullman system of palace cars, so largely in use upon the railways of this country, has within a few months past been introduced experimentally upon the English roads, and has met with a quite enthusiastic reception. The Westinghouse air brake likewise is being quite largely adopted, since several recent trials with the apparatus developed its remarkable utility.

The approach of the season of industrial exhibitions has already been brought to public notice. The programmes of several such undertakings have already been published, and ere the month has passed these will doubtless be augmented by others. The American Institute of New York announces the opening of its forty-third annual exhibition on the 9th of September next. The Franklin Institute has likewise decided to revive its old custom, by holding an exhibition of arts and manufactures in the city of Philadelphia, in commemoration of the fiftieth year of its foundation, from the 6th to the 31st of October, 1874. In its published invitation to the public to participate the committee having the enterprise in charge states its desire to make this exhibition represent as fully as possible the mechanical improvements of the last half century, to which the Institute has so largely contributed.

In connection with the subject of exhibitions we must note the novel but eminently useful proposition of the British Social Science Association to hold a sanitary and educational exhibition at Glasgow during the coming fall. The object of this exhibition is to bring under the notice of the public generally, and particularly of that portion interested in social, sanitary, and educational questions, the latest scientific appliances for improving the public health and promoting education. Of these, all matters pertaining to architectural and sanitary engineering, ventilation, heating and cooking, water supply, sewage and drainage, food, disinfectants, hygienic appliances, articles used in teaching, and every thing appertaining to the advancement of public health and comfort and the promotion of education, may be named.

Report No. 6 of the Bureau of Statistics, now in press, gives the following compilation of the imports and exports of the United States for the years 1872 and 1873, up to December 31, viz.: Imports, 1872, \$677,144,579; imports, 1873, \$624,997,362, showing a gain for the country of fifty-two millions. Domestic exports, 1872, \$544,438,789; ditto, 1873 (specie values), \$606,366,531, showing a gain of sixty-two millions for the country. In 1872 our specie and bullion imports were \$21,182,004; in 1873, \$29,749,439. In 1872 our specie and bullion domestic exports were \$92,295,236; in 1873, \$56,268,496. Our export of domestic manufac-

tures was increased in one year ninety-eight millions.

In connection with this subject it may be of interest to add that the exports of railroad iron from Great Britain for the months of January and February, 1874, amounted to 96,311 tons, against 91,551 tons during the same period of 1873. Of these amounts the United States took 48,901 tons, or more than one-half, in 1873, and 16,978 tons, or about one-sixth, in 1874.

The announcement is made that the cables of the Western Brazilian Telegraph Company, from Pernambuco to Rio Janeiro, have been successfully laid, and have answered all the tests for the stipulated period after submersion. The section from Para to Pernambuco having been previously certified, telegraphic communication between the portions of the South American coast above named is now effected.

The consumption of copper in the United States during 1873 amounted to 33,000,000 pounds, of which 28,000,000 pounds were of home production. In many branches of manufacture it appears that copper is steadily superseding iron. The manufacture of phosphor-bronze in this country, it is stated, is in future to be in Philadelphia, the American Company being now engaged in effecting the transfer of their establishment from Pittsburg. Large quantities of the new alloy are now being made for railway companies and others for special uses.

Of *Mechanical* novelties for the month we may name the invention of an ingenious machine by Mr. Miner for paper hanging. Without going into the details of its construction, it is enough to say that when at work the machine is raised to near the ceiling by means of a handle and pressed against the wall. The paper releases itself from certain hooks, and as the machine is brought down a roller presses the paper to the wall. The machine is used for papering overhead and putting on bordering in a similar manner. By this invention the tedious operations of unrolling, cutting up the paper, and spreading the paste are obviated, the result being a great saving of time.

The Wilde electric light has lately been tried upon one of the British gun-boats with very satisfactory results. A recent trial showed its power to be immense, and that no boat could approach within a mile of it without being discovered.

The English Admiralty are at present having a powerful iron-clad war vessel constructed. She is to be of novel pattern, her gun power will be enormous, and her armament a wonder. When completed she will be the most powerful ship in the world. To offset this, it is reported that orders have been sent to Woolwich for a couple of eighty-ton guns, which when finished are expected to be able to send a shell through twenty inches of solid iron at 1000 yards.

As *Miscellaneous* matter, and not coming under any of the heads that we have severally mentioned, we may refer again to the intended celebration of the thousandth anniversary of the discovery and settlement of Iceland in August next, which promises to be made the occasion of specially interesting ceremonies. Many scientific and literary institutions in America and Europe are preparing contributions of books and other articles for presentation at that time, and

it is not unlikely that the three principal libraries of the island will be greatly enriched by these contributions. Dr. I. I. Hayes has announced his intention of visiting the island during the coming summer, and will probably take part in the ceremonies. He offers to be the almoner of any contributions that may be made of the kind referred to.

Mr. Alexander Agassiz, who succeeds his father in the direction of the Anderson School of Natural History on Penikese, announces that it will open on the 7th of July, and close on the 29th of August. A corps of eminent specialists has been announced as to take part in the instruction to be given, and the school, it is hoped, will be a still greater success than in the past year. Efforts are being made to secure an en-

dowment for this praiseworthy establishment, and it is stated that the sum of \$5000 paid in, or an annual contribution of \$350, on the part of any State or institution, will secure the admission of two students, free of charge for tuition, and liable only to expense for rooms and board.

Of deaths since our last enumeration the list is quite large. Among them are Sir Francis Pettit Smith, Mr. Philip Baines, Dr. Neil Arnott, Dr. Forbes Winslow, and Albert Way, of England; Dr. Karl E. Bock, Baron v. Penzlin, and Dr. J. H. Mädler, of Germany; Dr. M. von Jacobi, of Russia; Professor Guillemin, Professor Cruveilhier, and L. F. Meunier, of France; and Mr. Joseph Harrison, Jun., of Philadelphia—all of these well known in some branch of science, theoretical or applied.

Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record is closed on the 21st of May.—

On the 28th of April a vote was taken in the Senate on the passage of the Finance Bill notwithstanding the President's veto. There were 34 votes for its passage to 30 against. May 6 Senator Sherman reported a substitute for the House Currency Bill. It provided for free banking, the release of the reserves on circulation, except five per cent., which is to be deposited in the Treasury, and required reserves on deposits to be kept by each bank in its own vaults. To prepare for specie payments, the bill required the retirement of greenbacks equal in amount to fifty per cent. of the new national bank currency issued. This substitute contemplated also the redemption of the greenbacks after January 1, 1877, whenever presented in sums of \$1000 or any multiple thereof in gold or five per cent. gold bonds, at the option of the government, the greenbacks thus redeemed to be used by the Secretary of the Treasury as any others in the Treasury. This bill was passed by the Senate May 14.

A bill was passed by the House, April 28, appropriating \$90,000 for the purchase of rations to be distributed among the sufferers from the inundations of the Lower Mississippi. The Senate passed the bill May 1. Another section was added, May 7, appropriating an additional sum of \$100,000.

Senator Windom, on the 24th of April, presented the report of the select committee on transportation. The investigation of the committee covered a system of transportation embracing 70,000 miles of railway and 30,000 miles of water routes. Senator Windom's conclusions may be briefly summarized as follows:

1. That there should be a Bureau of Commerce formed in one of the executive departments, whose duty shall be to collect full and detailed information on the subject of our internal commerce.

2. The only method for obtaining facilities in every way ample for transportation is through competition, under governmental control.

3. Cheap means of transport can only be provided through double-track freight railways or by the improvement and creation of water routes.

The Senate amendments to the Louisville and

Vol. XLIX.—No. 290.—20

Portland Canal Bill were concurred in by the House April 30.

The Geneva Award Bill was passed by the Senate May 12. It organizes a court to adjudicate claims; but the claims of insurance companies are excluded.

On May 19 the House passed a bill repealing the system of moiety payments to informers in customs revenue cases.

The bill appropriating \$3,000,000 to the Centennial Commission was defeated in the House May 7—yeas 92, nays 138. The question was as to passing the bill to a third reading.

The bill for the protection of life and property on steam-vessels, a measure comprising a complete code of regulations for the governance of river, lake, and ocean steamers, was passed by the House May 13. Among its provisions is one abolishing compulsory pilotage for coasting vessels.

The military court in the Howard inquiry, presided over by General Sherman, on the 9th of May recorded its conclusion that General O. O. Howard had conducted the affairs of the Freedmen's Bureau with ability and fidelity, and that he was not properly chargeable with any of the offenses imputed to him.

The conflict between the rival Governors of Arkansas, after being waged over a month, accompanied by riotous disturbance and much bloodshed, was terminated May 19, by the retreat of Brooks's forces and the occupation of the State-house by Governor Baxter.

W. W. Eaton has been elected by the Connecticut Legislature to the United States Senate.

The New York Legislature has passed the Compulsory Education Bill, which has been signed by Governor Dix. It compels parents and guardians of children between the ages of eight and fifteen years to give them in a school or at home at least fourteen weeks regular instruction every year in reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar, and geography. It prohibits the employment of children within the ages named at any labor during the time when the district schools are opened, and school officers are given authority to see that it is enforced.

Negotiations have been in progress for some months with a view to a new treaty of commer-

cial reciprocity with the Dominion of Canada. Under the Washington Treaty the enjoyment of the shore fisheries of the St. Lawrence was leased to the United States for twelve years, on condition that their cash value during that term should be determined by arbitrators, and the amount paid over to Canada. A few months ago Mr. Rothery, an eminent English juriconsult, was sent out by the British government to make the necessary arrangements for giving effect to this arbitration, and he was busy getting up facts and evidence, when the Canadian government suggested how much more reasonable and profitable to both countries it would be were the war of their fisheries merged, as formerly, in a treaty of commercial reciprocity. Communications between our government and that of Great Britain on this suggestion resulted in the present effort to ascertain if the substitution can be made on terms satisfactory to both parties. Mr. Fish, Secretary of State, conducts the negotiations on behalf of our government; and Sir Edward Thornton, British minister here, and the Hon. George Brown, Senator of the Canadian Dominion, act as joint plenipotentiaries on the part of Great Britain. It seems clear from a review of commercial statistics that the United States has suffered more than Canada from the repeal of the old reciprocity treaty in 1866. Since that date the foreign commerce of the Canadians has nearly doubled; but the proportion of this commerce transacted with the United States has fallen away until it is now only thirty-five per cent. of their trade. Before the repeal the balance of trade was largely in our favor; since the repeal it has been against us.

The French National Assembly met at Versailles May 12. M. Buffet was re-elected President. On the 15th the Duc de Broglie introduced his project of a law for the creation of a second chamber, to be known as "The Grand Council." It was, amidst great excitement, referred to the Committee of Thirty. The next day the government sustained a defeat. The Duc de Broglie insisted upon the priority of the discussion of the Electoral Law over the Municipal Bill, and made it a cabinet question. The vote stood 317 in favor of the government to 381 against. The ministry then resigned. M. Goulard was intrusted with the formation of a new cabinet.

Marshal Serrano took possession of Bilbao May 2. During the last week of the Carlist siege the inhabitants of the city were without bread. Marshal Serrano was received in Madrid, May 6, with a triumphal ovation. Among those tendering their congratulations was Señor Castelar. On the 13th a new ministry was announced, constituted as follows: Zabala, *President of the Council and Minister of War*; Sagasta, *Minister of the Interior*; Ulloa, *Minister of Foreign Affairs*; Camacho, *Minister of Finance*; Alonzo Martinez, *Minister of Justice*; Alonzo Coimenes, *Minister of Public Works*; Romero Ortiz, *Minister of the Colonies*; Rodriguez Arias, *Minister of the Marine*.

The Russian Czar and the Grand Duke Alexis were received at Windsor Castle, in England, May 18.—An exhibition of textile plants, and machines employed in their cultivation, is to be held at St. Petersburg June 13, 1874.

Early in April the representatives of 746 co-

operative associations in England and Wales, having 300,587 members, held a congress at Halifax. The share capital of these co-operative associations is £2,784,000. During the year the sum of £10,176,000 was paid, and £11,379,000 was received for goods, the net profit amounting to £807,748.

During the first week in May there was a strike among the miners in the Durham collieries, in England. It is estimated that 50,000 men were out of employment thereby. The number has since increased to 70,000.

The steamer *Caspian*, from Liverpool for Portland, May 6, took out 350 agricultural laborers for the United States and Canada.

The estimates of the Indian budget for the extraordinary expenses of the government for 1874-75, on account of the famine, amount to \$32,500,000.

DISASTERS.

May 2.—At Shawangunk, thirty miles from Kingston, New York, the steam-boiler of Condit's paper-mill exploded, nearly demolishing the building, and killing seven of the employés.

May 16.—The Mill River reservoir, covering a tract of 100 acres, at Williamsburg, Massachusetts, gave way early in the forenoon, precipitating the vast mass of water it contained down a steep and narrow valley into the village of Williamsburg, and thence, further down the valley, through the villages of Haydenville, Leeds, and Florence, into the Northampton meadows. Manufacturing establishments and dwellings, representing over a million dollars' worth of property, were swept away, and about one hundred and fifty people were drowned.

May 18.—Fire in Galata, a suburb of Constantinople, Turkey. One hundred houses burned, occupied mostly by poor Jews.

OBITUARY.

April 23.—In Baltimore, the Rev. Henry Slicer, D.D., an eminent Methodist divine, aged seventy-three years.

May 3.—In New York city, General William Hall, a veteran of the war of 1812, aged seventy-eight years.—In Burlington, New Jersey, Edward Morris, author of *Ten Acres Enough*.

May 4.—In Whitesborough, New York, Beriah Green, one of the pioneers of the antislavery movement, aged eighty years.

May 7.—In New York city, John Hecker, flour dealer and philanthropist, aged sixty-two years.

May 16.—In New York city, Major-General George L. Hartsuff, aged forty-four years.

May 18.—In New York city, the Rev. Dr. Thomas De Witt, an eminent clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church, aged eighty-three years.

May 20.—In Washington, Major-General A. B. Dyer, Chief of the Ordnance Department.

May 9.—The London *Athenæum* announced the death of Mr. Mowbray Morris, in his fifty-fifth year. Mr. Morris became connected with the London *Times* as a contributor in 1847, and soon afterward became the manager of that journal.

May 16.—Death announced of Baron Henri de Triqueti, a celebrated French historical painter, aged seventy-two years.—In France, Gabriel Charles Glayre, painter, aged sixty-seven years.

Editor's Drawer.

A FEW years ago, when General N—— was making an active political canvass in the Territory of ——, then on the eve of its admission into the Union as a State (he was then Territorial Governor), he was confronted by an opposition which had small respect for the amenities of debate or the conventionalities observed in more cultivated communities. At Sandy Gulch, where a meeting was to be held, there appeared in the crowd opposed to him a rough, pestilent, desperate fellow named M'Guire, puffy with pistols and things, who was bent upon trouble, and meant, if possible, to break up the proceedings. In General N——'s following was a "gentleman" named Taylor, equally ready for similar work, and thoroughly devoted to his chief. At the opening of the meeting it became evident that M'Guire had inserted into his noble form just enough whisky to be reckless. He was thoroughly inflated. As things went on he became more and more offensive, until the general's friend came up, and whispered in his ear,

"General, hadn't I better kill him?"

"Oh no," replied the general, "that wouldn't do. I couldn't sanction any violence, much less a murder; *but*, if any little thing *should* happen" (here he lowered his voice, and spoke jocosely, as he meant it)—"if any little thing *should* happen, I've got my pocket full of blank pardons."

A few minutes later M'Guire broke out into a fresh tirade, whereupon Taylor drew his revolver and shot him through the brain. He fell like a log. Walking up to the body, and standing astride of it, revolver still in hand, he looked coolly upon the excited crowd, and said,

"Gentlemen, I trust that *now* we shall have order in this meeting!"

Order was had. The general concluded his remarks, the meeting quietly adjourned, M'Guire's body was slung over a mule, and taken away by his friends, who buried him "with his boots on," and that was the end of it. There was some talk for a day or two; nothing more. It was one of those little incidents, you know, that will occur in frontier life.

ONE of the brightest of our lady writers has a neat hit at the ostentatious economies advocated by some of our great and good men at Washington. She says that "there is on the Ohio River, near Pittsburg, a prosperous town named Economy, occupied by a German community called 'Economites.' They neither marry nor are given in marriage, yet are not religious zealots or ascetics. They have hard hands, hard faces, drive hard bargains, and believe in hard money. The member who saves, shaves, and skimps most is the best fellow and the chief saint;" and these she compares to the Congressional "Economites" who arrest important public enterprises, and discharge faithful old public servants. There is no work so fitting and necessary that they will not dispute the cost, even after it is done by their own act, and can not be undone. They remind one of that well-to-do but penurious Irish widow who had, on being apprised of the death of her husband in a distant city, telegraphed, in the first flush of her grief and good feeling, to have

the mortal remains of the dear departed embalmed and sent home. She bore up well till the undertaker's bill came to hand. Then her countenance fell; and when she reached the charge for embalming, she indignantly exclaimed, "Sivinty-five dollars for stoofin' Dan!"

THE late Mr. Gulian C. Verplanck's appreciation of the ludicrous was one of the noticeable traits of his character, and his manner of putting things was exceedingly quaint and delightful. The following pleasantry, now for the first time in print, was told to the Drawer a few evenings since at a gathering of bright people. Those who never met Mr. Verplanck may be told that in figure he was rather short and corpulent. Walking down town one July morning, he thought he would purchase a light linen coat, and for that purpose entered the first clothing store he reached. To the salesman he said,

"I want a light summer coat."

"Yes, Sir," replied that person, who approached, and after a rapid glance up one side and down the other of the venerable gentleman's figure, called a boy, and pointing to a brown sack hanging on a certain peg, said, "Just bring that—number five—*fat*."

Mr. Verplanck used to say that he had never before known with exactitude his physical number and contour, but that "number five—*fat*" defined it with precision.

THE Rev. James Gallaher, who preceded the Rev. William H. Milburn as chaplain of the House of Representatives, commenced his ministry in Tennessee. He was one of the editors of the old *Calvinistic Magazine*, and a strong champion of the Presbyterian faith, a man full of humor, with great tact in avoiding controversy when wisdom so directed.

In one of his horseback rounds a good Arminian family entertained him very kindly, and as he was mounting his horse to leave, his host said to him, "Now, Mr. Gallaher, tell me what you honestly think about falling from grace."

"I suppose you want to know my real candid opinion?" said the minister.

"Yes, that is what I am after."

"Well, then," continued Mr. Gallaher, "I will tell you in a few words—I'd hate mightily to try it."

THE playful humor of the very Western man is illustrated in the following little incidents sent to the Drawer by a gentleman connected with one of our leading benevolent societies:

A missionary of the American Sunday-school Union in Missouri visited recently a place where a certain church-militant preacher was in the habit of holding forth once a month, and certain young men were in the habit of disturbing the meeting. Being a rough man, he so roughly reprimanded them that they threatened to thrash him the next time he should come. He heard of this, but came at the regular time, and after preaching said,

"I have heard of your threats. Now, if any of you think I won't fight because I'm a preacher, just try me—just come on" (striking his fists

together). "I will fight any man of you, or any two men, fists or skulls, pistols or knives. There are as many pistols for me as for any of you. If you don't like my preaching, I can whip you: just come."

The missionary planted a Sunday-school there, and was not molested by the young men.

At another place, where he organized a school, one man said, "I will go in for it if you don't put on *too much style*. I don't like town style. I was in a big town once where every man had on a stove-pipe hat, and I spoke to every body I met on the street, but they were too proud to speak to me."

During this trip the missionary organized five Sunday-schools.

"ADVICE"

UNDER this caption Mrs. Allen gave in our March issue some excellent verses, but one of our readers doesn't agree with her, and this is what he says about it:

Miss Elizabeth Akers Allen,
Or Mrs.—whichever it be—
You've mistaken a segregate case
For a broad gen-er-al-tee;
Or else you've a bad digestion,
Or a cast in your weather ee,
Or experience specially bitter,
Direct the reverse from me.

For I wooed me a dear little woman—
Twenty-one years have sped their flight,
Yet I kissed her good-by this morning,
And we'll meet with a kiss to-night;
Though my chin is as gray as a badger,
And spectacles rim her sight,
Yet the love which was bright at the outset
Is to-day not a whit less bright.

Ah! you read me your own sad riddle,
When your "globule of molten gold"
In the fond hand once imprisoned
Grows colorless, dull, and cold!
Why grows it thus lifeless and frigid,
If the glory (?) in which it rolled
But a moment ago was *real*—
If its flashes a verity told?

And why do you call a man fickle,
If an *insect*, all sharded and brown,
He finds in the hand he *imagined*
Was grasping an emperor's crown?

Yet your counsel is fitting—*provided*
The maiden is conscious that she
Is a climber instead of a jewel,
A beetle instead of a bee.
But if with her wealth of affection,
As deep and as wide as the sea,
She has patience, good-will, and discretion,
With a measure of charity,
She can make the most obdurate human
What a dear little woman made me,
And have—if it's worth the endeavor—
A lover at fifty-three.

It is seldom that the Drawer has the pleasure of placing among its anecdotes a pleasantry by the President. A few weeks since some ladies, friends of the wife of General Woodford, M.C. from Brooklyn, called at the White House, but were refused admission by the watchman. General Woodford came along, and under his escort they visited the mansion, and were accorded a special presentation to the President. In the interview the ladies spoke of the large portrait of the President in one of the rooms on the first floor. The President remarked that he didn't know where he should find a house big enough to hold it when they should leave this.

"But," said Mrs. Woodford, "you will be

elected for a third term, and this house will hold the picture four years longer."

"No," replied the President, "I shall veto that. *It would be inflating my term of office, and I will always veto inflation.*"

SPEAKING of the President, a correspondent at Syracuse sends this:

During the siege of Vicksburg one day General Grant's men blew up a rebel fort, and a colored man was blown over to the Union side, falling safely into the soft mud. As he was the last arrival from Vicksburg, every one was anxious to see him and hear his story. General Grant had him brought before him, and among other questions asked him how high he went up at the time of the explosion. The negro replied, "I can't say for sure, but tink 'bout *tree miles*!"

A MISSIONARY of the American Sunday-school Union in Arkansas illustrates the character of a section of his field thus:

At C—, the county seat, two young men had some words about a young lady, and one shot the other dead in the street. At the primary trial the justice of the peace, the State's attorney, and the accused all appeared in the court-room pistol in belt.

Not long after he established a Sunday-school there, and preaching and improvement followed.

Imagine Recorder Hackett, District Attorney Phelps, and one of our murderers coming into court, carrying a small arsenal with them!—though the criminal wouldn't stand much of a chance against the judge, who makes nothing of shooting a humming-bird at half a mile.

THIS from Christian County, Kentucky:

Some time ago a party of seven or eight left this county for a big fish and hunt on Tennessee River. Among them was Colonel Matt M'Kinney, formerly a member of the Legislature, and extensively known in the State as a genial companion. He was a lover of "seven up," and, for want of better amusement, the first night proposed his favorite game. No one in the party volunteered to play save Pete, the old negro cook, with whom, as a last resort, the colonel consented to play. The rest of the party went to bed, and left them at it on a log. About twelve o'clock one of the party, Major Mallory, happened to rouse up, and heard the colonel say,

"Pete, you had that jack; what did you do with it?"

"Clar for goodness, Mass Matt, I hain't got it."

"Yes, you have," replied M'Kinney. "Take off your clothes; I know you have it. Off with that coat! roll up them sleeves!"

Pete did so, but no jack. The colonel then took up the "deck" to see if all four were there.

"Clar for goodness, Mass Matt, if dat jack ain't in de 'deck,' it's loss out."

It was not there. Next morning, Mallory and old Pete being alone down the river, the former asked him where the jack was.

"Well, boss," says Pete, "you see, from de way Mass Matt was leadin', I knowed he was gwine ketch it, so I swallowed it!"

At camp that night the joke was told by Mallory, and was followed by a big laugh. M'Kin-

ney, musing with elbows on knees before the fire, remarked, with a vigorous but improper adjective,

"I knowed he had it about him *somewhere*!"

THE familiarity of the frontiers-man with scenes of shooting and executions by Lynch-law, and his coolness in the average Western affray, are proverbial. The last instance that has come to our knowledge in which enterprise and self-possession were admirably mingled occurred at the recent execution of a criminal in Washington Territory. Just as he was about to be swung off, and after he had remarked to the sheriff that he had nothing further to say, a real-estate agent, whose office was in his hat, forced himself to the front and up the steps of the scaffold, and jointly addressing the criminal and the sheriff, said, "*If the gentleman who occupies the platform will kindly yield for a few minutes, I would like to make a few remarks upon the cheap homestead lots at Dobson's Hole I am now offering for sale.*" The polite request was assented to, and after a brief summary of the advantages presented by that locality the sheriff resumed his duties, pulled the cap over the "gentleman's" countenance, and permitted him to drop.

WE think it is safe to say that the country may be regarded as sound on the cremation question. The subject agitated the nation through and through, but it has finally simmered down, and equanimity with her pleasing smile now beams upon us. A few traces of the upheaval remain scattered here and there, in the form of editorials and poetry, destined to speedy cremation unless embalmed. We have therefore deemed it expedient to clutch from oblivion the following rhythmic gems, which show how easily we were becoming habituated to the notion of burning:

On Tuesday morning Silas Green,
Aged forty-seven, died.
Male friends, please call to-morrow noon
And see the torch applied.

We lit the poor fellow at dead of night,
The carcass continually turning,
In order that each side might get its share
Of this new patent process of burning.

No pelting rain-storm came wetting the pile
Of fagots to which we had bound him,
Nor Babcock Extinguisher deadened the glare
That formed such a halo around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But merely remarked, "*Don't he sizzle! he'll be
But a handful of ashes to-morrow.*"

Widow Spivens has just passed away from our midst,
And her last words—so touching—were these:
"Just whirl me aloft in a turpentine cloud:
No mud-hole for me, if you please!"

THE Galena editor who published that funny thing about the Sunday-school superintendent's remark to his scholars about the steamer did not remember how good the original was, written by Mark Twain, and published three years ago in London. It is as follows:

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.—"Just about the close of that long, hard winter," said the Sunday-school superintendent, "as I was wending toward my duties one brilliant Sabbath morning, I glanced down toward the levee, and there lay the *City of Hartford* steamer! No mistake

about it: there she was, puffing and panting after her long pilgrimage through the ice. A glad sight? Well, I should say so! And then came a pang right away, because I should have to instruct empty benches, sure: the youngsters would all be off welcoming the first steamboat of the season. You can imagine how surprised I was when I opened the door and saw half the benches full! My gratitude was free, large, and sincere. I resolved that they should not find me unappreciative. I said, 'Boys, you can not think how proud it makes me to see you here, nor what renewed assurance it gives me of your affection. I confess that I said to myself, as I came along and saw that the *City of Hartford* was in—' 'No! but is she, though?' And, as quick as any flash of lightning, I stood in the presence of empty benches! I had brought them the news myself."

A GENTLEMAN, recently from abroad, and a lover of church music, inquired of the clerk of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on his first Sunday morning, where he could hear the best church music. He was recommended to — Church, where the fugues and things were of the highest. Thither he went, and was shown into a pew in which a lady sat. At the commencement of the first chant, madame, with the usual politeness of American ladies, handed the stranger the prayer-book, pointing to the chant. It was politely received, but soon closed. At the second chant madame repeated the offer, when, turning to her with a polite bow, the gentleman said, "Thank you, but I seldom use the libretto."

IN a recent English magazine we find an article on "Men and Manners in Parliament," in which the manners of Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Bright are described, and a few *bonnots* of the latter given. "Mr. Disraeli's manner in the House of Commons is one strongly marked, and is, doubtless undesignedly, calculated to increase the personal interest which has for more than a generation been taken in him by the public. Either because his colleagues do not care to chat with him, or because he discourages private conversations in the House, Mr. Disraeli always sits apart in a sort of grim loneliness. Mr. Gladstone is, except when he sleeps, rarely quiet for a moment, frequently engaging in conversation with those near him, often laughing heartily himself, and being the cause of laughter in his interlocutors. When Mr. Disraeli enters the House and takes his accustomed seat he crosses one leg over the other, folds his arms, hangs down his head, and so sits for hours at a time in statuesque silence. When he rises to speak he generally rests his hand for a moment upon the table, but it is only for a moment, for he invariably endeavors to gain the ear of his audience by making a point at the outset, and the attitude which he finds most conducive to the happy delivery of points is to stand balancing himself upon his feet, with his hands in his coat-tail pockets. In this position, with his head hung down as if he were mentally debating how best to express a thought that has just occurred to his mind, Mr. Disraeli slowly utters the polished and poisoned sentences over which he has spent laborious hours in the closet. Mr. Bright is a great phrase-maker, and comes down to the House with the gems ready

cut and polished to fit in in the setting of a speech. But no one could guess from Mr. Bright's manner that the phrases he drops in as he goes along are fairly written out on a slip of paper carried in his waistcoat pocket as he crossed the bar of the House.....His manner when speaking is quiet and subdued, but it is the apparent subjugation which a bar of iron undergoes when it passes from the red-hot stage to the condition of white heat. When he sits down there is invariably a feeling among his audience that he has by no means exhausted himself, but could, if he pleased, have said a great deal more that would have been equally effectual. To this end his quiet, self-possessed manner greatly tends. He has himself well in hand throughout his orations, and therefore maintains his hold upon his audience. Mr. Bright is also a great humorist. When, recently, he had occasion to complain of the determined dissatisfaction of the Conservatives, he turned to the classical book of the people, and on the morrow all England was laughing at the party who, 'if they had been in the wilderness, would have complained of the Ten Commandments as a harassing piece of legislation.' Again, when he dubbed Mr. Disraeli 'the mystery man of the ministry,' and when he likened Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman to a Scotch terrier, 'of which no one could with certainty say which was the head and which the tail,' every body could comprehend and enjoy the reference. The fearful sting contained in his casual remark about Sir Charles Adderley in a letter written two months ago—'I hope he thought he was speaking the truth, but he is rather a dull man, and is liable to make blunders'—will be best appreciated by those who know the right honorable baronet. But the volume of sarcasm hidden in the parenthetical remark about the gentleman's ancestors who came over with the Conqueror—'I never heard that they did any thing else'—is plain reading for all. So is the well-merited retort upon a noble lord who, during a time when Mr. Bright was temporarily laid aside by illness, took the opportunity to publicly declare that, by way of punishment for the uses he had made of his talents, Providence had inflicted upon Mr. Bright a disease of the brain. 'It may be so,' said Mr. Bright to the House of Commons when he came back; 'but, in any case, it will be some consolation to the friends and family of the noble lord to know that the disease is one which *even Providence* could not inflict upon him.'

THIS from Peekskill:

Two young girls of the sewing fraternity, or sisterhood, were stitching away for dear life, when one broke the dreary silence by wishing they were dead. "Be still, and work hard," said the other; "*business before pleasure*, you know."

LITTLE Mabel B——, a Baltimore miss of five summers, is blessed with a very retentive memory and remarkably acute powers of observation, and there is little she sees or hears that escapes her. Her grandmother has recently been reading portions of the New Testament to her: the parables especially seemed to arrest her attention, and her application of them to every-day occurrences is often singularly amusing. Her mother, on going into the dining-room a few

weeks since about dinner-time, overheard Miss Mabel talking in a very earnest and peremptory manner to the servants in the kitchen. So when she came out she was asked what she had been saying to the girls.

"Why, mamma," said she, "I was only telling those *wicked and slothful servants* to hurry up dinner."

ANOTHER from the same source, almost as good:

A very intimate friend of her mother was recently unfortunate enough to catch the measles—a circumstance that suspended intercourse between the two for a week or more, Mrs. B—— naturally fearing that she might carry the contagion home to her little daughter. This temporary interruption of their intimacy seemed to concern Mabel not a little, and one day, after vainly urging upon her mother the importance of visiting Aunt Amno, as she calls her, she said,

"Mamma, Aunt Amno has been *sick and in prison* for a week, and *ye visited her not*."

It is no reproach to the memory of James Buchanan to state that in very early life his political sentiments inclined toward the Federal party, nor does it detract from his reputation to allude to the fact that on that account the old-fashioned dyed-in-the-wool Pennsylvania Democrats of the Jeffersonian school were for a time rather reluctant to accept him as a leader. We only refer to these reminiscences now to explain the *point* in the anecdote we are about to relate, for the truth of which we stand ready to vouch, albeit it may not be among the "Recollections of an Old Stager."

When Mr. Buchanan became Secretary of State in the cabinet of President Polk he appointed to a clerkship in his department a young lawyer from Reading, Pennsylvania (since deceased), who may be said to have imbibed Democracy with his mother's milk, so thoroughly impregnated was he with the pure creed of that political party—a creed that then was, as now, the only orthodox faith in the territory of "Old Berks." One of the clerical duties to which this zealous disciple of Jefferson was assigned was the transcribing and arranging for publication of the "Jefferson papers," for which the bias that early association and training had given to a mind naturally predisposed to the study of questions of partisan politics peculiarly fitted him. This young gentleman, habitually reserved and taciturn in his manner, was subject to occasional "queer" spells, whether the result of overstudy or of some hereditary taint of blood the writer hereof is not able to say. These attacks were nothing more than transient hallucinations, leading their subject to do and say ludicrous things. When one of them came on it was only necessary for his friends to persuade him to keep his room for a few days, and submit to some simple dietary treatment, to "bring him around" again.

Well, it so happened that one day, in the midst of his researches among the musty archives of state, the "queer" fit came upon him, and—which was *not* queer under the circumstances—took the shape of fierce invective against ancient Federalism and its whilom adherents. He was taken quietly to his lodgings, and the physician, who was familiar with the case, and knew per-

fectly well how to indulge the humor of his patient, was sent for. A day or two afterward Mr. Buchanan heard of the indisposition of his Pennsylvania protégé, but not of its nature; and as the acquaintance between them was both personal and neighborly, as well as official, the Secretary, at the close of office hours, went to make a call upon his invalid clerk, and see that he was "well bestowed." A servant conducted him to the room where he lay, when imagine the astonishment of the grave and dignified cabinet minister, almost instantly upon his entrance, to behold his hitherto shy and reticent young friend bolt angrily from his bed, glare at him with eyes flashing defiance, and, with clinched fists menacingly extended, exclaim,

"You — old Federalist, what do YOU want here?"

Mr. Buchanan, it may be imagined, quickly withdrew, without stopping to make his kindly intended inquiries into the condition of his sick and, as it must then doubtless have struck him, unprovokedly insolent subordinate. The cause, however, of this singularly rude reception was soon explained to him, and his sense of the ludicrous was keen enough to enable him to enjoy the farcical *rencontre* after the shock inflicted by its abruptness had subsided; and although not given to Mr. Lincoln's habit of repeating pungent jokes, particularly when the subject was one upon which he always manifested an undue degree of sensitiveness, he could not resist the temptation to relate it to an intimate friend, who was well acquainted with the unconscious and irresponsible author. And that's the way we came by the story.

In one of those little cities which abut upon Boston a parish meeting was recently held, at which objection was made by Mr. Garrett that the style of the music in the church was too operatic; whereupon one of the members made the point that it was quite inconsistent for Mr. Garrett to object to upper-attic singing. That was thought rather good—in the town that abutted upon Boston.

A CORRESPONDENT at Duncan's Mill, Sonora County, California, writes:

The following rather tough bear story was told in my hearing by an old settler in Russian River Valley. I give it as I got it. If you deem it worthy a corner in the Drawer, you can just throw it in.

"You talk about bears! Why, when I first came to Rooshan River bears was plentier than cattle is now, and they was a little bit the smartest bears that I or any body else ever seed. Why, do you know, there was a neighbor of mine had a fine field of corn, and he also had a fine lot of hogs. In the fall, when the corn began to get ripe, the bears would come into the field and make awful work among the corn; they were jest literly cleanin' it out, and the hogs was a disappearin' too, and the old fellow couldn't find where the bears had killed any of the hogs, and he was clean beat out. At last, when all of his hogs and a good deal of his corn had disappeared, he thought it was about time to investigate. So he started out. After hunting around for some time he found a trail leading off from the corn field in the direction of a patch of timber

about three miles away. He followed the trail, and when he got to the timber he discovered his hogs nicely inclosed in a pen [corral], and the bears was a-packin' the corn out there, and feedin' it to the hogs, fattenin' them for their own eatin' for their winter meat!"

It is possible—barely possible—though we doubt it, that two epitaphs more extraordinary than the following can be found. They are English, and now for the first time appear in American type:

ELIZABETH,
the Wife of Richard Barklamb,
passed to Eternity on Sunday, 21st May, 1797,
in the 71st year of her age.

RICHARD BARKLAM,
the Anti-spouse Uxorious,
was interred here 27th January, 1806,
in his 84th year.

WILLIAM BARKLAM,
Brother to the preceding,
September 5th, 1799, aged 68 years.

When terrestrial all in chaos shall exhibit effervescence,
Then celestial virtues with their full, effulgent, brilliant
essence,
Shall with beaming beauteous radiance through the
ebullition shine,
Transcending to glorious regions, beatifical, sublime;
Then human power absorbed, deficient to delineate
such effulgent lasting sparks,
Where honest plebeians ever will have precedence
over ambiguous great monarchs.

Mike was in tempur and in sole sinere
Ann Husband tendur and a fathur deere
He was a fathur kind
And modist was his mind
A great blessin to a umman
Never mor was givn
Nor a greeter loss eksept the loss of heavn.

THIS from a Southern friend: During our little war with the Seminole Indians of Florida a gentleman of Charleston, South Carolina, was drafted, and desiring to obtain a substitute, published the following advertisement:

WANTED—An able-bodied man accustomed to fight Indians, to whom liberal wages and constant employment will be given.

THE Crédit Mobilier investigation has not been so fruitful in promoting mirth as some other events in our history, but it did cause a little fun in Iowa. During the investigation one of our Democratic friends, thinking he had now got something with a good handle to it, thus accosted the postmaster of a small town in the northern part of the State:

DEM. "Well, what do you think of the Crédit Mobilier investigation now?"

P. M. (*confidently*). "Oh, that's all right; England will have to pay that."

DEM. "England have to pay it! What's England got to do with it?"

P. M. (*more confidently*). "Why, of course, England's got to pay it."

DEM. (*wonderingly*). "What has England to do with the Crédit Mobilier?"

P. M. "Why, don't you know it has been decided that England has to pay the Alabama claims?"

DEM. "Of course; every body knows that. But what have the Alabama claims to do with the Crédit Mobilier?"

P. M. (*triumphantly*). "Why, isn't Mobile in Alabama? What an ass!"

Of course, our friend was convinced.

Professor Jingo and the Skull.



"If I only had a skull," said Professor Jingo; and then he went to sleep and forgot all about it.



Presently he went out to work in his garden, where he finds the very thing he wanted!



"Perhaps I can contrive a plan to make its jaws open and shut with a spiral spring, or something."



He succeeded too; but the thing got hold of his finger, and wouldn't let go.



"Perhaps I'd better consult Dr. Pipes about it."



"Bad case of locked-jaw," said Dr. Pipes; "but I think I can relieve you." "You never shall saw my arm off if I know it," said Professor Jingo.



"Then," said Dr. Pipes, "we'll have to resort to a soporific."



When the soporific began to work, so did Dr. Pipes....

ADVICE GRATIS.—Be content with your lot, and let other people's skulls alone.

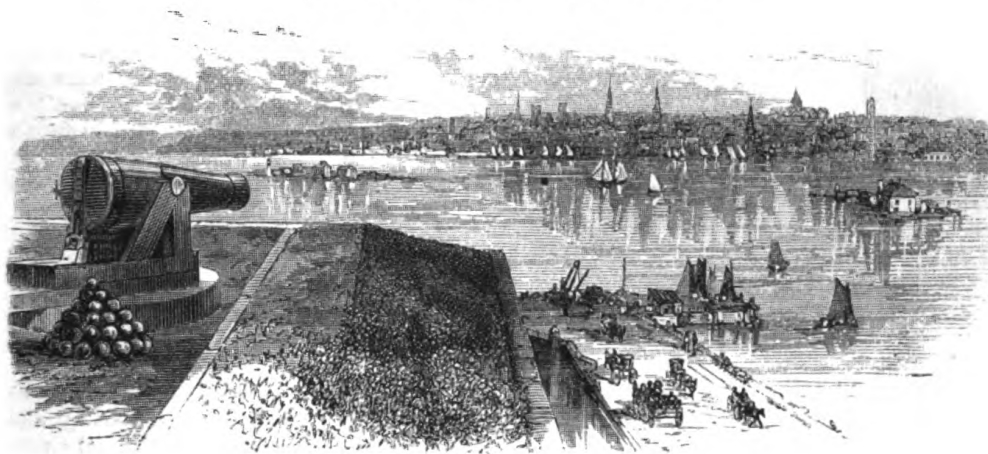


Professor Jingo is agreeably surprised to find it all a dream—his arm had been asleep too.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXCI.—AUGUST, 1874.—VOL. XLIX.

THE QUEEN OF AQUIDNECK.



NEWPORT, FROM FORT ADAMS.

THE great centres are deserted more and more every summer, though the showy and meretricious hotel life at the spas and sea-side is steadily growing into disfavor. Sensible and self-contained persons have become weary of discomfort, dissipation, and heterogeneous crowds under the name of pleasure, preferring to choose their own society, and to make their own domestic arrangements. At a popular resort there will always be pretentious hostelries and people to patronize them; but the decided tendency is to what is known as cottage life, on account of the privacy, independence, and freedom it secures.

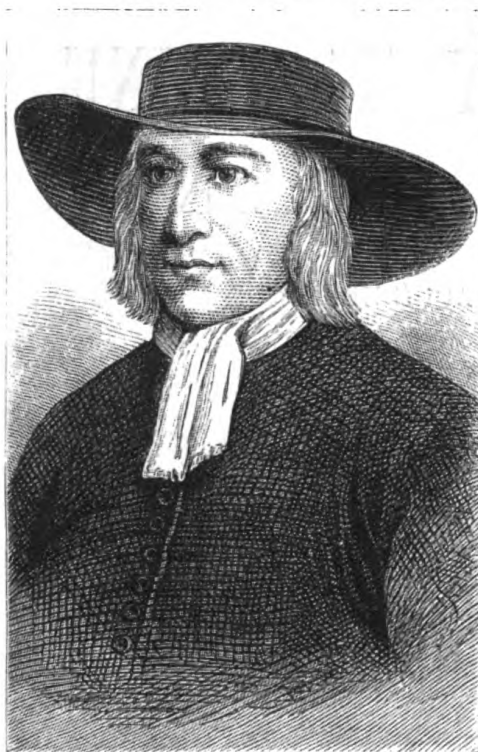
As a place of summer residence Newport has no peer. Its transient visitors are comparatively few, the business of the public-houses being less than it was ten years ago. But its cottage or villa population increases every season, as is shown by the regular and rapid advance in real estate. The situation, at convenient distance from Boston and New York, and easy of access from any point, is to its advantage; but its chief reputation rests upon its salubrity, its delightful coolness, its excellent society, and its exalted prestige. Newport should be fashionable, for it has a conspicuous history and memorable antecedents. Commercially the old town is insignificant; but it has reason to

be proud of its past, and may be in some sort justified for the complacent view it takes of itself. It should have had the aboriginal name of the island, Aquidneck (Isle of Peace), on which it stands. Aquidneck is apt, pretty, and picturesque, while the present christening is devoid of propriety, pertinence, or beauty.

Near the southern end of the largest of a cluster of islands in Narraganset Bay (the island is fifteen miles long and three and a half broad), Newport was first settled in the spring of 1639—a year later than Pocasset, now Portsmouth, at the northern extremity of Aquidneck. The pioneers were John Clarke, William Coddington, Anne Hutchinson, and a few others who had fled from the theological persecution of Massachusetts, where the colonists had created God after their own image, and demanded that every body should see Him through their bigoted eyes. This egotistic rigor and spiritual self-consciousness they termed religion, holding that the first principle of divinity is to expel the last remnant of humanity. Founded upon tolerance, the little plantation prospered. Very soon went thither the Quakers whose ears had been cut off and whose tongues had been pierced with hot irons by the Puritans in evidence of their hatred of the persecution for which they

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VOL. XLIX.—No. 291.—21



GEORGE FOX.

had exiled themselves. The Quaker influence was strong and good, and continues to this day. The denomination is larger in Rhode Island, in proportion to population, than in any New England State. The annual June meeting of the Friends at Newport is numerously attended from all the States of that section, and has been for years one of its few local events. George Fox and John Woolman have preached in the town; and many of their followers may still be seen in its quaint and narrow streets, looking as prim, demure, and unruffled as if they had been laid away in starch a hundred and fifty years ago, and been awakened by the noise of the nineteenth century.

About the beginning of 1700 came a number of Dutch Jews, and subsequently some wealthy Spanish and Portuguese families, who added materially to the prosperity of the place. The synagogue, dedicated in 1763, and re-opened with solemn service in 1850, after sixty years of closure, is one of the noted buildings. The Jewish Cemetery, also in Touro Street, contains the remains of many of the prominent Hebrews of the past; among the rest those of Moses Lopez, reported to have been the last resident of his race. Abraham and Judah Touro—the street is named after the former—left liberal bequests to the city; and Abraham Riviera, once a leading Israelitish merchant, bore the highest reputation for integrity and generosity. A large ship-owner, the loss of many of his vessels forced him into assignment.

His creditors made easy terms with him, and he resumed business, in which he so prospered that, at the end of a few years, he invited those gentlemen to dinner. In addition to rich viands and choice wine, they found under their plates checks for the entire amount of the original debt with interest added.

A conspicuous figure in the early society of Newport was Abraham Redwood, born on the island of Antigua, and carefully educated in Philadelphia. He married in Rhode Island while still in his teens, and lived there until he was eighty, dying about the close of the last century. He was one of the founders of the library which bears his name—it stands in Touro Street—and his public and private donations still keep his memory green. The library is a handsome Doric structure. It had the same architect—Harrison—as Blenheim House, and contains nearly twenty thousand well-selected volumes.

During the colonial era Newport flourished like the convolvulus. It was a rival of New York and Boston, and one of the very first of the New England cities in commercial consequence. Its merchants, such as Henry Collins, Joseph Jacobs, Godfrey and John Malbone, Samuel Elam, Samuel Cranston, and Colonel Gibbs, were princely in revenue and entertainments. They were really gentlemen of the old school—scrupulous of etiquette, imposing and pompous in manner, fond of display, liberal in purse,



JEWS' SYNAGOGUE, NEWPORT.

narrow in opinion, devotees of caste; they boasted of family, were connoisseurs in wine, imitated the mother country, observed theologic forms, and exchanged rum for slaves.

The slave-trade was very active in Newport, not less than fifty of its vessels having been engaged in the traffic. Even the Quakers held chattels; and as late as 1804-8, out of 202 slave-ships fifty-nine were from Rhode Island, though none other of the Northern States, except Massachusetts and Connecticut (they each had one), had any part in the hideous commerce. The Legislature denounced slavery as early as 1652, and made it penal to hold a slave more than ten years. Yet the first merchants and gentlemen bought and sold and kept the poor negroes because they found profit in it.

During the French and Spanish war (1740)



THE REDWOOD LIBRARY.



JUDAH TOURO.

the town fitted out privateers. There was a regular packet line to London, with over six hundred ships arriving at and departing from port, at least two hundred of which were foreign. The docks, extending a mile along the harbor, were thronged by several thousand sailors, and crowded with the produce of both Indies. Distilleries and manufactories were busy; handsome mansions and graceful gardens decorated the neighborhood. Gentlemen dispensed generous hospitality in scarlet coats, lace ruffles, powdered hair, and diamond buckles, with swords at their side; and belles in brocade, patches, glittering jewels, and high-heeled shoes danced the stately minuet to the admiration of their gallants, and to the movement of measured music. Newport was a gay social capital; flattered itself upon the possession of the best blood in the land, the fairest and highest-bred women, the most munificent of entertainers, and talked complacently of a society not excelled in any of the courts of the Old World. Men drank deep in those days, and were not always delicate in their cups, but they were no worse, and often better, than their friends and kindred beyond the sea. The town was the resort of many cultured strangers and distinguished foreigners. Its boys and girls were carefully educated, and taught all the accomplishments of the time. It enjoyed a transatlantic reputation for elegance and hospitality, and was not unlike some of the capitals of mediæval Italy. Those were not the days of Quaker simplicity, but even the prosperous Quakers caught the infection of enter-



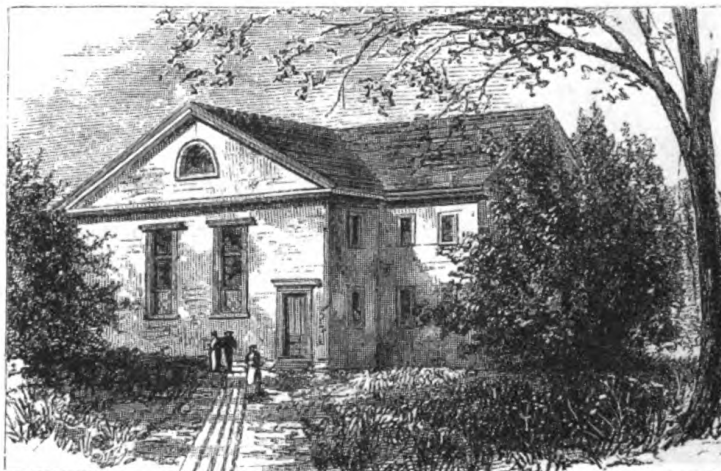
ABRAHAM REDWOOD.

tainment and conviviality, and bade wit and beauty to luxurious boards.

The Revolution was a revolution indeed to Newport. The first gun at Lexington sounded the doom of its commercial prosperity, and reduced its population more than half. Such a community, buoyant with vanity, bloated with ease, would naturally be conservative, patient of British aggression. But most of the Newporters were quick to flame with patriotism, preferring country to cash, and willing to sacrifice what they could no longer enjoy with honor. Some of the citizens found it hard to surrender the loyalty which had grown to be a pleasant and advantageous habit, but the people were in no mood for trimming, and compelled sympathy with the rebellion. The residence of the British forces upon the island was disastrous. Nearly a thousand buildings were burned; all the trees were felled; the churches were used for barracks and hospitals; the Redwood Library was robbed of its most valuable books. The hatred of resident Tories was

such that the invading soldiers were obliged to guard them from the fury of the people, and all who could fled from the popular wrath to provinces still loyal to England.

Almost the sole compensation to Newport during the Revolution was the brief occupation by the French. Many of their most gallant and accomplished officers—distinguished members of the nobility, like the Dukes de Lauzun, de Vauban, de Champceretz, the Marquises de Chabanes, de Chastellux, and Bozon de Talleyrand—accompanied the fleet, and their fine manners and chivalrous courtesy were in such shining contrast to the rudeness and vandalism of the British, whose investment they succeeded, that it is not strange they made a favorable impression. The gay and satiated Frenchmen were delighted, after their easy sentimental conquests at home, to seek new triumphs in the insurgent colonies, whose women they had regarded as gentle and ingenuous savages, only too happy to be won. They were greatly and not disagreeably disappointed to find, in the place of savages, beautiful and cultured ladies who could talk to them in their native tongue, and who were mistresses of the delicate art of coquetry, which, while full of enticement, stops short of imprudence, resting sweetly secure upon a graceful conventionality. That the courtly foreigners were generous allies added necessarily to their attractions, rendering attention natural and friendship easy. Admiral De Tournay, who commanded the fleet, died soon after his arrival, in consequence of mortification caused by his non-success, and was buried in the old Trinity Church-yard. Count de Rochambeau, chief of the army, had no reason to complain of his military record in this country, and the management of his soldiers was worthy of his fame as a soldier and a gentleman. The French officers wrote home glowing accounts of the courage and fortitude of the American people, and of the purity and loveliness



FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE.

of the ladies they had the honor to know. In 1781 General Washington paid a visit to Rochambeau, whose head-quarters were in the Vernon House, Clarke and Mary streets, and was received with every demonstration of gratitude and joy by the troops and citizens. The bells were rung, cannon fired, houses illuminated, and civic processions formed, while the air shook with acclamations of welcome.

With the independence of the States, the French army returned, regretting and regretted. Having given and received amorous wounds, they sailed home with many love-longings and tender mementos, and often referred to their Newport life with enthusiastic tongue.

In 1784 the town was incorporated as a city; but the destruction of its property and the dispersion of its inhabitants had precluded its prosperity. The mould of retrogression was upon it, and could not be removed. Three years later it surrendered its municipal form, which was not resumed till 1853. From the close of the Revolution to about 1830 Newport was as lifeless as Lycurgus. Then it began to be known as a watering-place, Providencers, Southerners, and Cubans being the first to frequent it. There were no public-houses of any extent or



RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR CODDINGTON, NEWPORT, 1641.

excellence, and habitués put up with certain material discomforts for the sake of the bathing and the balmy air. The Ocean House was burned down—as all summer hotels are, soon or late—nine years after it was built, and rebuilt promptly on the old and present site, in Bellevue Avenue. The town consisted of a few streets near the water-front, and the cottage era had not been dreamed of. The first sales of real estate were made, some thirty years since, to Robert Johnson, an Englishman, and Alfred Smith, a New-Yorker, the pioneers in the purchase of property. Smith, unaided by the originality of his patronymic, has become the possessor of real estate agents there, nearly all



OLD-TIME HOUSES.



COAST SCENE, NEWPORT.

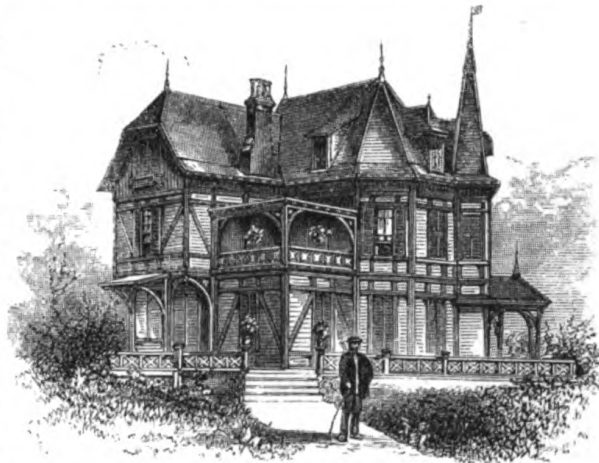
the transactions of the vicinity being made through him or his firm, Alfred Smith and Sons. He quitted the metropolis for his health, and going to Newport, decided to turn landscape gardener. With this view he bought, in company with a friend, a tract of land, unthinking of speculation, but expecting to get his compensation in engagements to lay out the grounds. The land rose so rapidly on his hands that he gained a small fortune by dividing it into lots for residences. Putting up cottages and villas soon became the mode, and from those of a plain and unambitious sort sprang the most expensive and luxurious ones.

Within twenty years real estate has increased twentyfold, and is now so high that eligible sites are beyond the reach of those not blessed of worldly goods. The number of cottages—the more elaborate of these are usually called villas—in and about the town must be fully five hundred, some two hundred of which are to let every season on account of the absence of their owners in Europe or elsewhere. They rent, furnished, for from \$2000 to \$8000 the season—the latter an extreme rate, \$3000 to \$4000 being near the

average. The time when one could live economically there, unless in a boarding-house, is not likely to return. As a summer residence Newport has grown to be a luxury forbidden to the many. The cost of erecting and furnishing a villa that would be thought in any sense elegant, including the ground and the laying out, is from \$50,000 to \$200,000. Some of the houses are really beautiful—all that taste and money can make them. They are in different styles, French villas, Swiss chalets, and English cottages most abounding, with a few of so composite and inharmonious an order as to defy determination. Bellevue Avenue, until recently, has been the favorite and fashionable quarter; but it is so nearly filled that it has been rendered necessary to seek other localities. The most handsome, and of course most expensive, residences are in that avenue, though the Bath Road, Cliff Walk, Touro Street, and Narraganset Avenue are very little behind it in the quality of the dwellings. Nowhere else are there so many dainty roofs to cover the darlings of fortune from July and August floods of sunshine. Rose-wood, French walnut, damask, lace, marbles, bronzes, engravings, paintings, cabinets, carvings, frescoes, aquaria, ferneries, porcelain, make interiors brilliantly attractive; and statues, grottoes, terraces, conservatories, fish-ponds, arbors, summer-houses, hedges, parterres, yield symmetry and charmfulness to grounds and gardens which can not fail to captivate the eye

and stimulate the fancy. Many of the villas are so shut in by shrubbery as to be hidden from the street, but pleasant laughter and sweet voices and high-bred accents heard through the foliage paint pictures to the imagination fairer than the closest inspection may reveal. It is pleasant to drive through the fashionable quarters, and observe how comfortable, if not contented, large incomes can render most people in this world. There is an air of unmistakable gentility about Newport that few watering-places have. Neither there nor any where under the canopy are the majority of the men and women cultured and chivalrous, beautiful and elegant; but the society is generally good, and its manners are unobtrusive. There are no horse-jockeys, blacklegs, billiard-markers, nor cozeners masquerading in the ill-fitting garments of gentlemen; no ballet-dancers, clairvoyants, demireps, nor adventuresses flashing in jewels and jadery, with a mistaken notion of fine-ladyism. Those who are under-bred do not strive to cover their deficiency by pronounced and blatant proletarianism. On the contrary, they restrain themselves, and thus take their first lessons in self-discipline, which is the foundation of agreeable behavior. Nobody need be offended by uttered coarseness or flaunting vulgarity on the borders of the Narraganset. Life there has a certain quiet neutral tint, notwithstanding its under-hue of richness, that seldom flares and never flecks.

The topical fault of the greater part of

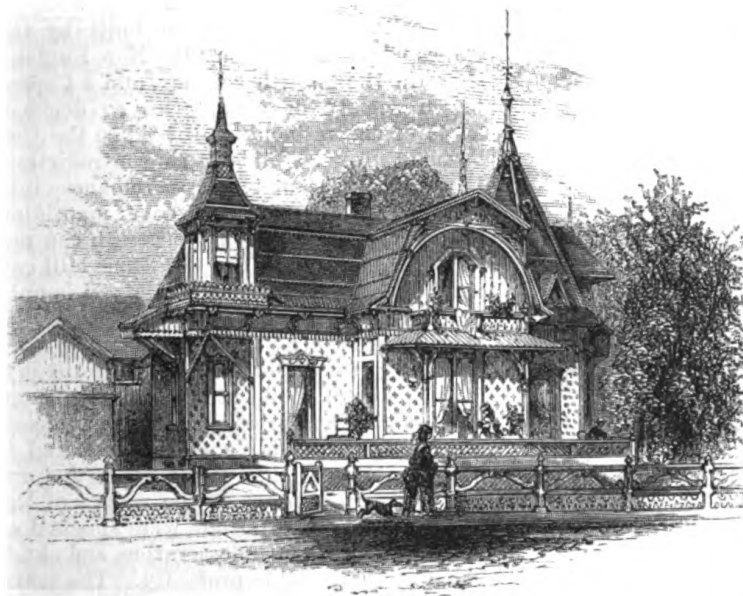


CHARLOTTE OUSHMAN'S RESIDENCE.

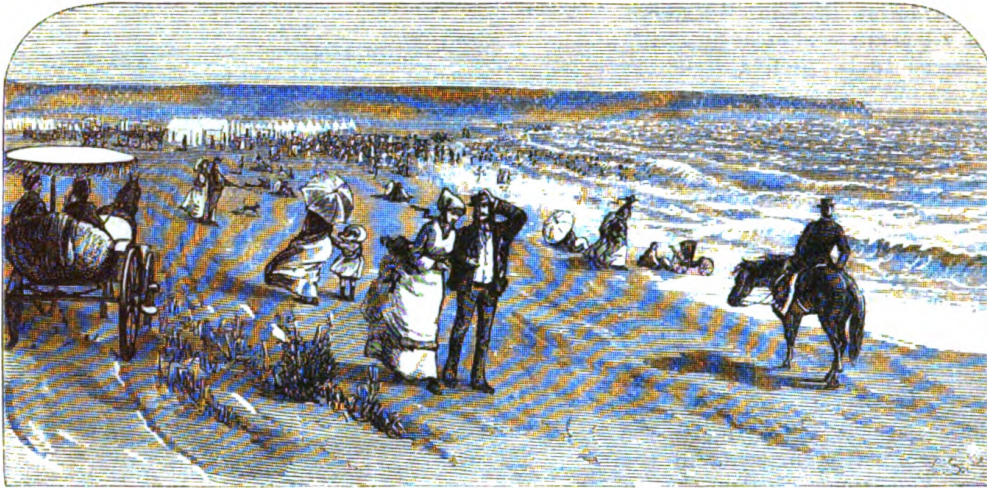
the villas is that they are too far away from the sea, not within sight or sound of it even. In Bellevue Avenue, for example, you might, for all the glimpse or suggestion of the ocean, be a hundred miles inland in the midst of a wide-spreading prairie or on a mountain plateau. For this reason the Ocean House sadly disappoints strangers. Its name leads them to look for the broad main stretching in limitless blue in front of the piazza, to hear the tumble of the breakers beneath their chamber windows. In point of fact, all the ocean they discover is printed on the bills of fare at breakfast or dinner. The avenue is before them, with its rolling carriages; fields behind and at either side of them. No music of the surf, no flash of the waves, on any hand. So it is with the Atlantic and Aquidneck, the only other summer hotels proper. They keep out of range

of the sea, as if the sea were a detective in search of them, with full proofs of their guilt, ready to pounce on them at first glance. If it were so, they would have no cause for fear. Since Nicholas Eaton reared there the primeval dwelling, old Ocean has never caught a glimpse of the land lying under and about those breezy inns. They are perfectly secure against capture by stratagem or surprise.

The villas on the Bath Road and on the cliffs are veritably by the sea-



A NEWPORT COTTAGE.



THE BEACH.

side, as more of them should be. To dwell by the sea and be beyond its vision is like living in the mountains where the mountains are not perceptible.

The bathing at Easton or Sachuest beach, commonly called the First and Second beaches, is not very good, as the waves are often full of sea-weed, and bring in not a few impurities and unwelcome fragments. It is entirely safe, however; the slope is gentle, and so gradual that one can go a hundred yards or more before he is beyond his depth. The frequenters of Newport, particularly the feminine ones, may be cynically said to be wedded to the surf, since they so seldom seek its company. Men are addicted to semi-occasional plunges, but women are not. Bathing is not fashionable—in the sea, I mean, of course—though not on that account alone does it meet with fair disfavor. Women dislike it because it so savagely assails the good looks they have, or think they have, or try to make themselves believe they have.

If it be true that loveliness when unadorned is adorned the most, it is never quite so true as when bathing dresses are in question. That marvelous she has not been born who could be comely in a garb impugning every principle of attractiveness, every line of grace. At Newport the bathers are usually either mere girls, not yet "out," or elderly ladies who have surrendered the social vanities—though not before the social vanities have surrendered them, without the least lingering regret.

That shattered idols do not always lose their worshipers is demonstrated by the Old Stone Mill in Touro Park. No structure in the republic has been so widely discussed, has furnished themes for so many learned discourses, graceful verses, fantastic speculations, and ingenious hoaxes. The literature of which it has been the source would constitute a small library, and be very interesting reading withal. For a long while it was believed to have been built by the Danes who coasted along the New England shore in the twelfth century, and a Copenhagen society of antiquaries so decided. Some of the residents still hold to the theory, and grow irascible at its contradiction. It may be pleasant to weave romances into matter-of-fact things, and cover quotidian affairs with idealization; but truth can not be choked forever. The Old Stone Mill can not be tortured into aught else. It is only that, and nothing more—a product of the seventeenth century, used for grinding corn, according to direct historical testimony. Still it is such an object of veneration there that outside barbarians will hurl at it endless jests. Last year some one declared it had been turned into an umbrella factory, and the paragraph went the rounds of the press. Native Newporters were shocked at the mere idea of such desecration, and shuddered at the possible profanity. The truth is, the Old Mill never appeared to such ad-



NEWPORT STATE-HOUSE.

vantage as at present. Its circular wall, with its pillars and arches, is nearly concealed by ivy and an exuberant trumpet-vine, that add greatly to its picturesqueness. On moonlight nights it is superb, and looks as if all that had been told of it might be true. Moonlight is to scenery what imagination is to life; it metamorphoses commonness into beauty, lends to platitudes a gleam of inspiration.

The Park, though small, is very handsome. The monument of Commodore Perry is fitly placed there, for he was a native of Newport, being a direct descendant of Thomas Hazard, one of the first settlers of Aquidneck. The home of the gallant commodore still stands, and is an object of patriotic curiosity and interest.

Another distinguished son of Newport was William Ellery Channing. He was born in the dwelling at Mary and High streets, his father having been Attorney-General of the State, and a lawyer of fine ability. Channing spoke of his place of nativity as the most interesting to him on earth, and universally acknowledged as the most beautiful in the whole range of our sea-coast. Washington Allston, the famous artist, who went to school there, married Channing's sister, and, as rarely happens, was strongly attached to his brother-in-law. But even a brother-in-law could love Channing. Rev. Charles T. Brooks, George H. Calvert, and many more noted men have resided on the island, and cherished it tenderly. T. W. Higginson, one of the daintiest and most charming of American authors, has made it his home for years, and is ever sounding its praises in the sweetest and purest prose. Newport has always been a favorite with artists in words and colors. It answers to their love of rest and beauty, and the oftener it is visited the deeper seems to grow their appreciation.



THE OLD MILL.

The drives at Newport are attractive; still more since new roads have been laid out and old ones improved. All the summer residents drive; it is the one thing they are all agreed to do. At any hour between sunrise and midnight vehicles of every sort, from the pony phaeton to the ambitious four-in-hand equipage, may be seen dashing over the Bath Road, or along Bellevue and Ocean avenues. The last is the finest, winding by the shore, and in full view of the sea. The regular drives are in the morning and evening, or rather afternoon, when every body takes an airing on wheels. The society of the place can be better judged of on the road than any where else. The men are at their politest, and the women at their best, and all appear on excellent terms with themselves, which adds much to personal interest.

At no other watering-place are the women so quietly yet so richly dressed. One will see at Newport, if he has traveled (as every body has in these days), how much American women are in advance of the women of any other nation in this regard. Extreme



THE PERRY MONUMENT.

of fashion, superfluity of ornament, flamboyant effect, garish combinations, are eschewed. There is little attempt to advertise wealth through the wardrobe. The striking is subordinated to the suitable; that which is gay is not confounded with what is gaudy. If you are socially inclined, you will be still more impressed with the Newport style of dressing; and you should see that, since driving costumes show what women have on, and evening costumes what women have off. The Puritanic mode is not adopted at receptions, dances, and parties, but the Godiva garb is not so much emulated as it is at many summer resorts.

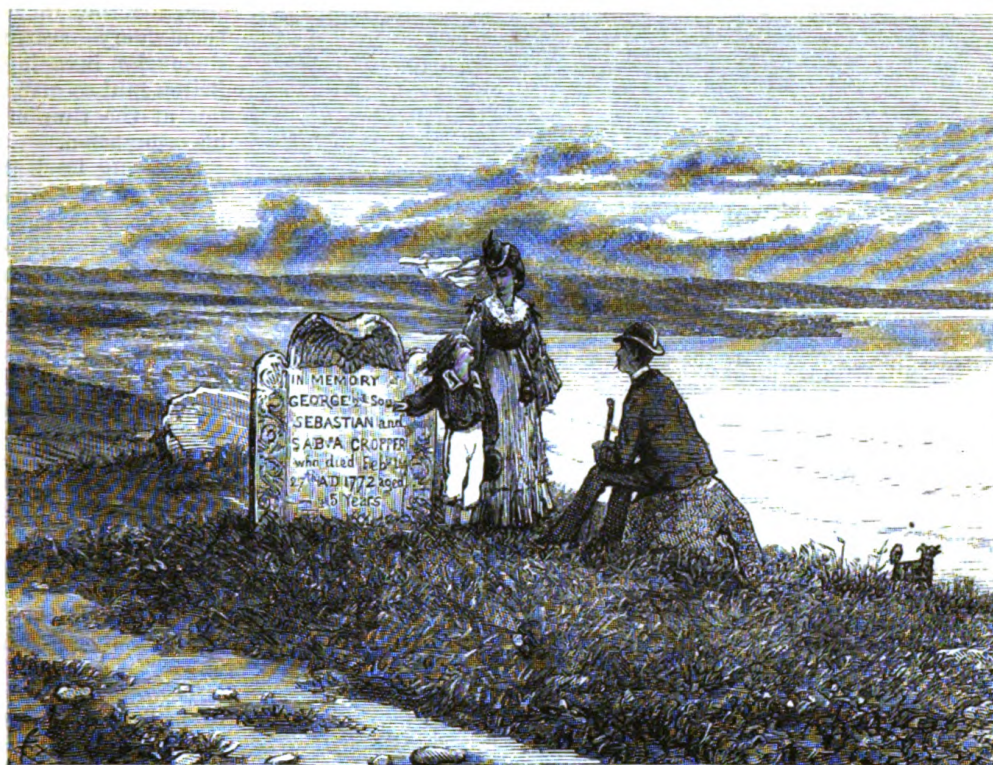
The afternoon drive (particularly on Fort days), usually down Bellevue to Ocean av-

enue, and so back to town, is a superb pageant of carriages, handsome women, elegant men, and graceful children. The Fort days are Wednesday and Friday, when Fort Adams is thrown open to visitors. The band plays from 4.30 to 6.30 P.M., and between those hours the best society meets in the large inclosure, listens to the music, and exchanges greetings and good wishes, very much as the Florentines do in their Cascine. Landaus, phaetons, broughams, coupés, dog-carts, drags, clarences, victorias, are intermingled; Boston chats with New York, Providence with Cincinnati, Chicago with Baltimore, Hartford with Albany, New Haven with New Orleans, France with America, America with Germany, Italy, and Spain; each rich man feels confident of his air and his income, every fashionable woman secure in her breeding and the fit of her exquisite gown. Several hundred carriages may be often seen within the Fort at one time, and their contents represent a gay and charming cosmopolitanism—fairly illustrate the wealth and culture, the refinement and taste, the coquetry and comeliness, of the summer dwellers on the Isle of Peace.

The drive along the Bath Road leads to Paradise, Purgatory Bluff, the Hanging Rocks, Mianotonomu Hill, the Glen, and other places of fame and interest. Paradise, though not so attractive as its hyperbolical title would promise, is a pleasant grove of sycamores, bordering the base of a rocky elevation. Purgatory Bluff consists of great rocks on the beach (in one of them is a deep chasm twelve feet wide at top, and narrowing toward the base), against which the waves beat wildly in rough weather, though why it should be so called is in no wise apparent. Paradise and Purgatory are among the stock names of every popular resort. If there be nothing to fit the names, so much worse for the place, and so much better for the names, which must be used, and the cause of their bestowal left to the perplexed



THE DRIVE.



GRAVES ON THE BLUFF, FORT ROAD.

conjecture of the curious. The Hanging Rocks are the low, rocky, and sandy bluff skirting part of the Sachuest Beach. They are indissolubly associated with George, better known as Bishop, Berkeley, said to have meditated and partially composed in a natural alcove of the rocks commanding a view of the Atlantic his *Alciphron*; or, the *Minute Philosopher*. Every body, whatever his ignorance, who has been to Newport has heard of Berkeley, because the name can not be escaped. General acquaintance with the good bishop is limited to the fact that he lived there once, and was the author of the line,

"Westward the course of empire takes its way,"

invariably misquoted "star of empire." What he did before or after, if any thing, or what became of him, it is not deemed important to be informed upon. They who walk or drive over Sachuest Beach are certain to be told that those are the Hanging Rocks, where Bishop Berkeley wrote the *Minute Philosopher*.

I have been the recipient of such intelligence scores of times, and usually with an air of conveying a piece of black-letter erudition. I bore the would-be-learned patronage patiently during the first two seasons, but finally, on the resumption of the wearisome iteration, I pretended ignorance.

"Who was Berkeley?" I asked.

"Well—well, he was an old fellow who used to live around here, a really jolly chap

they called Bish for short. He had, I think, been a Quaker, who fled from Boston persecution, settled on this island, took to fishing and drinking rum for a livelihood, got more rum than fish, and died of del. trem." This was from a fellow-Manhattanese, who had had so classical an education that he had forgotten the history of his own country.

The next time I was instructed concerning the author of a *New Theory of Vision* by a Boston (assumed) bas-bleu. She pronounced his work composed in the alcove as if "minute" were a part of time, and proceeded to tell me that it was an account of a man who became a philosopher in a minute.

An officer at Fort Adams believed that the *Minute Philosopher* had something to do with minute-guns; and a Chicagoan thought Berkeley the same person who had been hunting out West (Grantley Berkeley), and pronounced him a capital shot.

Since then I have formed a habit of telling my companions to the Hanging Rocks about the amiable scholar who, according to Pope, had "every virtue under Heaven." I give De Quincey's humorous version of Berkeley's disputatious encounter with Malebranche, which resulted in the death of the able and ingenious author of the *Search after Truth*, and the account is commonly accepted as literally true.

Berkeley's dwelling still stands upon the Green End Road, in the valley, near a hill commanding a fine prospect. He called it



THE GLEN.

Whitehall, after the palace of Charles I., in whose cause his ancestors had mistakenly suffered. He frequently preached in Trinity Church, and after his return to England (1731) he sent the congregation an organ, still in use. The old church and its graveyard are extremely interesting from their age and historic associations.

Mianotonomu Hill is coupled with many aboriginal traditions, in which the spirit of romance is fully preserved—the dusky maiden made to fall in love with the white settler, and the dusky father to fall before the settler's rifle.

The Glen is a picturesque dell upon the eastern shore of the island, winding through a wood to the water, and is sometimes called Lovers' Retreat, albeit there is no reason why lovers—they are more prone, I understand, to advance (on each other with open arms) than retreat—should retreat so far, when billing and cooing may be safely and even sympathetically conducted in-doors or out-of-doors in any part of Aquidneck. The trees of the Glen have the attraction of nov-

elty, for they have been very scarce since the invading Briton laid so many low at the time of his occupation.

Spouting Rock is below the Neck on the Ocean Avenue drive, and, especially when the sea is rough, dashes a volume of water through a hole in an overhanging cliff, against which the waves advance only to retire and advance again. It forms an original hydric picture, and would make a fine natural shower-bath.

The Forty Steps, among the Cliffs, is a pleasant place of repairment, and they go most who are most impelled by sentiment. The steps lead to Conrad's Cave, christened after Byron's romantic corsair, and the couples entering it, attuned by love or sympathy, usually tarry so long that they are presumed to be

studying the natural geology, whose most grateful lessons are imparted by the lips.

The Cliff Walk is one of the pleasantest parts of Aquidneck, and is fully appreciated by the winsome estivaters. It is the romantic promenade of the place, breaks the monotony of drives and entertainments, and must be wholesome, because it brings one into the sanctuary of Nature. The rocks are wild, multiform, picturesque, bristling with quaint resemblances, and many-colored under the changing light. The sea lies green and glorious before them, and the clouds marshal themselves overhead—a shadowy and shifting army marching in the cause of Beauty to the music of the spheres. Standing or strolling there, reverie, like an invisible spirit, drops down from the sky, comes up from the deep; the feeling of childhood revives; the longings of life seem near of attainment; the waves murmur of the miracles of hope.

On moonlight summer evenings flirtation, simple, serious, and fatal, is so common on the Cliffs as to be endemic. The amatory

disease is to be seen there in all its stages, from the incipient symptoms to the confirmed and alarming condition for which Dr. Hymen alone has a specific. Any man may diagnose the cases, but only he can cure.

The Dumplings, as the rocks on Canonicut Island, opposite Aquidneck, are called, furnish an excellent panoramic view of Newport and its pictorial surroundings. They lie not far from the entrance to the harbor; are diademed with the ruins of an old fort, or martello tower; are not only picturesque in themselves, but reveal the picturesque wherever the eye can reach. Not to visit the Dumplings is like going to Naples without climbing Vesuvius, or doing Switzerland and avoiding the Zermatt. The obligation is imperative, and, different from most duties, its discharge is very agreeable. Those ragged rocks and mouldering remains are one of the many points to sail to, and sailing is a delightful pastime of the summer population.

The blue, beautiful Narraganset is full of enticement to all lovers of the water and the pictorial in nature, and a yacht is as much a part of the season's equipment as a handsome turn-out or an exhaustless toilet. Besides the yachts owned by the villains, the yacht clubs of New York, Boston, and Brooklyn often meet there, and in the interval between marine contests and excursions hither and thither the members enjoy the generous hospitality of the seasoning islanders, and repay in kind. Block Island, Martha's Vineyard, Shelter Island, Nantucket, and Cape Cod are frequently visited by the yachts, and some of the trimmest and fastest are always lying in port between May and October. The social sailing parties are of the merriest.

Anglers need not pine at Newport for lack of sport. They can catch shining perch in Lily Pond,

bass or blue-fish from the Bass Rocks on the Cliff side, or from Gooseberry Island, opposite Bateman's Beach, or, rocking in boats, take tautog, indigenous to Narraganset, and palatically prized by the dwellers near its waters. The last is rare diversion to all who do not object to the cradle of the deep and the bronzing brushes of the sun.

A marked lineament in the social face of Newport is that its dissipations are home-made. The place imports nothing but its visitors, and most of these are regular enough to be thought domiciled. It has no races, fond as are many of its habitués, and large owners as they are of horses—substituting private riding and driving for the excitements of the turf. The city contains an opera-house, guiltless of opera—not because it can not support one, but because it does not want one. The works of Mozart, Wagner, Verdi, Bellini, may be heard in Boston and New York at other seasons, and the sea-side swallows desire on the Narraganset what they can not get along the Mystic or the Hudson. The gayeties are strictly social, and yet abundant. There are



THE CLIFFS.



CLIFF WALK.

two clubs, the Newport and Casino, and they give ladies' receptions from time to time. Masculine exclusiveness is not encouraged; on the contrary, every effort is made to suppress it.

Entertainments there are many. Besides picnic and boating parties, horseback riding (some of the ladies sit a steed like Diana Vernon), bathing, driving to all points, and wandering on the Cliffs, there are in-door amusements and dissipations without end. Dinner-giving is a specialty of the place, and fish, fowl, and vegetables may be had so fresh that they would thrill the heart of the New England housewife. But she belongs to the old town: her place is supplied in the new quarter

by professional caterers and French cooks. And it is better so. When she can afford it, most of us would prefer our hostess should give her graceful attention to the guests instead of her nervous anxiety to the kitchen. Baked lady is not half so good for the first course as a savory potage. Breakfasts, luncheons, and teas, dainty and appetizing, are part of the social order, and yet in all the eating form and fineness are more than food. These meals are not heavy dinners differently labeled, nor are the dinners of the old English sort, to which the baronial Malbones were wont to bid their friends, when profusion and punch passed for hospitality. Nothing too much, is the present maxim of junketing and junketers, and it is generally carried out. Recently this excellent custom has been somewhat violated, and mainly by New York millionaires, who think dinners niggardly without a dozen courses and as many kinds of wine. But the rule remains, and some of the best people are unambitious of display, are indifferent if their income be reckoned by judicious expenditure. One hears there of charming breakfasts and dinners, which borrow more from those at the table than from the table itself. The guests, after all, are the true sauce of the meat, the best bouquet of the wine. The parties of the season represent something more than fashion. There are hearts below bodices, and minds under coils of hair.

The summer Newport is not a large community—four or five thousand at the most—but it has divers circles, some of which touch, but never mingle, and more of which recognize though they do not sympathize with each other. The leading elements are Boston and New York, and the tone of the former, candor compels me to say, is rather the better on the whole. Boston does not dress so well as New York; is not so round, so graceful, so mellow; has nothing like the style. But it regards more the furniture of the mind and the spiritual aspects of life; its vanities are the vanities of culture, Bunker Hill, and the *Mayflower*, rather than of Worth gowns, first-water diamonds, and high-stoop mansions—whether you can read the title clear to them or not.

Newport differs from most sea-side resorts in the fertility and color that it shows. Commonly they have the broad ocean and strips of sand, on or near which are hotels and cottages glinting in the sun—nothing to relieve the barren and the baking semblance. The Isle of Peace is the home of hues. In addition to the blue bay, the emerald main, the rocks, green, brown, purple, red, the dwellings and shops in the old town, of many shades, and the villas, white, yellow, umber, orange, gray, deep crimson, there is a luxuriant vegetation, and the numerous gardens bloom in variegated beauty. All along Belle-

vue and other avenues are geraniums, roses, bignonias, heliotropes, hydrangeas, verbenas, gladioli, portulacas—a wilderness of flowers, native and exotic, filling the air with perfume and the eye with beauty. The Vale of Cashmere, as poets paint who have never seen it, seems to have been transferred to Aquidneck, covered as it is with the choicest dyes of Nature's choosing. Beds upon beds of fair and fragrant plants invite and dally with the amorous sunshine; the vines of hanging baskets tremble to the whispers of the breeze; the sea flushes with the varying light, and, like a monster chameleon, takes its hue from the overhanging cloud.

The temperature of the island is remarkably mild and equable for the latitude, forming an exception to the remainder of New England. The mercury seldom falls below zero in winter, or rises above 80° or 85° in summer. During the latter season residence there is a sensuous enjoyment. The sun's rays are tempered almost always by a steady and refreshing breeze from the Atlantic; so constant is it, indeed, that the trees of Aquidneck have an inclination to—one might nearly say an affection for—the loyal and loving wind. The air is so deliciously soft that it rarely seems raw even in cold weather. It has none of that penetrating, marrow-chilling quality peculiar to the coast of the region, and invalids say it is to them like draughts from Hygeia's cup. Meteorologists explain the delicate and dissenting atmosphere by the contiguity of the Gulf Stream, which, as the alleged cause of endless phenomena, material and moral, is entitled to serious consideration. The Gulf



THE DUMPLINGS.

Stream is one of the last lingering sources of faith in this age of skepticism.

The nights on the island are the nectar of repose. A close or sultry night, even in the solstice, is hardly known. There is rest in the influence of the sky, and freshness drops from the breeze's wings. As tradition runs, death comes not to the dwellers there. To be mortal, they must be un-Newported: they who are weary of existence go to Boston for the east wind, or journey to New York and ride on the street cars. Surely the natives live long as well as leisurely.



BOAT LANDING.

Men of forty are called boys, and octogenarians middle-aged. Funerals take place at intervals; but the Sanhedrim of towns-folk discover on investigation that they who were buried have been seen at the Hub. Touching the villa people, the natives have little, if any, concern. Thames Street, narrow, quaint, characteristic, measured by spiritual distance is as far from Bellevue Avenue as the opposing poles. The fixed population, absorbed with the past, have a serene contempt for the fripperies of the present.

Odder creatures than many of the fishermen and sea-farers can scarcely be met. Weird and dreamy in appearance, they never rub their eyes lest they should awake to the unpleasant fact of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Insular though they be, they have wandered on many mains, and experienced the smallness of the globe. They can tell strange stories of voyages, strange as those of Mandeville and Pinto, and shine as pharos from their slender shore.

But, after all, the veritable Newport is the Newport of to-day. The Past is interesting,

but only the Present is ours. Stagnation is romantic, though Progress is the benison of time, and fraught with a romance beyond immediate appreciation. The tales of the old chroniclers sound soft and sweet through the distance, but their accents would be harsh and crude if they rose in the Now. The manners of the Malbones, the Elams, the Overings, and Bannisters would not bear the soft light of this early summer, and their boasted hospitality would be tainted with coarseness. We may read of the charming Hunters, Redwoods, and Champlins, of the beautiful Betsey Haliburtons and Polly Lawtons of half-forgotten generations; but in the fair republicans, preparing to haunt the Cliffs and add poetry to the Avenue, dwell a dainty grace, a pure elegance, and a radiant loveliness which none of those who flirted with the De Vaubans and De Lauzuns had intertwined with their dreams. Aquidneck has faded and crumbled—will never be again; but still is Newport queen; still she wears in her fragrant tresses the sweetest blossoms of Civilization, and holds her sway through an advanced and exalted Womanhood.



WASHINGTON PARK, NEWPORT.

THE PEARL OF THE PHILIPPINES.

By R. H. STODDARD.



"FOR THERE THE INFANT JESUS STANDS, AND HOLDS MY PEARL UP IN HIS HANDS!"

"I HEAR, Relempago, that you
Were once a famous fisherman,
Who at Negros, or Palawan,
Or maybe it was at Zébou,
Found something precious in the sand,
A nugget washed there by the rain,
That slipped from your too eager hand,
And soon as found was lost again.
If it had been a pearl instead
(Why does your good wife shake her head?)
I could the story understand;

For I have known so many lost,
And once too often to my cost.
I trade in pearls; I buy and sell.
They say I know their value well.
I've seen some large ones in my day;
I've heard of larger—who shall say
How large these unseen pearls have been?
I don't believe in things unseen.
I hear there's one now at Zébou
That dwarfs a bird's egg, and outshines
The full moon in its purity.

VOL. XLIX.—No. 291.—22

What say you—is the story true?
And what's the pearl called? Let me see—
The Pearl of all the Philippines."

'Twas at Manila, and the three
Sat in a shaded gallery
That looked upon the river, where
All sorts of sailing boats all day
Went skimming round, like gulls at play,
And made a busy picture there.
The speaker was—what no one knew,
Except a merchant: Jew with Jew,
A Turk with Turks, Parsee, Hindoo;
But still to one religion true,
And that was Trade: a pleasant guest,
Who, knowing many things, knew best
What governs men, for he was one
Whom many trusted, trusting none.
His host, Relempago, who heard
His questions with an inward shock,
Looked up, but answered not a word.
He was a native Tagaloc;
A man that was not past his prime,
And yet was old before his time.
His face was sad, his hair was gray,
His eyes on something far away.
His wife was younger, and less sad;
A Spanish woman, she was clad
As are the Tagal women; fair,
With all her dark abundant hair,
That was a wonder to behold,
Drawn from her face with pins of gold.
"You have not seen it, I perceive,"
Said the pearl merchant; "nor have I.
I'd have to see it to believe,
And then would rather have you by.
There's no such pearl." "You spoke of me,"
After a pause his host began:
"Yes, I was once a fisherman,
And loved, though now I hate, the sea.
'Twas twenty—thirty years ago,
And this good lady by my side
Had not been many moons the bride
Of poor but proud Relempago.
That I was poor she did not care;
She let me love her—loved again.
She comes of the best blood of Spain;
There is no better any where.
You see what I am. As I said,
I cast my bread upon the sea,
Or from the sea I drew my bread—
What matter, so it came to me?
We loved, were young, our wants were few:
The happiest pair in all Zébou!
At last a child, and what before
Seemed happiness was more and more
The thing it seemed, the dream ofme true.
You smile: I see you never knew
A father's pleasure in a child."
"Pardon, my friend, I never smiled:
I am a father. I have three
Sweet troubles that are dear to me."
"But ours was not a trouble—no,"
Said simple, good Relempago;
"It was the sweetest, dearest child;
So beautiful, so gay, so wild,
And yet so sensitive and shy,
And given to sudden, strange alarms:
I've seen it in its mother's arms,
Bubbling with laughter, stop and sigh.
It was like neither in the face,
For we are dark, and that was fair;
An infant of another race,

That, born not in their dwelling-place,
Left some poor woman childless there!
A bird that to our nest had flown,
A pearl that in our shell had grown,
We cherished it with double care.
It came to us as legend says
(I know not if the tale be true)
Another child in other days
Came thither to depart no more,
Found one bright morning on the shore—
The Infant Jesus of Zébou!"

"So you, too, had," the merchant said,
With just a touch of quiet scorn,
"What shall I say—a Krishna born?
But with no halo round its head.
What did you name the boy?" "A girl,
Not boy, and therefore dearer, sweeter—
We called the infant Margarita,
For was she not our precious Pearl?
You, who have children, as you say,
Can guess how much we loved the child,
Watching her growth from day to day,
Grave if she wept, but if she smiled
Delighted with her. We were told
That we grew young as she grew old!
I used to make long voyages,
Before she came, in distant seas,
But now I never left Zébou,
For there the great pearl-oysters grew
(And still may grow, for aught I know—
I speak of twenty years ago).
Though waves were rough and winds were high,
And fathoms down the sea was dark,
And there was danger from the shark,
I shrank from nothing then, for I
Was young and bold and full of life,
And had at home a loving wife,
A darling child, who ran to me,
Stretching her hands out when I came,
And kissed my cheek, and lisped my name,
And sat for hours upon my knee!
What happier sight was there to see?
What happier life was there to be?
I lived, my little Pearl, in thee!
Oh, mother! why did I begin?"
He stopped, and closed his eyes with pain,
Either to keep his tears therein,
Or bring that Vision back again.
"You tell him."

"Sir," the lady said,
"My husband bids me tell the tale.—
One day the child began to ail;
Its little cheek was first too red,
And then it was too deathly pale.
It burned with fever; inward flame
Consumed it, which no wind could cool;
We bathed it in a mountain pool,
And it was burning all the same.
The next day it was cold—so cold
No fire could warm it. So it lay,
Not crying much, too weak to play,
And looking all the while so old!
So fond, too, of its father; he,
Good man, was more to it than I:
The moment his light step drew nigh
It would no longer stay with me.
I said to him, 'The child will die.'
But he declared it should not be."
"Tis true," Relempago replied:
"I felt if Margarita died
My heart was broken. And I said,
'She shall not die till I have tried

Once more to save her.' What to do?
 Then something put into my head
 The Infant Jesus of Zébou!
 'I'll go to him: the Child Divine
 Will save this only child of mine.
 I will present him with a pearl,
 And he will spare my little girl—
 The largest pearl that I can find,
 The one that shall delight his mind:
 The purest, best, I give to you,
 O Infant Jesus of Zébou!
 'Twas morning when I made the vow,
 And well do I remember now
 How light my heart was as I ran
 Down to the sea, a happy man!
 All that I passed along the way—
 The woods around me and above,
 The plaintive cooing of the dove,
 The rustling of the hidden snake,
 The wild ducks swimming in the lake,
 The hideous lizards large as men—
 Nothing, I think, escaped me then,
 And nothing will escape to-day.
 I reached the shore, untied my boat,
 Sprang in, and was again afloat
 Upon the wild and angry sea,
 That must give up its pearls to me—
 Its pearl of pearls! But where to go?
 West of the island of Bojo,
 Some six miles off, there was a view
 Of the cathedral of Zébou,
 Beneath whose dome the Child Divine
 Was waiting for that pearl of mine!
 Thither I went, and anchored; there
 Dived fathoms down—found rocks and sands,
 But no pearl-oysters any where,
 And so came up with empty hands.
 Twice, thrice, and—nothing! 'Cruel sea!
 Where hast thou hid thy pearls from me?
 But I will have them, nor depart

Until I have them, for my heart
 Would break, and my dear child would die.
 She shall not die! What was that cry?
 Only the eagle's scream on high.
 Fear not, Relempago! Once more,
 Down, down, along the rocks and sands
 I groped in darkness, tore my hands,
 And rose with nothing, as before.
 'O Infant Jesus of Zébou!
 I promised a great pearl to you:
 Help me to find it.' Down again,
 It seemed forever, whirled and whirled;
 The deep foundations of the world
 Engulfed me and my mortal pain;
 But not forever, for the sea
 That swallowed would not harbor me.
 I rose again—I saw the sun—
 I felt my dreadful task was done.
 My desperate hands had wrenched away
 A great pearl-oyster from its bed,
 And brought it to the light of day;
 Its ragged shell was dripping red,
 They bled so then! But all was well;
 For in the hollow of that shell
 The pearl, pear-shaped and perfect, lay.
 My child was saved! No need to tell
 How I rejoiced, and how I flew
 To the cathedral of Zébou;
 For there the Infant Jesus stands,
 And holds my pearl up in his hands!"
 He ended. The pearl merchant said,
 "You found your daughter better?" "No,"
 The wife of poor Relempago
 Replied. "He found his daughter dead."
 "'Twas fate," he answered. "No," said she,
 "'Twas God. He gave the child to me;
 He took the child, and He knew best:
 He reached, and took it from my breast,
 And in His hand to-day it shines—
 The Pearl of all the Philippines!"

OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOR.

[Third Paper.]

DO you want a trip of twenty days and twelve hundred miles in a stage-coach, through charming scenery, the ride made piquant with possible kidnappings, robberies, slaughters, and such like pleasantries? Then come to the office of the Diligence Company, in the Street of Independence, back of the Hotel Iturbide, and get your billet and place. The ticket will cost you ninety-nine dollars. You can deposit another hundred or two if you wish, and receive a bill of credit, on which you can draw every night, where the coach stops, of an administrator or agent of the company. This avoids the necessity of carrying much silver about you, and so of tempting overmuch the rapacity of the robbers among whom your journey lies. A few dollars it is desirable to carry with you in order to satisfy them partially for their trouble in stopping and searching you, and to prevent their giving you their pistol because of your refusal to give them your pistols. If they should rob you of your bill of

credit, you can telegraph back the fact, prevent its farther use, and get a new one covering the amount then undrawn.

Armed with the ticket and the bill of credit, and with no other weapons, I take my seat in the coach. It is number one, the best back seat. I am the only through passenger, from the city to the northernmost port. It is a delicious morning in March; but as all mornings here are delicious, the remark is superfluous. The March wind is a June zephyr, and "December's as pleasant as May." The sun is not quite up, but the sky is gray with his sub-horizon radiance. The streets are silent and empty but for the rattle of the coach, which makes all the more noise seemingly because of the surrounding silence. We pass the first church built by Cortez. It is well in the fields to-day, and only frequented by a few poor neighbors. Close by it is the penitentiary, and here military and other executions frequently occur. Death is the regular punishment.



CHURCH BUILT BY CORTEZ.

A captain, when we were there, insulted his superior, was marched out here of a morning, and shot. Three men robbed a carriage on the paseo, and as soon as captured and condemned, were shot. Four kidnapers of a gentleman in the city were treated with like summary justice. The action of General Burriel is after the fashion of the race—drum-head court-martial and instant execution.

The church is surrounded by heaps of ruined huts, the adobe brick dissolving into its original dust. Mexico looks like Rome, half a ruin, both in its central streets, where convent ruins abound, and in these dust heaps, black and homeless, that fill up its eastern sections. We pass the gate and emerge on a hard pike, which leads to Tolu, about sixty miles away, a city founded by the Toltecs long before the Aztecs entered the land. We pass broad haciendas belonging to Mexican gentlemen, devoted chiefly to the culture of the maguey. A Mexican saw-mill, off the road, but near the city, affords a quaint sight. The Spaniards stripped the plains and nearer mountains of wood, and so there is no need to-day of a more expensive mill than the old-fashioned handsaw pulled lazily along an occasional log. Our steam saw-mill rapacity will soon effect a like result in our own land. Popocatepetl looks quietly down on the quiet sawyer.

The first village is like most we pass—a string of whitewashed huts flush with the roadway, no sidewalk coming between the door and the rider. This one, unlike the others, is largely occupied with game-cocks. A breeder of them is giving his brood the early morning air. They stand on a raised seat running along the front of his cabin,

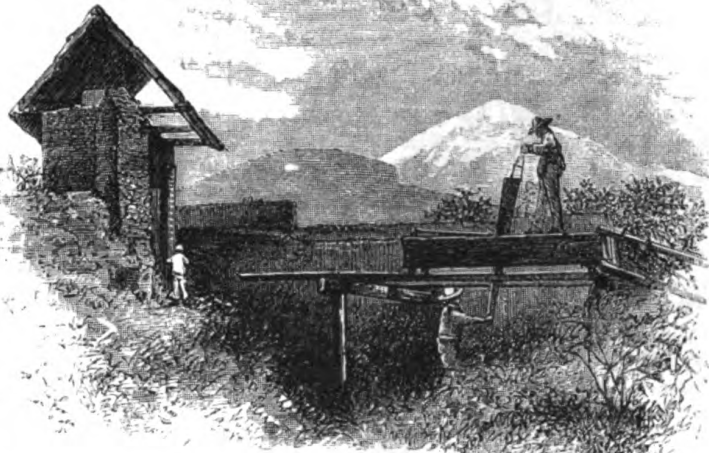
prevented from general perambulation by a fastening to the foot. The trainer is teaching the young ones how to fight, holding a gray one up to a black beauty, and making each strike the other artistically. They are splendid birds, putting to shame the Shanghais and other gentry of bloodless and fightless fame. But even if of a fighting race, they have to be taught to bite and devour each other, and patiently taught. So brave nations drill their braver soldiers to fight, and then declare their natural animosity causes war.

My first scare occurs just out of this gamy town. A company of horsemen come riding down on us from a rocky hill-slope up which our half-sick mules must slowly pull, for the epizootic is in the land. The gay-caparisoned riders, as they appear wrapped in their red and blue serapes, are sufficiently brigandish to stir the fever in the timid blood. No weapon was mine save my mother-wit, and that was an exceeding dull weapon, and would be very clumsily used in the unknown tongue. So I wait patiently the coming of the foe. On they drive, nearer and nearer to us, on us, past us. "Á Dios" is the only shot they fire. They are muleteers from Chihuahua and Durango, going to town, a long three weeks' trip, to dispose of a few sorry mules. Time is of no value here. Two months and twenty dollars profit are good equivalents. So ends our every fright the whole journey through. The road opens on an upland that spreads out into fields bounded by lofty hills. Zumpango and its lake lie to the left. This lake is the chief peril to the city of Mexico, and has been since, if not before, its discovery by the Spaniards. It is the highest and largest of a series of lakes that lie on a higher level than the town, and whose overflow, caused by freshets from the surrounding mountains, has more than once imperiled the city. Immensely costly dikes have been built to prevent this deluge, and attempts made to drain the lake westward into the Tolu River. But the latter undertaking has never been carried out, and the former are so imperfect, through neglect, that they are comparatively useless in extraordinary cases, though they sufficiently defend it against ordinary seasons, when it needs no defense.

The day's ride ends early, by four in the afternoon, with a pleasant descent from very rough and rocky and barren uplands into the basin of the river Tolu. We run by sheltered nooks of green, trees fresh with spring leaves, old churches romantic and sleepy, across bridges perilous but pretty, and into the broad and empty square of Tolu. The Toltec remains here are said to consist of gigantic pillars. I saw a fragment of one in our tavern yard, and heard of a yet more famous one on the hill-side—a pillar named Malinche, after the favorite

of Cortez. I tried in vain to get a boy to lead me to this site and sight. No real, doubled or trebled, stirred him to the walk. So it was taken alone. But it was too dark when I climbed the hill to discover the ghostly face of the Toltec Malinche. The walk paid, for it was through pretty groves, amidst very green meadows, and across a bridge of solid stone, with recesses for seats, such as are not found even on the best suspension-bridges of our country. Will the East River Bridge have them? What splendid views such side seats, forming a part of that magnificent structure, would afford up and down that lively river!

The road from Tolu to Queretaro, our second day's journey, was more rough and more romantic than the first. It ran through the broad parks that are every where in Mexico inclosed by lofty ranges of mountains. It passes through several villages, which are simply a street of huts, alongside spacious and well-kept haciendas, whose green-growing and brown plowed fields are in admirable order. Twenty miles out of Queretaro we rattle and rock and toss and well-nigh founder over the terrible rocky descent into the lovely valley of San Juan (if you wish to be very Mexicanish you can pronounce this San Hwaun). A city of fifteen thousand inhabitants welcomes us at the base of the mountain. Its pleasant arcades and thick walls are well tinted in green, yellow, blue, and other high colors. Its market-place is full of hucksters, with their wares spread beneath a huge umbrella eight to ten feet in height, and as much in diameter. They are often rent and ragged, and afford only a slight shelter from the burning rays. But the market-woman seems contented with this semi-protection, for she sits quietly amidst her little pile of fruits and vegetables and earthenware, and strings of meat, awaiting the customer with his *cuartilla* or *tlaco*, the first a quarter of a *medio*, which is a half real, around which latter coin all the rest grow, large or less. The *cuartilla*, or cent and a half, is the smallest Spanish coin, though the *centavo*, or our cent, is of late creeping in. The *tlaco* is an Aztec word and coin, and is about half the value of the *cuartilla*. Drop the



MEXICAN SAW-MILL.

double *U*'s in pronunciation if you would approach the true Castilian. One *l* is pronounced; two destroy each other. Two affirmatives make a negative

here, according to the general rule of contraries to our habits that governs Mexicans.

Here, too, you meet a large variety of that nuisance of the country—the beggar. They gather about the coach in great numbers—decrepit old men, lively old women, blear-eyed, blind-eyed, scabby, crouching, leering, horrible. Now and then a younger woman and girls and boys put on the beggarly garments, and whine; but usually the older folks absorb this business. They have suppressed them in the capital, but they flourish fearfully in the provinces.

From San Juan to Queretaro is our second and worse scare. This is the most dangerous bit of road in all the twelve hundred miles; and yet it is close to a large city well stocked with soldiers, a detachment of whom could patrol the road and easily preserve the peace and safety of the traveler. We shiver as we ascend out of the town. Four of us there are—a Jew carrying a box of jewelry to Queretaro, a Frenchman, a Mexican, and an American, all armed save one. The slow toiling mules drag us into peril, but can not easily drag us through it. But we do drag through, and reach the last *posta* before Queretaro in safety. Here dangers thicken. This dirty row of huts is called Colorado. Its dirtier rows of begrimed men



MEXICAN BEGGAR.

sit along the benches of its drink shops, for no place sinks so low or soars so high as to get out of the reach of these temptations. They eye us from under the coats of dirt upon their faces, and evidently reckon on some game in that cage for their rifles. The driver rushes from the stables with the usual whirl and mad display with which the coachman enters and leaves the towns. But in this case it is evident that his scare adds wings to his speed. We fly through the village, in among the stunted oaks of a moderate hill-slope, up the rough road, hardly abating our speed, for oaks are splendid for ambuscade, and we scarcely walk our tired mules until we emerge from the last low thicket that overhangs the valley and the city of Queretaro.

There we pause, for there we are safe. The situation of this city is very beautiful. None in Mexico more so. Mountains high hang all around its southern and eastern sides. The west and the north lie open and level. The valley is tropically green, which is a verdure the North scarcely knows in June, for the intense life of nature reveals itself in this depth of color. We rattle and race down at greater peril to life and limb than any Colorado robber could cause, and come at its base to a superb aqueduct, stretching from hill to town, like the old Roman arches across the Campagna. It is the best preserved and the most romantic of these constructions that I have seen in the country. Only that of San Cosme in the city can equal it in solidity, but neither that nor any other equals it in attractiveness. For that creeps along by the side of city

streets; this strides across the valley, high and lifted up. We rush through the narrow-streeted town, and disembark at the Hotel Diligencias. Beggars greet us before we can escape to our rooms.

This city is chiefly famous for being the place where Maximilian was captured and shot. When Mr. Seward had placed a little body of sixty thousand men, under General Sherman, on the Rio Grande, he dropped Drouyn de l'Huys, Napoleon's Secretary of State, a note, saying it would be agreeable to the President if his Majesty would withdraw his troops from Mexico. Napoleon was very anxious to please the President, and hastened to comply with his request. The little body of men had of course nothing to do with this compliance. Carlotta went with the troops to beg assistance for her husband. He should have gone also, but he believed the Church party strong enough to maintain him in power, even without French or foreign help. So he foolishly remained. Juarez, the republican leader, came in as Bazaine went out, re-organized his troops, and moved down on the capital. Maximilian, fearing his safety in that political centre, retreated northward a hundred and forty miles to Queretaro, a very fanatical town. He marched into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell. Juarez came down upon him, and encompassed the city with his armies. He built forts on the mountain, and also west of the town on a lower knob called the Hill of Bells. Maximilian took shelter in the Church of the Cross, whose adjoining convent inclosure, with its high and huge walls, seemed ample protection. Juarez shelled the town, captured the church and its illustrious contents, and took him to the fort on the Hill of Bells, before which he was shot.

The prospect from the hill is very lovely. Around are acres and acres of level land thick covered with greenest lucerne and other produce for the neighboring city. The towers and walls of the sacred city gather at the end of the fields and gardens in a recess of the mountains. Behind it tower the tall hills, brown and blazing in the setting sun. The whole scene is placid and lovely as a sleeping babe. How different when blood and fire and vapor of smoke filled all the hollow!

"Death rode upon the sulphury siroc,
Red battle stamped his foot, and nations felt the shock."

This inland town and this tiny hill made sorrow and trembling in the Tuileries and Schönbrunn. Consternation awoke in all courts as the stern decree was executed that announced to all the world that European monarchs must "hands off" to all American nationalities, and ere long to all American soil.

Manufactures are creeping into Queretaro.

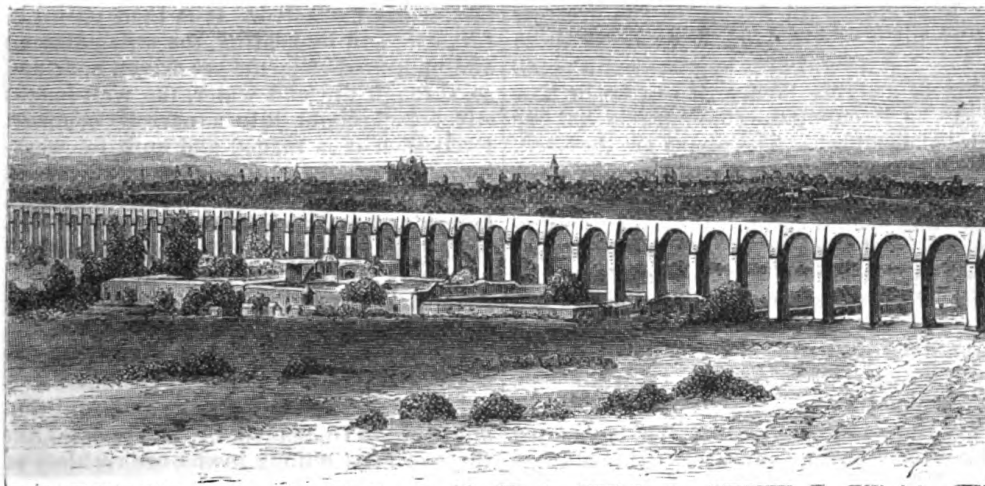
A ride of two miles eastward, under the shadow of the arches of the aqueduct, brings us to Molino del Hercules—the Mill of Hercules. There are two of them—the old one, nearer the town; the new, nearer the head waters of the river. The new mill is of the latest New England type, high, open, airy, well-arranged, and very costly, with all the modern improvements, and with some New England never sees. Its yard is full of daintiest flowers and fruits, with statues and fountains. The tropical sun lies warm in this spot, and the rhododendron, rose, peony, orange, lemon, and all tropical beauties glow before the doors of a common cotton factory. More striking is the old mill in this vivid contrast. It stands back from the street, near the water-course. It is inclosed on three sides with a high iron fence, light, graceful, and tipped with gilded points and balls. Inside is a spacious garden, with walks and fountains and foliage and flowers. Several gardeners daily care for the nourishment and pruning of these thirsty and wanton luxuries. Benches are scattered around. Thickets of green and natural houses are daintily grown together. Every thing is after the best type of a lordly pleasure-garden, and yet it fronts a factory where whirling spindles and looms are its constant music. Flutes and soft recorders would seem more fitting.

Why should not our Northern factories be alike embowered, at least so far as their climate will allow? If I should add that the gay young man who runs these mills drives into Queretaro with four horses drawing a stage-coach; that his workmen get only two and three reals a day; that they are required to work about sixteen hours; that there is deducted from their wages a real a week to the manufacturer's doctor, whether they are sick or well, and another real to his judge, whom they are compelled to employ to settle all disputes between him

and them; that he requires them also to take up a large portion of their little wages in goods from his stores; and lastly, that his mills, despite the poorness of the goods, the cheapness of the labor, and greatness of the price they sell for, do not pay expenses, but that he is constantly and overwhelmingly bankrupt—the Yankee mill-owner may conclude it is wiser to make his mills less romantic and his profits more sure. If he also will work his people less and pay them more, his lack of taste may be condoned. Still, if to all excellences he adds these factory gardens of Queretaro, he will find his mill the more attractive, and make of duty a delight.

The regular route northward from Queretaro is direct in two days to San Luis Potosi. I make a circuit to bring in Guanajuato and Leon, two large cities lying to the northwest. It is eighty miles to Guanajuato over a superb hard road, amidst a superb soft landscape, engirt on either side by grand ranges of hills. The day is equally beautiful with the landscape. The driver and his sole number one passenger ride together on the box. The conversation is broken, and language lame, but it is nevertheless kept up. The best way to learn a language is to talk with the drivers and waiters. They put on no airs, and are pleased with your condescension in taking the humble position of a pupil. The fields are yellow and bare, for the rain is over and gone, the harvest reaped, and the country is too extensive for general irrigation. Where it is inclosed and irrigated the fields are striped with luxuriant maguey, grandest and worst of all the herbs of the field, or soft and compact with the glossy green lucrene.

At near the centre of the way a woman under a cactus is making tortillas, and frying them for the muleteers and toiling vagrants. It is hard work to shelter herself under the straggling tree, itself looking as if it were also a Mexican greaser, ragged, leath-



AQUEDUCT OF QUERETARO.



MEXICAN MULETEER.

ery, homely, and unfortunately compelled to abstain from traveling by an impediment in its feet. Farther on, the land opens out on a broad prairie twenty to thirty miles in length and breadth. It is called the Pasture of Bulls. Here were raised the choicest bulls for the Mexican arena. They were trained as the game-cock, to fight the red flag, so that when they should see it in the amphitheatre they would rush fiercely upon it. They were pampered to kill and be killed. But when the edict was issued abolishing bull-fights, and the capital was compelled to obey it, the business fell off, and this grand pasture is relegated to common service and to a practical wilderness.

It is nigh dark as we pick our way over the hills and around the spurs that outlie the mountain-hold of Guanaxuato. We come straight, though crookedly, into the mountain, along whose sides, though miles away, we have ridden all the day. The greatest silver town of the land lies amidst those cliffs. Not a sight of it appears, nor a possibility of a sight. Where it can be, or how it can be, is among the conundrums that one can not decipher. The plains are deserted, and we begin to wriggle in and wriggle out among the tossed-up moles that edge off the tall cliffs behind them. After long preliminaries of this sort, the path narrows and deepens. It winds by the side of a river, gray with the washings of reduction haciendas. Along its side men are busy "panning out" their private spoils, the day's regular toil having ended. Still no town appears, nor probability of a town, especially one of sixty thousand inhabitants. The hills grow closer together, and appear determined to resist all human invasion. But the coachman defies the hills, rushes on across the shallow

brook, along its edge, under the threatening precipice, narrowing and narrowing, like an old lady the toe of the stocking she is knitting, till we burst all at once into the tiny alameda, or park of the city, with its lounges, rush along the narrow, lofty, twisted, crowded street, past the plaza, prettier, pettier, and livelier than the alameda, and haul up with a crunch and a jerk and a suddenness of steam brakes at the entrance of the Concordia.

The next day we ramble through the town. Its mines are farther up the mountain, but its haciendas for reducing the ore are all inside the city. There are over fifty of them, some of them quite extensive. Mr. Parkman, of Ohio, has one of the oldest and largest. He is now somewhat feeble in years, and his sons carry on his business. His house, spacious and cool, overlooks his works. The miners and owners bring their ore here. It is distributed according to its apparent value, the best masses being reduced by themselves. The ore is beaten under huge hammers, ground by mules walking round a press, in which it is reduced to powder, placed in open vats, mixed with dissolving chemicals, salt, sulphurets, and powerful solvents, and trampled by horses to get the soil and solvents well mixed together. At Regla two hundred horses march round the patio full of this silver mud. But the powerful chemicals soon injure their feet. Mr. Parkman, with his Yankee wit, provides a cheap and admirable substitute. It is simply a barrel moving along an axle. The axle stretches across the patio from the centre to the circumference. Horses outside pull it round. The barrel on the axle both revolves upon it and moves up and down it, reaching thereby all the composition, and commingling it more perfectly than horses' feet can do, yet with injury to none. It is a simple and seemingly effective remedy.

From this patio the substance is put through several waters, and the silver at last nearly extracted. It is then placed in furnaces, and by heating, the still adhering and undesired elements are driven out; and so, through fire and water, the well-sought silver is brought into a narrow compass. Even then it is ragged and unfit for working. It must be run into bars, and carried to the mint, and coined into solid dollars, halves, and quarters, for the delight and destruction of mankind. In Guanaxuato they vary this form of its ultimate disposition with those more pleasing and artistic; and horses, horsemen, muleteers, carboneros, and other native peculiarities are cast in solid silver, and sold as curiosities at comparatively low rates. In fact, silver is about all that flourishes in Guanaxuato. The people, like those of most mining towns, are reckless of money and morals. Churches are not numerous, or much adorned, or much attended.

One day at Leon shows more of piety and of poverty than a score at Guanajuato, which is full of silver and of sin.

Leon lies fifty miles to the west.

The road, after getting out of the mountains, passes over the same broad landscape, lined by the same high ranges, that accompanied us all the way from Queretaro. Leon lies against a range of low hills that cross the valley. It is the largest city next to the capital, and the poorest. The patches of gardens thicken as we approach the town, many of them given up to lettuce. This vegetable is the peculiarity of Leon. It grows into great soft heads. Its outer

leaves are stripped, leaving a delicate light green as its superficial tint. It is then pressed together, and a tulip, or rose, or some other glowing flower is put between the edges of its leaves, and thus bewitchingly arrayed, it looks totally unlike the usual sprawling lettuce-head that other markets exhibit. The market men and women of London, New York, and even Paris might well copy the taste of the brown lettuce-selling señoras of Leon.

A pretty park lies at the entrance to the town, consisting of four rows of shading trees, with benches beneath them and drives between. This is all the alameda the big city affords. It is a city of Sybaritic luxury, if the advocate and revealer of that style be an authority, the favorite clerical romancer, who declares a perfect house is only one story high. Not a dozen houses of its hundreds are two stories in height. The lordliest mansions are all of this lowly height. The plaza, full of flowers, is inclosed with shops of the same tallness. Only one side towers into twenty feet. The cathedral is not costly in its appointments, and is exceedingly dirty in its devotees. Such another ragged, lousy, beggarly set as crowded around its bishop to kiss his ring, or to witness his genuflections, one must go out of Mexico to see. And where can he go below Mexico? The church is adorned with shields of blue, whose letters of gold proclaim divine honors in many epithets to the Virgin. Refuge of Sinners, Citadel of Heaven, Altar of Refuge, Queen of



CHURCH OF SAN DIEGO, GUANAJUATO.

Heaven, Mother of God, and many such line and desecrate the temple.

It is this bishop who has lately fulminated bulls against toleration, and called upon the faithful to resist this emancipation. His people here will resist. They are low enough in ignorance, poverty, and prejudice to oppose the state, but they are too weak to overcome it.* Leon will yet be redeemed from the Virgin to her Lord and her God.

A ride on horseback among the gardens that skirt the town, with an English-born resident, showed us the richness of the soil and the industry and comparative comfort of the people. Each man owned his garden patch. They dislike to work for others. It is with difficulty hands sufficient can be secured to work the handicrafts and the haciendas in and around the city. They prefer to till their own bit of soil. This they keep fresh by perpetual irrigation. Wells are ceaselessly emptying their buckets into rivulets that run among the gardens. A river skirts the town on the north. In its shallow and rocky bed the washers are busy pounding and rinsing clothes. They put them on smooth stones, cover them with soap, dash water upon them, and pound them. They spread them on bushes to dry. Sometimes the lady herself sits in the river, wrapped about neck and shoulders in her rebosa or mantle, while her solitary skirt is drying on the bushes. That cleansed and resumed, the rebosa gets its cleansing also. No warm water or soaking in suds or long



THE VIRGIN AT SAN LUIS POTOSI.

life to garments here. All is fierce and swift to destruction.

To get from Guanajuato on the main northern route, without going back to Queretaro, required a long day on horseback across the mountains. At four "we climb the dark brow of the mighty" something, up the narrow streets and crooked of the crowded city, jammed along the sides of precipitous rocks, overhanging its huts and temples; up and up, passing carboneros and wood-carriers descending to the town with their burdens of charcoal and fagots, grievous to be borne; up and up, past a village perched on a cliff, whose church is thrust on the outermost edge, from which one could easily tumble headlong on the town below. The smoke

creeps out of an occasional chimney, the lights flicker in an occasional window, the sound of grinding is low but at times audible from the reduction haciendas. Across a gorge on a like and loftier hill-top hangs a larger town—Mineral de la Luz—a great mining centre. Far off the valley of Queretaro and Leon appears through gaps in the hills. Down we plunge two or three miles to a hot ravine. Blueberry blossoms give way to apple, and these to more tropical flowers. We skirt the bottom of the ravine, climb up again, get lost, find our way with difficulty, ride over the tepitati—a volcanic tufa that rings hollow from below, and sounds as if it would let the horse through at every step. But it bears him safely over, and might do so for centuries, doubtless, were he able to test it so long. The ride of eighty miles on horse, through every sort of desolate and possible scenery, brings us at last to the high-road, and the next day we reach San Luis Potosi.

This town is centrally situated. It is four days, or about two hundred miles, from Mexico. It looks very lively as you enter, its steeples rising from a green sea of the pepper or Peru tree, which is the favorite tree of the country. It has light willowy-looking leaves, and grows to the height of a cherry-tree. Its red berries hang all over it in bunches that look very tasteful, and are very tasteful too, but not of such taste as is agreeable to human palates. They are not unlike an unripe persimmon, and pucker your mouth into contortions, while they bite and sting as if their red was fire. The birds like them, probably because they have no palate. The tree grows every where on the lightest and rockiest soil, but in these

meadows about San Luis Potosi attains its tallest height and richest color of leaf and berry.

High hills inclose the long valley on every side, and several villages dot it. The hills are argentiferous, and some of them are very well worked.

Like all Mexican towns, it is less lovely near at hand than afar off. Its square, however, is respectable, and the walk that leads to the Church of the Virgin more attractive than the church itself. The cathedral is not overgrand, the alameda cheap and dusty, and the old arena for the bull-fights is toppling down, though Sundays and feast-days are still sacredly devoted to these forbidden performances.

The people are very superstitious. They have a rural Virgin, whose shrine is two miles from the city, and whom they worship exceedingly. When they wish for rain, they take her on a visit to another image, of Joseph and the Babe. This time the father carries the son. Here she spends a few days, and then Joseph is taken to her chapel. But though these processions and prayers had been very numerous and ardent the past year, and had also been arranged just at the commencement of the rainy season, when their prayers would seemingly of necessity be granted, still for almost twenty months scarcely a drop of rain had fallen. The images had been carried and worshiped in vain.

On leaving San Luis Potosi you swing out into the wilderness. It is four days to Saltillo, days of weary pulling through heavy soil, or over the rocky divides that separate the natural parks from each other. The scenery is monotonous for that two hundred and fifty miles, and the towns are very few. It is simply a succession of valleys ten to twenty miles long and three to eight miles wide. These valleys are lined with hills from six hundred to sixteen hundred feet high, well stocked with silver. Even their color is of the silver-gray that reveals their contents. No trees are on them; nature and the natives have stripped them as bare as are those of Italy, and as soon will be those of Pennsylvania. They are occasionally mined, but the process is too costly except for capital, and that requires a safer government before it will invest itself here.

The valleys are filled with the cactus, Peru-tree, and mesquite. The former is the most numerous nearest Mexico, the second in the midland country, and the last as you draw northward. The cactus has two varieties. The organ cactus, which is used for fencing, grows very compact, and sometimes quite tall, and is the best natural fence I ever saw. It takes up no room, as hedges usually do, and is as difficult to penetrate and as easily repaired. It is rightly named, for it looks like a vegetable organ. The picture on the next page gives it more open than it usually grows, but is otherwise a fine representation of its symmetrical comeliness.

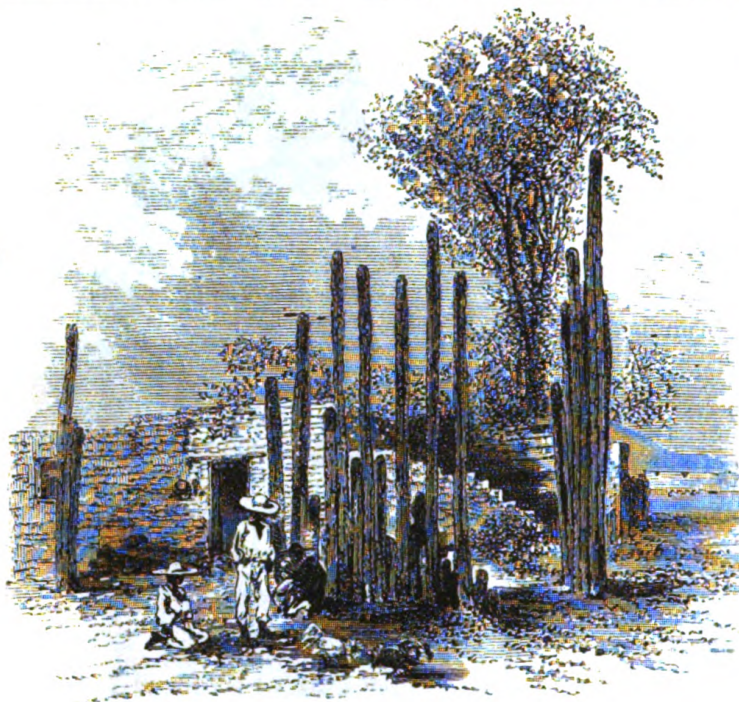
More frequently the other sort of cactus appears—the lapstone kind. This is called *napoli*, and orchards of it are often met with in the upper country. It is a most ungainly shrub—the Caliban of the field. Its trunk is covered with warts, and is crookeder than



JOSEPH AND THE BABE AT SAN LUIS POTOSI.

the apple or the olive. Its hard, homely leaf is equally knobby. Spines thrust their jagged points from every edge and wart. Its little pale yellow flower looks ridiculously funny perched on this leathery leaf, like a delicate fading young beauty joined to a hard and hideous old salt—Florence Dombey and Captain Cuttle. Yet this cactus, like many a rough old man, is one of the most genial and useful creatures. Its fruit is the food of the people, and it is otherwise valuable.

You will see the natives half sheltering themselves under its shade, the men idly smoking or playing games, the women ceaselessly rolling out the tortilla, or frying it on the iron plate that sits over their bit of a fire.



THE ORGAN CACTUS.

Tortilla-making is a very simple but not very easy business. Housekeeping furniture consists of a mat, a skillet, and a smooth inclined stone about two feet long. On this stone they place a mass of softened corn, made pulpy by previous soaking in alkali,

and then the woman proceeds to roll it out down the stone until she has made it a soft smooth sheet, which rolls itself off in crumbles at the bottom of the stone. This she takes up in small handfuls, pats it into a cake, puts it on the iron plate over the fire, and cooks it. This is the tortilla, not ground but pounded corn, without any addition save what the soaking and the patting and the frying afford. It is not disagreeable eating, even when wrapped in the chile, the hot Cayenne-peppery substance which imparts the needed pungency to the cake.

As we approach Saltillo we pass through the battle-field of Buena Vista. It takes this name from an hacienda which is at the northern or American edge of the field. The field itself is hardly worthy of that name. It is simply a gorge between very



CACTUS, AND WOMAN KNEADING TORTILLAS.

high hills. The pass is hardly two miles wide, and even this is broken up by a river-bed twenty feet deep, and at the spring season almost utterly dry. On the eastern edge of this pass is a moraine, fifty feet high, and projecting a third of the way across the pass. Here the Americans located their cannon, and drove back the Mexican forces, who had ranged themselves across the head of the pass to dispute the passage of our troops. It was the best place to make that stand between Saltillo and San Luis Potosi. They were scattered by our guns and the rush of our men, and the fall of the country was settled from that battle. There was not the least need of the sending out of Scott, and the march up the sierras of Orizaba, and the fighting round the capital. Taylor could have marched unobstructed to within sight of the capital after the battle of Buena Vista, had he been properly reinforced. But political cabals ordered another and a bloodier course.

Saltillo lies at the head of a rich, long valley, which is girt by a superb amphitheatre of hills. It is lower than the highlands of Buena Vista, and is so snugly packed against the upper edge of the valley and under the hill that you do not see it before you look down upon it from the top of the ashy bluff that backs the town. It has no attraction but its alameda, which is the prettiest I saw any where. This was surrounded with a hedge of roses. A river ran on one side. Trees full of leaf and flower shaded its drives. But the town itself seemed tired out. Its one-story white-washed houses were without life. Despite the pleasure of meeting two Americans there, it was not disagreeable to mount the coach and run through the open country down hill to Monterey. It is about twelve hours from Saltillo to Monterey, probably twice that from Monterey to Saltillo. In that twelve hours you descend over three thousand feet.

The mountains close you in soon after you cross the plain, an hour or two out of the town. They grow higher and closer every mile, until they are hardly a mile apart, and not less than half a mile in height. The most lovely flowers from various species of cactus line the rocky road-side; and even at risk of the coach starting on a run, I open its door and step out as it is walking up the

hill, and pick the brilliant crimsons, pinks, and purples.

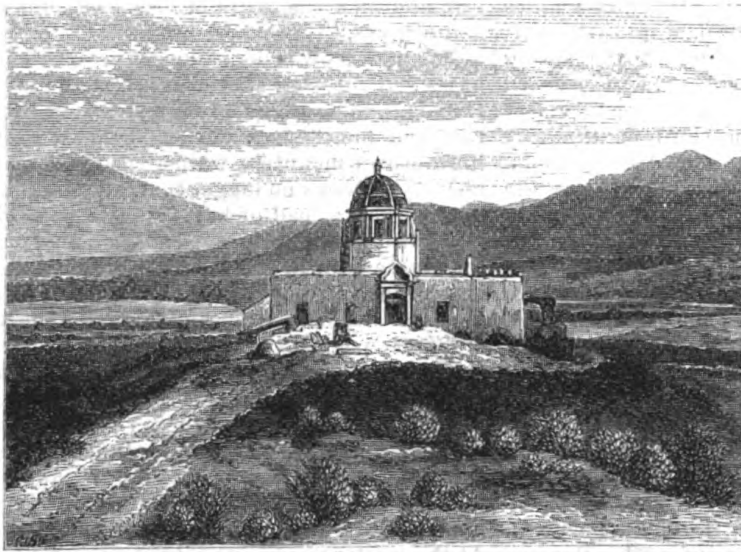
The hills grow taller as we get nearer their bases, but the valley becomes broad and level enough to be arable, though still very narrow and uneven. A curious hole in that high brown mountain wall, a thousand feet above you, looks no bigger than a hat, but is bigger than a load of hay. It is a natural hole through the thin-edged sierra. Just before you a turn in the road discloses Saddle Mountain, so named for its resemblance to a Mexican saddle. Underneath it is snugly and hotly packed the city of Monterey.

This is a far more romantic town than Saltillo or San Luis Potosi. It is more so in some respects than any other city, for its mountains are very tall and grand, and its tropical surroundings very rich. Yet it has no buildings of the least attraction. Its churches are poor, and its buildings paltry. At the western entrance a knob rises rough and rocky from the evergreen gardens. On it is an abandoned palace of the bishop. Around that ruin raged one of our fiercest battles, and with its fall Lower Mexico became ours. Here Lieutenant Grant won his first brevet, but declined to receive it because a like honor was conferred on a fellow-soldier who he did not believe deserved it. If he was courageous, then Grant was sure that he was not. A second brevet before Mexico showed that he was growing away from his unworthy rival. In the centre of the town is a remarkable fountain, pouring forth a volume of delicious water. The Eye of the Town, it is called, whereof, it is said, if one drink he never can leave the city. It is certainly a sylvan spot, capable of being made a graceful centre of the town, instead of being left, as now, to the water-carriers and washer-women.

The alameda is less lovely than that of Saltillo, but being the last, has more regard than it deserves. It is not disagreeable, and is a far better park than most of the cities of



SADDLE MOUNTAIN, MONTEREY.



THE BISHOP'S PALACE, MONTEREY.

America possess. The Mexican plaza and alameda, as centres of business and pleasure, surpass our squares and parks, except when the latter are gotten up by big cities in big style. This pretty bit of shaded walks and drives—where can you equal it in our minor cities?

Not less delicious are the gardens that lie about the town, with their rich tropical foliage, palms, pomegranates, and densest verdure—life pressed to its overwhelming fullness.

The last ride is the worst, as to horses and mules, in roads and in ranches. For three days and two nights we waded through the deep loose black soil, half the bed of the sea and half the bed of the river. Chaparral covers much of the country with its impenetrable thickets. It is evidently a terrible abattis for an army to overcome, but ours waded through it. *Sans culottes* were they on emerging from the thorny thickets.

The mountains leave us, and after two days' disagreeable staging we strike the Rio Grande at Camargo. This ditch, as our covetous kinsmen of Texas call it, is not wide enough to keep the Mexican cattle-stealers off our territory, or our troops off theirs. It has one excellence. It shows we are near our own flag and land. A beefsteak and a double bed are across that "ditch," luxuries never seen on this side that Styx. So we pull cheerfully down its southern side, slowly, slowly, almost all that night and all the next day, and till four the following morning, when the low plains of Matamoras bewilder us with many a mock mountain, moat, and forest, all that night long, till after much turmoil the coach-office is reached, where I meet my first and last swindler in silver. Perhaps he had lived so near the border that he had caught the habits of the Yankees. At any rate he sought to palm off

smooth and chipped silver for the remnant of the bill of credit. Pistareens hardly worth a Yankee shilling, and quarters without sign of mint, and other such corrupted coin, he sought to "shove" as of the value of fresh quarters. The dollars were less smooth, but still much deteriorated. So making a virtue of his vice, in a hurry to catch a coach for Corpus Christi, the coin is angrily snatched, the river is crossed, and

Brownsville welcomes us home. The twelve hundred miles are safely passed, and Mexico and Matamoras are tied permanently together. The city is after the usual sort, low-roofed, white-walled, dark, dirty, and cool. It gives traces of its American connections in its trade and in broader avenues. The river is of fair width. The American side is the more bustling, and, like all new towns, is sure something is going to make it rich and great to-morrow.

BEN SADI'S QUEST.

(AFTER GITTERMANN).

BEN SADI wandered many a weary year,
From youth to age, in search of Happiness.
In the king's house dwelt Pride and Show and Fear,
And in the poor man's hovel gaunt Distress.
And, turning from the hovel and the throne,
Where should he wander? In what distant zone
The secret Goddess find? The bitter pain
Of disappointment soured Ben Sadi's mind,
Filled him with sullen temper and disdain,
And unbelief in what he could not find.

It chanced, one day, he wandered through a wood,
Dark and forbidding, like his own ill mood,
When suddenly, between the tangled boughs,
He saw a hoary temple, ages old,
Where earth's first children went to pay their vows.
Thick ivy clung in many a sombre fold
Around its columns, and its silent door,
Through which the winds had passed for centuries.
Ben Sadi trod its damp, unechoing floor,
And, fearing wizard-work, was ill at ease;
But, looking round, a little door he spied,
Standing half open, at the farther side,
And just above the door these words were writ:

*Here fall no tears, here all are blest;
Enter to Happiness, and rest.*

With joy he wept, though scarce believing it.
"O blessed hour," he cried, "that ends my pain!
Ye weary, wandering years, not spent in vain!"
He pushed the door; it opened with all ease,
And peering in, and seeing by degrees,
He saw—

The temple still its secret keeps,
And there, in perfect peace, Ben Sadi sleeps.

S. S. C.

ON THE BOUNDARY LINE.



THE BOUNDARY LINE.

I.—SPURS OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

THE few who have toiled up the steep acclivity and have stood upon the plateau-crowned summit of "the Mountain" which overlooks Montreal from the west have felt that the view, however enjoyable, is unsatisfactory because it is incomplete. There is no prospect beyond the Mountain toward the interior, and in other directions the horizon is visible only as infrequent openings in the underbrush give access to the edge of the cliff. But soon the terraces of the new Mountain Park will furnish an easy drive to the summit, and will give additional enjoyment as the entire horizon is gradually unfolded to the eye. At present we can look down hundreds of feet upon the city itself, stretching for miles to the north and south, and extending eastward from the Mountain to where the broad and beautiful St. Lawrence is spanned by the wonderful Victoria Bridge. There it lies in a sort of quiet dignity and repose, at the head of ocean navigation and at the foot of a long system of canals, just where the bulk of all water-carried merchandise must be broken, and old Ocean hands over his burdens to the inland fresh-water seas. The successive terraces toward the river give prominence in the foreground to the light gray limestone of the modern city, while by this foreshortening the existence

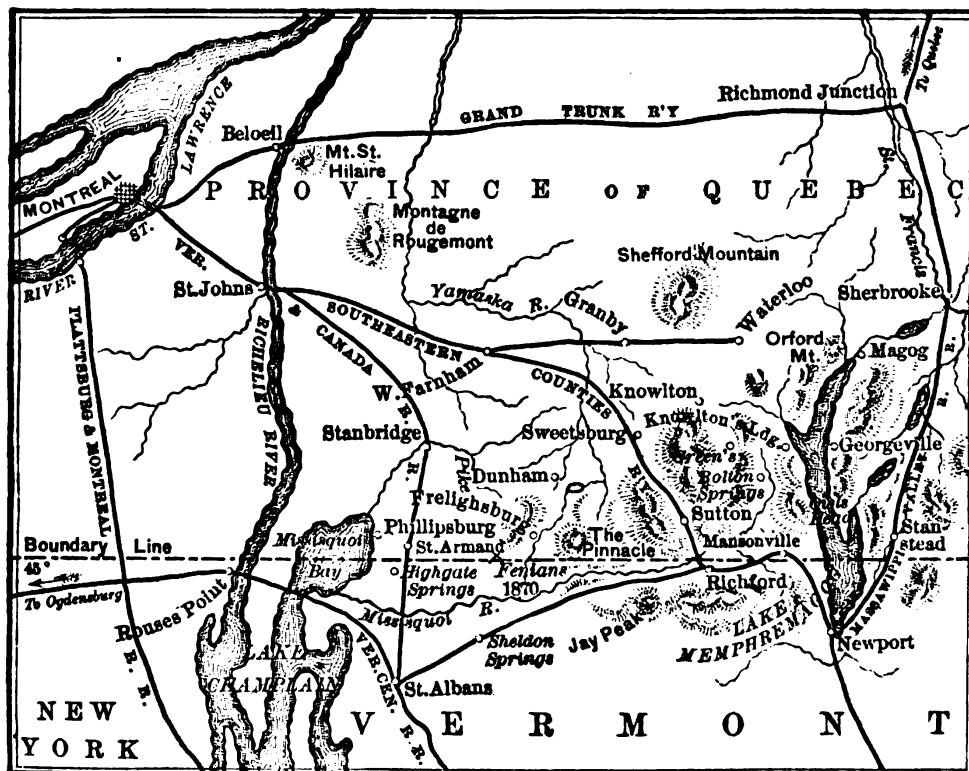
of older buildings near the water's edge is revealed only by flashes of light from their bright tin roofs. As we contrast the two cities of one name, yet of different centuries and nationalities, we call up visions of those early days—of Champlain, Frontenac, Beaucharnois, and Du Quesne. Our eyes wander over the same prospect that they often enjoyed, the same in outline, but how different in detail! In the haze of a beautiful September morning we look past the sparkling rapids of Lachine up to the placid waters of Lake St. Louis; then, in the other direction, we follow the stream until its identity and our vision are both lost in the broad expanse of Lake St. Peter. On the eastern horizon appear the Notre Dame Mountains—a chain which commences at the Gaspé peninsula (mouth of the St. Louis) with elevations of 4000 feet, and, with diminishing altitude, extends westward to a point whence a spur branches southward to the White Mountains. The main range, with a southern deflection, after passing Lake Memphremagog on the western shore, broadens as it rises to the dignity of the Green Mountains, and so forms a part of the great Alleghany system. Our view, however, extends only to the higher peaks of the Green Mountains, which form the water-shed between the Atlantic and St. Lawrence slopes, Mount Mansfield being the limit. Now as the northern

part of Vermont and the intervening country is all drained toward us, you can see at once how magnificent must be our view in that direction. The plain, which for five hundred miles has for its border the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, has at this point a breadth of forty miles to the southeast. This prairie-like surface is unbroken, save where the masses of Shefford Mountain, Rougemont, Boucherville, Chambly, Yamaska, and Belœil have been thrown up by the convulsions of nature. Geologists affirm that all these isolated greenstone peaks (Montreal Mountain included) are thus prominent because in resisting the elements they have been more successful than the softer strata by which they were formerly surrounded. Whatever their history, there they stand, with a general east and west direction, just as the bows of huge ships all point to the interior of the harbor when the ebbing tide leaves them stranded upon the beach.

We are looking up and across the valleys of the Yamaska and Richelieu, whose courses through the plain are singularly parallel, and only twelve miles apart. Beyond the Yamaska water-shed we see the valleys of the Pike and Missisquoi, which drain both sides of the boundary line, and empty into Lake Champlain. Here are the spurs of the Green Mountains which form the southern boundary of the tract we are to describe. That tract is limited on the east by the lofty peaks

upon the western shore of Lake Memphremagog, which hide that basin and the valley of the St. Francis from our view. The nearest of the isolated peaks above mentioned is Belœil, rising 1200 feet abruptly from the eastern shore of the river Richelieu (outlet of Lake Champlain), which connects the St. Lawrence with the Hudson. On the roadway to the summit of this mountain there were formerly fourteen wooden crosses, each bearing an inscription concerning our Saviour's journey to the place of crucifixion. These the elements have destroyed; but years ago, during a visit from the Bishop of Nancy, a small chapel was erected and riveted to the solid rock. Although the lofty cross upon its top was long since blown down, the tin roof still reflects the sun from a distance of twenty-one miles.

After crossing the Victoria Bridge we frequently read from the car window the sign, "*Traverse de chemin de fer*," and we realize that we are in the "French country." We become interested in the oddly built houses, and in the long lines of fences, only a few rods apart, yet parallel and stretching far out of sight. We had noticed the same curious features as we passed down the rapids to Montreal. During the occupation of this country by the French those who had been of service in war were rewarded by the French government with grants of land bordering on the St. Lawrence or its larger tributaries. These grants were termed *seigniories*, and



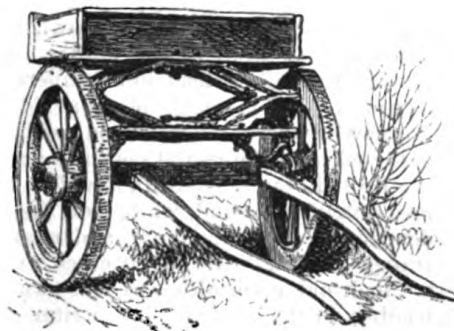
MAP OF THE REGION BETWEEN MONTREAL AND LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.



FRENCH CANADIAN HOUSE.

within their limits all property, real or personal, was affected by the *Coutume de Paris* of 1666. The *seigneurs* (or grantees) held in feudal tenure, and to them were owing money and service from the *censitaires*. In 1855 the law of tenure was done away with, and even realty ceased to be affected by the act above noticed. The original *seigniories* contained from one hundred to five hundred square miles; the frontage (upon some stream) was narrow, but the depth was great, the proportion being as one to ten. On the death of the father the land was divided longitudinally, the eldest son taking the largest share and the younger sons taking *fiefs*. When roads were opened in the interior, latitudinal divisions were also made. But successive generations thus dividing the paternal acres, and settling down at home, have so reduced the size of the farms that the land is "all longitude," the frontage often being thirty-three and a half feet and the depth two thousand feet, or as one to sixty. This causes the rows of old houses to have the appearance of a village street.

But what can we say of the farms? The poor soil is exhausted, and the whole French Country is overstocked with wretched and shiftless *habitants*. Thousands of them travel many miles to help the Vermont farmers,



FRENCH CANADIAN CART.

Vol. XLIX.—No. 291.—23

or to work in the brick-yards of New England. The summer over, they return with almost the only money they ever see, and which is too often all exhausted before they reach home. Their cabins are of squared logs, the chinks filled with mortar; the gables are of sawed boards, and the roofs are of tin or wood. The open summer kitchen is exposed to every storm. Close by the adjoining corn-crib, and making a ladder for the rats, stands the ponderous cart, with wooden axles and double springs of the same material. Within call is the small-bodied but large-limbed "French horse," originally from Normandy, and as his master drives him he will first deal a blow, and then you will hear, "Avaunt! Ah! pauvre cheval! vous avez un bon maître!" The shaggy brown and white dog, unlike any other of his species, also appears. It is well that these animals can subsist on little, and that little of the coarsest kind; for their masters have nothing more or better to give them. Besides onions and potatoes, pease form the chief diet; and so common is this staple that "pea-soup" is used derisively as an adjective or noun. Poultry and salt pork are the more substantial dishes, and the only meats on their bill



A HABITANT.

of fare. Yet they have one luxury—the *boudin*, or "blood-pudding," as the English call it. A fine pig is selected, the throat cut, and the blood allowed to drip into a pan; an old woman adds flour and other things, as experience suggests, and stirs the whole until it becomes cold. This delightful compound is then baked, and those who have eaten of it say that it is excellent.

Tobacco is not a luxury but a necessity with these people. After raising and curing it they twist it into rolls like a Bologna sausage, and smoke the strong and filthy stuff in short clay pipes.

In person the *habitants* are small, and have the regular features of the French. If any beards are worn, they very thinly cover the face. Upon their heads are hats with narrow brims or caps without visors. Their clothing is of coarse woolen stuff, called "French gray." In cold weather several

pairs of stockings cover their feet, which are then thrust into moccasins, or immense boots without heels, secured by a strap over the instep. For merely wet weather, or for standing on the ice, wooden shoes (*sabots*) are used. In personal habits cleanliness seems to be unknown. Small-pox prevails to an alarming extent. The language they speak does not arise to the dignity of a *patois*. Even when French is spoken entirely, it has the English construction and idioms. They are poor, but seem to be happy, especially in the enjoyment of their numerous holidays,* the number of which they ever strive to increase. On saints' days processions are formed, and all lookers-on are expected to uncover the head and kneel as they pass with banners and images. A young man known to us was tarred and feathered because he was so unfortunate as to be caught by a procession while bathing. His hiding under the bridge did not save him from the consequences of a fancied insult.

As we watched the swarthy youths slipping their beads at the mass, and then leaving for scenes of carousal, we could not wholly blame those who never knew any thing better. It may be that superstition makes strangely wild and sweet the tones of their weird incantations as they drive the evil spirits away on returning home at night-fall. Perhaps their childish fancy can not go beyond their peculiar game of checkers—144 squares, and thirty men on a side.

Meanwhile our train has passed through the French Country, and stops at St. Armand station. We are within a mile of the boundary line, upon ground made historic by the contests of the last century, the war of 1812, the rebellion, and the St. Alban's raid of 1864.

Just within the borders of Vermont is Highgate, the birth-place of John G. Saxe. There stands the old mill where once was "Little Jerry, the miller," but the "wasting wood and crumbling stone" have been wasting and crumbling ever since, the flume, of hollowed logs, is past all usefulness, and the "dripping and clattering wheel" is forever still.

A few miles to the east is Eccles Hill, where in 1870 the Fenians made a second and last attempt to invade Canada. From the upper window of the last house in Vermont their gallant leader, General O'Neil, thus called upon his command to march forward: "There before you is the way to Ireland's glory. You do not need me to lead you on. Go over, and—" Assisted by the owner of the house, exit O'Neil, singing,

"Perhaps it was well to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me down stairs?"

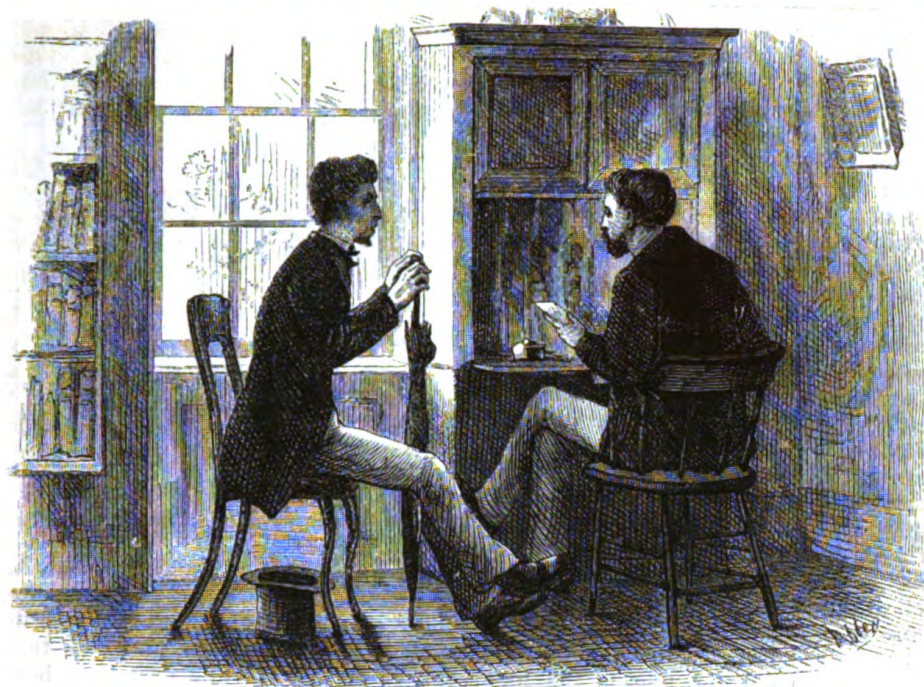
* The legal holidays in the Province of Quebec are New-Year's, Epiphany, Ash-Wednesday, Annunciation, Good-Friday, Easter-Monday, Ascension, the Queen's birthday, Corpus Christi, SS. Peter and Paul, Dominion-day, All-Saints, Conception, and Christmas.

The United States marshal then took him in charge, and the few raiders who crossed the line were soon driven back by a well-drilled militia, whose exploits have ever since served to enliven the annual muster upon "Dominion-day."

Two miles north of the line is Pigeon Hill, and a little to the east, nestled among the hills, is Frelighsburg. Both of these places were held by the Fenians during their first invasion in 1866. Their reign of terror lasted only three days, and in their flight many relics were left in the hands of the enemy.

We find ourselves now actually among the spurs of the Green Mountains. With the plains we have left also the *habitants*; we have risen above them physically and socially. The towns among these hills of the "Southeastern Counties" are for the most part English. In fact, within this Province most of that nationality are found to the south of an imaginary line drawn from Misisquoi Bay toward Quebec. The reason is evident. When the boundary line was determined only one-third of the original parish of St. Armand remained in Canada. Most of the inhabitants of this tract moved over the line rather than live in the United States. They found there the United Empire Loyalists, who, for similar reasons, had crossed the border after the Revolution. For the relief of these actual settlers "warrants of survey" were issued by the crown, and most of the towns were settled by the year 1815. In those early days the only transportation was by water, after the manner of the *voyageurs* and *courriers des bois* of the St. Lawrence. The only roads were those over the snow in winter, and even these did not keep the energetic Lorenzo Dow from sharing hardships with the rest. In the Legislature the French were not disposed to allow any representation from this rapidly growing section. Finally, in 1829, they yielded so much as to give eight members to the eastern townships, which were thenceforth collected into the "Southeastern Counties," so named to distinguish them from the western counties of Upper Canada. Subdivisions of the French Country still retain the names "seigniory," "parish," etc.

Frelighsburg is the largest town within two or three miles of the border. Roads passing through it lead in six different directions; yet it is impossible to avoid a certain corner where stands a stone hotel. Here is the office of the genial consular agent of the United States. Within the office fishermen's articles abound, while from the walls depend relics of the hunt and snow-shoe tramp. Through the deeply cased windows we look out upon either of the two roads leading to the States. The writer recalls his first visit to this place, only a few days after the death of a former consular agent.



UNITED STATES CONSUL'S OFFICE.

All the village was after the office. So one half were glad to see him, supposing him to have the power of appointing a successor, while the other half suspected that he was a candidate for the vacant place. At that time the present consul had not received his appointment, and was more at liberty to join in recreations with the writer. We fished with ill success in various ponds, and laid the blame to the boats we used. We therefore built one, despite the jeers of the villagers, who sneered at our incompetency, and yet were glad enough to go with us when *The Ripple* had proved a success. This boat was trundled about from one pond to another upon a cart fastened to the rear axle of our buggy, and in this manner we occasionally had something to show after a day's fishing. Most of the time, however, we had only "fisherman's luck"—our hooks would not tempt—and then we called it boating.

Our trout-fishing, although not so frequent, was more satisfactory. Shielded by our wagon umbrella (for the rough roads will not allow buggy-tops), we drove to the foot of "The Pinnacle." One brook in particular was well stocked with trout; but at night we never knew whether or no we should pay duty on the fish, as the brook runs alternately on either side of the boundary line. This line is marked once in a mile and at every road crossing by a small iron monument, and through the woods there is a clearing a rod wide. This parallel of 45° is marked through the fields by a substantial fence, upon which we would often pause while climbing, sing patriotic songs, and try

to find the exact half-way mark from the equator to the pole. Our workshop was an old mill (now re-opened), where we heard of a certain miller from this part who had been elected to the Provincial Legislature. Seeking to better the condition of his craft, he declared that the miller's toll (one-tenth) was so small that no one could manage to live upon it. He therefore proposed a law—which remains to this day—making the toll one-twelfth!

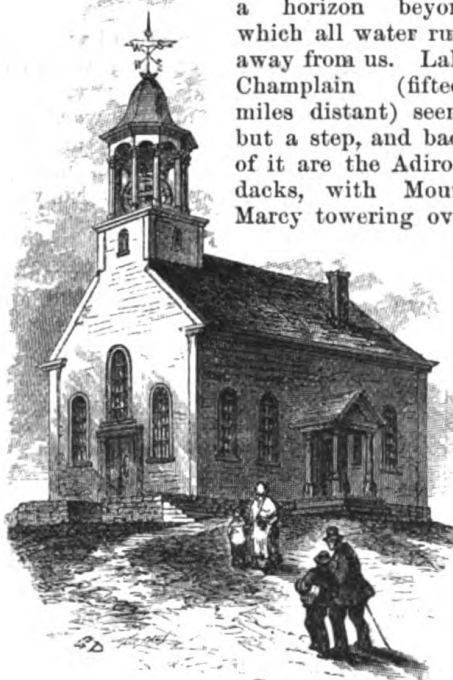
The trade of all this section has decreased amazingly since duties have been reduced in the United States, and the merchants sigh for the good old days of "the war," and the familiar presence of the bounty-jumpers.

The old houses have an air of dignity and comfort which breathes of better days. But now there is no ambition, no desire for improvement, no taste for reading. Few books are visible; the daily news concerning their own country interests them little, and of the great world outside they know nothing. Drunken brawls and bar-room loafing fill the streets with neglected children; and so one generation of illiterate, unkempt idlers succeeds another.

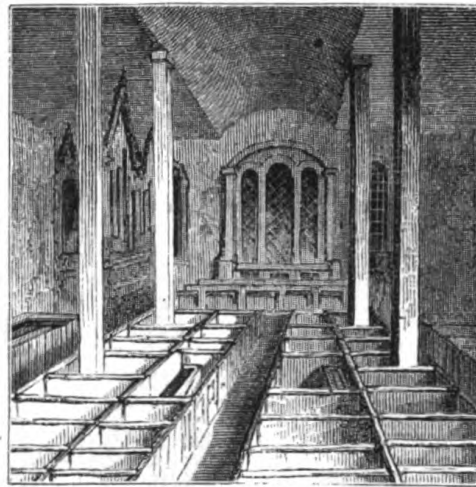
Old Trinity Church is the most interesting building in Frelighsburg. It was erected in 1809, and, next to the cathedral at Quebec, is the oldest Church of England edifice in the Province. Notices of sale are still posted upon the doors of this parish church—out of the way of all publicity during the week. Even upon the Sabbath very few climb the hill to hear the eloquent rector or to assist in the usual village gossip.

To a stranger the interior is full of interest. The high square pews, placed at every angle to the pulpit; the long lines of stove-pipe, relieved by occasional tin pails to catch the pyroligneous acid; the huge stoves, one at the rear, the other in a widening of the broad aisle; the wood-pile, occupying three pews not in use; and the old windows of seven by nine glass—these, together with the modern organ and chandelier, all show that a New England meeting-house can be adapted to the needs of the Church of England. The doors have been removed from pews which are considered free; otherwise the room is unchanged since the venerable Bishop Stewart became the first rector of this parish. We have often peered over the back of the pew in front of us, and looked up and around at the interior; nor could we ever decide what name to call it, for the architecture is of a kind all its own. And while we were musing the ringing of the small, sweet-toned bell would shake us back again to consciousness.

Southward from Dunham and Frelighsburg, close upon the line, is the highest peak among these hills. "The Pinnacle" lies where three water-sheds meet—the Pike to the west, the Missisquoi to the east, and the Yamaska to the north. From the summit, as a central point, we can best obtain a general view of the country we have already passed through, and of the small portion yet unexplored by us. The Green Mountain spurs are at our feet on all sides, and the Green Mountains themselves rise higher and higher toward the south, until they form a horizon beyond which all water runs away from us. Lake Champlain (fifteen miles distant) seems but a step, and back of it are the Adirondacks, with Mount Marcy towering over



ENGLISH CHURCH, FRELIHSGBURG.



INTERIOR OF ENGLISH CHURCH.

all. The White Mountains show us the summits of Washington and Lafayette. To the east are the lofty peaks which line the Memphremagog basin, and hide that lake from our view, while over their heads the confines of the St. Francis Valley bound the horizon. We look up the long Missisquoi Valley where we are yet to go, then down, in all directions, into the numerous ponds which receive the purest spring water in the land; and we soon realize that all these towns have immense water-power for the manufacture of lumber, woolen goods, and paper. Just at the foot of the hills, and bordering on the French seigniories, lies Stanbridge; beyond is West Farnham, with sixty feet fall of water within its limits. Still farther on are the extensive peat beds and low miasmatic country which make St. Johns so unhealthy a place for residence. Montreal Mountain is plainly visible, and if the day is clear the city itself can be seen at a distance of fifty miles. Those isolated mountains of the French Country appear even more majestic than when we first saw them; for now instead of other mountains they have the plain itself for a background. In fact, our range of vision is much more extended, for we are a thousand feet higher than Montreal Mountain. On descending we pass by Dunham Pond, and at length reach the village of that name. Here and at other points you will notice the cheese factories. Their products are largely exported, and, with Upper Canada bacon, form the ballast of out-going steamers; on the return voyage their place is supplied with coal for blacksmiths' use in this region. To the eastward of Dunham is Sweetsburg; here we cross the Southeastern Counties Railway as it winds among the hills toward Newport, Vermont.

We pass through Knowlton, and in the hills beyond we see mines of iron, copper, slate, soap-stone, chromium, and antimony. None of them is worked on a large scale, and

many of them have been abandoned. Some miles northward are the most profitable copper mines in the Province. These "Huntington Mines" are worked on a very large scale, and their product is shipped to Boston. From Knowlton to South Bolton extends a wilderness. Small bears have been seen, foxes are often killed, and the trout brooks yield up their treasures. Without any notice storms come upon us over the hills, which never allow the horizon to drop below 45°. This wild road is almost the only one over which smuggling is successfully carried on, the rest of the border being more closely watched. Imagine a hotel located here, a large New England house, with two-story verandas extending across the front and ends! In true Canadian style, stoves in the partitions heat two rooms at once; the long pipes heat the rooms above, and extend through floors and ceilings regardless of length or displacement of furniture. This is the fashionable watering-place known as "Sol Green's." "The Springs" are two miles off in the Missisquoi Valley, and near the pass which breaks through the Bolton Mountains, and gives access to Lake Memphremagog.



MISSISQUOI VALLEY AND PASS IN THE BOLTON MOUNTAINS.

II.—LAKE MEMPHREMACOG.

The range of Notre Dame Mountains, which commences at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, follows the southern bank of that river at a distance of from twenty to fifty miles, and after forming the western boundary between the State of Maine and the Province of Quebec, loses itself among the "White Hills" of New Hampshire. A considerable part of the original range, however, makes a detour to the west and south before entering the States, and forms a part of the great Alleghany range, the Green Mountains being the connecting link. Still farther to the east there lies a tract of country bounded east and west by the separate ranges above noted, and extending north to where they meet, thus forming a triangle, each side of which is fifty miles in length. The lofty ridge upon the western shore of Lake Memphremagog is the boundary in that direction, and separates the two parts of the "South-eastern Counties." The basin of the lake and the valleys of the Massawippi and St. Francis are now under consideration. The





MAP OF LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

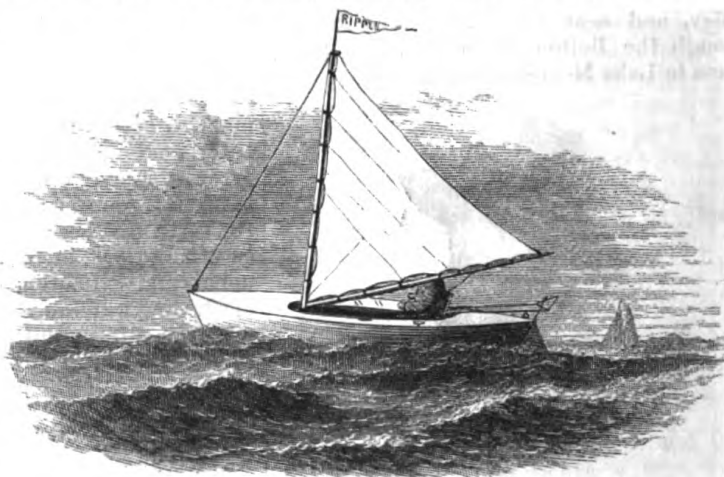
confluence of these rivers is at Lenoxville, where they bound the valuable property of the "Bishop's College." Coming from exactly opposite directions, they form at a right angle (like the letter T) the enlarged St. Francis, which flows to the northwest until it reaches the St. Lawrence.

The Grand Trunk Railway crosses the broad plains from both Montreal and Quebec. The junction is at Richmond, whence the road ascends the valley of the St. Francis and a tributary until the line is reached, and

then proceeds through the Connecticut and Androscoggin valleys to Portland.

In the early part of this century a shorter road than had before existed was opened toward Boston from Quebec. It was called "Craig's Road," and was opened by the military authorities along the Upper St. Francis Valley, thence across and down the thickly wooded banks of the Chaudiere, past its picturesque islands and sparkling rapids, to its mouth near Quebec. The source of this river is Lake Megantic, close upon the borders of Maine, where the St. Francis Indians still inhabit the wilderness. The various smaller tributaries of these larger streams generally rise in some highland lake, and furnish abundant water-power before they reach the plain. The Mas-sawippi River also rises in a lake of that name, which, although only nine miles in length, yields a greater variety of fish than any other lake in this region. But the finest stream for fly-fishing is the Magog River, which in its brief course of seventeen miles falls hundreds of feet, and empties into the St. Francis at Sherbrooke, thus giving unlimited water-power to that "metropolis of the eastern townships," which has a population of 4500. By special act this stream is closed to fishermen from June 25 to October 15, but romantic scenery and frequent rapids furnish admirable studies for the æsthetic tourist. The tramp becomes doubly interesting by the addition of a fishing-rod, for, in a region abounding in surprises and deep trout holes, this stream excels all others. A widening of the river at the middle part of its course is dignified with the name of Little Magog Lake, and here trout of five pounds are frequently taken.

As the Magog River is the finest in all this part, so its source, being correspondingly beautiful, is called the "Geneva of Canada." The Indians called it *Mem-plov-bouque* ("Beautiful Water"), but we know it as Lake Memphremagog. The scenery of this lake



"THE RIPPLE."



"TUCK'S."

had often been described to us as only excelled by that of Lake George.

Our cruise extended into every cove, and made the shores as familiar to us as to the natives. An enlarged duck boat of our own manufacture was our constant companion. *The Ripple* had been used on various ponds in the interior west of the lake before she was trundled on a cart to Knowlton Landing, and plunged into the bright waters of Sargeant's Bay. The sides of this boat were of thin ash; the bottom was flat, and the ends and sides were so protected by a deck that a small sail could be used. A vermilion edge, dividing the gray exterior from the white interior, brightened the effect of the whole. Passengers (never more than four) were so disposed upon movable benches as to best trim the boat, while, thanks to good workmanship and plenty of white-lead, no leak was possible.

In this manner we combined both pleasure and instruction, being content with two meals a day, and welcoming exposure to all kinds of weather.

We had just dined on trout, at Tuck's Hotel, Knowlton Landing. Tuck is a very useful member of society. He is hotel-keeper, store-keeper, postmaster, and her Majesty's customs preventive officer all in one, and his little corner room at the brick hotel is a curiosity shop. Over the small cupboard door which secures the three bottles comprising the bar is a card with this illustrated rebus, "I am as dry as a fish." The stranger who reads this aloud is at once asked by those present, "Then why don't you treat?" At the other end of the shelving a space corresponding to the bar is used for the post-office. There are six pigeon-holes, only two of which are in use. The mail from the interior is brought by "Old Coons" in his buggy, and a boy crosses the lake with the mail from the east. The boy stops to fish, and "Old Coons" stops to talk; they intend an exchange, and sometimes they effect it, but this daily service is not reliable. What are three or four letters daily to the pleasure or profit of the mail carriers?



GIBRALTAR POINT, FROM BELMERE.

Let the reader now carefully look at the map on page 342. At the left is a fine view up Sargeant's Bay, where the trolling line will furnish many a fine string of pickerel. In fact, it is worth while to let the spoon play almost any where in these waters. Directly in front of us is the promontory known as Gibraltar. Heavy underbrush covers the steep sides, and the summit is guarded by a blackberry thicket six feet high. A scramble through all this is well repaid by a comprehensive view of the lake. From this point we cross diagonally toward Georgeville. The professional fishermen on our way thither declare that they have "poor luck." Did ever fishermen give any other reply? Let us try our hand. We can not use the ordinary hooks and lines; we must take the heavy hook made only by the blacksmiths hereabouts, and let down 100 feet or more of line. We must also keep angling with the bait, and even then old fishermen find it an advantage at times to change the same, so dainty a fish is the muskallonge. But his fine flavor when served

is ample compensation for the difficulty of capturing him. The Indians had left these shores long before the whites came. The earlier settlers would have starved had it not been for the plentiful supply of these "lunge," which could then be caught all along the shore. Now they are seldom caught away from the deep holes in this central part of the lake. Their average weight is perhaps four pounds, but sometimes one of ten times that weight is taken.

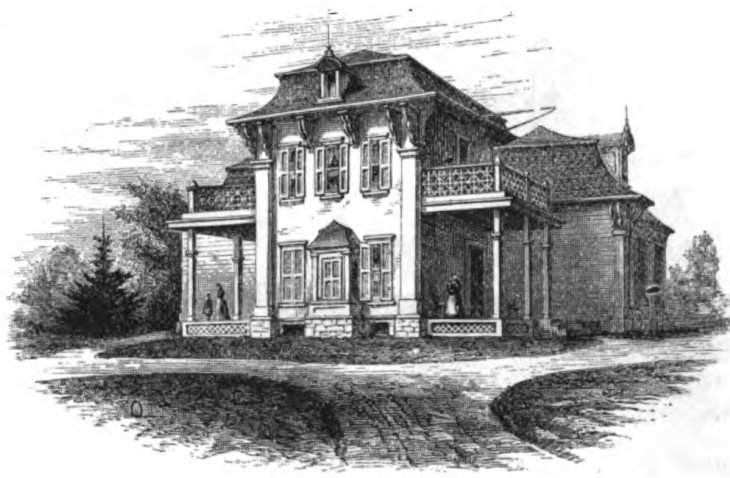
We will now cross to the hamlet of Georgeville, and thence drive to the "Model Farm-house," situated (indefinitely) upon the eastern shore. The Model Farm-house affords delicious coffee, real cream, beautiful bread, fine meats, and fresh vegetables. "This is very exceptional," you will say. Of course it is, and so

the exact location shall not be revealed, else, by engaging the place first, you might deprive us of another summer's enjoyment. By all means let us again have the benefit of the grand view from our windows. Almost directly opposite the outline of the lofty Elephantis gives rise to its name. Our boat is kept in the cove just at hand. Beyond, to the left, a long tongue of land projects, generally known as Allan's Point. The hundred acres of its surface have been finely improved, and the whole forms "Belmere," the summer residence of Sir Hugh Allan, of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Just over the Point is Molson's Island; and overshadowing all, yet in the distance, is the Owl's Head. This mountain rises abruptly 2500 feet, and is the grandest of all the objects of interest which line these shores.

So precipitous are the sides of this mountain that it seems as if one could step directly into the lake, or at any rate hurl a stone, and thereby disturb the placid surface which lies 700 feet above the sea. From the village

of Magog to Newport, in Vermont (thirty miles), almost every square rod of the lake is in sight. Large islands are merely rafts, steamers are toy-boats, occupants of fishing boats are scarcely perceptible without a glass. Luncheon over, we sit down among the huge boulders on this height, and study the symbols of Masonry which are painted upon their smoother sides; for here is held an annual communication by the Golden

Rule Lodge of Stanstead on the Queen's birthday, May 24; guards are so placed that intrusion is impossible. We hear the happy voices of another party of adventurers. They are from Montreal, and come



"MODEL FARM-HOUSE."

laden with pocket barometers and the like, thus throwing our rustic party entirely in the shade.

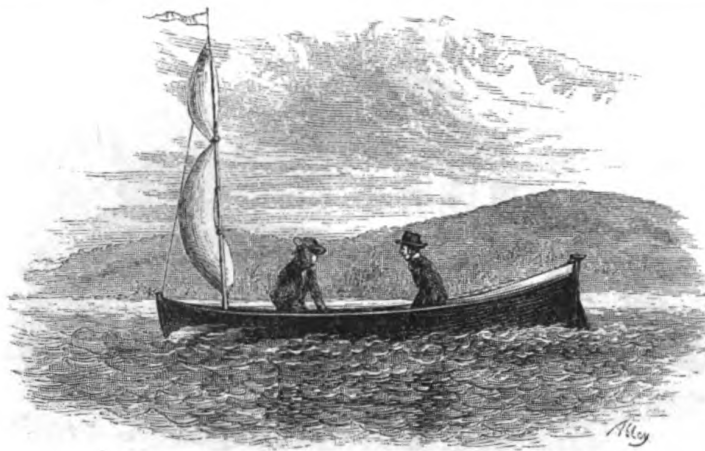
The path down the mountain ends at the Mountain House, a summer resort. Here is

also a landing for the steamer, and a little to the north is Blue Point, a spur of the mountain. Between these two points lies a cove with a beach of sand and shingle. Here are boats for crossing the lake to the islands upon which are Skinner's Cave and Balance Rock. From within the cave we have a fine view of Elephant Mountain.

But our own boat is waiting at the cove; we have eight miles to row, and the wind has now risen, and is against us. A single pair of oars must do the work, and strong arms which have worn the green of Dartmouth and the blue of Yale are equal to the contest. The goal is reached by seven o'clock, and the Model Farm-house supplies the wants of three hungry young men. Hereafter we must carefully watch the



ELEPHANT MOUNTAIN, FROM SKINNER'S CAVE.



SAILING WITH THE WIND-BAGS.

time, and not be governed by the long twilights, which frequently permit the reading of newspapers until nine o'clock. Any delay, however, on such evenings will be rewarded by the sight of a gorgeous sunset. At that hour the lake has composed itself for the night. The purple tints of the Elephant and Owl's Head are mirrored upon its surface, while over beyond them all the brightness of the western sky shows where are held captive the struggling rays of the summer's sun. Nor are they all released until far into the night; and when the last one has departed, only three hours pass before the opposite horizon is aglow with the light of a new-born day. We can almost say that this region is an empire upon which the sun never sets; for all night long are visible the wonders of the *aurora* to those who can resist the sleep-inviting coolness of the air.

But come with us to Magog, only ten miles to the north. We shall be gone only three days, and shall see no one. It threatens rain, but our wardrobe can not be spoiled. We have the favoring breeze which we so much desired. *The Ripple* is laden with the camera and fishermen's furnishings, and off we go. The wind increases to a hurricane. We dodge the frequent

showers by running the boat ashore and creeping under the bushes. Occasionally a lull of the storm allows us to bail out the craft, and again to fly before the wind. So great is the force of the breeze, and so high are the white-caps, that we do not dare to spread the sail; but the "wind-bags" take us along at a very rapid rate, and Magog is at last reached, just before supper.

The next day was cloudy, but in the afternoon the sun came out, and the camera was pointed at Mount Orford, only four miles to the west. Beautiful shadows flitted across the picture, and were reflected upon the sketch-book within the instrument.

Our sports were numerous. Early rising and adroit use of the trolling-line sometimes were successful in placing a fine pickerel upon the breakfast-table. Then we rowed to the landing of the steamer to ogle the latest arrivals, to hear the news, and to see the fine strings of fish which were there offered for sale. Then we dined on fish served in every possible style. "Fish diet for brain-



MOUNT ORFORD, MAGOG RIVER, FROM MAGOG.



ALLAN'S POINT, MOLSON'S ISLAND, AND OWL'S HEAD, FROM GEORGEVILLE HILL.

workers," was the cry from pleasure-seekers whose hardest work was to roll ten-pins, and whose intellectual efforts were put forth mainly to reduce the extraordinary score of the ladies. Long drives over the hills, with reading and music, occupied the evenings. One morning, in the presence of us all, a member of the party lost his balance, and splashed into the water. Of course it was mortifying to be upset; but to be upset in a foot of water, and not to get wet all over, was even more trying. The next day the youngest of our party slipped from a plank and wet herself much more thoroughly.

The following day was Sunday, and we all met with an accident. There was to be no service in the church at Magog. Had there been service, it would have offered no attractions to us. So said those who knew whereof they spake. We therefore determined to attend service at the English church in Georgeville, and then dine at the

Model Farm-house. The morning was rather cold and foggy, but the mist soon lifted, and revealed the beautiful day which such a morning always insures in this climate. Our load was heavy for two horses, and so we proceeded slowly but pleasantly, arriving at the church as the service was half over. The usual congregation (about twenty) responded to the eloquent appeals from the pulpit, and nobly placed about one dollar in pennies on the contribution plate.

After taking our carriage and driving a mile we began to descend the southern slope of Georgeville Hill. Just here is the best of scenic effects to be seen, and such another view is not to be had from any other point on the eastern shore. With admirable judg-



AN OVERTURN.



CAPTAIN WRIGHT.

ment a banker of Montreal has placed his summer residence upon this ridge, and as close to the water as the bluff will allow. His grounds extend to the cove we have before spoken of, and terminate in a point corresponding to Allan's Point upon the farther side. We were in sight of this cove, and over beyond it were Molson's Island, and the Owl's Head upon the opposite shore. All this we were enjoying, when suddenly the forward axle broke, and before a scream could be uttered there was a promiscuous heap of humanity in the ditch. Recovering from the surprise, we were thankful that no one had been injured. Luckily the Model Farm-house was in sight, and there was waiting for us the most sumptuous repast. The want of a wagon was easily supplied, and the return was made in a much more comfortable conveyance than the one which broke down.

Just across the end of the lake, almost under the shadow of the mountain, is the residence of Captain Wright. From the hotel windows we had noticed the long line of buildings, and had wished that we might see the owner of "the ranch." So on one of our expeditions we crossed over and took the captain by storm. He was pleased, and with great attention showed us through his garden and orchard; then he bade us enter the house, all the time giving us bits of his history, for he had been a captain in the East India service. Mementoes of that part

of his life hung upon the walls, and quaint vases and curiously wrought bits of porcelain gave an Oriental air to the apartment. He amused us by producing several French books, very large, and some hundreds of years old; and while we looked through the heavy tomes and examined the rude woodcuts, he kept up a running dissertation upon their merits. We were entertained in true English style likewise, and were so well pleased with our reception that we repeated the visit, and found the captain as genial and cordial as before.

So the days at Magog slipped by, and two weeks scarcely contained the trip originally limited to three days. So pleasant have been the hours spent in Magog that all are loath to have the party broken up. The small boat is therefore placed on board the steamer, and we are all off for Newport. This lower end of the lake is much narrower than at any other part, the continuous lines of beach showing that it is also the most shallow. We pass Ward's Island, round Gibraltar Point, and are again at Knowlton Landing. Again we pass by the ancient fishermen, who choose this central spot because it is the deepest, and now from Georgeville wharf notice the Elephant. His outline is here seen to perfection, although we have noticed all the way up that there is very little change in his appearance: a grand old mountain, and within the clefts on his sides are brooks and small ponds abounding in trout. There are several land-



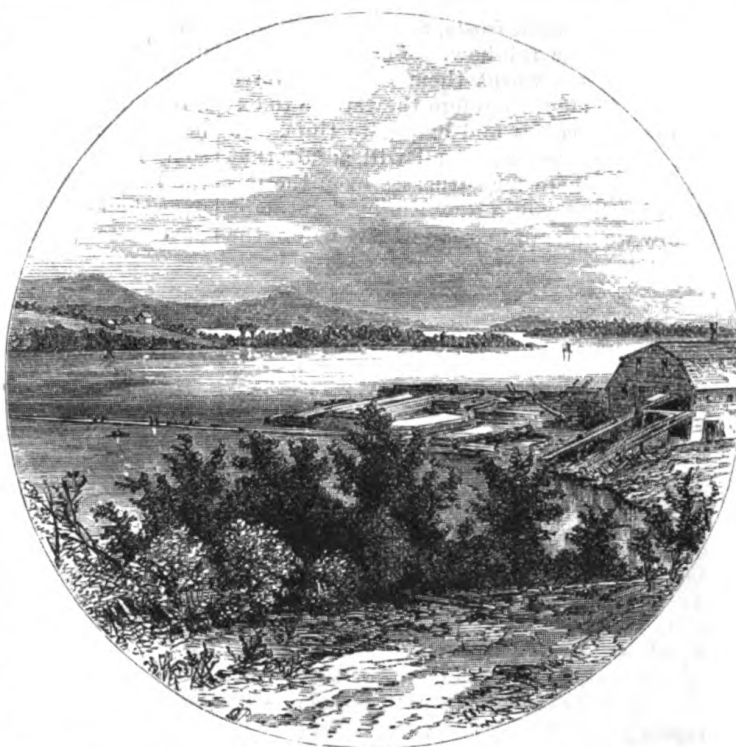
BLUE POINT, MOUNT ORFORD, AND ALLAN'S POINT, FROM THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

ings on the western bank close under the lofty ridge, but upon the opposite bank the only landing is at Georgeville, which is the only village on either hand as we proceed up the lake. The places before mentioned come within range of our vision, the Model Farm-house included. At Allan's Point the lake bends, and we have a view in both directions.

Soon the magnificent Owl's Head hangs over us, and we are beneath its dark shadow for nearly an hour. Then we pass Skinner's Cave, where the bold smuggler of that name lived and died. Numbers of small islands appear and disappear

as the steamer hugs the western shore. The largest of all contains but 100 acres, and is called Province Island. Through it runs the boundary line, which can readily be distinguished on the shore. The waters broaden, and the eastern shore becomes more flat. Stanstead Plain is visible at a distance of five miles. Bear Mountain comes in view on the right. Then Newport appears, and is soon reached, after passing Farrant's and Indian points. Here the large hotel gives opportunity for more display than we care for, but at the same time affords a variety, when enjoyed as one of many pleasures in and about Memphremagog. Choice music delights us through the evening, and we forget all care as we drop off to sleep with one of Strauss's dreamy waltzes in our ears.

The early morning train breaks up the party. *The Ripple* is launched, and a favoring breeze sends us toward Georgeville. The view of the lake from Newport, although extensive, is not satisfactory, so little of its surface being visible by reason of the many points which push themselves out from either shore. From Prospect Hill the finest view is had; but as we proceed in our boat, and pass these points, there is opened to us a broader and more complete view. The lake is here very much wider than the average (which is perhaps two miles), and this extra width is toward the eastern shore. Several of the larger islands are in this enlargement, the Twin Sisters being the most



FARRANT'S POINT, BEAR MOUNTAIN, AND OWL'S HEAD, FROM NEWPORT.

attractive. The steamer passes close to the farther shore, and the passengers see these islands only in the distance.

The pure mountain air is conducive to sleep, and, more than all, the locality is secure from the intrusion of any who might prove uncongenial. The shores of these islands are of greenstone and slate; the strata of the latter are thrown about with every imaginable dip, and often rest upon boulders of the former. Rugged pines spring from the solid rock, with no nourishment save that afforded through an occasional cleft, and the rocky nature of the shores is varied by small beaches overhung with the maple and birch. From the Twin Sisters we proceed to Province Island, and thence to the Mountain House. Then crossing over to the other shore, we pass the summer residences of Judge Day and Mr. Molson. There are only four such places of enjoyment and recreation along the whole thirty miles which measure the extreme length of this lake, and all these four belong to residents of Montreal. We are satisfied that the whole eastern shore would be filled with like beauty if only these waters were of easier access from that city. A railroad from Waterloo to Sherbrooke will soon pass through Magog, and thus furnish the missing link. Then we predict a grand and glorious future for Memphremagog.

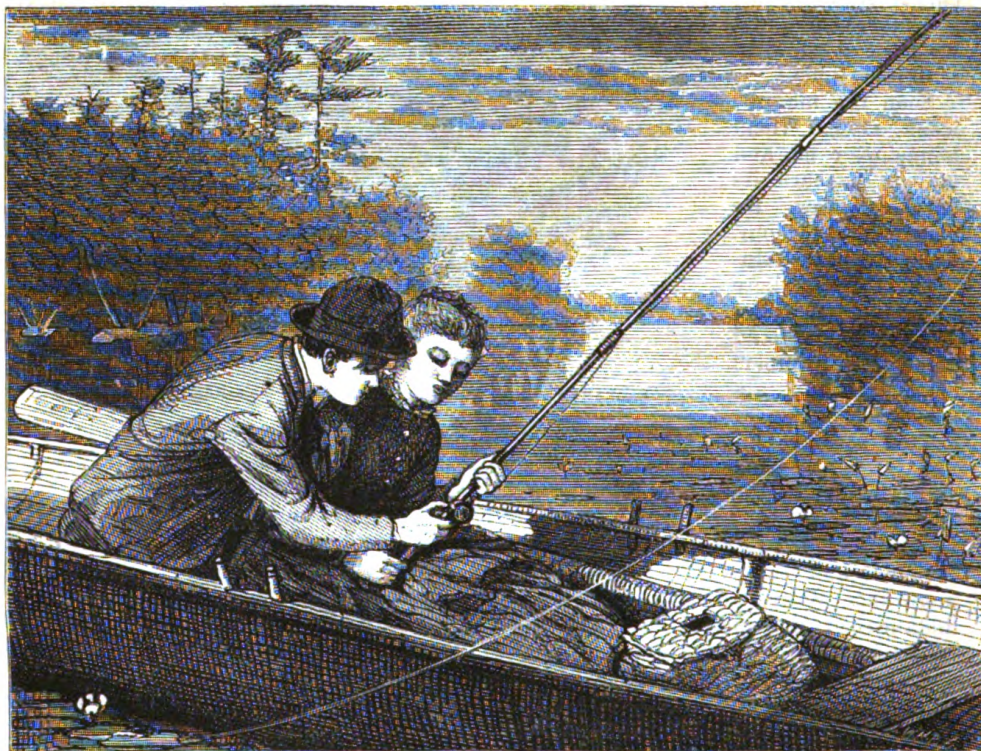
At length these long glorious days of mid-summer are followed by the ever-shortening days of the early fall. Before the leaves

have an opportunity to wither they are touched with mild frosts, and give forth every hue of the rainbow. The heat of the September sun warns them that they have not long to stay, therefore they strive to excel in vivid colors and exquisite tints. In this they succeed; and all will admit that this season here far surpasses even the unusual brilliancy of a New England autumn.

Now we must prepare to depart before the

melancholy days shall come in earnest. *The Ripple* is placed upon her cart, and is left upon the wharf at Georgeville to be transported thence to the interior. She has proved a true friend in all our wanderings, and perhaps we may have her company again at some future time. With a parting look at the Elephant and the Owl's Head, we drive over the hills, and at Stanstead take our departure for a more genial clime.

TROUT-FISHING.



'Tis twenty years. Do you remember
When, boy and girl, we stole the skiff,
And went a-fishing one September?
The lake so clear, it was as if,
Upborne on love's delicious leaven,
We floated in a pure mid-heaven,
With clouds of lilies for a border.
The fragrant summer seemed to ache
In blossom for dear passion's sake,
Excessive with its sweet disorder.
In you, too, was that fond distress
Of flush and fear and happiness,
Caresses by caress unhanded,
Till, fingers mated on the reel,
I thought the very trout could feel
His double spoil was caught and landed.

Alas! that love which we remember,
Blush-ripe as all those wanton weeds,
Should be a blossom of September,
Born guiltless of the promise seeds—

Sweet dying things, whose only duty
Is clothing life in forms of beauty!
For though I held you in my arms,
As full of honey in your charms
As when the trefoil holds the clover,
Your fingers, tutored in a thimble,
In playing trout were found so nimble
You hooked the fish and cast the lover.

But often, since we slipped the books
To play for life with baited hooks
In pools less pure, do I remember
The fragile blossom of September,
Born guiltless of the promise seeds—
A dying thing, whose only duty
Was clothing life in forms of beauty,
With heaven above and heaven below it
Though life has grown to other needs,
Our boat lies rotting in the weeds,
And we can neither raise nor row it.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

THE LIVING LINK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.



CHAPTER XLIX.

EDITH'S NEW FRIEND.

EVERY day Edith and Dudleigh saw more and more of one another. Now that the crust of reserve was broken through, and something like intimacy had been reached, the sick man's apartment was the most natural place for each to seek. It came at last that the mornings and afternoons were no longer allotted to each exclusively, but while one watched, the other would often be present. In the evenings especially the two were together there.

The condition in which Dalton was demanded quiet, yet needed but little direct attention. It was only necessary that some one should be in the room with him. He lay, as has been said, in a state of stupor, and knew nothing of what was going on. It was only necessary for those who might be with him to give him, from time to time, the medicines that had been prescribed by the physicians, or the nourishment which nature demanded. Apart from this there was little now to be done.

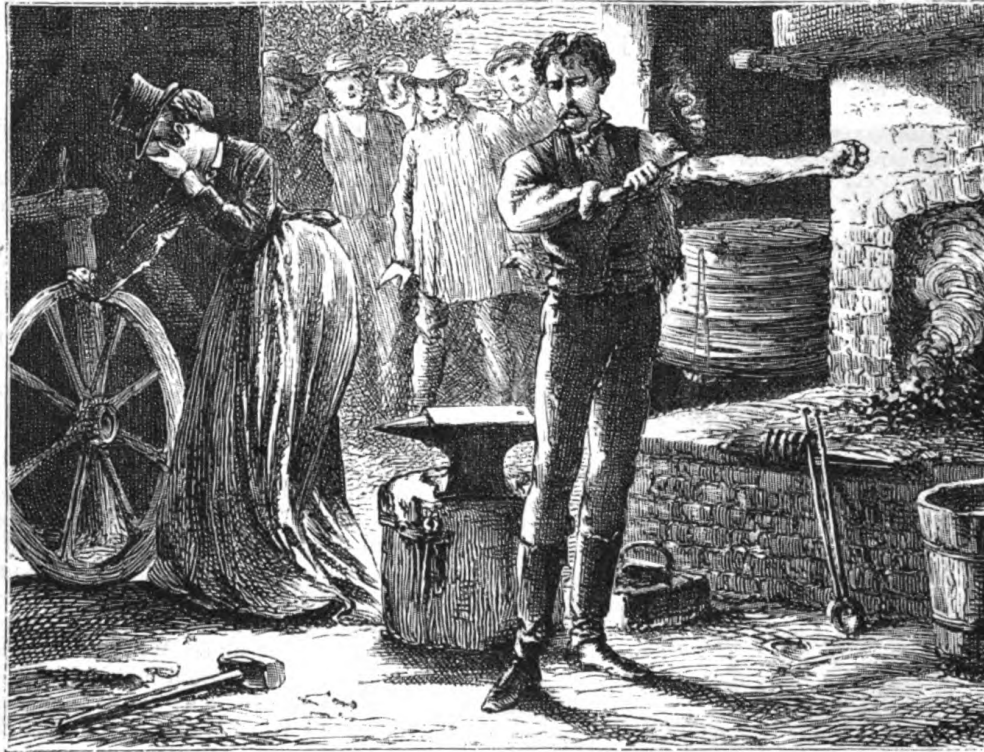
While Edith and Dudleigh were thus together, they were naturally dependent exclusively upon one another. This association seemed not unpleasant to either of them; every day it gained a new charm; and at length both came to look forward to this as the chief pleasure of their lives. For Edith there was no other companion than Dudleigh in Dalton Hall with whom she could asso-

ciate on equal terms; he had strong claims now on her confidence, and even on her gratitude; and while he was thus the only one to whom she could look for companionship, she also bore the same relation to him.

There was something in the look and in the manner of Dudleigh in these interviews which might have moved a colder nature than that of Edith. Whenever he entered and greeted her, his face was overspread by a radiant expression that spoke of joy and delight. Whenever they met, his face told all the feelings of his heart. Yet never in any way, either by word or act, did he venture upon any thing which might not have been witnessed by all the world. There was something touching in that deep joy of his which was inspired simply by her presence, and in the peace and calm that came over him while she was near. Elsewhere it was different with him. Whenever she had seen his face outside—and that had been often, for she had often seen him riding or walking in front of the windows—she had marked how care-worn and sad its expression was; she had marked a cloud of melancholy upon his brow, that bore witness to some settled grief unknown to her, and had read in all the lineaments of his features the record which some mysterious sorrow had traced there. Yet in her presence all this departed, and the eyes that looked on her grew bright with happiness, and the face that was turned toward her was overspread with joy. Could it be any other than herself who made this change?

There was something in the manner of this man toward her which was nothing less than adoration. The delicate grace of his address, the deep reverence of his look, the intonations of his voice, tremulous with an emotion that arose from the profoundest depths of his nature, all bore witness to this. For when he spoke to her, even about the most trifling things, there was that in his tone which showed that the subject upon which he was speaking was nothing, but the one to whom he was speaking was all in all. He stood before her like one with a fervid nature, intense in its passion, and profound in all its emotion, who under a calm exterior concealed a glow of feeling which burned in his heart like a consuming fire—a feeling that was kept under restraint by the force of will, but which, if freed from restraint but for one moment, would burst forth and bear down all before it.

Weeks passed away, but amidst all the intimacy of their association there never appeared the slightest attempt on his part to pass beyond the limits which he had set for



"THERE WAS THE HISS OF SOMETHING SCORCHING."—[SEE PAGE 356.]

himself. Another man under such circumstances might have ventured upon something like a greater familiarity, but with this man there was no such attempt. After all their interviews he still stood in spirit at a distance, with the same deep reverence in his look, and the same profound adoration in his manner, regarding her as one might regard a divinity. For Dudleigh stood afar off, yet like a worshiper—far off, as though he deemed that divinity of his inaccessible—yet none the less did his devotion make itself manifest. All this was not to be seen in his words, but rather in his manner, in the expression of his face, and in the attitude of his soul, as it became manifest to her whom he adored.

For she could not but see it; in matters of this sort woman's eyes are keen; but here any one might have perceived the deep devotion of Dudleigh. The servants saw it, and talked about it. What was plain to them could not but be visible to her. She saw it—she knew it—and what then? Certainly it was not displeasing. The homage thus paid was too delicate to give offense; it was of that kind which is most flattering to the heart, which never grows familiar, but is insinuated or suggested rather than expressed.

It was consoling to her lonely heart to see one like this, who, whenever she appeared, would pass from a state of sadness to one of happiness; to see his eloquent eyes fixed

upon her with a devotion beyond words; to hear his voice, which, while it spoke the commonplaces of welcome, was yet in its tremulous tones expressive of a meaning very different from that which lay in the words. Naturally enough, she was touched by this silent reverence which she thus inspired; and as she had already found cause to trust him, so she soon came to trust him still more. She looked up to him as one with whom she might confer, not only with reference to her father, but also with regard to the conduct of the estate. Thus many varied subjects grew up for their consideration, and gradually the things about which they conversed grew more and more personal. Beginning with Mr. Dalton, they at last ended with themselves, and Dudleigh on many occasions found opportunity of advising Edith on matters where her own personal interest or welfare was concerned.

Thus their intimacy deepened constantly from the very necessities of their position.

Then there was the constant anxiety which each felt and expressed about the health of the other. Each had urged the other to give up the allotted portion of attendance. This had ended in both of them keeping up that attendance together for a great part of the time. Nevertheless, the subject of one another's health still remained. Dudleigh insisted that Edith had not yet recovered, that she was nothing better than a convalescent, and that she ought not to risk such

close confinement. Edith, on the contrary, insisted that she was able to do far more, and that the confinement was injuring him far more than herself. On one occasion she asked him what he thought would become of her if he too became ill, and the care of the two should thus devolve upon her.

At this remark, which escaped Edith in the excitement of an argument about the interesting subject of one another's health, Dudleigh's face lighted up. He looked at her with an expression that spoke more than words could tell. Yet he said nothing. He said nothing in words, but his eyes spoke an intelligible language, and she could well understand what was thus expressed.

What was it that they said?

O loved! and O adored beyond weak words! O divinity of mine! they said. If death should be the end of this, then such death would be sweet, if I could but die in your presence! O loved and longed for! they said. Between us there is an impassable barrier. I stand without; I seek not to break through; but even at a distance I love, and I adore!

And that was what Edith understood. Her eyes sank before his gaze. They sat in silence for a long time, and neither of them ventured to break that silence by words.

At length Dudleigh proposed that they should both go out for a short time each day together. This he had hesitated to do on account of Mr. Dalton. Yet, after all, there was no necessity for them to be there always. Mr. Dalton, in his stupor, was unconscious of their presence, and their absence could therefore make no difference to him, either with regard to his feelings or the attention which he received. When Dudleigh made his proposal, he mentioned this also, and Edith saw at once its truth. She therefore consented quite readily, and with a gratification that she made no attempt to conceal.

Why should she not? She had known enough of sorrow. Dalton Hall had thus far been to her nothing else than a prison-house. Why should it not afford her some pleasure as an offset to former pain? Here was an opportunity of obtaining at last some compensation. She could go forth into the bright free open air under the protection of one whose loyalty and devotion had been sufficiently proved. Could she hope for any pleasanter companion?

Thus a new turn took place in the lives of these two. The mornings they passed in Mr. Dalton's room, and in the afternoons, except when there was unpleasant weather, they went out together. Sometimes they strolled through the grounds, down the lordly avenues, and over the soft sweet meadows; at other times they went on horseback. The grounds were extensive and beautiful, but confinement within the park inclosure

was attended with unpleasant memories, and so, in the ordinary course of things, they naturally sought the wider, freer world outside.

The country around Dalton Hall was exceedingly beautiful, and rich in all those peculiar English charms whose quiet grace is so attractive to the refined taste. Edith had never enjoyed any opportunity of seeing all this, and now it opened before her like a new world. Formerly, during her long imprisonment, she had learned to think of that outside world as one which was full of every thing that was most delightful; there freedom dwelt; and that thought was enough to make it fair and sweet to her. So the prisoner always thinks of that which lies beyond his prison walls, and imagines that if he were once in that outer world he would be in the possession of perfect happiness.

Horseback riding has advantages which make it superior to every other kind of exercise. On foot one is limited and restrained, for progress is slow; and although one can go any where, yet the pedestrian who wishes for enjoyment must only stroll. Any thing else is too fatiguing. But a small space can be traversed, and that only with considerable fatigue. In a carriage there is ease and comfort; but the high-road forms the limit of one's survey; to that he must keep, and not venture out of the smooth beaten track. But on horseback all is different. There one has something of the comfort of the carriage and something of the freedom of the pedestrian. Added to this, there is an exhilaration in the motion itself which neither of the others presents. The most rapid pace can alternate with the slowest; the highway no longer forms bounds to the journey; distance is no obstacle where enjoyment is concerned; and few places are inaccessible which it is desirable to see. The generous animal which carries his rider is himself an additional element of pleasure; for he himself seems to sympathize with all his rider's feelings, and to such an extent that even the solitary horseman is not altogether alone.

This was the pleasure which Edith was now able to enjoy with Dudleigh as her companion, and the country was one which afforded the best opportunity for such exercise. Dudleigh was, as has been said, a first-rate horseman, and managed his steed like one who had been brought up from childhood to that accomplishment. Edith also had always been fond of riding; at school she had been distinguished above all the others for her skill and dash in this respect; and there were few places where, if Dudleigh led, she would not follow.

All the pleasure of this noble exercise was thus enjoyed by both of them to the fullest extent. There was an exhilaration in it

which each felt equally. The excitement of the rapid gallop or the full run, the quiet sociability of the slow walk, the perfect freedom of movement in almost any direction, were all appreciated by one as much as by the other. Then, too, the country itself was of that character which was best adapted to give pleasure. There were broad public roads, hard, smooth, and shadowed by overarching trees—roads such as are the glory of England, and with which no other country has any that can compare. Then there were by-roads leading from one public road to another, as smooth and as shadowy as the others, but far more inviting, since they presented greater seclusion and scenes of more quiet picturesque beauty. Here they encountered pleasant lanes leading through peaceful sequestered valleys, beside gently flowing streams and babbling brooks, where the trees overarched most grandly and the shade was most refreshing. Here they loved best to turn, and move slowly onward at a pace best suited to quiet observation and agreeable conversation.

Such a change from the confinement of Dalton Hall and Dalton Park was unspeakably delightful to Edith. She had no anxiety about leaving her father, nor had Dudley; for in his condition the quiet housekeeper could do all that he would require in their absence. To Edith this change was more delightful than to Dudley, since she had felt those horrors of imprisonment which he had not. These rides through the wide country, so free, so unrestrained, brought to her a delicious sense of liberty. For the first time in many weary months she felt that she was her own mistress. She was free, and she could enjoy with the most intense delight all the new pleasures of this free and unrestrained existence. So in these rides she was always joyous, always gay, and even enthusiastic. It was to her like the dawn of a new life, and into that life she threw herself with an abandonment of feeling that evinced itself in unrestrained enjoyment of every thing that presented itself to her view.

Dudley, however, was very different. In him there had always appeared a certain restraint. His manner toward Edith had that devotion and respect which have already been described; he was as profound and sincere in his homage and as tender in his loyalty as ever; but even now, under these far more favorable circumstances, he did not venture beyond the limits of courtesy—those limits which society has established and always recognizes. From the glance of his eyes, however, from the tone of his voice, and from his whole mien, there could be seen the deep fervor of his feelings toward Edith; but though the tones were often tremulous with deep feeling, the words that he spoke seldom expressed more than the formulas of politeness. His true meaning lay behind or be-

neath his words. His quiet manner was therefore not the sign of an unemotional nature, but rather of strong passion reined in and kept in check by a powerful will, the sign and token of a nature which had complete mastery over itself, so that never on any occasion could a lawless impulse burst forth.

These two were therefore not uncongenial—the one with her enthusiasm, her perfect abandon of feeling, the other with his self-command, his profound devotion. Their tastes were alike. By a common impulse they sought the same woodland paths, or directed their course to the same picturesque scenes; they admired the same beauties, or turned away with equal indifference from the commonplace, the tame, or the prosaic. The books which they liked were generally the same. No wonder that the change was a pleasant one to Edith. These rides began to bring back to her the fresh feeling of her buoyant school-girl days, and restore to her that joyous spirit and that radiant fancy which had distinguished her at Plympton Terrace.

Riding about thus every where, these two became conspicuous. The public mind was more puzzled than ever. Those who maintained that Dudley was an impostor felt their confidence greatly shaken, and could only murmur something about its being done "for effect," and "to throw dust into the eyes of people;" while those who believed in him asserted their belief more strongly than ever, and declared that the unhappy differences which had existed between husband and wife had passed away, and terminated in a perfect reconciliation.

CHAPTER L.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

THUS Dudley and Edith found a new life opening before them; and though this life was felt by both to be a temporary one, which must soon come to an end, yet each seemed resolved upon enjoying it to the utmost while it lasted.

On one of these rides a remarkable event occurred.

It chanced that Edith's horse dropped a shoe, and they went slowly to the nearest village to have him reshod. They came to one before long, and riding slowly through it, they reached the farthest end of it, and here they found a smithy.

A small river ran at this end of the village across the road, and over this there was a narrow bridge. The smithy was built close beside the bridge on piles half over the edge of the stream. It faced the road, and, standing in the open doorway, one could see up the entire length of the village.

Here they dismounted, and found the farrier. Unfortunately the shoe had been lost, and the farrier had none, so that he had to make one for the occasion. This took up much time, and Edith and Dudleigh strolled up and down the village, stood on the bridge, and wandered about, frequently returning to the smithy to see how the work was progressing.

The last time they came they found that the smith was nearly through his work. They stood watching him as he was driving in one of the last nails, feeling a kind of indolent curiosity in the work, when suddenly there arose in the road behind them a frightful outburst of shrieks and cries. The smith dropped the horse's foot and the hammer, and started up. Dudleigh and Edith also turned by a quick movement to see what it might be.

A terrible sight burst upon them.

As they looked up the village street, they saw coming straight toward them a huge dog, which was being pursued by a large crowd of men. The animal's head was bent low, his jaw dropped, and almost before they fairly understood the meaning of what they saw, he had come close enough for them to distinguish the foam that dropped from his jaws, and his wild, staring, blood-shot eyes. In that moment they understood it. In that animal, which thus rushed straight toward them, and was already so near, they saw one of the most terrible sights that can appear to the eye of man—a mad dog!

The smith gave a yell of horror, and sprang to a window that looked out of the rear of the smithy into the stream. Through this he flung himself, and disappeared.

On came the dog, his eyes glaring, his mouth foaming, distancing all his pursuers, none of whom were near enough to deal a blow. They did not seem particularly anxious to get nearer to him, to tell the truth, but contented themselves with hurling stones at him, and shrieking and yelling from a safe distance in his rear.

On came the dog. There was no time for escape. Quick as thought Dudleigh flung himself before Edith. There was no time to seize any weapon. He had to face the dog unarmed, in his own unassisted strength. As for Edith, she stood paralyzed with utter horror.

On came the mad dog, and with a horrible snapping howl, sprang straight at Dudleigh.

But Dudleigh was prepared. As the dog sprang he hit straight out at him "from the shoulder," and dealt him a tremendous blow on the throat with his clinched fist. The blow hurled the animal over and over till he fell upon his back, and before he could regain his feet, Dudleigh sprang upon him and seized him by the throat.

He was a large and powerful animal. He struggled fiercely in the grasp of Dudleigh,

and the struggle was a terrific one. The villagers, who had now come up, stood off, staring in unspeakable horror, not one of them daring to interfere.

But the terror which had at first frozen Edith into stone now gave way to another feeling, a terror quite as strong, but which, instead of congealing her into inaction, roused her to frenzied exertion. Dudleigh's life was at stake! Terror for herself was paralysis to her limbs; terror for him was the madness of desperate exertion and daring.

She sprang toward one of the by-standers, who had a knife in his hand. This knife she snatched from him, and rushed toward Dudleigh. The dog was still writhing in his furious struggles. Dudleigh was still holding him down, and clutching at his throat with death-like tenacity. For a moment she paused, and then flinging herself upon her knees at the dog's head, she plunged the knife with all her strength into the side of his neck.

It was a mortal wound!

With a last howl, the huge animal relaxed his efforts, and in a few moments lay dead in the road.

Dudleigh rose to his feet. There was in his face an expression of pain and apprehension. The villagers stood aloof, staring at him with awful eyes. No word of congratulation was spoken. The silence was ominous; it was terrible. Edith was struck most of all by the expression of Dudleigh's face, and read there what she dared not think of. For a moment the old horror which had first seized upon her came upon her once more, paralyzing her limbs. She looked at him with staring eyes as she knelt, and the bloody knife dropped from her nerveless hands. But the horror passed, and once more, as before, was succeeded by vehement action. She sprang to her feet, and caught at his coat as he walked away.

He turned, with downcast eyes.

"O my God!" she exclaimed, in anguish, "you are wounded—you are bitten—and by that—" She could not finish her sentence.

Dudleigh gave her an awful look.

"You will die! you will die!" she almost screamed. "Oh, can not something be done? Let me look at your arm. Oh, let me examine it—let me see where it is! Show me—tell me what I can do."

Dudleigh had turned to enter the smithy as Edith had arrested him, and now, standing there in the doorway, he gently disengaged himself from her grasp. Then he took off his coat and rolled up his sleeve.

Edith had already noticed that his coat sleeve was torn, and now, as he took off his coat, she saw, with unutterable horror, his white shirt sleeves red with spots of blood. As he rolled up that sleeve she saw the marks of bruises on his arm; but it was on

one place in particular that her eyes were fastened—a place where a red wound, freshly made, showed the source of the blood stains, and told at what a terrible price he had rescued her from the fierce beast. He had conquered, but not easily, for he had carried off this wound, and the wound was, as he knew, and as she knew, the bite of a mad dog!

Edith gave a low moan of anguish and despair. She took his arm in her hands. Dudley did not withdraw it. Even at that moment of horror it seemed sweet to him to see these signs of feeling on her part; and though he did not know what it was that she had in her mind, he waited, to feel for a moment longer the clasp of those hands.

Edith held his arm in her hands, and the terrible wound fascinated her eyes with horror. It seemed to her at that moment that this was the doom of Dudley, the stamp of his sure and certain death. It seemed to her that this mark was the announcement to her that henceforth Dudley was lost to her; that he must die—die by a death so horrible that its horrors surpassed language and even imagination, and that this unutterable doom had been drawn down upon him for her.

It had been terrible. Out of pleasant thoughts and genial conversation and gentle smiles and happy interchange of sentiment, out of the joy of a glad day, out of the delight of golden hours and sunlight and beauty and peace—to be plunged suddenly into a woe like this!

There came to her a wild and desperate thought. Only one idea was in her mind—to save Dudley, to snatch this dear friend from the death to which he had flung himself for her sake. Inspired by this sole idea, there had come a sudden thought. It was the thought of that royal wife's devotion who, when her young husband lay dying from the poisoned dagger of an assassin, drew the poison from the wound, and thus snatched him from the very grasp of death. This it was, then, that was in the mind of Edith, and it was in her agonized heart at that moment to save Dudley even as Eleanor had saved Edward.

She bent down her head, till her face was close to his arm.

Dudley looked on as in a dream. He did not know, he could not even conceive, what she had in her heart to do for his sake. It would have seemed incredible, had he not seen it; nor could he have imagined it, had he not been convinced.

The discovery flashed suddenly, vividly across his mind. He recognized in that one instant the love, the devotion, stronger than death, which was thus manifesting itself in that slight movement of that adored one by his side. It was a thought of sweetness

unutterable, which amidst his agony sent a thrill of rapture through every nerve.

It was but for a moment.

He gently withdrew his arm. She looked at him reproachfully and imploringly. He turned away his face firmly.

"Will you leave me for a moment, Miss Dalton?" said he, in a choking voice.

He pointed to the doorway.

She did not appear to understand him. She stood, with her face white as ashes, and looked at him with the same expression.

"Leave me—oh, leave me," he said, "for one moment! It is not fit for you."

She did not move.

Dudley could wait no longer. His soul was roused up to a desperate purpose, but the execution of that purpose could not be delayed. He sprang to the fire. One of the irons had been imbedded there in the glowing coals. He had seen this in his despair, and had started toward it, when Edith detained him. This iron he snatched out. It was at a white heat, dazzling in its glow.

In an instant he plunged this at the wound. A low cry like a muffled groan was wrung from the spectators, who watched the act with eyes of utter horror.

There was the hiss of something scorching; a sickening smoke arose and curled up about his head, and ascended to the roof. But in the midst of this Dudley stood as rigid as Mucius Scævola under another fiery trial, with the hand that held the glowing iron and the arm that felt the awful torment as steady as though he had been a statue fashioned in that attitude. Thus he finished his work.

It was all over in a few seconds. Then Dudley turned, with his face ghastly white, and big drops of perspiration, wrung out by that agony, standing over his brow. He flung down the iron.

At the same moment Edith, yielding altogether to the horror that had hitherto overwhelmed her, fell senseless to the floor.

By this time some among the crowd had regained the use of their faculties, and these advanced to offer their services. Dudley was able to direct them to take Edith to some shelter, and while they did so he followed. Edith after some time revived. A doctor was sent for, who examined Dudley's arm, and praised him for his prompt action, while wondering at his daring. He bound it up, and gave some general directions.

Meanwhile a messenger had been sent to Dalton Hall for the carriage. Edith, though she had revived, hardly felt strong enough for horseback, and Dudley's arm was sufficiently painful to make him prefer as great a degree of quiet as possible. When the carriage came, therefore, it was with feelings of great relief that they took their seats and prepared to go back. Nor was

their journey any the less pleasant from the fact that they had to sit close together, side by side—a closer union than any they had thus far known. It was an eventful day; nor was its conclusion the least so. But little was said during the drive home. Each felt what had been done by the other. Edith remembered how Dudleigh had risked the most terrible, the most agonizing of deaths to save her. Dudleigh, on his part, remembered that movement of hers, by which she was about to take the poison from his wound unto herself. The appalling event which had occurred had broken down all reserve. All was known. Each knew that the other was dearer than all the world. Each knew that the other loved and was loved; but yet in the midst of this knowledge there was a feeling of utter helplessness arising from the unparalleled position of Edith. It was a peculiar and at the same time a perilous one.

In the eyes of the world these two were nothing less than man and wife. In the eyes of the law, as Edith feared, she was the wife of Leon Dudleigh.

Now this man was not Leon Dudleigh. He was an impostor. Edith did not even know that his name was Dudleigh at all. She had never asked him the secret of his life; he had never volunteered to tell it. She did not know what his name really was.

As an impostor, she knew that he was liable to discovery, arrest, and punishment at any time. She knew that the discovery of this man would endanger herself. His arrest would involve hers, and she would once more be tried for her life, as the murderer of the missing man, with the additional disadvantage of having already eluded justice by a trick. She was liable at any moment to this, for the missing man was still missing, and it would go doubly hard for her, since she had aided and abetted for so long a time the conspiracy of an impostor.

Yet this impostor was beyond all doubt a man of the loftiest character, most perfect breeding, and profoundest self-devotion. From the very first his face had revealed to her that he had entered upon this conspiracy for her sake. And since then, for her sake, what had he not done?

Thus, then, they were both in a position of peril. They loved one another passionately. But they could not possess one another. The world supposed them man and wife, but the law made her the wife of another, of whom it also charged her with being the murderer. Around these two there were clouds of darkness, deep and dense, and their future was utterly obscure.

These things were in the minds of both of them through that drive, and that evening as they walked about the grounds. For since their mutual love had all been revealed, Dudleigh had spoken in words what he had repressed so long, and Edith had con-

fessed what had already been extorted from her. Yet this mutual confession of love, with all its attendant endearments, had not blinded them to the dangers of their position and the difficulties that lay in their way.

"I can not endure this state of things," said Dudleigh. "For your sake, as well as my own, Edith darling, it must be brought to an end. I have not been idle, but I have waited to hear from those who have put themselves on the track of the man from whom we have most to dread. One has tried to find some trace of Leon; the other is my mother. Now I have not heard from either of them, and I am beginning to feel not only impatient, but uneasy."

CHAPTER LI.

IMPORTANT NEWS.

THE position of Edith and Dudleigh was of such a character that further inaction was felt to be intolerable, and it was only the hope of hearing from those who were already engaged in the work that made him capable of delaying longer. But several events now occurred which put an end to the present state of things.

The first of these was a marked improvement in the condition of Mr. Dalton. A successful operation performed upon him had the result of restoring him to consciousness, and after this a general increase of strength took place. His intense joy at the sight of Edith, and the delight which he felt at her presence and the reception of her loving and tender care, all acted favorably upon him; and as the sorrow which he had experienced had been the chief cause of his prostration, so the happiness which he now felt became a powerful agent toward restoring him to strength.

The joy of Edith was so great that the terror and perplexity of her position ceased to alarm her. Her greatest grief seemed now removed, for she had feared that her father might die without ever knowing how deeply she repented for the past and how truly she loved him. Now, however, he would live to receive from her those tender cares which, while they could never in her mind atone for the wrongs that she had inflicted upon him, would yet be the means of giving some happiness to him who had suffered so much.

A few days after her father's restoration to consciousness Dudleigh received a letter of a most important character, and as soon as he was able to see Edith during the walks that they still took in the afternoon or evening, he informed her with unusual emotion of the fact.

"She writes," he concluded, "that she has got at last on the track of Leon."

"Who? Your mother?"

"No. I have not heard from my mother. I mean Miss Fortescue."

"Miss Fortescue?" repeated Edith, in some surprise.

"Yes," said Dudley. "I did not mention her before, because I did not know what you might think about it. But the fact is, I saw her after the trial was over. She had come to give important testimony. She came to see me, and told me all about it. The information was of the most extraordinary kind. It appears that in the course of her own inquiries she had heard some gossip about a long box which had been put off at Finsbury from the train. This was called for by a teamster, who was accompanied by a Newfoundland dog, who took the box, and drove away from Finsbury to Dalton. Now, as no such teamster, or box, or dog, had been seen in Dalton, she began to suspect that it had something to do with the remains found in the well, and that this whole matter was a malignant scheme of Leon's to involve you or your father, or both, in some calamity. At any rate, she herself went cautiously about, and tried to investigate for herself. She had all along felt convinced that Leon was alive, and she felt equally convinced that he was capable of any malignant act for the purpose of wreaking his vengeance on you or your father. He had been baffled here, and had sworn vengeance. That much your father told me before the trial.

"So Miss Fortescue searched very carefully, and at length made a very important discovery. A few miles this side of Finsbury there is a grove, through which the Dalton Park wall runs. Here she happened to see the trace of heavy wheels, and the hedge which adjoins the wall, and is rather thin there, seemed to have been broken through, so as to form an opening wide enough to admit a cart. Struck by this, she followed the marks of the wheels into the grove for some distance, until they stopped. Here, to her surprise, she saw close by the Dalton Park wall an oblong box, just like the one which had been described to her. It was empty, and had been left here.

"Now why had it been left here? Miss Fortescue felt certain that Leon had brought a dead body in that box, that he had taken it stealthily into the park, and thrown it down into the well, and then, not wishing to be seen with such a very conspicuous thing as this box, he had left it behind him. She also thought that he had managed in a secret way to start the rumors that had prevailed, and to drop some hints, either by anonymous letters to the sheriff or otherwise, which turned their attention to the well. She saw at once how important this testimony would be in your favor, and therefore saw the Finsbury people who had told her of the teamster, and with these she came

to the trial. But when she came she heard that the missing man had returned—and saw me, you know."

At this extraordinary information Edith was silent for some time.

"I have often tried to account for it," said she, "but I could hardly bring myself to believe that this was his work. But now when I recall his last words to me, I can understand it, and I am forced to believe it."

"His last words to you?" said Dudley, in an inquiring tone.

"Yes," said Edith, with a sigh. "The remembrance of that night is so distressing that I have never felt able to speak of it. Even the thought of what I suffered then almost drives me wild; but now—and to you, Reginald—it is different, and I have strength to speak of it."

As she said this she looked at him tenderly, and Reginald folded her in his arms. She then began to give an account of that eventful night, of her long preparations, her suspense, her departure, until that moment when she saw that she was pursued. The remainder only need be given here.

She had been right in her conjectures. Leon had suspected, or at least had watched, and discovered all. The moonlight had revealed her plainly as she stole across the open area, and when she fled into the woods the rustling and crackling had betrayed the direction which she had taken. Thus it was that Leon had been able to pursue her, and his first sneering words as he came up to her made her acquainted with her awkwardness. The trees were not so close but that her figure could be seen; the moonlight streamed down, and disclosed her standing at bay, desperate, defiant, with her dagger uplifted, and her arm nerved to strike. This Leon saw, and being afraid to venture close to her, he held aloof, and tried to conceal his cowardice in taunts and sneers.

Edith said nothing for some time, but at last, seeing that Leon hesitated, she determined to continue her flight in spite of him, and informed him so.

Upon this he threatened to set the dog on her.

"He will tear you to pieces," cried Leon. "No one will suspect that I had any thing to do with it. Every body will believe that in trying to run away you were caught by the dog."

This threat, however, did not in the least alarm Edith. She was not afraid of the dog. She had already gained the animal's affections by various little acts of kindness. So now, in response to Leon's threats, she held out her hand toward the dog and called him. The dog wagged his tail and made a few steps forward. At this Leon grew infuriated, and tried to set him at Edith. But the dog would not obey. Leon then held

him, pointing his head toward Edith, and doing all in his power to urge him on. The effort, however, was completely useless. Edith, seeing this, hurried away. Leon rushed after her, followed by the dog, and once more she stood at bay, while the same efforts were repeated to set the dog at her. This was done several times over. At last Leon gave the dog a terrible beating. Wild with indignant rage at his cowardice, brutality, and persistent pursuit, full also of pity for the poor animal who was suffering for love of her, Edith sprang forward at Leon as though she would stab him. Whether she would have done so or not, need not be said; at any rate her purpose was gained, for Leon, with a cry of fear, started back.

Then standing at a safe distance, he hurled at her the most terrible threats of vengeance. Among all these she remembered well one expression, which he repeated over and over.

"You've threatened my life!" he cried. "My life shall lie at your door, if I have to kill myself."

This he said over and over. But Edith did not wait much longer. Once more she started off, and this time Leon did not follow her. That was the last she saw or heard of him. After this she wandered about through woods and swamps for a long time, and at length, about the dawn of day, when she had almost lost all hope, she came to the wall. This she clambered over by means of her rope and hook, and reached the Dalton Inn in the condition already described.

Afterward, when she heard that Leon was missing, and when she was confronted with the remains, the whole horror of her situation burst upon her mind. Her first thought was that he had in his desperate rage actually killed himself; but the absence of the head showed that this was impossible. There remained after this a deep mystery, the solution of which she could not discover, but in the midst of which she could not fail to see how terribly circumstances bore against her. She was afraid to say any thing. She knew that if she told all she would be believed but in part. If she confessed that she had seen him, and had quarreled with him on that night, then all men would conclude that she had also murdered him so as to escape. She saw also how hopeless it was to look for any testimony in her favor. Every thing was against her. Being in ignorance of her father and Lady Dudley, she had supposed that they would be most relentless of all in doing her to death; and the excitement of the latter over the loss of Leon was never suspected by her to be the frenzied grief of a mother's heart over a sudden and most agonizing bereavement.

But now all these things were plain. Another shared her secret—one, too, who would lay down his life for her—and the efforts of

Miss Fortescue had resulted in suggesting to her mind a new solution of the mystery.

After the natural comments which were elicited by Edith's strange story, Reginald showed her the letter which he had received from Miss Fortescue. It was not very long, nor was it very definite. It merely informed him that she had reason to believe that she had at last got upon the track of Leon; and requested him to come to her at once, as there was danger of losing this opportunity if there was any delay. She appointed a place at which she would meet him three days from the date of the letter, where she would wait several days to allow for all delay in his reception of the letter. The place which she mentioned was known to Reginald as the nearest station on the railway to Dudley Manor.

"This must decide all," said Reginald. "They are playing a desperate game, and the part which must be done by my mother and myself is a terrible one. If we fail in this, we may have to fly at once. But if I can only see Leon once, so as to drag him before the world, and show that he is alive—if I can only save you, darling, from your terrible position, then I can bear other evils in patience for a time longer."

"You have heard nothing from your mother, then?" said Edith, a few moments afterward.

Dudleigh shook his head.

"No," said he, with a sigh. "And I feel anxious—terribly anxious. I was very unwilling for her to go, and warned her against it; but she was determined, and her reasons for doing so were unanswerable; still I feel terribly alarmed, for Sir Lionel is a man who would stop at nothing to get rid of one whom he thinks is the only witness against him."

CHAPTER LII.

THE STORY OF FREDERICK DALTON.

AFTER Dudley's departure Edith was left more exclusively with her father, and had the satisfaction of seeing that under her tender care he grew stronger and more happy every day. In the long confidences between these two, who had once been so separated, all was gradually explained, and Edith learned not only the whole truth about that calamity which had befallen him in early life, but also the reason of that once inexplicable policy which he had chosen with regard to herself.

Lionel Dudley and he had been friends from boyhood, though the weak and lavish character of the former had gradually put them upon divergent lines of life, which even Lionel's marriage with his sister, Claudine Dalton, could not bring together again. For Lionel had fallen into evil courses, and

had taken to the common road of ruin—the turf; and though it had been hoped that his marriage would work a reformation, yet those hopes had all proved unfounded. Years passed. Two children were born to Lionel Dudleigh—Reginald and Leon; yet not even the considerations of their future welfare, which usually have weight with the most corrupt, were sufficiently powerful to draw back the transgressor from his bad career.

He became terribly involved in debt. Twice already his debts had been paid, but this third time his father would assist him no longer. His elder brother, then heir to the estate, was equally inexorable; and Frederick Dalton was the one who came forward to save his sister's husband and his old friend from destruction.

On this occasion, however, Lionel was not frank with Dalton. Perhaps he was afraid to tell him the whole amount of his debts, for fear that Dalton would refuse to do any thing. At any rate, whatever the cause was, after Dalton had, as he supposed, settled every thing, Lionel was pressed as hard as ever by a crowd of creditors, whom this partial settlement had only rendered the more ravenous.

Pressed hard by one of these, the wretched man had forged a check on the Liverpool banker, Mr. Henderson, and this check he had inclosed in a letter to Frederick Dalton, requesting him to get the money and pay one or two debts which he specified. This Dalton did at once, without hesitation or suspicion of any sort.

Then came the discovery, swift and sudden, that it was a forgery. But one feeling arose in Dalton's mind, and that was a desire to save Lionel. He hurried off at once to see him. The wretched man confessed all. Dalton at once went to Liverpool, where he saw Mr. Henderson, and tried to save his friend. He came away from that interview, however, only to make known to Lionel the banker's obstinacy and resolution to have vengeance.

Dalton's solicitor in Liverpool was Mr. John Wiggins. Lionel's presence in Liverpool was not known to any one but Dalton. He had seen Wiggins once, and persuaded Lionel to see him also, to which the latter consented only with extreme difficulty. The interview never took place, however, nor was Wiggins aware of Lionel's presence in Liverpool, or of his guilt. Then the murder took place, and the paper was found which criminated Dalton, who was at once arrested.

Dalton was thunder-struck, not so much at his own arrest as at the desperation of his friend and his utter baseness. He knew perfectly well who the murderer was. The Maltese cross which had been found was not necessary to show him this. No other man could have had any motive, and no other man could have thought of mention-

ing his name in connection with the terrible deed. It was thus that Dalton found himself betrayed in the foulest manner, through no other cause than his own generosity.

The horror of Mrs. Dudleigh on hearing of her brother's arrest was excessive. She went off at once to see him. Even to her Dalton said nothing about Lionel's guilt, for he wished to spare her the cruel blow which such intelligence would give.

The feeling that now animated Dalton can easily be explained. In the first place, knowing that he was innocent, he had not the faintest doubt that he would be acquitted. He believed that where there was no guilt, no such thing as guilt could be proved. He relied also on his well-known reputation.

Feeling thus confident of his own innocence, and certain of acquittal, he had only to ask himself what he ought to do with reference to Lionel. Strict justice demanded that he should tell all that he knew; but there were other considerations besides strict justice. There was the future of Lionel himself, whom he wished to spare in spite of his baseness. More than this, there was his sister and his sister's children. He could not bring himself to inform against the guilty husband and father, and thus crush their innocent heads under an overwhelming load of shame. He never imagined that he himself, and his innocent wife and his innocent child, would have to bear all that which he shrank from imposing upon the wife and children of Lionel.

The trial went on, and then came forth revelations which showed all to Mrs. Dudleigh. That Maltese cross was enough. It was the key to the whole truth. She saw her brother, and asked him. He was silent. Frantic with grief, she hurried back to her husband. To her fierce reproaches he answered not a word. She now proceeded to Liverpool. Her brother entreated her to be calm and silent. He assured her that there was no possible danger to himself, and implored her, for the sake of her children, to say nothing. She allowed herself to be convinced by him, and to yield to entreaties uttered by the very accused himself, and in the name of her children. She believed in his innocence, and could not help sharing his confidence in an acquittal.

That acquittal did come—by a narrow chance, yet it did come; but at once, to the consternation of both brother and sister, the new trial followed. Here Dalton tried to keep up his confidence as before. His counsel implored him to help them in making his defense by telling them what he knew, but Dalton remained fatally obstinate. Proudly confiding in his innocence, and trusting to his blameless life, he still hesitated to do what he considered an act of merciless cruelty to his sister, and he still

persuaded her also to silence, and still prophesied his own acquittal, and the rescue of her husband and children from ruin. Part of his prophecy was fulfilled. The husband and children of the sister were indeed saved, but it was at the expense of the innocent and devoted brother.

The effect was terrible. Dalton heard of his wife's illness. He had written to her before, full of confidence, and trying to cheer her; but from the first Mrs. Dalton had looked for the worst; not that she supposed her husband could possibly be otherwise than innocent, but simply because she was timid and afraid of the law. She had good reason to fear. Word was brought to Dalton that she was dying, and then the news came that she was dead.

Meanwhile Mrs. Dudleigh, more frenzied than ever, flew to see her husband. She found that he had gone to the Continent. She pursued him, and reached him in Italy. Here she called upon him to confess his guilt, and save his innocent friend. He refused. He dared not. She threatened to denounce him. He fell at her feet and implored her mercy in the name of their children. He entreated her to wait, to try other means first, to get a new trial—any thing.

Mrs. Dudleigh's threats to inform against him were easy to make, yet not so easy to carry out. Turning from her husband in horror, she returned to England with the fixed intention of telling every thing. His letter to Dalton could have been shown, and the Maltese cross could have proved who the murderer was. But Mrs. Dudleigh's courage faltered when she reached her home and saw her children. Already she had heard of Mrs. Dalton's death; already she knew well that Edith Dalton was doomed to inherit a name of shame, a legacy of dishonor, and that she alone could now avert this. But to avert this she must doom her own children. Had it been herself only and her guilty husband, it would have been easy to be just; but here were her children standing in the way and keeping her back.

Her struggles were agonizing. Time passed on; the delay was fatal. Time passed, and the distracted mother could not make up her mind to deal out ruin and shame to her children. Time passed, and Dalton was taken away to that far-distant country to which he had been sentenced—transported for life.

Other changes also took place. Lionel's father and elder brother both died within a short time of one another, leaving him heir to the estate and the baronetcy. He was now Sir Lionel Dudleigh, and she was Lady Dudleigh; and her brother—the pure in heart, the noble, the devoted—what and where was he?

The struggle was terrible, and she could not decide it. It seemed abhorrent for her to rise up and denounce her husband, even

to save her brother. She could not do it, but she did what she could. She wrote her husband a letter, bidding him farewell, and imploring him to confess; took her son Reginald, the eldest, leaving behind the younger, Leon, and prepared to go to her brother, hoping that if she could not save him, she might at least alleviate his sorrows. She took with her Hugo, a faithful old servant of the Dalton family, and with him and Reginald went to Australia.

Meanwhile Dalton had been in the country for a year. Before leaving he had not been unmindful of others even in that dire extremity. He had only one thought, and that was his child. He had learned that Miss Plympton had taken her, and he wrote to her, urging her never to tell Edith her father's story, and never to let the world know that she was his daughter. He appointed Wiggins agent for his estates and guardian of Edith before he left; and having thus secured her interests for the present, he went to meet his fate.

In Sydney he was treated very differently from the common convicts. Criminals of all classes were sent out there, and to the better sort large privileges were allowed. Dalton was felt by all to be a man of the latter kind. His dignified bearing, his polish and refinement, together with the well-known fact that he had so resolutely maintained his innocence, all excited sympathy and respect.

When Lady Dudleigh arrived there with Hugo and her son, she soon found out this, and this fact enabled her to carry into execution a plan which she had cherished all along during the voyage. She obtained a sheep farm about a hundred miles away, applied to the authorities, and was able to hire Dalton as a servant. Taking him in this capacity, she went with him to the sheep farm, where Hugo and Reginald also accompanied them. One more was afterward added. This was the man "Wilkins," who had been sentenced to transportation for poaching, and had come out in the same ship with Dalton. Lady Dudleigh obtained this man also, under Dalton's advice, and he ultimately proved of great assistance to them.

Here in this place years passed away. Dalton's only thought was of his daughter. The short formal notes which were signed "John Wiggins," all came from him. He could not trust himself to do any more. The sweet childish letters which she wrote once or twice he kept next his heart, and cherished as more precious than any earthly possession, but dared not answer for fear lest he might break that profound secret which he wished to be maintained between her and himself—her, the pure young girl, himself, the dishonored outcast. So the years passed, and he watched her from afar in his thoughts, and every year he thought

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of her age, and tried to imagine what she looked like.

During these years there was rising among them another spirit—a character—whose force was destined to change the fortune of all.

This was Reginald.

From the first he had known the whole story—more than Leon had known. Leon had known his father's guilt and Dalton's innocence, but Reginald had been the confidant of his mother, the witness of her grief and her despair. He had lived with Dalton, and year after year had been the witness of a spectacle which never ceased to excite the deepest emotion, that of an innocent man, a just man, suffering wrongfully on behalf of another. His own father he had learned to regard with horror, while all the enthusiastic love of his warm young heart had fixed itself upon the man who had done all this for another. He knew for whom Dalton had suffered. It was for his mother, and for himself, and he knew that he was every day living on the sufferings and the woe of this broken-hearted friend. Gradually other motives arose. He was a witness of Dalton's profound and all-absorbing love for his daughter, and his passionate desire to save her from all knowledge of his own shame. To Reginald all this grew more and more intolerable. He now saw the worst result of all, and he felt that while his own father had thrown upon his friend his load of infamy, so he himself, the son, was throwing upon Edith Dalton all that inherited infamy.

At last his resolution was taken. He informed his mother. She had been aware of his struggles of soul for years, and did not oppose him. Indeed, she felt some relief. It was for the son's sake that she had faltered when justice demanded her action. Now that son had grown to be a calm, strong, resolute man, and he had decided.

Yes, the decision was a final one. Not one objection was disregarded. Every thing was considered, and the resolution was, at all hazards, and at every cost, to do right. That resolution involved the accusation, the trial, the condemnation, the infamy—yes, the death—of a husband and a father; but even at that cost it was the resolve of Reginald that this thing should be.

The plan of escape occupied far less time. Dalton objected at first to the whole thing, but Reginald had only to mention to him his daughter's name to induce him to concur.

After this it was given out that Frederick Dalton had died. This statement was received by the authorities without suspicion or examination, though the conspirators were prepared for both.

Then Frederick Dalton, under an assumed name, accompanied by Hugo, went to Sydney, where he embarked for England. No

one recognized him. He had changed utterly. Grief, despair, and time had wrought this. Reginald and his mother went by another ship, a little later, and had no difficulty in taking Wilkins with them. They all reached England in safety, and met at a place agreed upon beforehand, where their future action was arranged.

On the voyage home Dalton had decided upon that policy which he afterward sought to carry out. It was, first of all, to live in the utmost seclusion, and conceal himself as far as possible from every eye. A personal encounter with some old acquaintance, who failed to recognize him, convinced him that the danger of his secret being discovered was very small. His faithful solicitor, John Wiggins, of Liverpool, would not believe that the gray-haired and venerable man who came to him was the man whom he professed to be, until Dalton and Reginald had proved it by showing the letters, and by other things. By John Wiggins's suggestion Dalton assumed the name of Wiggins, and gave himself out to be a brother of the Liverpool solicitor. No one suspected, and no questions were asked, and so Dalton went to Dalton Hall under the name of Wiggins, while Lady Dudley went as Mrs. Dunbar, to be housekeeper; and their domestics were only Hugo and Wilkins, whose fidelity was known to be incorruptible, and who were, of course, intimately acquainted with the secret of their master.

Here Dalton took up his abode, while John Wiggins, of Liverpool, began to set in motion the train of events which should end in the accomplishment of justice. First, it was necessary to procure from the authorities all the documentary and other evidence which had been acquired ten years before. Several things were essential, and above all the Maltese cross. But English law is slow, and these things required time.

It was the intention of Dalton to have every thing in readiness first, and then send Reginald and Lady Dudley to Sir Lionel to try the force of a personal appeal. If by threats or any other means they could persuade him to confess, he was to be allowed time to fly to some safe place, or take any other course which he deemed most consistent with his safety. Dalton himself was not to appear, but to preserve his secret inviolable. If Sir Lionel should prove impracticable, then the charge and arrest should take place at once; whether for forgery or murder was not decided. That should be left to Reginald's own choice. They leaned to mercy, however, and preferred the charge of forgery. Sir Lionel was mistaken in supposing Lady Dudley to be the only witness against him, for Reginald had been present at more than one interview between the frenzied wife and the guilty husband, and had heard his father confess the whole.

But the regular progress of affairs had been altogether interrupted by the sudden appearance of Edith. On reaching Dalton Hall Mr. Dalton had felt an uncontrollable eagerness to see her, and had written to Miss Plympton the letter already reported. He did not expect that she would come so soon. He thought that she would wait for a time; that he would get an answer, and arrange every thing for her reception. As it was, she came at once, without any announcement, accompanied by Miss Plympton and her maid.

For years Dalton had been kept alive by the force of one feeling alone—his love for his daughter. Out of the very intensity of his love for her arose also another feeling, equally intense, and that was the desire to clear his name from all stain before meeting with her. At first he had intended to refrain from seeing her, but, being in England, and so near, his desire for her was uncontrollable. Reginald had gone for a tour on the Continent. The Hall was lonely; every room brought back the memory of his lost wife, and of that little Edith who, years before, used to wander about these halls and amidst these scenes with him. He could not endure this enforced separation, and so he wrote as he did. He expected he scarcely new what. He had a vague idea that though he refused to make himself known, that she nevertheless might divine it, or else, out of some mysterious filial instinct, might love him under his assumed name as fervently as though there was no concealment.

When she came so suddenly, he was taken by surprise. He longed to see her, but was afraid to admit her companions; and so it was that his daughter, in whom his life was now bound up, was almost turned away from her father's gates.

Then followed her life at Dalton Hall. Dalton, afraid of the outside world, afraid to be discovered, after having done so much for safety, at the very time when deliverance seemed near, looked with terror upon Edith's impatience. He risked an interview. He came full of a father's holiest love, yet full of the purpose of his life to redeem the Dalton name for her sake. He met with scorn and hate. From those interviews he retired with his heart wrung by an anguish greater than any that he had ever known before.

And so it went on. It was for her own sake that he restrained her; yet he could not tell her, for he had set his heart on not revealing himself till he could do so with an unstained name. But he had made a mistake at the very outset from his impatient desire to see her, and he was doomed to see the results of that mistake. Miss Plympton was turned away, and forthwith appealed to Sir Lionel. The result of this was that Leon came. Leon recognized Wilkins, and could

not be kept out. He did not know Dalton, but knew that he was not the man whom he professed to be, and his suspicions were aroused. On seeing Dalton he assumed a high tone toward him, which he maintained till the last. Lady Dudley's emotion at the sight of Leon was a sore embarrassment, and all Dalton's plans seemed about to fall into confusion. The visits of the disguised Miss Fortescue were a puzzle; and as both Dalton and Lady Dudley looked upon this new visitor as an emissary of Leon's, they viewed these visits as they did those of Leon. For the first time Lady Dudley and Dalton were of opposite views. Dalton dreaded these visits, but his sister favored them. Her mother's heart yearned over Leon; and even if he did seek Edith's affections, it did not seem an undesirable thing. That, however, was a thing from which Dalton recoiled in horror.

At that time Reginald's strong will and clear intellect were sorely needed, but he was away on his Continental tour, and knew nothing of all these occurrences till it was too late.

Thus nothing was left to Dalton but idle warnings, which Edith treated as we have seen. True, there was one other resource, and that was to tell her all; but this he hesitated to do. For years he had hoped to redeem himself. He had looked forward to the day when his name should be freed from stain, and he still looked forward to that day when he might be able to say, "Here, my beloved daughter, my name is free from stain; you can acknowledge me without shame."

But Edith's opposition, and the plans of Leon, and the absorption of Lady Dudley's sympathies in the interests of her son, all destroyed Dalton's chances. He could only watch, and hear from his faithful Hugo accounts of what was going on. Thus he was led into worse and worse acts, and by misunderstanding Edith at the outset, opened the way for both himself and her to many sorrows.

After the terrible events connected with the mysterious departure of Leon and the arrest of Edith, Dalton had at once written to Reginald. He had been ill in the interior of Sicily—for his testimony at the trial had been in part correct. Dalton's letter was delayed in reaching him, but he hurried back as soon as possible. Relying on his extraordinary resemblance to Leon, Dalton had urged him to personify the missing man, and this he had consented to do, with the success which has been described. His chief motive in doing this was his profound sympathy for Dalton, and for Edith also, whom he believed to have been subjected to unfair treatment. That sympathy which he had already felt for Edith was increased when he saw her face to face.

All this was not told to Edith at once, but rather in the course of several conversations. Already in that interview in the prison her father had explained to her his motives in acting as he had, and this fuller confession only made those motives more apparent. In Edith this story served only to excite fresh grief and remorse. But Dalton showed so much grief himself that Edith was forced to restrain such feelings as these in his presence. He took all the blame to himself. He would not allow her to reproach herself. He it was, he insisted, who had been alone to blame in subjecting a generous, high-spirited girl to such terrible treatment—to imprisonment and spying and coercion. So great was his own grief that Edith found herself forced from the position of penitent into that of comforter, and often had to lose sight of her own offenses in the endeavor to explain away her own sufferings.

And thus, where there was so much need of mutual forgiveness and mutual consolation, each one became less a prey to remorse.

In the joy which he felt at thus gaining at last all his daughter's love, especially after the terrible misunderstanding that had divided her from him, Dalton had no thought for those grave dangers which surrounded both her and him. But to Edith these dangers still appeared, and they were most formidable. She could not forget that she was still liable to arrest on the most appalling of accusations, and that her father also was liable to discovery and re-arrest. Reginald had tried to banish her fears and inspire her with hope; but now that he was no longer near, her position was revealed, and the full possibility of her danger could no longer be concealed.

Danger there indeed was, danger most formidable, not to her only, but to all of them. Coward Sir Lionel might be, but a coward when at bay is dangerous, since he is desperate. Sir Lionel also was powerful, since he was armed with all the force that may be given by wealth and position, and in his despair his utmost resources would undoubtedly be put forth. Those despairing efforts would be aimed at all of them—all were alike threatened: herself on the old charge, her father as an escaped convict, and Reginald as a perjurer and a conspirator against the ends of justice. As to Lady Dudley, she knew not what to think, but she was aware of Reginald's fears about her, and she shared them to the fullest extent.

In the midst of all this Edith received a letter from Miss Plympton. She was just recovering, she said, from a severe illness, consequent on anxiety about her. She had heard the terrible tidings of her arrest, but of late had been cheered by the news of her release. The letter was most loving, and revealed all the affection of her "second mother." Yet so true was Miss Plympton

to the promise which she had made to Mr. Dalton, that she did not allude to the great secret which had once been disclosed to her. Edith read the letter with varied feelings, and thought with an aching heart of her reception of that other letter. This letter, however, met with a different fate. She answered it at once, and told all about her father, concluding with the promise to go and visit her as soon as she could.

And now all her thoughts and hopes were centred upon Reginald. Where was he? Where was Lady Dudley? Had he found Leon? What would Sir Lionel do? Such were the thoughts that never ceased to agitate her mind.

He had been gone a whole week. She had heard nothing from him. Accustomed as she had been to see him every day for so long a time, this week seemed prolonged to the extent of a month; and as he had promised to write her under any circumstances, she could not account for his failure to keep that promise. His silence alarmed her. As day succeeded to day, and still no letter came, she became a prey to all those fearful fancies which may be raised by a vivid imagination, when one is in suspense about the fate of some dearly loved friend.

Her father, whose watchful love made him observant of every one of her varying moods, could not avoid noticing the sadness and agitation of her face and manner, and was eager to know the cause. This, however, Edith's modesty would not allow her to explain, but she frankly confessed that she was anxious. Her anxiety she attributed to her fears about their situation, and her dread lest something might be found out about the imposture of Reginald, or about her father's real character and personality. The fear was not an idle one, and Dalton, though he tried to soothe her, was himself too well aware of the danger that surrounded both of them to be very successful in his efforts.

All this time a steady improvement had been taking place in Dalton's health, and his recovery from his illness was rapid and continuous. It was Edith's love and care and sympathy which thus gave strength to him, and the joy which he felt in her presence was the best medicine for his afflictions.

Thus one day he was at last able to venture outside. It was something more than a week since Reginald had left. Edith was more anxious than ever, but strove to conceal her anxiety and to drown her own selfish cares under more assiduous attentions to that father whose whole being now seemed so to centre upon her. For this purpose she had persuaded him to leave the Hall, and come forth into the grounds; and the two were now walking in front of the Hall, around the pond, Edith supporting her father's feeble footsteps, and trying to cheer him by pointing out some improvements

which ought to be made, while the old man, with his mind full of sweet peace, thought it happiness enough for him to lean on her loving arm and hear her sweet voice as she spoke those words of love which for so many years he had longed to hear.

In the midst of this they were startled by the approach of several men.

Visitors were rare at Dalton Hall. Before the recent troubles they had been prohibited, and though during Dalton's illness the prohibition had been taken off, yet there were few who cared to pass those gates. Upon this occasion the approach of visitors gave a sudden shock to Edith and her father, and when they saw that the chief one among those visitors was the sheriff, that shock was intensified.

Yes, the moment had come which they both had dreaded. All was known. The danger which they had feared was at hand, and each one trembled for the other. Edith thought that it was her father who was sought after. Dalton shuddered as he thought that his innocent daughter was once more in the grasp of the law.

The sheriff approached, followed by three others, who were evidently officers of the law. Dalton and Edith stood awaiting them, and Edith felt her father's hands clasp her arm in a closer and more tremulous embrace.

The sheriff greeted them with a mournful face and evident embarrassment. His errand was a painful one, and it was rendered doubly so by the piteous sight before him—the feeble old man thus clinging to that sad-faced young girl, the woe-worn father thus supported by the daughter whose own experience of life had been so bitter.

"My business," said the sheriff, "is a most painful one. Forgive me, Mrs. Dudleigh. Forgive me, Mr. Dalton. I did not know till now how painful it would be."

He had greeted them in silence, removing his hat respectfully, and bowing before this venerable old age and this sad-faced beauty, and then had said these words with some abruptness. And as soon as he named that name "Dalton," they both understood that he knew all.

"You have come for me?" said Dalton. "Very well."

A shudder passed through Edith. She flung her arms about her father, and placed herself before him, as if to interpose between him and that terrible fate which still pursued its innocent victim. She turned her large mournful eyes upon the sheriff with a look of silent horror, but said not a word.

"I can not help it," said the sheriff, in still deeper embarrassment. "I feel for you, for both of you, but you must come with me."

"Oh, spare him!" cried Edith. "He is ill. He has just risen from his bed. Leave him

here. He is not fit to go. Let me nurse him."

The sheriff looked at her in increasing embarrassment, with a face full of pity.

"I am deeply grieved," he said, in a low voice, "but I can not do otherwise. I must do my duty. You, Mrs. Dudleigh, must come also. I have a warrant for you too."

"What!" groaned Dalton; "for her?"

The sheriff said nothing. The old man's face had such an expression of anguish that words were useless.

"Again!" murmured Dalton. "Again! and on that false charge! She will die! she will die!"

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Edith. "Do not think of me. I can bear it. There is no danger for me. It is for you only that I am anxious."

"My child! my darling Edith!" groaned the unhappy father, "this is my work—this is what I have wrought for you."

Edith pressed her father to her heart. She raised her pale face, and, looking upward, sighed out in her agony of soul,

"O God! Is there any justice in heaven, when this is the justice of earth!"

Nothing more was said. No one had any thing to say. This double arrest was something too terrible for words, and the darkest forebodings came to the mind of each one of these unhappy victims of the law. And thus, in silence and in fear, they were led away—to prison and to judgment.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE BROTHERS.

ON leaving Dalton Hall Reginald went to the place mentioned by Miss Fortescue. It was on the railway, and was about four miles from Dudleigh Manor. Here he found Miss Fortescue.

She told him that she had tried to find Leon by making inquiries every where among his old haunts, but without any success whatever. At last she concluded that, since he was in such strict hiding, Dudleigh Manor itself would not be an unlikely place in which to find him. She had come here, and, after disguising herself with her usual skill, had made inquiries of the porter with as much adroitness as possible. All her efforts, however, were quite in vain. The porter could not be caught committing himself in any way, but professed to have seen nothing of the missing man for months. She would have come away from this experiment in despair had it not been for one circumstance, which, though small in itself, seemed to her to have very deep meaning. It was this. While she was talking with the porter a dog came up, which at once began to fawn on her. This amazed the porter, who did

not like the appearance of things, and tried to drive the dog away. But Miss Fortescue had in an instant recognized the dog of Leon, well-known to herself, and once a great pet.

This casual appearance of the dog seemed to her the strongest possible proof that Leon was now in that very place. He must have been left purposely in Dalton Park for a few days, probably having been stationed at that very spot which he kept so persistently. If so, the same one who left him there must have brought him here. It was inconceivable that the dog could have found his way here alone from Dalton Park. In addition to this, the porter's uneasiness at the dog's recognition of her was of itself full of meaning.

This was all that she had been able to find out, but this was enough. Fearful that Leon might suspect who she was, she had written to Reginald at once; and now that he had come, she urged him to go to Dudleigh Manor himself and find out the truth.

There was no need to urge Reginald. His anxiety about his mother was enough to make him anxious to lose no time, but the prospect of finding Leon made him now doubly anxious. It was already evening, however, and he would have to defer his visit until the following day.

At about nine o'clock the next morning Reginald Dudleigh stood at his father's gate—the gate of that home from which he had been so long an exile. The porter came out to open it, and stared at him in surprise.

"I didn't know you was out, Sir," he said.

Evidently the porter had mistaken him for Leon. This address assured him of the fact of Leon's presence. The porter was a new hand, and Reginald did not think it worth while to explain. He entered silently while the porter held the gate open, and then walked up the long avenue toward the manor-house.

The door was open. He walked in. Some servants were moving about, who seemed to think his presence a matter of course. These also evidently mistook him for Leon; and these things, slight as they were, assured him that his brother must be here. Yet in spite of the great purpose for which he had come—a purpose, as he felt, of life and death, and even more—in spite of this, he could not help pausing for a moment as he found himself within these familiar precincts, in the home of his childhood, within sight of objects so well remembered, so long lost to view.

But it was only for a few moments. The first rush of feeling passed, and then there came back the recollection of all that lay before him, of all that depended upon this visit. He walked on. He reached the great stairway. He ascended it. He came to the great hall up stairs. On one side was the

drawing-room, on the other the library. The former was empty, but in the latter there was a solitary occupant. He was seated at a table, writing. So intent was this man on his occupation that he did not hear the sound of approaching footsteps, or at least did not regard them; for even as Reginald stood looking at him, he went on with his writing. His back was turned toward the door, so that Reginald could not see his face, but the outline of the figure was sufficient. Reginald stood for a moment looking at him. Then he advanced toward the writer, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

The writer gave a sudden start, leaped from his chair, and turned round. There was fear on his face—the fear of one who is on the look-out for sudden danger—a fear without a particle of recognition. But gradually the blankness of his terrified face departed, and there came a new expression—an expression in which there was equal terror, yet at the same time a full recognition of the danger before him.

It was Leon Dudleigh.

Reginald said not one word, but looked at him with a stern, relentless face.

As these two thus stood looking at one another, each saw in the other's face the marvelous resemblance to himself, which had been already so striking to others, and so bewildering. But the expression was totally different. Aside from the general air characteristic of each, there was the look that had been called up by the present meeting. Reginald confronted his brother with a stern, menacing gaze, and a look of authority that was more than the ordinary look which might belong to an elder brother. Leon's face still kept its look of fear, and there seemed to be struggling with this fear an impulse to fly, which he was unable to obey. Reginald looked like the master, Leon like the culprit and the slave.

Leon was the first to speak.

"You—here!" he faltered.

"Where else should I be?" said Reginald, in a stern voice.

"What do you want?" asked Leon, rallying from his fear, and apparently encouraged by the sound of his own voice.

"What do I want?" repeated Reginald. "Many things. First, I want you; secondly, my mother."

"You won't get any thing out of me," said Leon, fiercely.

"In the first place, the sight of you is one of the chief things," said Reginald, with a sneer. "After having heard your sad fate, it is something to see you here in the flesh."

"It's that infernal porter!" cried Leon, half to himself.

"What do you mean? Do you blame him for letting me in—*me*—Reginald Dudleigh—your elder brother?"

"You're disinherited," growled Leon.

"Pooh!" said Reginald. "How can the eldest son be disinherited? But I'm not going to waste time. I have come to call you to account for what you have done, and I have that to say to you which you must hear, and, what is more, you must obey."

If Leon's face could have grown whiter than it already was, it would have become so at these words. His fear seemed swallowed up in a wild overmastering rush of fury and indignation. He started back and seized the bell-rope.

"I don't know you!" he almost yelled. "Who are you?" Saying this he pulled the bell-rope again and again. "Who are you?" he repeated over and over again, pulling the bell-rope as he spoke. "I'll have you turned out. You're an infernal impostor! Who are you? I can prove that Reginald Dudley is dead. I'll have you turned out. I'll have you turned out."

While he was speaking, his frantic and repeated tugs at the bell had roused the house. Outside the rush of footsteps was heard, and soon a crowd of servants poured into the room.

"You scoundrels!" roared Leon. "What do you mean by letting strangers in here in this way? Put this fellow out! Put him out! Curse you! why don't you collar him and put him out?"

As the servants entered, Reginald turned half round and faced them. Leon shouted out these words, and shook his fist toward his brother, while the servants stared in amazement at the astonishing spectacle. The two brothers stood there before them, the one calm and self-possessed, the other infuriated with excitement; but the wonderful resemblance between them held the servants spell-bound.

As soon as he could make himself heard, Reginald spoke.

"You will do nothing of the kind. Most of you are new faces, but some of you remember me. Holder," said he, as his eyes, wandering over the faces before him, rested upon one, "don't you know your young master? Have you forgotten Reginald Dudley?"

As he said this an old man came forth from the rear and looked at him, with his hands clasped together and his eyes full of tears.

"Lord be merciful to us all," he cried, with a trembling voice, "if it beant Master Reginald hisself come back to life again, and me mournin' over him as dead! Oh, Master Reginald, but it's glad I am this day. And where have ye been?"

"Never mind, old man," said Reginald, kindly; "you'll know soon enough." Saying this, he shook the old man's hand, and then turned with lowering brow once more upon Leon.

"Leon," said he, "none of this foolery. You found out what I am when you were a

boy. None of this hysterical excitement. I am master here."

But Leon made no reply. With his face now on fire with rage, he retreated a few steps and looked under the table. He called quickly to something that was there, and as he called, a huge dog came forth and stood by his side. This dog he led forward, and pointed at Reginald.

The servants looked on with pale faces at this scene, overcome with horror as they saw Leon's purpose.

"Go," said Leon, fiercely, to Reginald, "or you'll be sorry."

Reginald said nothing, but put his hand into his breast pocket and drew forth a revolver. It was not a very common weapon in England in those days, but Reginald had picked one up in his wanderings, and had brought it with him on the present occasion. Leon, however, did not seem to notice it. He was intent on one purpose, and that was to drive Reginald away.

He therefore put his hand on the dog's head, and, pointing toward his brother, shouted, "At him, Sir!" The dog hesitated for a moment. His master called again. The huge brute gathered himself up. One more cry from the now frenzied Leon, and the dog gave a tremendous leap forward full at Reginald's throat.

A cry of horror burst from the servants. They were by no means oversensitive, but this scene was too terrible.

The dog sprang.

But at that instant the loud report of Reginald's revolver rang through the house, and the fierce beast, with a sharp howl, fell back, and lay on the floor writhing in his death agony. The wound was a mortal one.

Reginald replaced his pistol in his pocket.

"I'm sorry for the poor beast," said he, as he looked at the dog for a moment, "but I could not help it. And you," he continued, turning to the servants, "go down stairs. When I want you I will call for you. Holder will tell you who I am."

At this the servants all retreated, overawed by the look and manner of this new master.

The shot of the pistol seemed to have overwhelmed Leon. He shrank back, and stared by turns at Reginald and the dog, with a white face and a scowling brow.

After the servants had gone, Reginald walked up to him.

"I will have no more words," said he, fiercely. "I'm your master now, Leon, as I always have been. You are in my power now. You must either do as I bid you, or else go to jail. I have taken up all your notes; I have paid more than forty thousand pounds, and I now hold those notes of yours. I do not intend to let you go till you do what I wish. If you don't, I will take you from this place and put you in

jail. I have warrants all ready, and in the proper hands. The officers are waiting in the neighborhood. Besides these claims, I shall have charges against you of a graver kind; you know what, so that you can not escape. Now listen. I am your only creditor now, and your only accuser. You need not hide any longer, or fly from the country. Confess; come to terms with me, and you shall be a free man; refuse, and you shall suffer the very worst that the law inflicts. If you do not come to terms with me, you are lost. I give you only this chance. You can do nothing. You can not harm Miss Dalton now, for I have found you out, and your miserable trick is of no use any longer. Come, now; decide at once. I will give you just ten minutes. If you come to terms, you are safe; if not, you go to jail."

"Who'll take me?" said Leon, in a surly voice.

"I," said Reginald—"I, with my own hands. I will take you out of this place, and hand you over to the officers who are waiting not very far away."

Saying this, Reginald looked at his watch, and then replacing it, turned once more to Leon.

"Your tricks have failed. I will produce you as you are, and Miss Dalton will be safe. You'll have to explain it all in court, so you may as well explain it to me. I don't want to be hard with you. I know you of old, and have forgiven other villainies of yours. You can't take vengeance on any one. Even your silence will be of no use. You must choose between a confession to me now, or a general confession in court. Besides, even if you could have vengeance, it wouldn't be worth so much to a man like you as what I offer you. I offer you freedom. I will give you back all your notes and bonds. You will be no longer in any danger. More, I will help you. I don't want to use harsh measures if I can help it. Don't be a fool. Do as I say, and accept my offer. If you don't, I swear, after what you've done I'll show you no more mercy than I showed your dog."

Leon was silent. His face grew more tranquil. He was evidently affected by his brother's words. He stood, in thought, with his eyes fixed on the floor. Debt was a great evil. Danger was around him. Freedom was a great blessing. Thus far he had been safe only because he had been in hiding. Besides, he was powerless now, and his knowledge of Reginald, as he had been in early life, and as he saw him now, showed him that his brother always meant what he said.

"I don't believe you have those notes and bonds."

"How could I know unless I paid them? I will tell you the names concerned in most of them, and the amounts."

And Reginald thereupon enumerated several creditors, with the amounts due to each. By this Leon was evidently convinced.

"And you've paid them?" said he.

"Yes."

"And you'll give them to me?"

"I will. I am your only creditor now. I have found out and paid every debt of yours. I did this to force you to come to terms. That is all I want. You see that this is for your interest. More, I will give you enough to begin life on. Do you ask more than this?"

Leon hesitated for a short time longer.

"Well," said he at last, "what is it that you want me to do?"

"First of all I want you to tell me about that infernal trick of yours with—the body. Whose is it? Mind you, it's of no consequence now, so long as you are alive, and can be produced; but I wish to know."

With some hesitation Leon informed his brother. The information which he gave confirmed the suspicions of Miss Fortescue. He had determined to be avenged on Edith and her father, and after that night on which Edith had escaped he had managed to procure a body in London from some of the body-snatchers who supplied the medical schools there. He had removed the head, and dressed it in the clothes which he had last worn. He had taken it to Dalton Park and put it in the well about a week after Edith's flight. He had never gone back to his room, but had purposely left it as it was, so as to make his disappearance the more suspicious. He himself had contrived to raise those frequent rumors which had arisen and grown to such an extent that they had terminated in the search at Dalton Park. Anonymous letters to various persons had suggested to them the supposed guilt of Edith, and the probability of the remains being found in the well.

The horror which Reginald felt at this disclosure was largely mitigated by the fact that he had already imagined some such proceeding as this, for he had felt sure that it was a trick, and therefore it had only been left to account for the trick.

The next thing which Reginald had to investigate was the mock marriage. But here he did not choose to question Leon directly about Edith. He rather chose to investigate that earlier marriage with Miss Fortescue.

By this time Leon's objections to confess had vanished. The inducements which Reginald held out were of themselves attractive enough to one in his desperate position, and, what was more, he felt that there was no alternative. Having once begun, he seemed to grow accustomed to it, and spoke with greater freedom.

To Reginald's immense surprise and relief, Leon informed him that the marriage with



"THE FIERCE BEAST, WITH A SHARP HOWL, FELL BACK."—[SEE PAGE 367.]

Miss Fortescue was not a mock marriage at all. For once in his life he had been honest. The marriage had been a real one. It was only after the affair in the Dalton vaults that he had pretended that it was false. He did so in order to free himself from his real wife, and gain some control over the Dalton estate. The Rev. Mr. Porter was a *bona fide* clergyman, and the marriage had been conducted in a legal manner. He had found out that the Rev. Mr. Porter had gone to Scotland, and saw that he could easily deceive his wife.

"But," said Reginald, "what is the reason that your wife could never find him out? She looked over all the lists of clergymen, and wrote to all of the name of Porter. She could not find him."

"Naturally enough," said Leon, indifferently. "She supposed that he belonged to the Church, because he used the Church service; but he was a Presbyterian."

"Where is he now?"

"When last I heard about him he was at Falkirk."

"Then Miss Fortescue was regularly married, and is now your wife?"

VOL. XLIX.—No. 291.—25

"She is my wife," said Leon.

At this Reginald was silent for some time. The joy that filled his heart at this discovery was so great that for a time it drove away those other thoughts, deep and dread, that had taken possession of him. But these thoughts soon returned.

"One thing more," said he, in an anxious voice. "Leon, where is my mother?"

CHAPTER LIV.

THE SONS AND THEIR FATHER.

"WHERE is my mother?"

Such was Reginald's last question. He asked it as though Lady Dudleigh was only *his* mother, and not the mother of Leon also. But the circumstances of his past life had made his father and his brother seem like strangers, and his mother seemed all his own.

At this question Leon stared at him with a look of surprise that was evidently unfeigned.

"Your mother?" he repeated.

"I do not say *our* mother," said Reginald. "I say *my* mother. Where is she?"

"I swear I know nothing about her," said Leon, earnestly. "I have never seen her."

"You have never seen her?" repeated Reginald, in a tremulous voice.

"Never," said Leon; "that is, not since she left this place ten years ago."

"You saw her at Dalton Hall?" cried Reginald.

"At Dalton Hall? I did not," said Leon.

"Mrs. Dunbar, she called herself. You saw her often."

"Mrs. Dunbar! Good Heavens!" cried Leon, in unaffected surprise. "How was I to know that?"

Reginald looked at him gloomily and menacingly.

"Leon," said he, in a stern voice, "if you dare to deceive me about this, I will show no mercy. You must tell *all*—yes, *all*!"

"But I tell you I don't know any thing about her," said Leon; "I swear I don't. I'll tell every thing that I know. No such person has ever been here."

Reginald looked at his brother with a gloomy frown; but Leon's tone seemed sincere, and the thought came to him that his brother could have no reason for concealment. If Leon did not know, he would have to seek what he wished from another—his father. His father and his mother had gone off together; that father alone could tell.

"Where is Sir Lionel?" asked Reginald, as these thoughts came to him. He called him "Sir Lionel." He could not call him "father."

Leon looked at him with a strange expression.

"He is here," said he.

"Where shall I find him? I want to see him at once. Is he in his room?"

Leon hesitated.

"Quick!" said Reginald, impatiently. "Why don't you answer?"

"You won't get much satisfaction out of him," said Leon, in a peculiar voice.

"I'll find out what he knows. I'll tear the secret out of him," cried Reginald, fiercely. "Where is he? Come with me. Take me to him."

"You'll find it rather hard to get any thing out of him," said Leon, with a short laugh. "He's beyond even *your* reach, and your courts of law too."

"What do you mean?" cried Reginald.

"Well, you may see for yourself," said Leon. "You won't be satisfied, I suppose, unless you do. Come along. You needn't be alarmed. I won't run. I'll stick to my part of our agreement, if you stick to yours."

With these words Leon led the way out of the library, and Reginald followed. They went up a flight of stairs and along a hall to the extreme end. Here Leon stopped at a door, and proceeded to take a key from his

pocket. This action surprised Reginald. He remembered the room well. In his day it had not been used at all, except on rare occasions, and had been thus neglected on account of its gloom and dampness.

"What's the meaning of this?" he asked, gloomily, looking suspiciously at the key.

"Oh, you'll see soon enough," said Leon.

With these words he inserted the key in the lock as noiselessly as possible, and then gently turned the bolt. Having done this, he opened the door a little, and looked in with a cautious movement. These proceedings puzzled Reginald still more, and he tried in vain to conjecture what their object might be.

One cautious look satisfied Leon. He opened the door wider, and said, in a low voice, to his brother,

"Come along; he's quiet just now."

With these words he entered, and held the door for Reginald to pass through. Without a moment's hesitation Reginald went into the room. He took but one step, and then stopped, rooted to the floor by the sight that met his eyes.

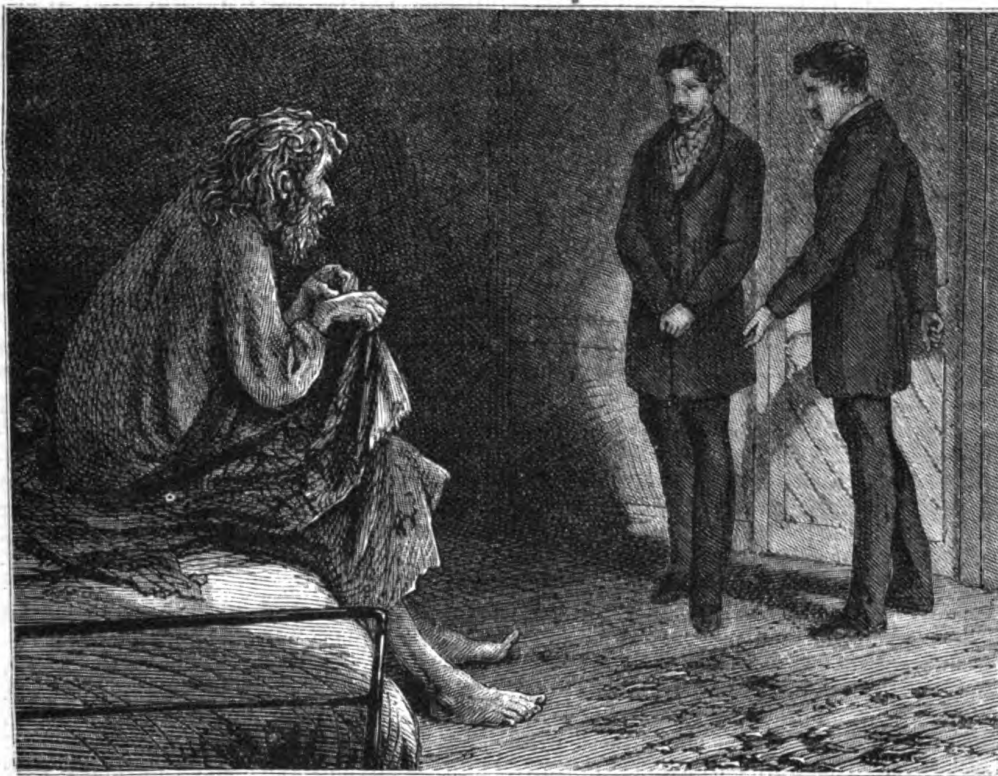
The room was low, and had no furniture but an iron bed. There were two small, deep windows, over which the ivy had grown so closely that it dimmed the light, and threw an air of gloom over the scene.

Upon the iron bed was seated a strange figure, the sight of which sent a thrill of horror through Reginald's frame. It was a thin, emaciated figure, worn and bent. His hair was as white as snow; his beard and mustache were short and stubbly, as though they were the growth of but a few weeks; while his whiskers were bushy and matted together.

Over this figure a quilt was thrown in a fantastic manner, under which appeared a long night-gown, from which thin bare legs protruded, with bare, gaunt, skeleton-like feet.

As he sat there his eyes wandered about on vacancy; a silly smile was on his white, worn face; he kept muttering to himself continually some incoherent and almost inaudible sentences; and at the same time his long bony fingers kept clawing and picking at the quilt which covered him.

At first Reginald could scarce believe what he saw; but there was the fact before his eyes, and the terrible truth could not be denied that in this wretched creature before him was the wreck of that one who but a short time before had seemed to him to be a powerful and unscrupulous villain, full of the most formidable plans for inflicting fresh wrongs upon those whom he had already so foully injured. Reginald had seen him for a few moments at the trial, and had noticed that the ten eventful years for which they had been parted had made but little difference in his appearance. The casual



"UPON THE IRON BED WAS SEATED A STRANGE FIGURE."

glimpses of him which he afterward had caught showed some change, but nothing very striking; but now the change was terrible, the transformation was hideous; the strong man had become a shattered wreck; the once vigorous mind had sunk into a state of helpless imbecility and driveling idiocy.

Leon shut the door, and turning the key, stood looking on. The slight noise which he made attracted the wandering gaze of the madman. He started slightly, and stood up, wrapping the quilt carefully around him. Then, with a silly smile, he advanced a few paces.

"Well, Dr. Morton," he said, in a weak, quavering voice, "you have received my letter, I hope. Here is this person that I wrote about. Her name is Mrs. Dunbar. She is an old dependent. She is mad—ha, ha!—mad. Yes, mad, doctor. She thinks she is my wife. She calls herself Lady Dudleigh. But, doctor, her real name is Mrs. Dunbar. She is mad, doctor—mad—mad—mad. Ha, ha, ha!"

At these words a terrible suspicion came to Reginald's mind. The madman had still prominent in his thoughts the idea which he had lately been carrying out. Could there be any truth in these words, or were they mere fancies? He said not a word, but looked and listened in anxious silence. He had felt a moment's pity for this man, who, wretch though he had been, was still his father; but now his mother's image rose be-

fore him—his mother, pale, suffering, and perhaps despairing—and in his eager desire to learn her fate, all softer feelings for his father died out.

"You must keep her, Dr. Morton," said Sir Lionel, in the same tone. "You know what she wants. I will pay you well. Money is no object. You must keep her close—close—yes, close as the grave. She is incurable, doctor. She must never come out of this place with her mad fancies. For she is mad—mad—mad—mad—mad. Oh yes. Ha, ha, ha!"

Sir Lionel then smiled as before, and chuckled to himself, while a leer of cunning triumph flashed for a moment from his wandering eyes. "Trapped!" he ejaculated, softly. "Trapped! The keeper! The keeper trapped! She thought she was my keeper! And so she was. But she was trapped—yes, trapped. The keeper trapped! Ha, ha, ha! She thought it was an inn," he continued, after a brief silence, in which he chuckled to himself over the remembrance of his scheme; "and so she was trapped. The keeper was caught herself, and found herself in a mad-house! And she'll never get out—never! She's mad. They'll all believe it. Mad! Yes, mad—and in a mad-house! Ha, ha, ha! There's Lady Dudleigh for you! But she's Mrs. Dunbar now. Ha, ha, ha!"

Reginald's eagerness to learn more was uncontrollable. In his impatience to find

out, he could no longer wait for his father's stray confessions.

"What mad-house? Where?" he asked, eagerly and abruptly.

Sir Lionel did not look at him. But the question came to him none the less. It came to him as if it had been prompted by his own thoughts, and he went on upon the new idea which this question started.

"She saw me write it, too—the letter—and she saw me write the address. There it was as plain as day—the address. Dr. Morton, I wrote, Lichfield Asylum, Lichfield, Berks. But she didn't look at it. She helped me put it in the post-office. Trapped! trapped! Oh yes—the keeper trapped!" he continued. "She thought we were going to Dudleigh Manor, but we were going to Lichfield Asylum. And we stopped there. And she stopped there. And she is there now. Trapped! Ha, ha, ha! And, my good doctor, keep her close, for she's mad. Oh yes—mad—mad—mad—and very dangerous!"

The wretched man now began to totter from weakness, and finally sat down upon the floor. Here he gathered his quilt about him, and began to smile and chuckle and wag his head and pick at his fantastic dress as before. The words which he muttered were inaudible, and those which could be heard were utterly incoherent. The subject that had been presented to his mind by the entrance of Reginald was now forgotten, and his thoughts wandered at random, like the thoughts of a feverish dream, without connection and without meaning.

Reginald turned away. He could no longer endure so painful a spectacle. He had been long estranged from his father, and he had come home for the sake of obtaining justice from that father, for the sake of the innocent man who had suffered so unjustly and so terribly, and whom he loved as a second father. Yet here there was a spectacle which, if he had been a vengeful enemy, would have filled him with horror. One only feeling was present in his mind now to alleviate that horror, and this was a sense of profound relief that this terrible affliction had not been wrought by any act of his. He had no hand in it. It had come upon his father either as the gradual result of years of anxiety, or as the immediate effect of the sudden appearance of Dalton and his wife.

But for these thoughts there was no leisure. His whole mind was filled with but one idea—his mother. In a few moments they were outside the room. The madman was left to himself, and Reginald questioned Leon about him.

"I have heard all this before," said Leon. "He came home very queer, and before a week was this way. I put him in there to keep him out of mischief. I feed him myself. No one else goes near him. I've had a doc-

tor up, but he could do nothing. He has often talked in this way about trapping some one, but he never mentioned any name till to-day. He never did—I swear he never did. I swear I had no idea that he had reference to my—to Lady Dudleigh. I thought it was some crazy fancy about Mr. Dalton—some scheme of his for 'trapping' him. I did—I swear."

Such was Leon's statement, extorted from him by the fiercest of cross-questionings on the part of Reginald, accompanied by most savage threats.

Leon, however, swore that he thought it referred to a scheme of his father's to "trap" Dalton, and shut him up in a mad-house. If it was true that no names had been mentioned, Reginald saw that it was quite possible that Leon might have supposed what he said, though his knowledge of his brother did not lead him to place any particular confidence in his statement, even when accompanied by an oath.

It now remained to find out, without delay, the place which the madman had revealed. Reginald remembered it well: *Dr. Morton, Lichfield Asylum, Lichfield, Berks.* Leon also said that the same name had been always mentioned. There could not, therefore, be any mistake about this, and it only remained to find out where it was.

Leon knew both the man and the place, and told all that he knew, not because he had a particle of affection for his mother, but because he wished to satisfy Reginald, so as to gain that freedom which his brother only could give him. He had been the intimate confidant of his father, and this Dr. Morton had been connected with them previously in another affair. He was therefore able to give explicit information about the place, and the quickest manner of reaching it.

Reginald set off that very day.

"It will be better for you to stay here," said he to Leon, as he was leaving, in a significant tone.

"Oh, I'll stay," said Leon. "If you act square, that's all I want. Give me those notes and bonds, and I'll never trouble you or yours again."

Before leaving he obtained from Leon further information about his first marriage with Miss Fortescue. This he communicated to Leon's wife, whom he found waiting for him in great suspense. As soon as she heard it she set out for London to find the witness mentioned by Leon; after which she intended to go to Falkirk in search of the clergyman.

After parting with Leon's wife, Reginald left by the first train, *en route* for Dr. Morton's asylum at Lichfield, in accordance with Leon's directions. On the middle of the following day he reached the place.

He came there accompanied by two officers of the law, who had a warrant for the

arrest of Dr. Morton on a charge of conspiracy and illegal imprisonment. That distinguished physician came down to see his visitors, under the impression that one of them was a patient, and was very much surprised when he found himself under arrest. Still more surprised was he when Reginald asked him, fiercely, after Lady Dudleigh.

In a few moments the door of Lady Dudleigh's room was flung open, and the almost despairing inmate found herself in the arms of her son. She looked feeble and emaciated, though not so much so as Reginald had feared. She had known too much of the sorrows of life to yield altogether to this new calamity. Her chief grief had been about others, the fear that they might have become the prey of the villain who had shut her in here; but in spite of her terrible suspense, she struggled against the gloom of her situation, and tried to hope for release. It had come at last, and with it came also the news that there was no longer any need for her or for Reginald to take any proceedings against the guilty husband and father, since he had been struck down by a more powerful arm.

When they went away, Dr. Morton was taken away also. In due time he was tried on the charge above mentioned. He showed, however, that Lady Dudleigh had been put under his care by Sir Lionel himself, and in the usual way; that Sir Lionel had specified the nature of her insanity to consist in the belief that she was his wife, and that so long as she maintained that belief he thought her actually insane. He showed that, apart from that confinement which he had deemed requisite, she had been treated with no unnecessary cruelty. Many other things he also showed, by means of which he contrived to obtain an acquittal. Still, so much came out in the course of the trial, and so very narrow was his escape, and so strong was his fear of being re-arrested on other charges, that he concluded to emigrate to another country, and this he did without delay.

But Reginald returned at once with his mother to Dudleigh Manor. Here Lady Dudleigh for a few days sank under the effects of the accumulated troubles through which she had passed, and when at length she was able to move about, Sir Lionel was the first one of whom she thought, and she at once devoted herself to him. But the wretched man was already beyond the reach of her care. His strength was failing rapidly; he refused all nourishment; his mind was a hopeless wreck; he recognized no one; and all that was now left to the wife to do was to watch over him and nurse him as patiently as possible until the end, which she knew must be near.

In the excitement consequent upon his first return, his interviews with Leon and Sir Lionel, his rescue of Lady Dudleigh, and

his deep anxiety about her after her release, Reginald had sent no word to Edith of any kind. This arose neither from neglect nor forgetfulness, but because his surroundings were too sad, and he had not the heart to write to her until some brighter prospect should appear. His mother's short illness at first alarmed him; but this passed away, and on her recovery he felt sufficiently cheerful to send to Edith an account of all that had occurred.

Ten days had passed since he parted with her. On the day after he wrote to her he received a letter from her. It was the first communication that he had received.

That letter conveyed to him awful intelligence. It informed him of the arrest of Edith and Frederick Dalton.

CHAPTER LV.

CONCLUSION.

THIS intelligence was so terrible and so unexpected that for some time he felt overwhelmed with utter horror. Then a dark suspicion came to him that this was the work of Leon, who, enraged at his baffled schemes, had dealt this last blow upon those whom he had already so deeply wronged. This suspicion roused the utmost fury of Reginald's nature, and he hurried forth at once to seek his brother.

He found him sauntering up and down in front of the house. Leon had remained here ever since his interview with Reginald, in accordance with his promise. As he now saw his brother approach, he started, and looked at him with an expression of astonishment not unmingled with terror.

Without any preliminaries, Reginald at once assailed him with the most vehement denunciations, and in a few burning words, full of abhorrence and wrath, he accused him of this new piece of villainy.

"You're wrong—you're wrong—you're altogether wrong!" cried Leon, eagerly. "I have done nothing—I swear I've done nothing! I've never left the place."

"You've sent word!" cried Reginald, furiously.

"I have not—I swear I haven't!" said Leon. "I haven't written a line to any one. I've had no communication whatever with a single soul."

"It's your work, and yours only!" cried Reginald; "and, by Heaven, you shall suffer for it! You've broken the agreement between us, and now I'll show you no mercy!"

"I haven't broken it! I swear by all that's most holy!" cried Leon, earnestly. "I see how it is. This is merely the result of the old rumors—the old work going on. I swear it is! Besides, what danger can

happen to Miss Dalton? I need only show myself. I'll go there with you at once. Can I do more than that? When I am seen alive, there is no more danger for her. Do you think I'd be such an infernal fool as to work out such a piece of spite, which I would know to be utterly useless? No. I only want to wind up the whole affair, and get my freedom. I'll go there with you or without you, and make it all right so far as she is concerned. There. Can I do any thing more?"

These words mollified Reginald in some degree, since they showed that, after all, this new trouble might, as Leon said, have arisen from old machinations, as their natural result, and did not necessarily involve any new action on Leon's part.

"I'll go," said Reginald, "and you shall go with me; but if I find that you have played me false this time, by Heaven, I'll crush you!"

Reginald, accompanied by Leon, hurried off at once to the succor of Edith, and arrived there on the following day. It was the fifth day of their imprisonment, but, to Reginald's immense relief, this new misfortune did not seem to have affected either of them so painfully as he had feared. For to Edith imprisonment was familiar now, and this time she had the discovery of Miss Fortescue to console her. Besides, she had her father to think of and to care for. The kindness of the authorities had allowed the two to be together as much as possible; and Edith, in the endeavor to console her father, had forced herself to look on the brighter side of things, and to hope for the best.

Dalton, too, had borne this arrest with equanimity. After the first shock was past he thought over all that was most favorable to escape rather than the gloomier surroundings of a situation like his. For himself he cared nothing. To be brought once more before a court of law was desirable rather than otherwise. His arrangements for his own vindication were all complete, and he knew that the court could only acquit him with honor. But about Edith he felt an anxiety which was deeper than he cared to show, for he did not know how the evidence against her would be received.

The arrival of Reginald, however, drove away every fear. He brought the missing man himself. All was now explained. The news ran through the community like wildfire, and public opinion, which had so severely prejudged Edith, now turned around with a flood of universal sympathy in her favor. Some formalities had to be undergone, and then she was free.

The circumstances that had brought to light Edith's innocence served also to make known the innocence, the wrongs, and the sufferings of the father. The whole story of Dalton was made public through the ex-

ortions of Reginald, and society, which had once condemned him, now sought to vindicate him. But the work of vindication had to be done elsewhere, and in a more formal manner. Until then Dalton had to wait; yet this much of benefit he received from public sympathy, that he was allowed to go free and live at Dalton Hall until the law should finally decide his fate.

Long before that decision Sir Lionel passed away from the judgment of man to answer for his crimes at a higher tribunal. He passed away in his madness, unconscious of the presence of that wife whom he had doomed to exile, and who now, his only attendant, sought to soothe the madman's last moments. But the measures that were taken to vindicate Dalton were successful. Lady Dudleigh and Reginald could give their evidence in his favor without the fear of dealing out death to one so near as Sir Lionel. Death had already come to him, sent by a mightier power, and Dalton's vindication involved no new anguish. So it was that Frederick Dalton was at length cleared of that guilt that had so long clung to him; and if any thing could atone for his past sufferings, it was the restoration of his name to its ancient honor, the public expression of sympathy from the court and from the world, and the deep joy of Edith over such a termination to his sorrows.

But this was a work of time. Before this Reginald and Edith were married. They lived at Dudleigh Manor, for the associations of Dalton Hall were too painful, and Edith did not care to make a home in her old prison-house. To her father, too, the Hall was distasteful as a residence, and he made his abode with his daughter, who was now the only one on earth in whom he took any interest. But Dalton Hall was not untenanted. Lady Dudleigh lived there in the old home of her childhood, and passed her time in works of charity. She made an effort to reclaim Leon, and succeeded in keeping him with her for a few weeks; but the quiet life soon proved intolerable, and he wandered away at length to other scenes.

Reginald had dealt faithfully and even generously by him. After all his crimes and villainies, he could not forget that he was his brother, and he had done all in his power to renew his life for him. He had given him all the claims which he had collected, and thus had freed him from debt. He had also given him money enough to enable him to start afresh in life. But the money was soon gone, and the habits which Leon had formed made any change for the better impossible. He wandered away into his former associations and became a miserable vagabond, constantly sinking down deep into misery, to be saved for a time by his mother's assistance, but only to sink once more.

Mention must be made of two others before this story closes.

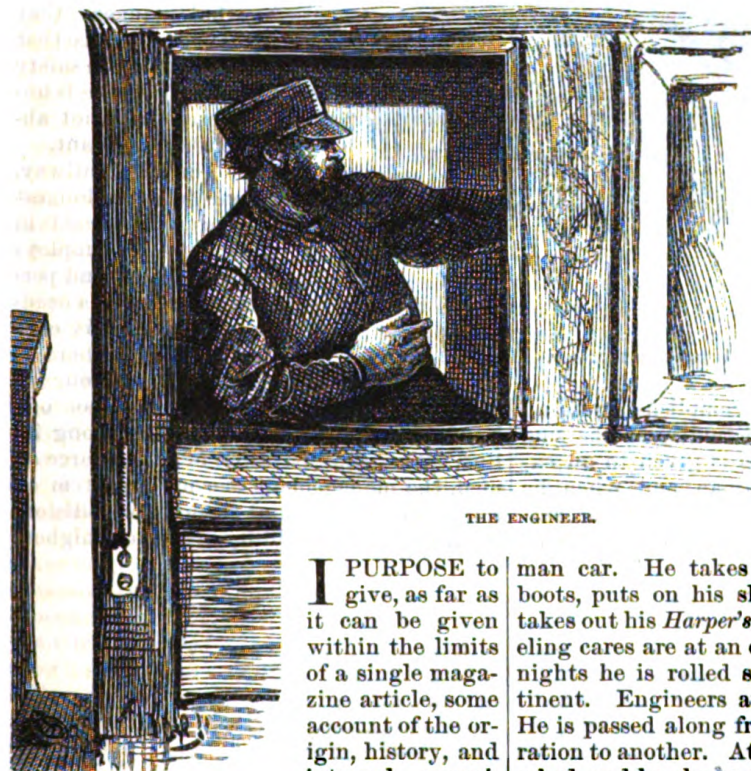
One of these is Leon's wife. She went away from Dudleigh Manor to Scotland in search of the clergyman who had married her. She succeeded in finding him, and in obtaining from him a formal certificate of her marriage. This, however, was not for the purpose of acquiring any hold whatever upon Leon, but rather for the sake of her own honor, and also out of regard for Edith, whom she wished to free from the last shadow of that evil which her own deceit had thrown upon the innocent girl. After this she was satisfied. She did not seek Leon again, nor did she ever again see him. She

retired from the world altogether, and joining a sisterhood of mercy, devoted the remainder of her life to acts of charity and humanity.

Last of all remains Miss Plympton, with whom this story began, and with whom it may end. That good lady recovered from the illness into which she had fallen on account of her anxiety about Edith, and was able to visit her not long after her release from her last imprisonment. She had given up her school; and as she had no home, she yielded to Edith's affectionate entreaties, and found a new home with her, where she passed the remainder of her days.

THE END.

THE AMERICAN RAILROAD.



THE ENGINEER.

I PURPOSE to give, as far as it can be given within the limits of a single magazine article, some account of the origin, history, and internal organization of the American railroad. Into the question so abundantly discussed of late in the public prints and periodicals, and now even in political caucuses and conventions, concerning the mutual rights and obligations of the railroad companies and the public, I shall not enter. Yet it may contribute something to a better understanding, and so indirectly to a solution of that problem, to have a clear idea of what a railroad corporation is, what are the hazards, what the toils, what the duties, difficulties, and dangers, of those who are connected with, and who have done most to create, develop, and carry on, these great highways of the present century,

the arteries which supply the whole body politic with its vital circulation—trade and commerce.

The traveler going West steps to the ticket office of the Pennsylvania, the Erie, or the New York Central Railroad. He purchases his ticket for San Francisco. He gives his trunk to a baggage-master, gets for it a little piece of metal, and sees and cares for it no more. A porter shows him his place in the Pull-

man car. He takes his seat, pulls off his boots, puts on his slippers, opens his bag, takes out his *Harper's Magazine*, and his traveling cares are at an end. For six days and nights he is rolled swiftly across the continent. Engineers and conductors change. He is passed along from one railroad corporation to another. At night his seat becomes a bed, and he sleeps as quietly, or nearly so, as if in his own bed at home. He traverses broad plains, passes over immense viaducts, whirls swiftly over mountain torrents on iron bridges, climbs or pierces mountains; but he never leaves his parlor; if need be, his meals are brought to him where he sits; and at length, after a week of luxurious though weary traveling, in which he has been in the keeping of half a dozen different companies, and has traversed over three thousand miles of country, part of it uninhabited and desolate, he is set down in the station at San Francisco. He looks at the clock in the station-room, compares it with the time-table in his hand, and finds that

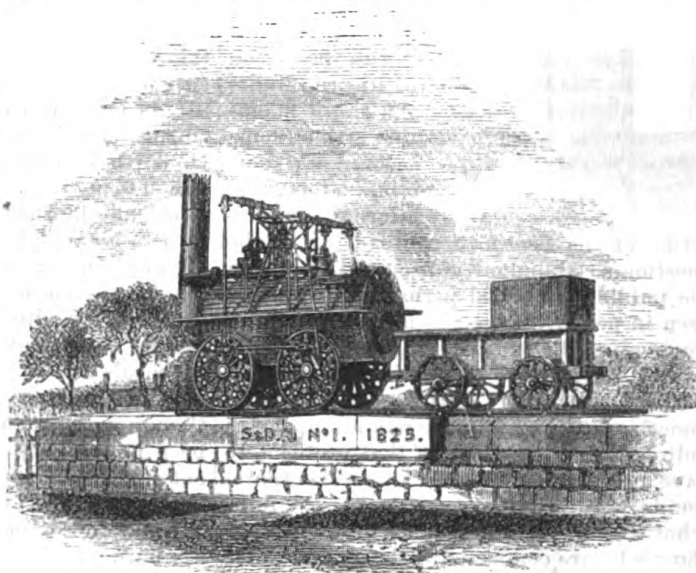


GEORGE STEPHENSON.

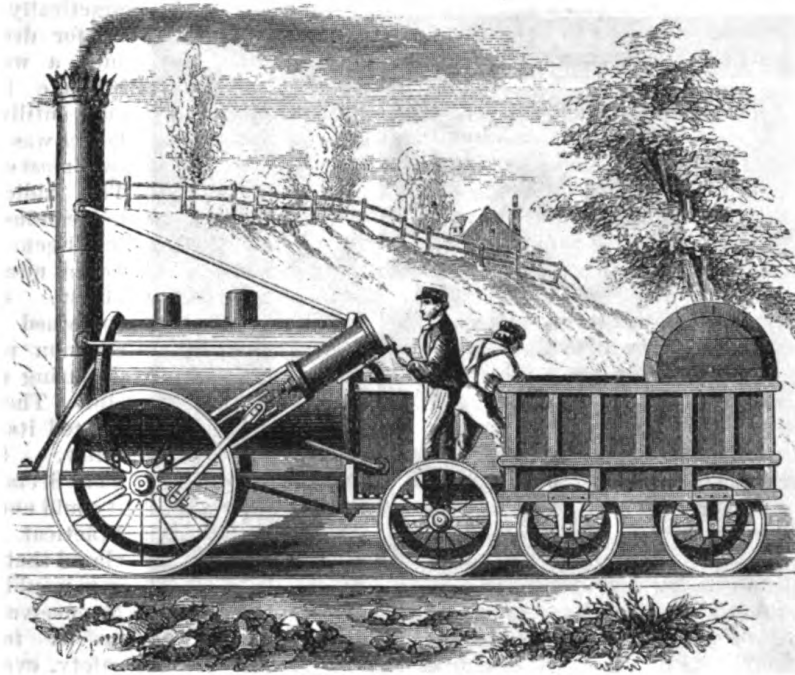
his journey has been accomplished with all the regularity and punctuality of the sun. His little piece of brass is given to an express agent or a hackman, and when he reaches his hotel, the trunk which he surrendered in New York is in the great hall awaiting him. It seems a very simple business; and if perchance through all this journey he finds the dinner at one waiting-place cold, or the conductor on one part of his trip discourteous, or the train stopped at any point in the long ride beyond his expectations, or his arrival at his destination delayed beyond the appointed hour, he is very apt to grumble, inwardly if not vocally. How much money has been put into this long line of rail; how much has been sunk in unsuccessful experiments; how many rich men have been ruined before the

work was done; how many sleepless nights surveyors and contractors have spent in providing this marvelous highway; how intricate and involved is the system of copartnership that is necessary to such a continuous transportation "without change of cars;" what a gigantic undertaking it is to administer this system, with its thousands of employes; how wide awake the engineers have been that the traveler may sleep; what dangers they have had to face that he may ride in safety—of all this he is unconscious, if not absolutely ignorant.

The Erie Railway, one of the longest lines of railroad in the world, employs fifteen thousand persons in various occupations. It is estimated that there is scarcely an hour of the day or night when there are not one hundred trains in actual running along its line. The administration of such a force of men, the management of such a system of railroad trains, without clashing or collision, requires executive ability of the very highest



THE NO. 1 ENGINE AT DARLINGTON.

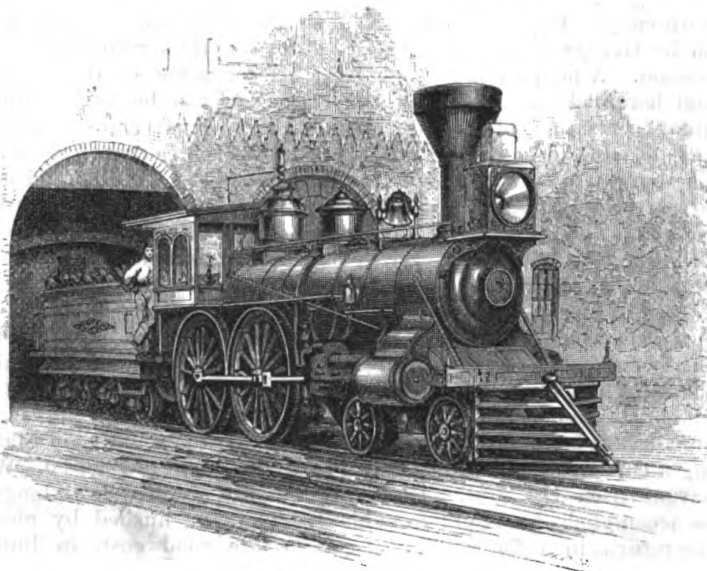


THE "ROCKET."

order. If, Sir, you think it easy, count up the difficulties you have with your own Irish gardener in the administration of your country place, with its horse and cow; then multiply those difficulties by fifteen thousand, and you have the problem of an American railroad president.

The railroad system has not yet reached its semi-centennial. The 27th of September, 1825, may be regarded as its birthday, if it can be said to have had a day of birth. The railroad from Stockton to Darlington, in England, had been completed. On the urgent recommendations of George Stephenson the original plan of a wooden tramway had been abandoned, and an iron railway had been substituted. Yielding to his persistency, the directors of this new-fangled and much ridiculed enterprise permitted him to put upon the road, which they had intended only for horse draught, a steam locomotive. A great concourse of people assembled on the occasion of its opening, to glorify the success or ridicule the failure of the man whom the multitude were equally ready to can-

onize as the wisest or to condemn as the craziest man in all England. Thoroughness was above all qualities a characteristic of this father of railroads; hence, fortunately for his reputation, and yet more fortunately for his work, he needed only an opportunity to demonstrate the practicability of his plans. On the trial day he was always ready; no overlooked or neglected point ever brought him or his work into disrepute. A long procession of vehicles was formed—six wagons loaded with coals and flour, a covered coach containing directors and passengers, twenty-one coal



LOCOMOTIVE OF TO-DAY.



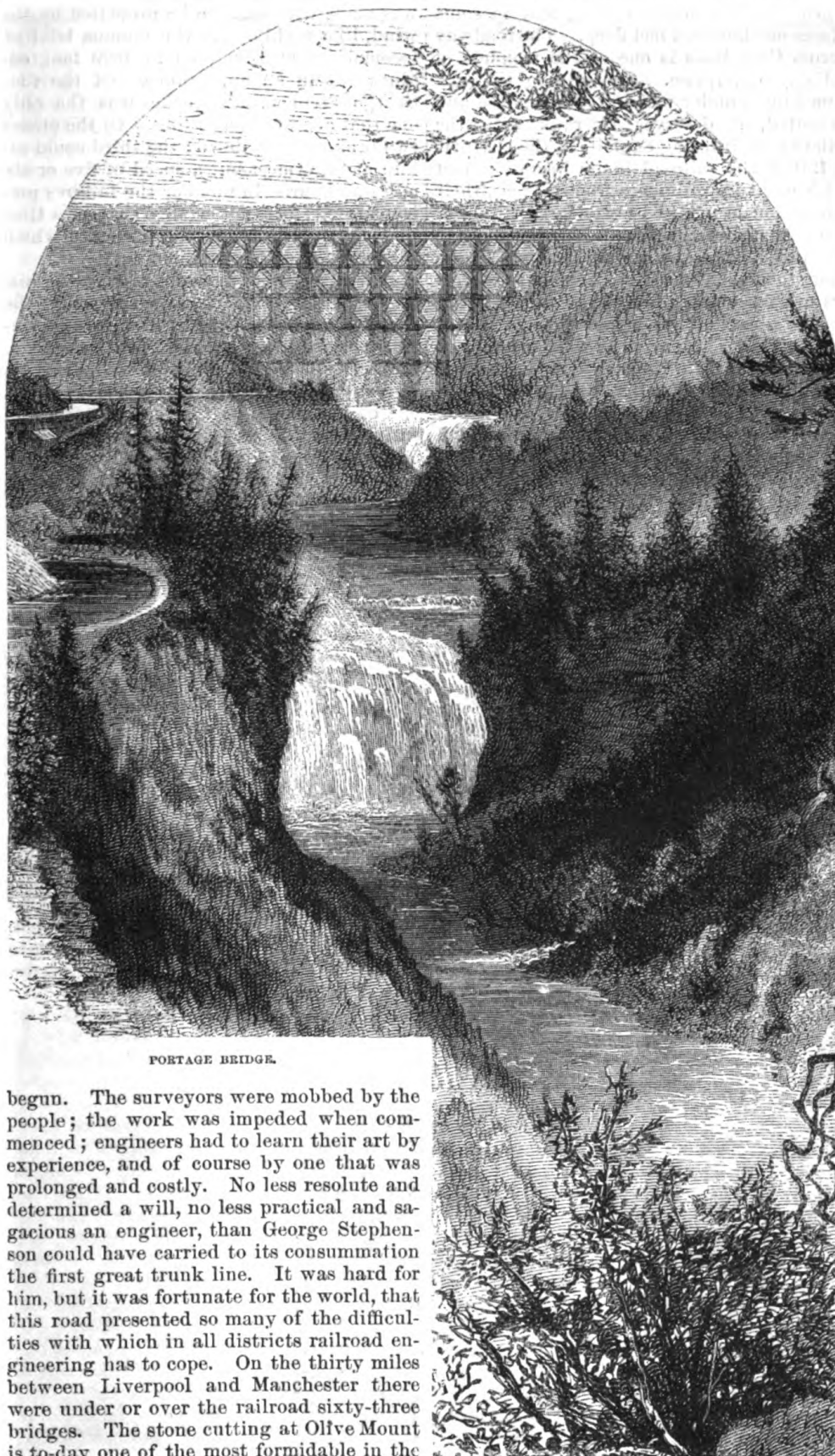
THE CAB OF THE ENGINE AT NIGHT.

wagons fitted up for and crowded with passengers, and six more wagons loaded with coals. Locomotive engine No. 1, driven by George Stephenson, headed the procession. A man on horseback rode before, and heralded the coming of the train. A great concourse of people, on horseback and on foot, accompanied it; but not long. The horseman who heralded was compelled to leave the track; the accompanying horsemen and the runners were distanced; and the first train that ever carried passengers finished its journey at the rate of from twelve to fifteen miles an hour.

It is not easy for us, with the whistle of the locomotive as familiar in our ears as the sound of the church bell, to conceive the difficulties under which the early promoters of railroads labored. The necessity of making a comparatively level roadway was apparent from the first. How this was to be accomplished was not so evident. That the returns in traffic would ever compensate for the prodigious expense involved was believed by few. That steam could ever be

practically employed for draught in such a way as to compete in speed and utility with horses was ridiculed by almost every one. This ridicule was not confined to un-intelligent and ignorant minds. The ablest engineers combined with the common people in declaring it impossible. They demonstrated its impossibility. Scientific men declared that it could not be done. Practical men declared that the dangers would render it inconceivably hazardous to public safety, even if the dream of the visionary enthusiasts could be realized. Political economists cried out against an imaginary reform, the result of which would be to throw out of employment drivers of stage-coaches and teamsters and innkeepers, and the whole class of artisans and traders whom the

then common methods of traffic kept busy. One of the ablest of English quarterlies, one of the warmest friends of the movement, thus ridiculed the absurd expectations of some of its sanguine promoters: "What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives traveling twice as fast as stage-coaches? We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate." A Parliamentary opponent to the first great passenger line, the Manchester and Liverpool, declared that it would be impossible to work the engine against a gale of wind. Another prophesied that it would deteriorate land in the vicinity of Manchester alone to the extent of £20,000. When Parliamentary opposition was at length silenced by argument or hushed by money—the charter of the road cost, in immaculate England, forty years before the days of *Crédit Mobilier*, £27,000—opposition and obstacle had but



PORTAGE BRIDGE.

begun. The surveyors were mobbed by the people; the work was impeded when commenced; engineers had to learn their art by experience, and of course by one that was prolonged and costly. No less resolute and determined a will, no less practical and sagacious an engineer, than George Stephenson could have carried to its consummation the first great trunk line. It was hard for him, but it was fortunate for the world, that this road presented so many of the difficulties with which in all districts railroad engineering has to cope. On the thirty miles between Liverpool and Manchester there were under or over the railroad sixty-three bridges. The stone cutting at Olive Mount is to-day one of the most formidable in the

world: it is two miles long, and in some places one hundred feet deep. The roadway across Chat Moss is one of the wonders of railway enterprise. Considering the circumstances under which it was devised and executed, it deserves to rank with the chiefest engineering exploits of the century.

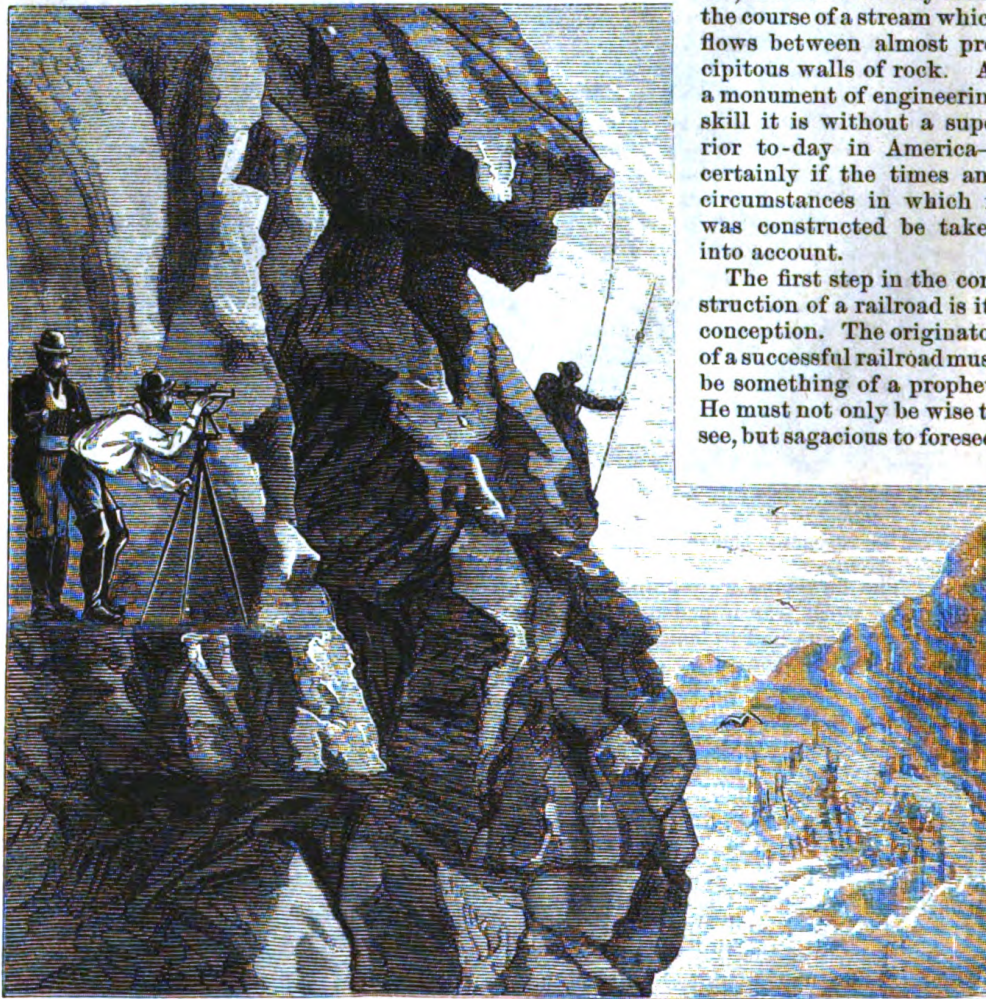
But if the railroad in its inception met with great impediments from its foes, their opposition is not to be wondered at. For the schemes of the first railroad men were often visionary and impracticable. Those that stood the test of time remain; the others are forgotten. That the world did not at first discriminate between them is not surprising. The curiously wild attempt to construct the Erie Railway on piles, and so save the expense of embankments, is but one of the numerous costly experiments which rendered no other service to any one than the experience they brought. How singularly crude were the ideas of the railroad pioneers receives a still more curious illustration in the history of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, one of the earliest constructed on American soil. The first locomotive

was made with sails, to be propelled by the wind, like a ship. At the famous trial of locomotives at Liverpool in 1829 four engines put in an appearance. Of the four George Stephenson's Rocket was the only one that achieved any thing. Of the others two broke utterly down; the third could attain at its utmost but a speed of five or six miles an hour. In number the failures preponderated; it is not strange that for a time they preponderated in the influence which they exerted on the public mind.

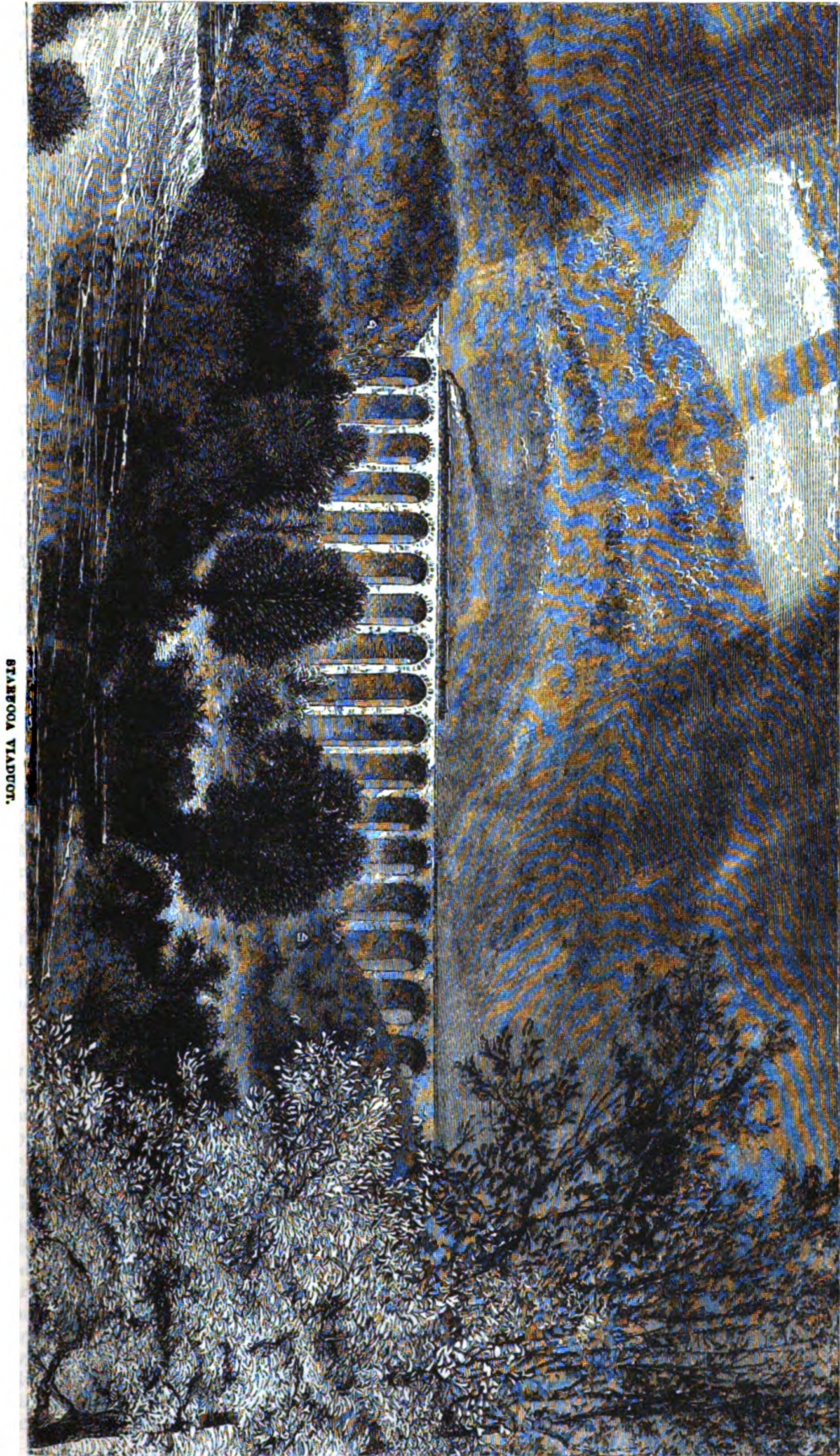
It will render our task of tracing the history and describing the organization of the American railroad simpler if we take a single one as illustrative of the entire system. For that purpose I have chosen the Erie Railway. It is one of the longest, as it is one of the oldest, on the continent. In its early history it met and conquered obstacles which might well have sufficed to crush an enterprise financially much stronger. A large part of its course lay through an absolutely trackless wilderness. To reach its destination it was necessary to climb a mountain range over 1700 feet above the level of the

sea, and make its way along the course of a stream which flows between almost precipitous walls of rock. As a monument of engineering skill it is without a superior to-day in America—certainly if the times and circumstances in which it was constructed be taken into account.

The first step in the construction of a railroad is its conception. The originator of a successful railroad must be something of a prophet. He must not only be wise to see, but sagacious to foresee.



TAKING A LEVEL.



For railroads do not merely supply a demand which already exists; they create it. The railroad originator always appears to be an enthusiast to his fellows. The first successful English railroad ran from Stockton to Darlington. The latter town lies in the heart of one of the richest mineral fields in the north of England. The former is situated near the mouth of the Tees, and is the nearest sea-port town. How little even the founders conceived the business which this line would build up is indicated by the fact that they counted on a coal traffic of 165,000 tons, and that in 1860 that traffic had actually grown to over 3,000,000 tons annually! They consented without protest to a clause in their charter limiting their freight charges on coal for exportation to a half-penny per mile, for that branch of their trade they regarded as entirely subsidiary. Yet in the course of a very few years it constituted the main bulk of their business. In ten years this railroad had converted a solitary farm-house in the midst of unproductive pasture land into a town of six thousand inhabitants, which has since more than quadrupled in size. Of course we could cite abundant illustrations more striking from the history of American railroads. We cite this because it was prophetic of all the subsequent history of railroad enterprise.

The conception of a railroad is often a flash of intuition in the individual mind. But before the originator can realize his vision he must succeed in inspiring other minds with his own conviction and enthusiasm, and this is always a work of time. Of the prenatal history of the railroad the Erie is an illustrious example.

In 1779 General James Clinton and General Sullivan, at the close of an expedition against the Iroquois Indians in the southern tier of counties of New York State, proposed to Congress the construction of what they termed an Appian Way from the city of New York to Lake Erie. The great inland seas which we call lakes, and which have done so much to develop the rich but formerly inaccessible West, were at that time separated from the sea-coast by the mountain range which stretches, with here and there a break, from the Gulf States to the river St. Lawrence. The great West, the future but then unrecognized granary of the nation, was more remote from the Atlantic than is to-day the empire of Japan. To the Clintons New York owes the two great highways which have rendered her chief city the metropolis of the nation—the Erie Canal and the Erie Railway. The Appian Way never got further in construction than an ineffectual application to Congress for an appropriation. But the dream of the father descended to the son, and De Witt Clinton, who pushed forward the act au-

thorizing the construction of the Erie Canal through the centre counties of the State, secured for it the support of the southern counties by promising in return his influence, and that of his party, for the construction of another highway through the region and along the line designated by his father. Fifty years passed away before the first step was taken toward the realization of this Appian Way. Meanwhile the methods of intercommunication had changed. The canal had supplanted the public road, and the railway was beginning to supplant the canal. And at last, in April, 1832, three years after George Stephenson ran his first passenger locomotive over the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the Legislature of New York granted a charter for the construction of a road of iron where General James Clinton had dreamed only of one modeled as well as named after the famous highway of ancient Rome. This charter affords a curious illustration of the short-sightedness that is characteristic of the cunning of politicians. It forbade all connections with Pennsylvania and New Jersey railroads. For is it not the office of a Legislature to promote only the interests of its own State? So the one terminus was made at Piermont, the nearest accessible point in the State, on the Hudson River, to the city of New York; the other was made at Dunkirk, the most remote western harbor on Lake Erie. But through cars have long since been run direct both to Cincinnati and Chicago; and the long pier which was built out over the flats of the Tappan Zee, at Piermont, to make the steamboat connections with the city is only useful as a permanent warning to legislators that it is their business to facilitate the natural course of trade, not to obstruct, to divert, or to control it.

The railroad being conceived, and the conception having gained sufficient adherents to furnish a minimum of capital necessary to prove the dream of the originator to be not all a dream, the next step is a survey.

If the reader will turn to any map of New York State, he will find that the southern tier of counties, from the Hudson River as far west as Binghamton, are intersected by mountain ranges, whose abrupt and rugged character and wild and desolate features can be but very inadequately indicated. He will see also traced upon the map by insignificant-looking serpentine lines the course of two great rivers, the Delaware and the Susquehanna, whose branches are but sixteen miles apart at Deposit, while the waters of the one empty into Delaware Bay, and those of the other into Chesapeake Bay. These mountain lines indicate the difficulties to be overcome; these river lines indicate the methods by which the railroad engineer overcomes them.

The first work of the surveyor is to trace the general outlines of his course. These are almost uniformly indicated to him by the water-courses, for the water-courses indicate, first, natural openings between the hills; second, an easy grade in ascending from the lower to the higher levels. The Erie Railway enters the hill country at Suffern's. It follows the Ramapo River for a score or so of miles, strikes the Delaware at Port Jervis, follows the tortuous course of that magnificent mountain torrent to Deposit, crosses the mountains at that point, reaches the upper waters of the Susquehanna at the town of that name, leaves that river to follow the Tioga, a branch of the same stream, parts from that to avail itself of the valley of the Canisteo, crosses a short piece of intervening country to reach and follow down the Genesee, passes from that to the Alleghany, and does not finally abandon the river valleys until it is within forty-five miles of its original western terminus, Dunkirk. In its journey of 459 miles it has availed itself of the valleys of seven rivers. In a somewhat similar manner the Pennsylvania Central Railroad crosses the same great mountain range by aid of the Susquehanna, the Juniata, and the Conemaugh rivers; and the Pacific Railroad follows the Platte River almost to its source in the Rocky Mountains on the eastern side, and descends upon the western slope by the valleys of a succession of less important but equally useful mountain streams.

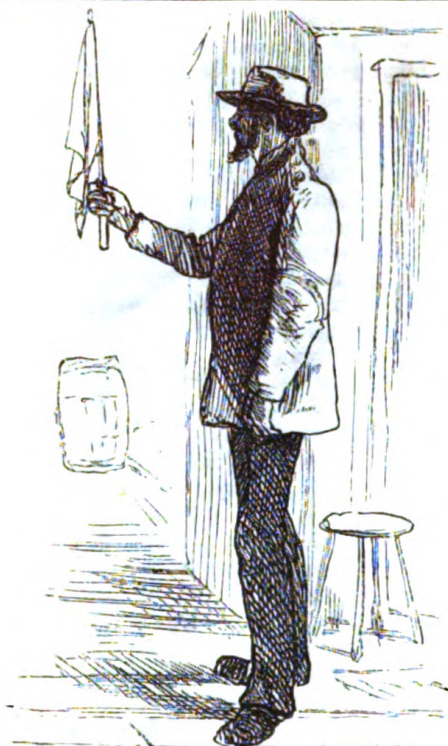


THE CONDUCTOR.



THE BRAKEMAN.

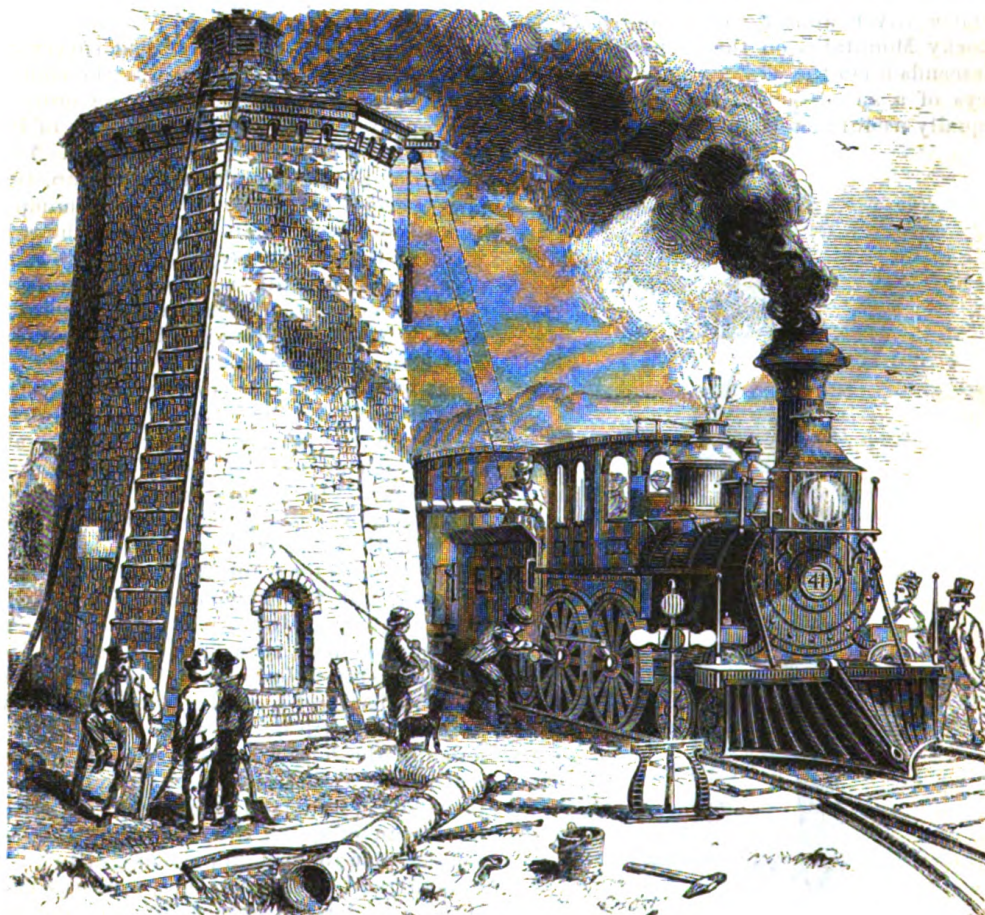
The first duty of the railroad surveyor, then, is to trace in a general way the course of the projected railroad upon an ordinary map by means of a careful study of its mountain ranges and its water-courses. The more detailed and elaborate the map, the more perfect can he make his preliminary and office survey. This being done, the real work of the survey begins. For this purpose the chief engineer makes a general reconnaissance of the whole ground, generally on horseback. He provides himself with the best map or maps he can obtain. He picks up as best he can more definite and precise local information. To succeed in his work he must have qualities which are rare, qualities which no mere school of engineering can impart. In his profession, as in every other, there is a certain something indefinable in native genius, something which may perish unused for want of development and training, but which no mere development and training can wholly supply. The engineer must be a man of ready parts. He must have himself always well in hand. He must understand human nature, and know how to deal with it. He must be equally at home in the log-hut among the mountains and in the velvet-carpeted and mahogany-furnished office in the great city. He must be a man of quick eye and abundant resources, able to meet an exigency, or to vary in detail and on the moment a carefully matured plan for the purpose of avoiding an unexpected obstacle, and reaching the gen-



THE SIGNAL-MAN.

eral result with the least expenditure of time and money. The engineer has tunneled the Alps, and an expert assures us that with money enough it would be possible to construct a permanent floating bridge across the Atlantic. But there are a great many things which it does not pay to accomplish, and the successful engineer must be able to subordinate professional pride to practical results; to avoid obstacles that can be avoided, and to overcome only those that he can not escape; to make the fewest possible rock cuttings, tunnels, culverts, and bridges; and to be known and honored less for what he has done than for what he has avoided doing.

The more accurate survey now follows. This is always effected in sections. It is performed by an engineer corps, which consists of an assistant engineer, a transit-man, a leveler, a rod-man, two chain-men, one or two flag-men, and a gang of axe-men. Where the company are obliged to camp out, the necessary accessories of a camp are added. The work of such a surveying party is always, under the best circumstances, one of hardship and adventure. They must stop at no obstacle; and the country presents innumerable difficulties which the map had not reported, and even the reconnaissance



WATERING-PLACE.

had not discovered. Morasses are to be traversed, streams are to be crossed, precipitous hills to be climbed, impenetrable thickets to be penetrated. The Erie Railway runs for miles along the banks of the Delaware River, in many places upon a shelf cut in the solid rock, fifty feet or more above the torrent. Yet somehow along this seemingly inaccessible gorge the surveying party had to make their way before the first blast could be fired to prepare for the present rocky road-bed. It is said that at some points they were lowered by ropes from the top of the cliff, and so, hanging between heaven and earth, took their levels. The earliest surveys of such works as the Pacific Railroad, through a country absolutely a wilderness, and almost absolutely an untrodden wilderness, are marvels of human capability.

The process of surveying does not differ widely from that with which we may assume our readers to be familiar in the laying out of town and farm boundaries and of public highways, except in one important particular. In the railroad survey the exact differences in level must be preserved and respected. Every inequality must be noted. This is done by the leveler, and is preserved by the profile map. Of these profile maps there are two—one, the larger map, indicates the general features of the route; the second and more detailed profile, or series of profiles, preserves to the foot a careful record of every inequality of ground over which the projected route is to pass. These reports indicate exactly the obstacles which the engineer has to encounter. They inevitably lead to new reconnaissances and new surveys. Deviations here and there are found to be expedient, to save expense, now in first cost of construction, now in subsequent cost of operating.

At length the facts are all before the engineer-in-chief, and he is prepared to make his report. It goes before the board of directors. Its conclusions are scanned, its methods cross-examined, its results subjected to the severest scrutiny. The counsel of other and often rival engineers is called in. A thousand questions must be raised, debated, determined, before any thing can be considered settled. The road must deviate here to get the custom of a large town or city, there to avoid grounds through which the right of way would be more costly than a tunnel or a filling; now to tap a rival or a cross railroad at the right spot, now to accommodate some wealthy and influential patron, whose interest in the road depends on making it at some point subservient to his own business. If the engineer could only be permitted to run his projected road where it would be easiest built, his problem would be a simple one; but he must also consider what will be the cost of carriage,

what will be expensive to maintain as well as to construct, where he will get custom, and how he may avoid local opposition. A single problem within our personal knowledge illustrates this phase of the work. A railroad is under survey along the west bank of the Hudson, which passes within a mile of our house. Five miles north it reaches the city of Newburgh. If it run along the river-bank, it must pay from half a million to a million of dollars for its right of way. That necessity it can avoid only by tunneling the hill on which the city is built. The city itself is evenly divided in opinion. One-half aver that a river railroad will spoil their commerce; the other half assert that a tunnel railroad will spoil their town. Whichever horn of the dilemma the company takes, it will be unpopular with half a city. And its engineer and directors must be wise not only to measure the comparative cost of the two plans (itself not an easy matter), but also wise to foresee the effect, on both through and local traffic, of both plans. In short, if the grown railroad is often whimsical and despotic, it does but avenge itself for the whims and despotism which it suffers from the public while it is yet in its infancy.

The railroad is projected; the projector has secured the co-operation of sufficient capital to enable a beginning to be made; it has been surveyed; the right of way has been obtained; a charter has been secured; it now remains to construct the road. In the inception of railroad life this was done by the company. Of the first railroad George Stephenson was both surveyor and contractor. He laid out every foot of the line of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, taking the sights through the spirit-level with his own hands and eyes. The plans of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad he fought through Parliament by his own indomitable will in the face of the opposition of wealth and science and political power. And when at last the charter was obtained and the work begun, he personally supervised it from the beginning to the end, getting his breakfast of oatmeal with his own hands, living on horseback, personally inspecting the progress of every department of the work, supervising the pay-rolls of the men, and perfecting with his own hand the working drawings. But the growth of railroads has brought with it a division of labor, and now the railroad corporation rarely or never constructs its own line. This is done for the company by a railroad contractor. Fifty years ago the farmer literally built his own house, mortised the timber himself, perhaps cutting down the trees and squaring them with his own broad-axe, and calling in his neighbors to assist him with the raising. The gentleman of to-day hires a builder to construct his house and an architect to supervise it, and perhaps never sees his edifice from the day the

ground is first broken until he is ready to move in. Railroad architecture is a distinct art, and railroad building a distinct profession; and the company as little thinks of personally constructing its own road as does the merchant of personally supervising the erection of his own house.

The railroad contractor is eminently a practical man. He is apt to be a self-made man. He is not unfrequently one who commenced life with the spade, the pickaxe, and the wheelbarrow. He had greater industry or greater shrewdness than his fellows, and became the head of a gang of men. Then he took a small contract on his own account, invested luckily in real estate along the line of a projected railway, amassed a little capital, employed both capital and practical experience to good advantage, and so gradually got on in the world, till now, what with capital and credit, he stands ready to undertake any work which the railroad capitalist desires undertaken. He knows how many cubic feet of earth there are in a hill, and how many it will take to fill up a valley. He has a practiced eye for soils, and detects by a sort of intuition where the hard rock will be, and where the cutting will be an easy one. Earth digging, blasting rocks, pumping, embanking, boring and building tunnels, erecting bridges and culverts, are all familiar operations with him. He possesses a larger or smaller stock of wheelbarrows, picks, shovels, carts, earth wagons, and horses. He lays temporary sleepers and light rails as the work progresses, and generally owns at least one or two locomotives and the necessary dirt cars for dragging materials. He usually contracts for a section of the road to be built at a fixed price, or at one which varies within certain limits, according to the development of difficulties as the work progresses. He often sublets to other contractors his work in its detail. He sometimes makes a miscalculation and loses a fortune, but his miscalculations are oftener on the credit side of his ledger, and the result a fortune made. He has abundant opportunities to make incidental profits, and he is not slow to avail himself of them.

But he must not only have a practical knowledge of railroad works, he must have a practical skill in managing railroad workers.

The first public works of importance in England were the canals. The same class of workers that constructed them are now employed in the construction of railroads. Their popular name is derived from their original connection with the great system of inland navigation which preceded and prepared for railways; they are still termed *navvies*. The picture which Parliamentary reports give us of the character of these men is not encouraging to those who imagine

that violence and corruption are a peculiar characteristic of the American republic, and that the maintenance of a stronger and more centralized government, like that of Great Britain, would put an end to the brawls and lawlessness which they imagine to be peculiar to a free country.

"Possessed of all the daring recklessness of the smuggler," says one English authority, Mr. Roscoe, "their ferocious behavior can only be equalled by the brutality of their language. It may be truly said their hand is against every man's, and before they have been long located every man's hand is against theirs. From being long known to each other they generally act in concert, and put at defiance any local constabulary force; consequently crimes of the most atrocious character were common, and robbery, without any attempt at concealment, was an everyday occurrence."

Another English writer, Mr. Francis, is equally complimentary. "The dread which such men as these spread throughout a rural community was striking; nor was it without a cause. Depredations among the farms and fields of the vicinity were frequent. They injured every thing they approached. From their huts to that part of the railway at which they worked, over corn or grass, tearing down embankments, injuring young plantations, making gaps in hedges, on they went, in one direct line, without regard to damage done or property invaded. Game disappeared from the most sacred preserves; gamekeepers were defied; and country gentlemen who had imprisoned rustics by the dozen for violating the same law shrank in despair from the railway 'navigator.' They often committed the most outrageous acts in their drunken madness. Like dogs released from a week's confinement, they ran about, and did not know what to do with themselves. They defied the law, broke open prisons, released their comrades, and slew policemen. The Scotch fought with the Irish, and the Irish attacked the Scotch; while the rural peace-officers, utterly inadequate to suppress the tumult, stood calmly by and waited the result. When no work was required of them on the Sunday, the most beautiful spots in England were desecrated by their presence. Lounging in highways and by-ways, grouping together in lanes and valleys, insolent and insulting, they were dreaded by the good and welcomed by the bad. They left a sadness in the homes of many whose sons they had vitiated and whose daughters they had dishonored. Stones were thrown at passers-by; women were personally abused, and men were irritated. On the week-day, when their work was done, the streets were void of all save their lawless visitors, and of those who associated with them. They were regarded as savages; and when it is remem-

bered that large bodies of men, armed with pitchforks and scythes, went out to do battle with those on another line a few miles off, the feeling was justified by facts. Crimes of every description increased, but offenses against the person were most common. On one occasion hundreds of them were within five minutes' march of each other ere the military and the magistrates could get between them to repress their daring desires."

Christian philanthropy has not been oblivious of the condition of these navvies, equally dreadful to themselves and dangerous to society. Among the most interesting of all home mission work is that which has been carried on by ladies of the highest culture and refinement among these barbarians of civilization. The result of improved systems of administration by Christian contractors has been more effectual, however, than any direct and immediate efforts by lay missionaries. Of these the work of Sir Morton Peto may be mentioned as a type. He broke up the ticket system, i. e., the payment of wages by tickets, to be redeemed at the shop established by the contractor. He paid all wages weekly. He opened the way for house to house visitation by Christian clergymen and laymen. He provided cleanly barracks in lieu of their huts of turf or stone. He provided every one who could read with a Bible, and organized clubs for mutual help in case of sickness or misfortune. His example was followed by others; and though the English navy is not as yet a very creditable product of the civilization of the nineteenth century, his character and condition have greatly improved.

In this country the work of the pick and the barrow is largely performed by Irish laborers. Their temporary villages are familiar to every traveler on our railroads. Their management requires, on the part of the contractor, peculiar dexterity to avoid the loss inevitable from wasted hours or misapplied energies. In brief, the railroad contractor has under him an army of men without the discipline of an army; he must exercise over them the control of a general without being invested with a general's authority.

A condensed sketch of the difficulties and dangers attendant upon the construction of a single line of railroad will better illustrate the qualities which go to make a successful railroad contractor, and the nature of his work, than any general description. From Aspinwall to Panama there runs a line of railroad across the isthmus which bears the latter name. It is not a long line; its length is but forty-seven miles and a fraction. It is not of difficult grades; its highest point is but two hundred and sixty-three feet above tide-water, and its maximum grade is sixty feet to a mile. Yet this single, and in size comparatively insignificant, rail-

road involved the construction of one hundred and thirty-four minor water-ways and thirty-six bridges, the latter ranging from twelve to six hundred and twenty-five feet in length. The construction of this road occupied five years and nine months. It commenced at Aspinwall, in the heart of a swamp. The laborers had to clear their way through the tangled underbrush of a tropical forest, thigh-deep in water, subject at any moment to the attacks of alligators and other not less dangerous though less formidable reptiles, and enveloped in a cloud of flies and mosquitoes. Every workman went to his labor veiled. Residence on the land was impossible. An old brig anchored in the bay served the purpose of barracks. The constant motion of their prison-ship subjected the landsmen to continued nausea by night, which but illy fitted them for toil by day. The malarious fevers of the country converted their movable barracks into a hospital ship. The two engineers in charge took turns in the fever with their men, the least disabled rising from the hospital bed to give place to his companion. Natives were lazy, and would not work. Imported laborers from the North sickened and died in such numbers that the work actually stopped for want of hands. The importation of Chinese coolies proved an unsuccessful experiment, for melancholy and suicide thinned out their ranks almost as fast as malarious fever the ranks of their braver comrades. The house of the first engineer was built on the tops of stumps to keep it above the water-level. The freshets which swell the Chagres River, sometimes in a single night to a height of forty feet above its ordinary level, carried away the nearly completed bridge which was to span it. Twice the road was contracted for, and twice thrown back upon the company's hands, before it was completed so far as to enable a locomotive to pass over it from ocean to ocean.

A distinct department of railroad engineering is the bridge-building. This is now very generally undertaken, in the case of the larger bridges, by separate corporations. Iron and stone are very generally taking the place of wood as material for bridges on our best railways. The character of the structure, whether iron or stone, whether tubular, or suspension, or arched, depends upon the nature of the chasm and the stream to be crossed. Our artist, from the many illustrations of bridges which the Erie Railway affords, selects two (see pages 379 and 381) as samples of the problems to be solved by the railroad engineer, and the methods of solving them. In the case of the Starucca Viaduct the problem was, in descending the western slope of the mountain that intervenes between the Susquehanna and the Delaware valleys, to take a flying leap across a vale a quarter of a mile wide, from one hill-

side to another. The valley was quite too deep and long to be filled up with an earth embankment, which, moreover, would be in constant danger from rains and freshets. This problem was solved by the construction of a stone viaduct 1200 feet long, 110 feet high, and consisting of eighteen arches with spans of fifty feet. It is built of solid masonry, and appears to be as durable as the everlasting hills themselves. The other problem was involved in the necessity of crossing the Genesee River from the high table-lands through which, at Portage, it cuts a deep but narrow ravine. Its solution has given rise to one of the most marvelous wooden bridges in the country. It is built on thirteen stone piers set in the bed of the river, on which is reared a mass of timber rising to the height of 234 feet. It is said to be so constructed that any timber in the bridge can be removed and replaced at pleasure. These illustrations are taken but as types of the difficulties to be overcome by the railroad contractor, and the methods of overcoming them. The difficulties are as diverse as nature itself. To attempt any comprehensive account of bridges and bridge-building would require not a paragraph, but a distinct article.

In brief, then, it is the office of the railroad contractor not only to pierce the hills, bridge the streams, cross the valleys, construct the stations; not only must he be a bridge-builder, a road-maker, and a practical mechanic; not only must he do his work with ignorant, unskillful, often dishonest workmen, but he must do it frequently in the heart of a wild, waste wilderness; must transport thither his men, his tools, his provisions; must erect the shelter and provide the necessities of life for his workmen; must keep up their failing courage with his own, and must do all at the hazard not only of his purse, if his estimates have deceived him, but at the hazard of his health and even of his life.

The railroad is built. The money has been raised. The cars have been constructed, and the locomotives purchased. The railroad is equipped and in running order. Let us glance rapidly at the working of the road. For this purpose let us take the history of a single train—say, the morning lightning express on the Erie Railway from New York to Buffalo.

The first work of the day is to put the train together. Every traveler has observed what a wilderness of cars is scattered about the stations at the termini of our large roads. These labyrinths of railroad track are technically termed yards. At Hornellsville, where the two forks of the Erie Railway unite, one going to Buffalo, the other to Dunkirk, there are over sixteen miles of these side tracks. Through the heart of this yard the through track must be kept always clear for passing trains.

From the cars which fill up the sidings each outgoing train must be made up. In the case of the passenger express this is a comparatively simple matter. The cars that have come in the night before are re-arranged in a reverse order, are swept and dusted and washed, and ready for use again. But the putting together of a freight or mixed train is often a labor of great perplexity. The cars which are intended to form such a train are often scattered widely over the yard, one on the warehouse track, another on the lumber side track, a third on the coal side track, a fourth among the defective cars in the repair shop. These it is the business of the yardsman to collect and organize into a train. For this purpose there is placed under his orders a small switching engine, with its engineer and fireman. From morning to night this yardsman is on the move. He must know every inch of his dépôt yard, the beginning and end of every side track, the peculiarities of every switch, the time of the arrival and departure of every train, the location of every car. He must know how to get them in place with the least possible waste of time and energy, how to utilize every moment, when he may safely cross this track, when run along that. All day he is dodging in and out among tracks crowded with cars, and often with passing trains, with nothing to guide him but his own judgment, making his own time-table from minute to minute, sometimes under exigencies such that a delay of a minute results in a delay of hours. Next to the engineer and fireman, there is perhaps no position of greater hazard or greater responsibility than that of the yardsman.

The train is in its place. The early passengers are arriving and getting themselves comfortably seated for their trip, while the fireman is at work preparing his engine for the day's work. Every engine has its own engineer and fireman. This is a necessity, for an engine is like an organ; each new one must be learned anew before one can play on it well. The most experienced engineer can never use a new engine to good advantage. Did you never examine the iron horse as it stands at the head of its train, impatient to begin its day's journey? How it shines! What mirrors every bit of burnished brass and polished steel! It must be groomed like a horse, and the fireman is the groom. There is a hostler besides, or gang of hostlers: wipers they call them. When the engine comes in from its day's duty it goes straight to the engine-house, and the wiper takes it in hand. Sooty, dusty, smoky, greasy, and hot, it is delivered to him. He does not leave it until every piece of metal shines again like French glass, or the reflecting mirror of a great telescope. "Mighty unpleasant sort of work it is until you get used to it. For you see an engine don't cool

down right off when it comes in, and it's pretty hot work handlin' machinery just after a hundred-mile run, and the steam only just let out of the boiler." Yet, with all the hostler's care, the groom is never satisfied; and after the morning fire is kindled, and the tender is piled full of coal, and the water has been taken on, you may see him still polishing away at portions of the machinery, which might well be the envy of any housekeeper. All aboard! The last look is taken by the careful engineer at his machinery, the steam is tested, the signal-bell rings, and the train starts and rolls slowly out of the station.

Come ride with me on the engine. It will be necessary to get a special permit from the superintendent, for the strictest orders forbid the engineer to carry any one on his engine without— Nay, stop! It is nothing much to ride on an engine by day; but with Mr. Joseph Taylor, himself a railway superintendent, for our companion, we will try it on a night express.*

"The Greyhound had a full head of steam on, and was blowing off its safety-valve, making a deafening noise, and groaning with the power within her. Carefully proceeding through the yard and fast freight trains that would follow us, we soon left the station lights behind, and plowed into the darkness and the storm.

"John Dobbs was one of the oldest and best men on the road. It was his boast, and an honest one, that during the sixteen years he had been driving on that road, he had not cost the company a dollar for any negligence or mistake of his. His record was clear. I sat and watched him from the opposite side of the cab. He was rather tall, thin, and of a nervous temperament; and although not even the smoke-stack of the engine could be seen for the darkness and the drifting snow, his piercing eye never wavered from its unsubstantial mark. One hand on the throttle, the other on the reversing lever, he stood erect and firm, intensely propelling his vision into the abysmal darkness beyond. The Greyhound began to feel her feet; her speed increased with every stroke of the piston head. Her machinery quivered with its force; she leaped and reeled on each defective joint, but her iron members held her firm. The fireman never ceased to cast in the fuel, and the fierce flames darted ardently through her brassy veins. Suddenly a scream from the whistle, a quick movement on the throttle—the fireman rushed to the other side of the engine—a flash of light! We passed a station and a freight train on

the side track. More fuel into the fire, and the Greyhound urged ahead, for now we had a straight piece of track before us. The storm abated, and the sky cleared. The fireman produced from his pocket a small cutty-pipe, loaded it with tobacco, lighted it with a puff or two, and without saying a word, stuck it between John's teeth. John had taken about twenty rapid whiffs, when the fireman, as unceremoniously as before, transferred it to himself, and with a few fierce draws consumed the load—a very impolite proceeding, but apparently part of the discipline of the engine. Those few draws did both men good. Johnny's grasp tightened on the throttle, and the fireman with new energy threw in the wood.

"We passed a few more stations and freight trains, and at tremendous speed bounded from the level down a grade, the steepest on the road. Steam was shut off, the fireman seized the wheel, the whistle screamed for the brakes, and we finally came to a stand right under the hose of a water-tank.

"'Engine-driving is trying work such weather as to-night, Sir,' said Johnny, wiping the perspiration off his face with his sleeve, 'when you can't see your signal-lights, nor even your smoke-stack, and you have to run like mad on a bad track to make up time so as not to lose connection. I tell you it makes a man sweat if he's as cold as a lump of ice. You have to go it blind. You can't see if the switches are right. If trains you are to pass have got into a side track, you can't make out any thing till you're right into it. It's trying work on the mind, Sir, is driving an engine. Such as us get very little sleep. The other night my wife started up in bed and screamed as if she was being murdered. "What are you doing?" she cried; and bless your life, Sir, there was I pulling her slender arm with all my might, while my foot was steadied against something else, trying to reverse.'

"Over this dream at his wife's expense John Dobbs laughed heartily; and as the tank was now filled with water, and a fresh supply of wood was thrown on the tender, I wished him good-night, preferring to complete my journey in the palace car at the rear."

With John's statement, "engine-driving is trying work on the mind," we fully agree; in truth, no one who has not ridden on the engine of a fast express by night, as we have done, can imagine how trying it is. No wonder that the perpetual stimulant to their nerves indurates their sensibilities; no wonder that, as a class, railroad engineers are a "hard set." But they are, with rare exceptions, noble, faithful, true, ready always to sacrifice themselves to save their train. The true engineer must be a man of ready resources and quick instincts. He must have a mind that is stimulated, not dazed, by emer-

* We quote from *A Fast Life on the Modern Highway*, from a semi-serious point of view, by Joseph Taylor (Harper and Brothers), to whose graphic pictures of railroad life we are largely indebted for our account of the practical working of the American railway.

gencies. He must know how to think quick in the threatening of danger; when to shut off steam and stop his train; when to put on more steam, and run the hazard of brushing the obstacle from the track with such momentum as to save himself and his passengers. He must know both his engine and his road, what she can bear, and what strain the road puts upon her; where are the up grades where she needs all her steam, where the down grades where all should be cut off; where the crossings where the whistle or the bell must be sounded, where the stations, and how to adjust his speed so as to stop just at the right time and place. He must have ears and eyes and thoughts all and always alert. He must not merely, like Davy Crockett, be sure he is right and then go ahead, but be sure while he is going ahead. He must look out not only for himself, but for others as well, and never can be certain that the switchmen, on whose fidelity his life and the lives of all his passengers depend, have done their duty until he has safely passed the crossing or the siding. In short, it is not only true of him that there is always but a step between him and death, but it is always also a step of one who is traveling thirty miles an hour. He must be a practical mechanic, and be able to repair a break in his engine without adequate tools. He must be a man of iron will, able to withstand every influence and pressure in times of difficulty. An express train on a single-track railroad comes to a station. It is here to pass a down express on the same road. It is winter. Both trains are behind time. The time-table gives the right of way to the up train, but requires "caution." The word is a vague one, and capable of various constructions. The engineer resolves to wait where he is. The uneasy passengers wish him to go on. Delegation after delegation urge him to do so. At length a telegram is received. It reads simply, "Come ahead." It is neither signed nor dated. The obstinate engineer will not budge. The passengers hold an indignation meeting. Resolutions are reported and carried, to be presented to the president of the road. And just as the meeting is adjourning down comes an extra engine, carrying no light, and running at sixty miles an hour, to get doctors to attend the wounded on a "smash up" of the down express eleven miles above.* The obstinacy of the engineer in giving a rigid construction to the one word "caution" has saved the company another smash up, and the doctors more patients. The thoughtful traveler will probably recollect more than one instance in which the unreasonable public has similarly berated a delaying train, and yet would have been equally quick to

denounce the careless engineer if he had yielded to its own unreasonable demands.

Scarcely less important in the management of the train than the engineer is the conductor. He is the captain of all but the engine. He must be a good judge of human nature, know how to be quick and yet courteous, firm and yet affable. He must be able to detect the difference between the real unfortunate who has lost his ticket and his purse together, and the railroad swindler who makes a pretense of loss serve him the purpose of getting many a free ride. He must be equally competent to help out with all her bundles the anxious lady from Pumpkinville, who has never ridden in the cars before, and quick to eject the brazen-faced defrauder who has no ticket, and no notion of paying for one. He must be brave, for his courage is often tested; forbearing, for his patience is sorely tried; and faithful, because great trust is reposed in him. He must have some practical knowledge to help him with expedients when accidents occur, a ready judgment and nerve to act promptly in time of danger. He must see that no time is lost at stations, carrying his timetable in his head, and never misrecollecting its figures; have at his fingers' ends all the intricate system of rules and regulations issued by his superiors; keep on good terms with his engineer and his brakemen, and control the latter without seeming to do so. He must have an eye to the condition of the track, the trestles, bridges, culverts, and embankments; must keep in mind and under examination the brakes, couplings, and bell-ropes of his cars; must inspect his train before starting, to see that his cars have been carefully swept and dusted; must know that his watch accords with railroad time; must be sure before starting that he is properly provided with flags, signal-lamps, torpedoes, links, and pins. He must keep on the alert for signals from the engineer, and from stations on his route. He must keep in mind his passengers, see that they get out at their right stations, or take their maledictions in recompense for their own ignorance or inattention. He must take up all tickets, and often must go through a long train twenty or thirty times on each trip to make sure of the tickets of his way-passengers. He must get out at every station, see his passengers all off, and signal the train to proceed, being always in time and never in haste. He must have plenty of leisure to answer all the questions and respond to all the complaints which curious or captious passengers have to prefer; and he must keep a perfect account and render a perfect report of all tickets and fares collected. In brief, the combined duties of captain, clerk, and steward of a steam-ship fall upon the conductor of a first-class passenger express. He travels usually from one hundred and fifty to two

* A fact. See *Reminiscences in the Life of Locomotive Engineers*, 1861, page 115.

hundred miles a day, often including the Sabbath, and his compensation reaches the enormous sum of \$1200 per year!

Since the invention of the Westinghouse air brake the office of the brakeman has sensibly decreased in importance. This brake is operated by compressed air, which is driven through tubes beneath the cars by the steam from the engine. These tubes are coupled when the train is made up. The whole is operated as one brake from the engine by the fireman. It places the whole train completely under the engineer's control. The through fast express trains on our great trunk roads are now, we believe, generally supplied with this contrivance. But the train can not spare the brakeman. He stuffs fuel into the stove at the request of the passenger who is too cold, and opens the window at the request of the passenger who is too hot. He unlocks the seat and turns it over for the mother who wants to convert it into a lounge for her tired child to sleep on. He opens the door and shouts in stentorian tones some unintelligible words at the approach to every station. He occasionally makes announcements, but as he usually does this when the train is in full motion, and as he has never been taught to articulate very distinctly, the passenger who is curious to know the meaning of his address has always to ask for its private repetition. He is always on hand to help passengers off the platform. Of men he is decidedly oblivious; he is a ladies' man, and the assiduity of his attentions is generally in the direct ratio of their youth and beauty. When he can inveigle a young lady on to the platform before the train has quite reached a stop, and can protect her from falling by gently encircling her waist with his strong arm, he is perfectly happy. A virtuous brakeman is never without his reward.

The freight brakeman has duties more arduous and dangerous. Mr. Taylor says that there are reputed to be five hundred distinct car couplings for which patents have been obtained, or at least sought. But as yet the coupling of freight cars is done by hand, and this duty devolves upon the brakeman. Balancing the pin over the end of the bar through which it is to be dropped to perfect the coupling, he awaits with composure the coming together of the cars. Leaning over the track, he supports the link or bar in one hand, and holds the pin in the other. When the cars come together with force, and continue on their way for some yards, the brakeman who is performing the coupling is for a moment lost to sight. It may be that he will directly step out, vigorously crying, "All right—go ahead!" It may be that he will have fallen beneath the wheels, one more victim to the present rude and cruel method of freight car coupling. We repeat here and emphasize

the demand of Mr. Taylor for reform in this matter. "It is high time that some steps were taken to lessen the number of shocking casualties from car couplings which are recorded with such monotonous frequency in the daily newspapers. If the railroads will take no concerted action in the matter, it will be the duty of the State Legislatures to compel railroad corporations to make use of better and safer methods of coupling cars than many of them now do. This would, of course, be attended with some inconvenience, but it would save the lives of hundreds of railroad employes." We may add that the radical cause, probably, of this neglect is the fact that the lives of railroad employes are inexpensive. The railroad corporation is held responsible for all accidents, occasioned by its negligence, to its passengers, but a rule of law, which certainly in this instance works with apparent injustice, renders them exempt from damages in the case of injuries to employes. So long as brakes cost more than brakemen we may expect the present sacrificial method of car coupling to be continued.

These are the officials on the train—the conductor, engineer, fireman, and brakeman; for the express agent and water-boy and newspaper vendor can hardly be entitled as train officials; and the baggage-master, though an important personage, as the bride discovers when at the end of her journey her trunk is not forth-coming, has really nothing to do with the conduct or management of the train. But not more on a conductor or engineer does the safety of a train depend than on the switch-tender. Of these there are on the Erie Railway three hundred and fifty. If on any of our railroads one of these switch-tenders fails of his duty, sleeps at his post, mistakes his instructions, forgets or misplaces a switch, blunders through heedlessness, or blunders through what is quite as common a cause of accident, excessive care and anxiety, the result may be a terrible accident—a train off the track, a collision, or a precipitation into an open draw. Literally the movement of a rail an inch one way or the other is all that saves every express train from destruction, and this not merely at one point on the line, but at every station and side track. And these switches are generally presided over by Irishmen, whose average wages are a dollar and three-quarters per day. No wonder that misplaced switches are the most prolific of all causes of accidents.

Take your stand for an hour in the yard of one of our great railway stations; watch the switchman on duty; observe the rapidity of his movements, and their constancy. As the trains and engines pass, sometimes crowding in close proximity upon each other, see him guide each one by his lever to its appropriate place: sending this train down

a side track, opening the way for that train to pass up upon another siding, now letting a single engine run down the track for a freight car, now switching off a long freight train to a remote quarter of the great yard, and all the time keeping in mind the through passenger trains which come thundering by in either direction, and which depend on his memory and movements for a clear track. Mr. Taylor pictures his perplexity in this sketch of the switch-tender's soliloquy:

"Let's see. Excursion train's due at 4.45, and it ain't in. There's the accommodation whistling like mad, though before that there was the mixed. No! that must have been the Blue Line freight. No! that was a stock train. No, it warn't, neither; that was the empties. This is the oil train; I can smell it; and right in the way of the express; and darn me if I know which track she's on."

It has been said that quite as common a cause of accident as carelessness is excessive care. We believe that railroad men will bear out this assertion. For generally the responsibility put upon the switch-tender is too great for his capacity. He can not bear it, feels that he can not bear it, is oppressed by the sense of its weight. So long as every thing goes smoothly and regularly, he performs his part in the great machine. But any sudden exigency throws his mind into a whirl; he can no longer think; he knows that the lives of a hundred passengers depend on his actions; there is but one instant to decide and to act; and he does the very thing which produces the disaster against which he meant to guard.

"I was standing," says a railroad superintendent, "near a switch-tender who had been twenty years in our employ. He was steady as the day is long, was religious, conscientious, and a total abstainer. He did not know that I was near. He turned his switch for the freight train to pass upon the side track, then turned it back for an approaching express. When the whistle sounded, announcing the approach of the train, he went deliberately to his switch, and turned it back, so that the lightning express must have inevitably dashed right into the waiting freight train. I yelled with all my might, 'Reverse your switch!' He sprang to the handle, and reversed it; he had not a second to spare; the train flew by with the velocity of light, and was out of sight and hearing in a moment. The man could give subsequently no account of his conduct. When the whistle sounded an impulse seized him to turn the switch, and he did so instantly, under an impression that the switch was wrong."

How many times, reader, have you gone to bed and forgotten to wind up your watch, and never discovered your neglect until you found it run down the next morning? How

many times have you wound it up so mechanically and unconsciously that five minutes later you have taken it out of your pocket to repeat the operation? What we do habitually and mechanically we are apt to do without thought, and also to forget to do. When the switch-tender repeats with his switch your blunder with your watch, the result is often a terrible railroad accident. When I consider what an army of switch-tenders is employed on the 65,000 miles of American railway,* I wonder that the misplaced switches and the consequent railway disasters are not more common.

Scarcely more important, although a vastly more dignified and better paid official, is the train-dispatcher—more important in that engineers and switchmen and conductors are subject to his orders. On certain roads his duties are united with those of the division superintendent. He is to the road what the officer of the deck is to the ship. On a double-track road trains can to a large extent be run by a time-table and general directions, but on a single-track road every delay calls at once for orders from headquarters. It is on the single-track road that the train-dispatcher's functions are at once the most important and the most perplexing.

Each dispatcher's section is from fifty to one hundred miles in length, according to the number of trains running, difficulty of working, etc. Where continual day and night work is required there are three dispatchers to each section, who work each eight hours. The department is administered by telegraph. So long as every thing is on time, and there are no extras, specials, or "wild-cats," the train-dispatcher has nothing to do. But the first delay or difficulty is the beginning of a tangle which he must unravel. Snows, storms, fogs, accidents, delays on other roads, may sometimes all combine to make confusion worse confounded. Catamount has jumped the track, and is in the way of the down express; Zebra is stalled on the grade outside the yard with a heavy freight train; Hippopotamus is out of water; Snorter has blown off a steam-chest cover; Fly has burst a flue; the Lightning is twenty minutes behind time, and Whirlwind is waiting for her at C station. The train-dispatcher must have before him a perfect mental map of the road in this abnormal condition. He telegraphs the Lightning to go on to D, and wait for Whirlwind there; he telegraphs to Whirlwind to push on to D, and pass Lightning there; he telegraphs to station agent at D both the orders; he sends an extra engine out to give Zebra a push up the heavy grade; he summons a force from the repair shop to go to the assistance of Snorter; and

* The exact figures, according to *The American Railroad Manual*, are 66,491.

he issues cautions all around of the accident to Catamount. In all these cross and complicated arrangements he must keep in mind the siding accommodations at various points, so as not to get more trains together than he can get out again without delay; make allowance for the weight of trains and the power of their respective engines; remember the state of the rails, whether slippery or not; not forget the grades and all local peculiarities; keep himself informed moment by moment of the status of the road, for the trains are always in motion, and changing their relative position all the time; study to save the time of the passengers at the loss of freight time, and the time of stock trains at the loss of dead freight. He keeps a record of every movement, and at the end of his watch passes along both the complications he has cured and those he has created to his successor, to be dealt with in similar fashion. In the train-dispatcher's office the motto of the republic, slightly altered, might be appropriately framed and hung—Eternal vigilance is the price of safety.

Of the other subordinate officials who contribute to the care and comfort of the passenger, the station-master, the ticket agent, the baggage-master, the sleeping car conductor, the porters, we shall not attempt to speak. Yet we should do a manifest injustice to our theme did we not at least remind our reader of two features of the American railway system—through tickets and through checks.

By an admirably adapted system the American traveler may now purchase a ticket at any of our great stations for almost any other station, and by almost any combination of routes he chooses. The tickets are handed to him in a long line of separate yet connected bits of card-board, good for a ride over a portion of his chosen route. On most through lines his ticket is good until he uses it. It is good for him or any one to whom he chooses to sell it. He may go half-way on his journey, stop, make a visit of six months, and then complete his trip. Each ticket bears on its face a mark indicating by what railroad it was sold, who therefore has received the money. At certain stated times these tickets are carried by the roads that have taken them up to the roads that have sold them, and are turned in as so much cash. A balance is struck, and the road that is debtor pays its balance. In England there is a regular clearing-house established for the transfer and settlement of these complicated accounts. The freight accounts are yet more complicated. Freight is carried without breaking bulk from New York to Chicago or St. Louis. It goes in a car of one company, and is drawn over the road of three or four others. One company receives the full amount of freight from the

merchant. It must divide, according to a settled system, the sum between all the companies engaged in the carrying process. The system of railroad accounts is as intricate and involved as that of the largest banks. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any other financial concern in the country, except perhaps the United States Treasury Department, has the handling of so much money, or so perplexing and difficult a system of account book-keeping to maintain. The auditing department of the Erie Railway occupies the whole upper story of its immense building on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue.

The through checks are equally convenient. When the traveler has once a little piece of brass in his pocket, he may dismiss his luggage from his mind. For this piece of brass is the company's receipt for his trunk, and the corporation is thenceforth responsible for its safe carriage and its ultimate return at the end of the journey. The trunk passes over half a dozen different lines. It is registered in as many different books by *dépôt* and baggage masters. The story of its journey is written all along the road. And if by any rare mischance it miscarries, the probabilities are always in favor of speedily finding it again. We say rare mischance; for the system of checking baggage has reached such perfection in America that it is our strong conviction that miscarriage of checked trunks is rarer than the miscarriage of letters by the Post-Office Department. There is no such system of checking baggage on the European roads. The traveler, like the elephant, must take care of his own trunk. But life has its compensations. In Europe ladies travel with valises. Saratoga trunks are unknown.

As I have omitted all attempt to describe in detail the duties of certain of the subordinate officials, so I make no attempt to portray the life of the chiefs of a great railroad. There is ordinarily a general ticket or passenger agent, to whom all local ticket agents are responsible, before whom come, in the first instance, all complaints of passengers, all grumbling of commuters, all applications from local communities for changes in trains, and all applications for passes—and they are legion. There is a general freight agent, to whom is referred the general direction of all matters connected directly with the freighting business of the road. There is a general superintendent or vice-president, for sometimes the latter fulfills the duties of the former officer, who is the chief executive officer, so far as the working of the road is concerned, who holds in his hands all the threads which in this article we have attempted to trace. He must know how conductors and engineers and train-dispatchers and station agents and baggage-masters all fulfill their duties; he must investigate

every accident and determine its true cause; he must be able to administer without fear and without favor, and be equally ready to save an honest official from the indignation of an unreasonable public, or to sacrifice a favorite and friend when just cause of complaint is shown against him; through the reports of others and his own not infrequent inspection, he must keep himself acquainted with the condition of the road—its rails, its trestles, its bridges, its culverts, its stations, its cars, its engines—and not wait until some dreadful calamity discloses a rottenness which his lynx eyes ought to have discovered. Finally, there is the president, who must above all things know the stock market and the secret railroad combinations, must be ready to combine with rivals or defy them, to compromise with Legislatures or to fight them, to meet the bulls to-day and the bears to-morrow on the street, and with all this to be the true captain of a ship which stretches across a State, from the Atlantic to the lakes, with a crew large enough to equip a navy; the housekeeper of a living and throbbing house, with fifteen thousand servants, not more than a score of whom he knows by name, and not more than a hundred of whom he has ever seen. Railroad kings we call them, and not inaptly; for the executive genius of a Cæsar, a Charlemagne, a Peter the Great, or a Frederick would find abundant opportunity for its fullest exercise in maintaining, operating, and extending a great American railway.

THE KEY OF THE FAMILY CLOCK.

I.—IN WHICH THE MACHINERY IS REGULATED.

MR. MABY'S family consisted of eight children, father, mother, and two servants. These formed the hours on the dial of the household, and Janet was the key. Did not the baby suggest the wee sma' hour in more senses than one?

When it is taken into consideration that Mr. Maby's gaze was distraught from long and fruitless search after the golden nugget of fortune, and that Mrs. Maby had long since straggled out of the rear-guard in the ranks of fashion, it is small wonder that Miss Evelina Maby, descending at the door of No. 5 Cottage Place, had something the aspect of a fairy godmother. Miss Evelina was tiny, alert, shriveled, with parchment skin and a hooked nose. Moreover, she had peculiarities of disposition, which are supposed to be excusable, as she also had money.

Fate brought the rich relation to No. 5 Cottage Place on a rebound of temper. She had quarreled bitterly with certain other Mabys; had, indeed, discovered fraud and conspiracy plotting, and to punish the of-

fenders she recalled these indigent, inoffensive Humphrey Mabys, previously forgotten for years. So Miss Evelina descended from a carriage at No. 5 in the sultry July noon-day, bringing her household gods with her.

"She looks like Lady Kew," observed Janet, peeping through the blind, and restraining her youngest brother from falling out of the window.

As Janet was the key of the family clock, her words were law, and Miss Evelina became Lady Kew to the indigent Mabys ever after.

On the fifteenth day of the month, precisely one week from the date of her arrival, Lady Kew emerged from No. 5, holding Janet firmly by the wrist, and followed by her maid, a Skye terrier of uncertain temper, and an army of Russian leather bags. She seemed to regard Janet as a prisoner—nay, more, she kept a vigilant eye on a modest portmanteau, as if she feared it might vanish in some pantomime trick.

A wail went up from the little Mabys on the door-step as the carriage drove away, mother sighed, pretty Alice sobbed petulantly as she withdrew to the parlor sofa and the perusal of a watering-place story. Oh, to float about on cool balconies in diaphanous drapery to the admiration of mankind, and the envy of other girls!

"I wish you had taken Alice. She would have enjoyed it so much!" said Janet in the train, her own eyes sparkling against her will.

"I detest big girls," responded Lady Kew. "It is time you went away. Absolute despotism is injurious to any one; it has ruined me. Mind you, I anticipate that you will be an old maid; I see no way for you to clear your skirts of all those clinging little fingers, but I intend giving you one chance. I do not expect to influence you. Bless you, no! I might as well talk to the wind, only by-and-by the nestlings will fly away. What will you be, as wives and children interpose? A good old sister?"

Janet was not listening. A wrinkle grew in her fair brow.

"Oh!" suddenly exclaimed this young housekeeper, "I have locked the pantry, and they can get no cake!"

"Let them go without, then," remarked Lady Kew, throwing a silk handkerchief over her face, preparatory to taking a nap.

A fairy godmother is a very good person in real life; the verjuice of Lady Kew's purpose was converted to the rich wine of blessing for the queen bee of the Maby hive. A holiday had never before fallen to the lot of Janet—a period of leisure, of novel sights, of fresh muslin gowns, filling the youthful feminine soul with content.

There was a break of gold in the dull sky; the train was speeding on toward the darkness of a horizon where the summer day

seemed to fold its petals in twilight like a flower.

Lady Kew slept, with a suspicion of a snore, beneath the silk handkerchief. Janet wondered, with that premature brow furrow, how they were getting on at home. She had indeed adjusted the mechanism, yet how soon would her authority be set at naught, the little domestic tyrant pondered. It was like the Shah's quitting his dominions for this eldest daughter to leave No. 5 Cottage Place—her world. How divine what might happen in her absence? Would her anxiety have been lessened, think you, had she known that Addy, the maid, had already fallen down the back stairs with a tray of china, bouncing from step to step with alarming violence, and in her frantic efforts to save the best tea-pot, had arrived at the bottom in a generally dislocated condition? Would her appetite have been improved for the delicacies of her destination by a knowledge that cook had scorched the soup, giving the lucid explanation that "Miss Janet had always seasoned it?" Would she have rested in her bed with a clear conscience that night had she beheld "in her mind's eye" papa wandering drearly over the house in search of a clean shirt, when he had been told a dozen times that all he possessed of that article in the world reposed in the lower bureau drawer? Alice in the parlor, with her elbows on the window-sill, and her head thrust forth into the sultry street, was moodily resolving to go on the stage and mend her fortunes. Mother was sitting in a draught, unmindful of neuralgic twinges. The little Maby girls were solemnly converting the residence of their dolls into a summer hotel, while baby gnawed the nose of the best wax lady. Thomas, the cat, roamed among the milk-pans with a demoralized appearance; and such silver as the Maby establishment boasted lay scattered within reach of the first burglar.

Janet touched with coy finger that rosy-hued curtain, all embroidered and spangled with fancy's richest silver and gold, that veils the future of youth. A fair, serious face, with honest, sunny eyes, and framed in rippling chestnut hair, which caught the light in many a wave and tendril; a small form, with a self-reliant pose, a prim neatness of attire, and two little feet that trod the earth firmly. Such was the key of the family clock. Thought flashed shuttle threads through her brain, but did not gift her with clairvoyant powers, fortunately. Still the train sped on, with old age sleeping, and youth alert for fresh scenes.

II.—IN WHICH THE PENDULUM STOPS.

"Miss Maby has arrived. Dear creature! How I long to see her," said Horace Dale, pulling his yachting hat over his eyes.

"She will furnish us with sauce piquant,

certainly," laughed his brother, kindling his cigar, with the aid of Ilma Lamar, who deftly unfurled her fan to shelter the flickering spark from the wind.

"Thank you, Miss Ilma. You are always kindly attentive to the need of others."

Ilma raised herself on tiptoe, her garments fluttering in the breeze, and broke the lance of her brilliant glances against the mail of this prosaic gentleman's breast.

"Wait until you see Miss Maby's niece before you praise old friends," she said, smiling archly.

"Nonsense!" he returned, impatiently. "What are girls to me?" and took his book to the extreme point of shore for the day, in sheer disgust at the artful suggestion.

Miss Ilma looked after him, her white teeth set. "Sufficiently boorish, monsieur. You are not worth my lightest thought, and yet I am determined to win."

This girl was the offspring of a Polish mother and an American father. The very contradictions of these elements frequently ran away with her own cooler judgment. She was clever, quick, not devoid of tact, with the keen hunger for wealth known only to poverty. While speaking to Mr. Dale she had been handsome; mobile, irregular features lighting up brilliantly; now she was actually plain. She recovered herself at once, and turned to Horace Dale, who lay indolently on the sand.

"We must take our sail before the tide turns."

"Must we?" yawning slightly, and consulting a chronometer. "I suppose it will serve to kill time."

"Merci;" sweeping him a mocking courtesy.

"Oh, come, we have known each other too long for ceremony. Is the new girl good style?"

"No style at all; and engaged to a young clergyman. I will be ready in ten minutes."

Tripping toward the hotel, the young lady paused to accost a chubby urchin, who must be considered as the actual hero of our tale. His hat was tilted back, and beneath the brim appeared a full-moon face much flushed by the exertions requisite to build a fort, with the aid of wheelbarrow and spade.

"Freddy darling, would you like to go out on the water with me?"

Freddy darling's response was delivered with all the frankness of innocent childhood.

"No."

Snub number three failed to crush her elastic spirits. Ilma's world was one of snubs, but she also had her revenge. Drawing on her neat gloves, she peeped into a parlor where sat a bevy of maidens at work.

"Where are you going?" chimed curiosity, in chorus.

"Horace Dale wishes a sail. How charm-

ingly cool you look in here! The obstinate fellow holds me to this engagement."

Then she ran away, laughing. A tête-à-tête on the water with Horace Dale instead of yawning over worsted-work, and gossip in the parlor!

"One must blow one's own trumpet sometimes," reflected this child of her century. She was satisfied with her morning's work. She had sent Mr. Dale to the point, and taken Horace out on the water, with the distinct intention of not returning until evening. She never underrated a new girl, for she had become an old story, than which there is no more fatal position. She intended to marry Mr. Dale; failing him, the less eligible Horace; failing both, to thwart their fancy for others. Thus deciding, the female Machiavel steered for the light-house.

Strolled the new arrivals on the beach, Janet holding a linen umbrella over the head of her ancient relative.

"Take care, or you'll step right on the fort," piped a shrill young voice.

"What is this?" exclaimed Lady Kew, putting up her glass.

Janet knelt to restore the crushed boundary. What more natural than that a freemasonry should be established between the little housewife and the juvenile architect, who watched her labors with a certain condescension?

"Who are you?" demanded Lady Kew, sharply.

"I am a widower's child," was the somewhat startling reply.

"Who taught you that?"

"Nurse did."

"Ho, ho!" croaked Lady Kew. "Come along, my dear, or we shall be accused of setting our caps for the father."

Lady Kew was in her element at Clamshell Point, a fashionable resort, where costly fabrics grew limp on the rocks; where the sand burned in yellow waves beneath the feet, and filtered into nose and ears, while mosquitoes buzzed playfully about the ankles of pedestrians. The dreary little cynic sat behind the parlor curtains, and passed the hotel in scathing review. Who knew better than herself the mildew taint on the fairest fruit? Who doubted the apparent purity of human gems? Janet's chaperon, of course; and yet her mirthless philosophy failed to influence the girl's sound nature, or enchain the buoyancy of her spirit.

Janet stood shyly behind Lady Kew's chair.

"Is that the new girl?"

A subtle consciousness that she was the object of scrutiny sent the blood mantling to her cheek. A pang of doubt as to the style of her raiment oppressed her amidst the bewildering variety of Clamshell Point. If Alice were only in her place! Before she was prepared for the emergency a tall young

man, with lazy blue eyes, and a handsome mouth just veiled beneath a silky mustache, was greeting Lady Kew effusively, and inviting Janet to stroll on the piazza. Janet's feet became lead, her tongue ice, her elbows prominent. Innumerable eyes stared at her, but most uncomfortable of all, the mocking glance of Ilma Lamar.

Said Lady Kew, "Mrs. Marble is really well done. She was enameled in Paris last year, you know. And there is Ilma Lamar! Hasn't she got married yet?"

The person addressed was Mrs. Dale, a mild, care-worn lady, with a general tendency to jet in her attire, whose life was made anxious by the possession of two eligible sons.

Out in the starlight Janet found leisure to be ashamed of her recent awkwardness. Horace Dale was her first cavalier. Good-humored jests, high spirits, propinquity, with the feminine drapery flowing over the masculine boot, and the button-hole flower a star in the perfumed twilight, create sympathy, and lead—to something more.

A white form drifted past them, and paused in the light which streamed from the door.

"Mr. Dale, please forgive me if my silly words annoyed you this morning"—softly modulated tones, and a delicate upturned face imploring pardon with a passionate appeal.

Simple Janet stared; her companion muttered, "What an incorrigible flirt!" in remembrance of some tender scene at the light-house possibly. It was thus that Ilma always overreached herself by a coquetry and dissimulation inherent to her Polish blood. Horace drew Janet forward.

"Geoffrey, Miss Maby." Two shadows bowed stiffly.

"A jolly little girl, engaged to a clergyman," was the verdict rendered by the younger brother to the elder an hour later.

The first golden arrow shot by the sun over the sea touched Janet's eyelids softly, bidding her arise. To step out on the lawn, devoted later to croquet, was a delight; to ramble on the beach, and have the wide expanse of wet shimmering sands all to herself, was ecstasy. Stay—alone? A small boy was trudging soberly along, carrying a tin pail. The care of some captive crabs weighed upon the mind of Freddy, and brought him forth at this early hour. In exuberance of glee, Janet kissed the widower's son, admired the crabs, and invited him to run a race. Flying over the strand, with the boy in hot pursuit, Janet climbed a ridge, and discovered a sheltered cove beyond, where the water spread a crystal shield, the surface flushed with delicate rose-tints of dawn, and dimpled over the white pebbles in transparent ripples.

"Let's paddle," said Freddy, spurning the restraints of shoes and stockings, and allowing the foam to curl about his pink toes.

Now Janet Maby did not at all appreciate the honor done her by being elected a mate of this little man, who occupied a position of peculiar glory. Toys and bonbons were showered upon him; caresses surfeited him; little notes were written to him by absent young ladies, bidding him reply to his attached friend Amelia or Sophia; he was allowed to rend flounces and play pranks without a murmur. These attentions were received somewhat dryly by his grandmother, and with a quiet smile by his parent.

"Is it very nice, dear? How I should like to try!"

"Come along, if you ain't afraid," quoth Freddy, wading valiantly on to the height of his own knee.

The temptation was too great. Janet's slippers lay beside the sturdy little boots, and the foam kissed her slender feet. Clamshell Point could offer no better fun. There was much splashing and merriment. Then Janet's bared white arm dipped far down in search of silky tangles of sea-weed.

"Hulloa! there's pa."

Janet's dismayed glance flashed back to shore. A gentleman stood watching them.

"Tell him to go away," faltered the girl.

"She says to go away," shouted Freddy.

Mr. Dale vanished. Surely he might have given her time to scramble over the wet stones, dry Freddy's feet with her handkerchief, and invest them in the sturdy little boots again. But he was back before the last button could be fastened.

"Is the frolic over? Ah, you have cut your foot on a mussel!"

"No matter," was the petulant response, the injured member being hastily withdrawn from sight. It was a pretty foot, small, arched, and shaded on heel and sole like a shell—perhaps Janet's chief beauty. Vexation brought a wealth of color to her cheek. Why had she not remained in bed, instead of straying out to be beguiled by Fred?

"Let me do something for you," he said, soothingly.

"No." Her gaze was fixed obstinately on the distant sails.

"Miss Maby, do be sensible. What am I to do for the wounded foot?"

She opened wide her brown eyes, and studied the stern face, dark in hue, with clear-cut features and hair tinged with gray. The housewife was mightily miffed at this mode of address. Lack of sense, forsooth!

"Pray go away. Can't you see how much better off I shall be without you?"

Whereupon Mr. Dale rose stiffly, giving his hand to his son and heir.

"I like her," observed Freddy, skipping a pebble.

"Better than the other young ladies?" questioned the artful parent.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Oh, cos I do. I mean to take her to ride with pony. See the sandpiper, papa!"

Janet ignored Freddy for two days, much to that young gentleman's astonishment, and avoided Freddy's papa persistently. The widower's son could find no parallel in his extensive experience for such treatment; indeed, he was rendered speechless when his invitation to drive behind a stumpy pony was refused.

"The young clergyman is to be envied," thought Mr. Dale, with ruffled vanity, and yet feeling a vague curiosity in the study of Janet. A man thus placed passes through three successive stages of feeling when he meets with tacit dislike in the other sex. He is astonished, then deeply offended, then desirous of effacing the unfavorable impression he has made. Janet was ignorant of these delicate arts of diplomacy. Mr. Dale represented mortification; she had been caught in an unlady-like act. What did he think of her? Intimacies ripen at Clamshell Point. Ilma Lamar became very affectionate toward the "new girl," finding many occasions to discuss Horace, dwelling especially on his flirtations. This was calculated to disabuse Janet's mind of any illusion such as that he had fallen in love with herself. Every drop of water has its millions struggling for mastery. Clamshell Point was a tiny sphere inclosing its scheming atoms. Horace followed Janet assiduously, and it was not in reason that she should not sometimes encounter Mr. Dale in the corridor, or under the pine-trees.

"She is not engaged to the young clergyman. That was one of Ilma's fibs," said Horace, eagerly.

"My dear fellow, you can not expect me to be equally interested," said Mr. Dale, superciliously.

Forthwith he waylaid Janet, with outstretched hand.

"Are we to be friends?"

His glance thrilled her. Freddy's preference and her own indifference had been the hammer and anvil to smite this vivid spark. That look haunted Janet; it was like some sudden revelation. How strange and unreal the people about her seemed! as if she trod on clouds, was admitted to a world of which they knew nothing. She shrank away from the other young people; she snubbed Horace, whose gayety jarred on her. Solitude and leisure to think became necessary to her. At this juncture, in the most accidental way, Lady Kew said,

"Geoffrey Dale is a fine character. There is something more to him than a velvet coat and meerschaum pipe, which seem to be the chief features of his brother. I wish he would marry again; but it is not probable. He can not replace his first wife readily."

"Was she so beautiful?" demanded Janet, looking out the window very steadily.

"Oh! lovely in every respect."

The girl sighed softly in the darkness, and when she met Mr. Dale again there was a certain wistful sympathy in her manner, which he was not slow to appreciate. This increase of confidence did not make her happy, apparently, for she became very quiet. The annual Clamshell picnic transpired. The anchor of the small yacht was weighed. There was a band on board, and although the heat was intense, there was dancing. The oldest boarder said that if one really desired enjoyment, the "Point" was the place for it. Who so jaunty and trim as Ilma Lamar? She sang airy French songs, and kept the gentlemen about her, having even a bon-mot for the married men. The buoyancy of spirit of that sweet child, Frederick Dale, led him even to dropping star-fish down the spine of nervous ladies. Janet tried to enjoy herself; so did the others. Despite sun-blistered faces and headache, they made a noble effort, but their courage sank with the setting sun. The oldest boarder fanned himself with his hat, and pronounced it rather warm. Dancing was resumed on deck; lurid masses of cloud swept toward the zenith, and loud above the fiddles rolled the thunder. Ladies and children were driven below, wailing in chorus. Rain poured; hail crashed like icy bullets; the lightning dazzled. The frail cockle-shell of a boat seemed about to vanish in a black abyss. If the oldest boarder could have made himself heard he would have stated that such a storm had not been known for twenty years.

Janet became desperate. Watching her opportunity, she darted on deck, and crouched there. A sense of solitude smote her; families clung together in peril, and she was alone. A prayer welled up from her heart. Only deliverance and safety this time. Lord! there seemed so much to live for, so many tasks unwrought by strength and hope!

Then, as in a dream, a sheltering arm was cast about her shuddering form, and a tender voice spoke to her:

"Janet, if this is to be the end, let me know the truth. Could you love me, darling?"

"Yes," she whispered, tremulously; and amidst all the confusion incident to the storm Geoffrey Dale heard her answer.

The two faces touched softly in the darkness, when a second head appeared in the hatchway, and a white hand clutched Mr. Dale's shoulder.

"Oh, I am so frightened. It is terrible below. Do take care of me, Mr. Dale."

Ilma Lamar thus claimed help in piteous tones. Janet placed her between them reassuringly.

So the hour of suspense wore on, and they were saved. The storm lulled as suddenly as it came. When the moon shone forth it was to illumine a droll scene: a number of

human beings were dropping recklessly overboard from a small yacht, and wading through shallow water in dismal procession. Ilma linked her arm through that of Janet.

"How nice to be on shore again! Will you keep my secret? Geoffrey Dale wishes me to marry him."

"You?" gasped Janet, with an involuntary glance back at the man who was carrying drooping Freddy.

"Yes, indeed," laughed Ilma, now feeling sure of her ground. "The matter has been pending a long while, and he is really fond of me. Have you never heard of it? I believe I will be married in white faille."

"How hard you have worked to obtain a little pleasure!" said Lady Kew, sarcastically.

The oldest boarder disappeared amidst rumors of cramp. With a white, set face, wearing a look of confusion and pain, Janet replied mechanically to her kinswoman's greetings. She was so stunned and shocked that she scarcely knew what she said. Lady Kew rose and took her by the arm in the most natural manner possible.

"We must go to bed and recover our bloom. Besides, there is a letter from home."

"Bad news?" questioned the girl, quickly.

"Your mother is ill."

Janet passed Geoffrey Dale, with her eyes fixed on the ground. Her heart swelled within her at sight of him. How cruel and unnecessary it all seemed! She had been made the sport of Ilma Lamar's affianced husband. There are natures so candid and truthful that the very audacity of a falsehood carries conviction. Half an hour later the girl was kneeling before Lady Kew's chair, imploring,

"Let me go home. They need me, and I am out of place here."

"You shall go by the morning train," said Lady Kew.

Not a word of complaint or confession had escaped Janet's lips, only that look of amazement and suffering. Do you imagine that this wise old woman did not know? She asked no questions painful to answer, but she divined the cause; and as she smoothed the girl's hair with one little yellow claw of a hand, a haunted expression came into the old face. Ah, the tender romances shrouded in fading eyes, the heart memories stirred by the sight of youthful, sharp despair! A strange smile rested on the pinched features; regret mellowed to retrospection smoothed out the lines of worldly wisdom and humor with a gleam of transient beauty.

Next morning Geoffrey Dale paced beneath the windows of Janet Maby's room, glancing impatiently at the closed blinds. Verily, the widower must have been quaffing the elixir of life, his whole bearing was so animated and happy. Freddy had been banished on a long walk with nurse. Mrs. Dale, with a general aspect of faint sourness, went

her way as usual. He had found a diamond among all the paste at last. Janet might take the place of that shadowy wife of the past without dishonoring her memory. When would the fair, sweet face smile a morning greeting?

"So it is you, my gentleman," quoth Lady Kew, chuckling, as she peeped through the shutter. "Then this little checkmate in the game will do you all the good in the world." For Janet was gone, without word or sign, and, the first excitement of outward calmness collapsing, was crying miserably behind her veil in the train, which was bearing her rapidly away from happiness.

Ilma Lamar stood in her window, weary, haggard, and old, after a sleepless night, yet with the game in her own hand.

III.—IN WHICH THE KEY IS LOST.

No. 5 Cottage Place was rapidly going by the board. Mrs. Maby, because of chronic headache, had seldom ventured into the kitchen, and her visits now had a rasping effect on cook's temper. Many were the sins laid to the absent young housekeeper. Miss Janet *would* have cupboards in dire confusion, an army of kettles on the hearth, a coal-scuttle on the lower stairs, and chevaux-de-frise of brooms and dust-pans in the area. Cook made these statements unblushingly, and was so justly offended at an expression of querulous incredulity on her mistress's face that she gave warning on the spot. Result—the Maby family subsisted on lettuce, cucumbers, boiled eggs, and dreadful dishes concocted by Alice out of impossible recipes. Taken in connection with this calamity, that Addy, the maid, fell in love with the butcher's boy, and consumed much valuable time flirting on the curbstone; that Tom, aged four years, drank some Lubin's white rose, possibly owing to the low state of the household larder, with alarming results; that baby strayed away and was lost for a day, being restored at night by a contemptuous policeman in a muddy and limp condition; and that Mr. Maby's confidential clerk was proved dishonest—it may be inferred the machinery of life sadly needed adjusting at No. 5.

A little paler and quieter than before, Janet took up her burden again, and found in work for others—as we all may do—the balm of forgetfulness.

"It is all very well to talk in a superior way about too many eggs to a pint of milk," said pretty Alice, ruefully, at the same time rubbing her classical nose with a floury palm. "You have been to Clamshell Point, and lived in luxury."

"Oh, Alice, I wish it had been you instead, from my heart," said Janet, for the first time yielding to public tears, as she laid her head on her sister's shoulder. And Alice kissed her; in her contrition even patting her on

the back with the rolling-pin. It was not at all a pretty place, that dark kitchen of No. 5; the one dismal little window affording a view of passing boots and ankles in the street above, and the cellar yawning like a black mouth opposite. In her soul Janet knew that never were grief and wrong like unto hers, with the keen despair of a nature unused to suffering, and that element of tragedy peculiar to youth. Sweet hopes had stirred in her heart of being a home centre about whom would cluster the growth of all the coming years. She loved this man, although she had been unconscious of it until he had spoken. All the affection, the heroism, of her nature had gone out to him in the stormy night, leaping up in a torrent, sweeping away the boundaries of previous unconsciousness. Glorious destiny! To live for him, to die for him! Thus do we invest prosaic mortals with the fervor of our own imaginations. For Janet Maby this cold, rather elderly man was touched with a spear of fire.

At the moment Ilma Lamar was tripping over the sands, which reflected the rosy sunset clouds in many a pool and ripple, conscious that a small boy toiled in her wake, laboriously carrying his pinafore full of clams. Her aspect was flushed and eager. Trick worthy of her tortuous brain, perverted reasoning, and fruit of much sensational novel reading: watching her opportunity when Freddy dropped a clam and stooped to recover the treasure, she flung a bit of crumpled paper back on the breeze. Very fresh and pretty was her toilet, for Ilma was always well dressed, thanks to her own clever fingers, and skill with her needle. Geoffrey Dale looked after her trim figure admiringly, as his son tugged at his coat tails.

"Here's a letter I found."

These days were not pleasant ones for the widower. He tormented himself with a thousand dark conjectures. Lady Kew was cool and evasive; his brother Horace scarcely less mortified than himself. The castle of happiness, conjured up by a magician's wand, had faded almost before seen; the cup been rudely dashed from his lips before he could drink. Why had Janet Maby departed without a word of farewell? What right had she to treat him thus? He was in that first stage of displeasure when wounded vanity made him await an explanation instead of seeking one. It was precisely in this mood that Ilma intended to insert her slender wedge of doubt.

"I guess it's from the post-office," hazarded Freddy. The paper was crumpled; on one side was writing in ink, and on the other penciled lines. Mr. Dale read, "Most adorable Ilma," and at the close, "Your despairing slave, Alfred H——" His lip curled. Had not the young lady in question hung on his arm the previous evening, and

declared, in the becoming moonlight, that she had never received a love-letter in her life?

"This is your property, I believe," giving her the letter on the piazza.

"Mine?" airily surprised. When she saw the writing a gray pallor overspread her face. She had staked her all, and lost. Incredible stupidity! She had chosen the wrong sheet, that on which she had composed in pencil a letter to Janet from an imaginary lover. Sudden passion blazed in her eyes.

"We are quits," she said, with a sneering laugh. "Go back to your precious Janet."

"Precious indeed!" murmured Geoffrey Dale.

So it came to pass that one afternoon, when the two youthful cooks of the house of Maby were intent on a supper dish for their discouraged father, who had become moody over the defalcation of his clerk, and also suffered from indigestion after masticating Alice's pastry, a pair of small legs incased in scarlet stockings were observed passing the window.

"Oh, gracious!" exclaimed Janet, blushing violently. She knew the small legs very well indeed.

The bell rang. Master Freddy Dale wished to see Miss Maby. Nothing could have exceeded the composure of this juvenile emissary. He kissed Janet graciously, and presented her with a bouquet of choice flowers. "Oh, and I've got this too!" added the widower's son. "Pa sent it—that's his writing, you know—and he says will you please to answer it."

Janet received the missive shyly, much embarrassed by the scrutiny of sharp young eyes. She might have spared herself the tremors of consciousness so far as Freddy was concerned. He knew nothing about the letter, and cared still less. The day was memorable to him because he was invested in knee-breeches—petticoats were now spurned forever by the embryo man—because his father had promised him a new kite, and because his grandmother had subjected him to a series of frantic embraces, and then retired to a corner to melt into tears. Beyond these strictly personal considerations, he was prepared to take a lively interest in the affairs of the Maby family as a new field. Before Janet had broken the seal of the letter, on which hinged all their future, he had climbed on a chair to frighten the canary, and brought down the one article of vertu the room boasted—an exquisite vase. Janet read the letter with quivering lips and tear-dimmed eyes; but as it was her very own, we may not also read it. Before she had finished her mother's arms were about her. How to answer? There were whispered consultations, and then Mrs. Maby dipped pen in ink with great apparent firm-

ness to indite the reply. Janet knelt before Freddy in wistful deprecation.

"Will you try to love me, dear?"

Freddy's response was a dry laugh, as he departed. It did not become a young gentleman so recently elevated to the dignity of knee-breeches to make rash promises.

Oh, tender the twilight in that little parlor! How easy explanations made in low caressing tones, with hands clasped, and eyes searching other eyes trustfully!

Alice stood in the door pensively, wondering what it was like to have a lover, when a stranger approached.

"Miss Maby," he began, raising his hat.

"Yes," returned Alice, demurely, giving her blue muslin a swift feminine smooth.

"Your sister—"

"Is engaged." Then they both laughed, and became friends.

What was Horace Dale seeking? He scarcely knew. What he actually found was our pretty Alice, with the rippling golden hair and dimpled chin. Availing themselves of the situation, it is quite wonderful how much they discovered to say to each other. It was dark when a carriage drove up, and Lady Kew alighted. She paused on the threshold, more like a fairy godmother than ever, and peered into the parlor.

"So you two men have got here before me." Then she added, in Humphrey Maby's ear, "I managed the whole business. Bless you, yes. But they will never know it."

Janet came forward radiantly happy.

"Have you remembered to take your milk-punch at noon every day?" placing a hand on her kinswoman's arm.

"All the better for you, mind, if I forget, for I have made my will in your favor," replied Lady Kew, with a grimace.

CANZONE.

By ALFRED H. LOUIS.

Is it some life-elixir I quaff,
Or do I but hear a woman's laugh?
Is it of woman, or some strange bird
Whose breast by a sweet woman's soul is stirred?
Or cry of some angel, caught in the mesh
Of glorified, purified human flesh?
Or is it the pulse of some new sun's beam
Smiting the face of life's quivering stream?
Or is it the voice of some long dead Spring
That must once more to the sunlight cling,
That with blossoming wings and brow appears,
Rising from grave of the world's young years;
When the Hours not yet had sharpened their sting,
When hearts could speak and souls could sing;
When innocent wonder gazed from the eyes
Ere the lamp was trimmed and the brain was wise;
When child was man and man was child,
And untamed Earth with delight was wild?
Can a mere woman's cry turn life's page white,
And flood my head with supernal light,
And, for a season, make me forget
That faces ever with tears were wet?
No. I hear not merely a rippling laugh;
'Tis some life-elixir my soul's lips quaff.
And the voice is not voice, but a flash and a sign
From some world more divine.

ARMY ORGANIZATION.*

BY GENERAL GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN.

[Third Paper.]

HAVING concluded our last paper with a general account of the methods of obtaining recruits, we will now very briefly state what is done with them. In the English service each regiment has its *dépôt*, which sends out recruiting parties for the regiment, and receives the recruits for instruction, so that when they join their regiments they are generally fairly disciplined and instructed. In our service most of the recruiting is for the general service, and not for particular regiments, except in cases of re-enlistment at the post where a man has served, or chance recruits offering themselves at a post. It is true that men are specially enlisted for the cavalry, but the government does not always hold itself bound to keep its part of the implied bargain. The recruits made by the general recruiting parties are collected at a few principal rendezvouses or stations, where their instruction commences immediately, but they are generally assigned to regiments before they have acquired any great amount of discipline or knowledge. Many of our best officers have thought that a considerable extension of the system of enlisting for particular regiments would be very beneficial, and that something akin to the English system of regimental *dépôts* would be very desirable. In Italy the conscripts are frequently sent to regiments serving in a part of the kingdom remote from their native province. Thus conscripts from Sicily and Naples are sent to Piedmont and Lombardy, while those from the latter places are sent to the south. It is said that very beneficial effects result from this course in hastening a real feeling of Italian unity, and in giving to the ignorant and slothful natives of the south some practical ideas of the advantages of the education and energy of the people of Piedmont and the north.

Under the new French laws recruits in time of peace are assigned to regiments serving elsewhere than at their homes, but when they have completed their service with the colors, and take their places on the reserve, they are assigned to regiments serving as near as possible to their homes. The purposes thus sought to be accomplished are to render the active army national by bringing together in the same regiment men from different parts of the country, and, on the other hand, to render mobilization prompt by the regional system of reserves.

In Germany the whole system of recruiting and reserves is on the regional basis, except for the Guards. The empire is di-

vided into as many regions as there are army corps, less the Guards Corps. Each of these regions furnishes the recruits and reserves needed for one army corps, and this army corps, in addition to its number, takes also the name of the region or province in which it is stationed and recruited—as, for example, the Second or Pomeranian Corps, the Third or Brandenburg Corps. The Guards Corps is recruited from all the Prussian provinces, and its reserves are the men who passed their active service in its ranks.

For the purposes of military administration in regard to the recruits and reserves, each region is subdivided into "Landwehr battalion districts," there being two of these districts for each regiment of infantry of the line. These two battalion districts (forming a Landwehr regiment) have to furnish the recruits for the corresponding regiment of the line, also the proper quota for the Guards, and the proper proportion of men for the rifles, artillery, etc., etc., of the army corps of the region. As the several army corps are essentially equal in strength, it is just that the regions should be equal in population; as originally established they were very nearly so, but the increase has been unequal. By means of the organization of "reserve Landwehr battalion districts," and other arrangements which we have not space to describe, these inequalities are provided for, and justice to all secured. Each Landwehr battalion district has a permanent district staff, which is not the staff of the mobilized battalion. It is the duty of this permanent staff (which remains at its post in war, and does not accompany the mobilized battalion) to keep in order the clothing and equipments for the men belonging to the battalion, to keep the lists of the names and residences of all about to become liable to the conscription, of all soldiers on furlough, of the reserve men and Landwehr men of the district. It is to them, in connection with the civil authorities, that the duty is committed of enforcing the attendance of conscripts and reserve men when called for. They see to their proper equipment, and dispatch them to the head-quarters of the regiment to which they belong. In addition to these and similar duties, which will naturally suggest themselves, the district staff officers keep a list of all the horses in the district, so that in the event of sudden necessity all may be ordered in for selection for army uses. In time of war the Landwehr infantry men may be used to fill the gaps in the regiments of the standing army, or, being formed into

* Continued from the June number, page 111.

VOL. XLIX.—No. 291.—27

Landwehr battalions and regiments, may be used as such in the front line, or in sieges, or as garrisons at home, or to cover lines of communication, guard prisoners, etc., thus relieving the troops of the line to that extent. The cavalry Landwehr men are also in time of war formed into regiments. The Landwehr men of the artillery and pioneers are not formed into Landwehr batteries or companies, but are used in filling up the batteries of fortress artillery, and for the formation and completion of reserve batteries of foot artillery and pioneer companies for garrison service. Experience having shown the percentage of losses in campaign for the different arms of service, it is made the duty of each Landwehr battalion district in time of war to forward to the corresponding line regiment, without any special requisition, the men required to maintain the companies at their full strength.

When the war of 1866 broke out too few years had elapsed since the last changes in the organization of the Landwehr and the increase of the standing army for the accumulation of the reserves necessary to supply all the wants of the regular regiments. It was therefore necessary to transfer many Landwehr men into the standing regiments, as well as to embody large numbers of Landwehr regiments and bring them to the front. In the war of 1870, however, the new system was in full operation. Without any extraordinary measures being resorted to, the reserves of the first class sufficed alone to maintain the field army of the North German Confederation always at the full strength. The orders for mobilizing the army were issued on the 16th of July, and so complete were all the arrangements for calling in the reserves, for arming and equipping them, and for transporting the troops by rail, that on the 4th of August the army of the Crown Prince defeated the French at Weissenburg, and on the 6th the same army again defeated them at Wörth, while the armies of Prince Frederick Charles and of Steinmetz defeated the French left on the same day at Saarbrück. In addition to maintaining the field troops at their full strength, there were mobilized during the war 166 Landwehr battalions, 2 reserve rifle battalions, 16 reserve cavalry regiments, 39 reserve batteries, 173 companies of fortress artillery, 33 companies of fortress pioneers, all of which took part in the active operations, chiefly in the numerous sieges, and partly in guarding communications. There were also organized five additional telegraph divisions, one railway division, one torpedo detachment, one balloon detachment, one photographic detachment. There were besides organized for garrison duty and guarding prisoners 72 garrison battalions, each 750 strong, and 53 dismounted Landwehr squadrons, each 250 strong. All this was done without disturb-

ing any of the organizations of the field army, and employing solely thoroughly instructed and disciplined soldiers.

Before proceeding to the subject of the measures adopted to secure proper instruction for the officers and non-commissioned officers, it will be profitable to examine for a moment the general principles on which the German system of reserves is founded, and the chief objects they seek to accomplish; for from these principles inferences may be drawn useful to ourselves, should we ever be so unfortunate as to become involved in another serious war. The governing and most important principle at the bottom of army organization is that, with modern weapons, and as armies are organized and wars conducted at the present time, other things being equal, the superiority must rest with that army which possesses the best organization and the most thorough discipline and instruction; in other words, that such an army as the German must inevitably be successful against such troops as composed the French armies of the Loire. Of course it may happen that in peculiar cases, as when sheltered by permanent defenses or field fortifications, brave men, who are well armed but imperfectly organized and instructed, may successfully resist the attacks of good troops; but such cases are exceptional, and can not in the long-run influence the result of a war if their opponents are numerous and determined, and the field of operations extensive.

From this it follows that, so far as circumstances permit, the regiments, batteries, etc., of the standing army should be sufficient, when filled to the war strength, for all the purposes of field operations, and that means should exist of supplying the daily losses in campaign by a steady stream of instructed men. We may anticipate a little by saying that the same principle clearly applies, and if possible with still greater force, to the officers and non-commissioned officers. It is also true that in time of peace ample provision should be made of such kinds of war material as are comparatively imperishable in their nature, which require some considerable time for their preparation, and which are least likely to become useless in consequence of improvements.

When the circumstances are such that it is either impossible or injudicious to do all these things, then the only alternative is to do the next best thing, but always to keep in view the principles themselves. For instance, when war breaks out the regiments of the peace establishment should at once be filled to the maximum, and the number of new regiments organized should be strictly commensurate with a liberal estimate of the probable ultimate requirements of the war. The greatest care should be exercised in the appointment of new officers; that is to say,

when it is impossible to obtain the requisite number of officers of military education and experience, it should at least be required that they possess those personal qualities of general education and intelligence, activity, energy, and moral worth, that will enable them soon to acquire a reasonable degree of fitness for their new sphere of action. The most prompt measures should be taken to weed out all unfit appointments, and to supply their places by better men. An existing organization should never be permitted to be broken up, or to decline seriously in numbers below the normal war strength; but recruiting should steadily continue from the beginning of the war until the conclusion of peace; the recruits should at once be collected in *dépôts* for instruction, and steadily sent out to the regiments as rapidly as they meet with losses, and even in anticipation of them. One old regiment is worth more than double its numbers of new troops, and a given number of recruits become good and useful soldiers very much sooner when incorporated with old regiments than when organized as new ones; under the care of experienced officers and non-commissioned officers, and with the example of the old soldiers of the regiment, their health and comfort are much better attended to, so that the losses by sickness are much diminished, as well as those in battle. From these causes, and the better care taken of arms, equipment supplies, food, and clothing, a large expenditure is saved by keeping up the old regiments, including those formed at the beginning of the war, to the full standard, instead of forming new ones as the war progresses. Experience has fully proved that there is a vast difference in expense between old and new regiments in favor of the former. It will thus be seen that economy, efficiency in the field, and rapidity in making recruits available are all in favor of keeping up the requisite number of old regiments as against forming new ones, which last measure should never be resorted to unless when the existing regiments, kept filled to the maximum, are clearly insufficient. Again, in a country like our own, if a war should assume such proportions as to render a resort to draft or conscription necessary, the first step would seem to be to determine approximately—as can always be done if the system of keeping up the old regiments is followed—the number of recruits required for current wants, always making the estimate liberal enough for covering unforeseen contingencies; next to determine as closely as possible the number of young men becoming fit for military service each year; then to determine the limits of age, occupation, etc., within which the draft shall apply, so as to injure as little as may be the most important interests of the country, and to relieve married men with dependent families as far as possible, confin-

ing the draft, if practicable, to the unmarried and to the youngest capable of bearing arms. Further than this, substitutes should not be allowed, but all competent men drawn should be compelled to serve in person. We do not for one moment suppose that it is practicable to introduce among ourselves the German military organization, and we would be among the first to deplore the advent of circumstances rendering such an organization possible or desirable; but it is not too much to demand that the principles underlying such an organization shall be applied wherever and whenever possible. Were it within the scope of this article, and did our space permit, it would be very interesting to apply the test of these exceedingly plain and simple principles to the conduct of our War Department during the late war, and to estimate the increased expenditure of time, blood, and treasure that resulted from their violation, and, on the other hand, to estimate the advantages that accrued to our antagonists from their better observance of the same principles. We must content ourselves with expressing the hope that our country will never again witness the painful spectacle of superb regiments of veterans allowed to dwindle down to literal skeletons,—too small to accomplish any other useful result than to show how bravely men could die—while the needed recruits were formed in new regiments, which in turn had to gain the needed experience at a fearful cost; and that we may never again have to blush for the effects of a spasmodic system of drafting, which in the older States too often produced only the worst of soldiers, encouraged the villainy of “bounty jumpers,” and left, as its most enduring result, a “bounty debt” so immense that it is to be hoped, for the reputation of our people, that its amount will never be known; and, finally, that if we ever again send large armies into the field, we may not see the whole business of recruiting suddenly and entirely stopped at the very moment when the serious losses, inevitable in campaign, were on the very point of commencing.

SELECTION OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

In the German army much care is taken in the selection and instruction of the non-commissioned officers. Any soldier who has completed his legal term of service with the colors, and who possesses the qualifications necessary to make a good non-commissioned officer, is encouraged to re-enlist. From among this class the majority of the non-commissioned officers are taken.

In cases of marked merit, and where the number of suitable re-enlisted men is insufficient, men may become non-commissioned officers in their third or even in their second year of service. There are also four schools

for non-commissioned officers, which are filled by volunteers from seventeen to nineteen years of age, who are fitted for their intended positions in three years. The best pass into the infantry as non-commissioned officers immediately upon completing their course, while the others join their regiments as privates or lance-corporals, but are soon promoted. These men are peculiarly fitted for such duties as require especial intelligence and skill in the use of the pen, as quartermaster-sergeants, company clerks, first sergeants, etc., and finally as paymasters. Each of these four schools consists of 19 officers, 46 non-commissioned officers, 500 privates, etc., etc., and is organized in four companies. The Military Orphan House at Potsdam, the Military Institute for Soldiers' Sons at Annaburg, and the eleven garrison schools for the free education of the children of non-commissioned officers, may all be regarded as to a great extent preparatory schools for non-commissioned officers, since many of the scholars eventually obtain such positions.

SELECTION OF THE LOWER GRADES OF OFFICERS.

The necessary supply of second lieutenants is derived partly from the corps of cadets and partly by promotion from the ensigns, or *Porte-épée Fähnricks*.

The Prussian corps of cadets consists of the main institution at Berlin, and six preparatory schools at other places, containing altogether about 1700 cadets. Each preparatory school consists of four classes; the main establishment has the two higher classes, and in addition two special classes. Upon completing the course, the members of the first class—about 200 in number—undergo the examination for promotion as ensigns. Those who fail under the test enter the army as privates; those who pass become brevet ensigns, but about fifty of the best of the class remain another year in the *select class* of the cadet corps, and at the end of that time become second lieutenants immediately, if they pass the requisite examination. Those of the first class who are too young or too weak to enter the army with their classmates remain another year in an upper special class, and then join as full ensigns; these average about thirty annually.

The cadet corps supplies less than fifty per cent. of the vacancies.

The *Porte-épée Fähnricks*, or ensigns, through whom the remaining vacancies are supplied in peace, form a special class of non-commissioned officers, created for the particular purpose of supplying competent officers.

Any non-commissioned officer or soldier, between the ages of seventeen and a half and twenty-three, who has served six months, and possesses the requisite certificate of fitness from his superiors, may apply for ex-

amination as an ensign. It is more usual, however, for this application to come from youths before entering the service, and at the age of seventeen. These applicants are assigned to a regiment, and must serve five full months in a company; if they then obtain from their officers the requisite certificate of moral and physical fitness, etc., they are allowed to present themselves for examination. The obligatory branches are the German, Latin, and French languages, mathematics, history, geography, and drawing. Candidates possessing a satisfactory diploma from an institution in which these branches are taught may be excused from this examination.

The results of these examinations and the certificates of the officers are now sent to Berlin, where the appointment of ensign is made, if the circumstances of the case are satisfactory. As already stated, the cadet corps furnishes about 110 brevet ensigns annually. These young men are assigned to regiments, and become full ensigns if on the expiration of five full months' service they procure the requisite certificates from their officers. Although these young men are now in the line of promotion, they are required to do the duty of non-commissioned officers, and are completely under the orders of the first sergeants of their respective companies. Every care is taken to make them fully acquainted with all the details of the service, the duties of all the non-commissioned officers, the duties, habits, and wants of the men, etc. On the other hand, the officers are desired to associate with them as much as possible off duty, and to give them every aid and encouragement in their power. Those of the ensigns who have not passed through the cadet corps, or in some other manner acquired the requisite theoretical instruction, are sent to one of the seven military schools established especially for them to fit them for promotion; the course lasts nine months. To be allowed to apply for examination as a second lieutenant the candidate must be less than twenty-five years old, and have served at least six months with his regiment as a full ensign. The examination comprises only the strictly military subjects, *e. g.*, tactics, fortification, service in garrison and the field, surveying, drawing, etc. This examination successfully passed, it is still necessary that the candidate should have the written consent of the officers of his regiment to his promotion. Any officers desiring to transfer from the reserve or Landwehr into the standing army must give proof of their thorough acquaintance with the branches of knowledge alluded to above. In the German army promotion is as a rule according to seniority; the exceptions to this rule are usually under the grade of field-officers, and apply to, 1, officers of the general staff corps; 2, aids-de-camp on

some of the highest staffs; 3, officers of the cadet corps; 4, officers specially and very highly recommended by their comrades and inferiors; 5, cases of distinguished actions in war. If an officer is not recognized as possessing the qualifications required in the next higher grade, he is passed over, and usually goes on the retired list. In addition to the means of instruction for officers already mentioned, it will be sufficient to allude to the united artillery and engineer school at Berlin, which provides for the complete education of the lieutenants of these two arms of service.

There are certain schools of practice that should also be briefly mentioned, *e. g.*, the school of target practice, to which are sent annually 60 lieutenants, 135 non-commissioned officers, and 360 men to be qualified as instructors (the course lasts from April 1 to September 30); the model infantry battalion in Potsdam, to which are sent annually 20 officers, 56 non-commissioned officers, and 650 men, in order to insure uniformity in drill throughout the army; the riding-school at Hanover, the object of which is to furnish riding-masters for the cavalry and artillery, and to which each regiment sends one lieutenant and two lance-corporals; finally, the artillery school for target practice at Berlin, and the central gymnastic school in the same place. Our present purpose is answered by merely indicating the existence of these among other similar institutions, as showing the extreme care taken in the German service to perfect the instruction of the army in all details, and to secure uniformity.

We stated in a preceding paper that the company, and the corresponding unit in the other arms, *i. e.*, the battery or the squadron—is the true foundation of the whole military fabric, that within it are performed the most important portions of the interior service, and that the soldier receives therein all the most essential elements of instruction. While the company is the smallest independent unit, it is at the same time the largest fraction whose commander knows all his men by name, and is acquainted with all their personal characteristics, while it is also the largest fraction in which every man knows all his comrades personally: it is the true military family, the head of which is the captain. Subject to the general regulations of the service, and the general orders regulating the drills, discipline, etc., he has the direct and almost independent control of his command. In well-regulated armies no one interferes between the captain and his command, all orders from above passing through him, and all communications from below also going through his hands. His superior officers should confine themselves to such a general supervision as will enable them to ascertain that he does his duty

properly; and whenever they have reason to be dissatisfied, or to require any change in his conduct of affairs, their observations should be made directly to him, and never to any of his subordinates. He is in every respect responsible for the condition of his company, and can not throw the responsibility upon his subordinates, as it is his duty to see that they perform their duties properly and in exact accordance with his views. This being the case, it is just that he should as far as possible have the selection of his non-commissioned officers; in other words, his recommendations in regard to their appointment and the reverse should be affirmed by the regimental commander, except in special cases where there is some grave reason to the contrary. In the German service the grade of captain is the lowest conferring the right to inflict punishment, the lieutenants and non-commissioned officers being limited to placing men in arrest when necessary, and reporting the facts immediately to the captain for his action. It is the captain's duty not only to guide his lieutenants in the performance of their duties, and to mark out their work for them, but also to superintend their instruction and improvement in the knowledge of their profession, that they may become fitted for the functions of the higher grade. For the purposes of interior service the company is divided into squads of from ten to twenty each, every squad being under the immediate supervision of a non-commissioned officer, whose duty it is to maintain a constant watch over the men of the squad to see that all orders and regulations are strictly obeyed; that they take proper care of their arms, clothing, equipments, ammunition, etc.; observe the necessary hygienic precautions in regard to their food, persons, etc.; in brief, it is the province of the non-commissioned officers to see that all orders of the captain are carried out, and to report to him every thing necessary to keep him fully informed as to the condition of the men. Upon the non-commissioned officers also devolves the immediate instruction of the recruits in the school of the soldier, and the first elements of duty and discipline. It is also their duty to act as guides and assistants in the company and battalion drills, to command the small detachments for guard, patrol duty, etc., and in battle to keep the men to their duty, and to aid in carrying out the captain's orders. The immediate superior of the non-commissioned officers is the first or orderly sergeant—in the Prussian army he is called *Feldwebel*—who is the direct agent of the captain, and through whom all orders and reports pass. It is his duty to keep all the company books and records, to make all details, to form the company whenever it is assembled, to superintend the messing of the men, keep the mess accounts when the men

all mess together, etc., etc. He should never be selected from mere seniority, but the most intelligent, trustworthy, and soldierly non-commissioned officer should always be chosen for this position, provided his character is such as to inspire all his subordinates with respect. The senior non-commissioned officers replace absent officers, where necessary, in the command of platoons and other duties.

It is the duty of the lieutenants to assist the captain, and to represent him in his absence. They must therefore endeavor fully to understand his views, and work in perfect harmony with him, and must make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the *personnel* and *materiel* of the company and all the arrangements in force. Usually each lieutenant has the general charge of several squads, but this does not constitute an intermediate authority between the captain and the men, as nothing can be allowed to intervene between the captain and his command. In most armies there is in every company a lieutenant "of the day" or "of the week," whose duty it is to remain at the barracks or camp, to be present at all roll-calls, to superintend all issues of rations, forage, or material, to take immediate action in any sudden emergency requiring prompt decision, etc., etc. In those services where the men are paid daily or weekly it is also the duty of the lieutenant of the day or week to be present when the first sergeant receives the money from the battalion paymaster, and also when the men are paid. At drills the senior lieutenants command platoons, the juniors acting as file-closers. In the field they frequently command detachments, such as advanced guards, strong patrols, outpost guards, etc.

The duties of the field-officers vary slightly in different services. Where the regiment consists of two or more battalions, each battalion commander is charged with the general supervision of the affairs of the companies. He must see that all orders coming from a higher authority are strictly carried out, and that the captains perform their duties faithfully and intelligently; but he must not interfere with them except in cases of neglect or mistakes. He of course assumes the direct command of his battalion whenever it, or the greater part of it, is formed for any duty, whether of instruction or otherwise. The battalion adjutant is appointed by the colonel on the recommendation of the battalion commander. It is his duty to keep all the battalion books and records, to make the various details for duty, to form and inspect the details for guard duty, to instruct the non-commissioned officers in the battalion drill, and, in the winter, in regard to their general duties; he has also the charge of the band.

When there is an extra major with a regi-

ment he is specially charged with the administrative service.

The commander of a regiment is specially charged with the maintenance of the general discipline and the administration of justice in minor cases. He must also superintend the instruction and administration of his command, and must pay especial attention to the instruction of his officers. He gives the general orders necessary to insure uniformity in the instruction of the battalions, and interferes directly with the battalions only under circumstances similar to those which justify the interference of the battalion commanders in the affairs of the companies.

The regimental adjutant is appointed by the colonel, and need not be senior to the battalion adjutants. He keeps all the regimental books and records, makes the details, etc.

In the German army the principle is fully established that every commander of a distinct unit, from the captain of a company upward, is independent and responsible; that is to say, that his superiors have no right to come between him and his command, or to interfere with him in the performance of his duty, unless he shows himself negligent or incapable. Every commander is responsible for the strict observance of the tactics and of all general orders, for the proper employment of the officers, and for the preservation of the health of the men under him; but he must be careful to conduct himself in such a manner that all under him may do their duty with cheerfulness, and preserve the greatest zeal for the good of the service. If the superior interferes unnecessarily or too quickly with his subordinates, he will necessarily impair their efficiency, destroy their interest in the service, lessen their influence over their men, and at the same time impair his own usefulness and dignity. It is especially the duty of the generals to guard against this evil; they should never take the place of the regimental commanders, and issue orders for the minute details of service. Too many orders and too much writing should be avoided as far as possible.

The rule is that each commander has the general control and supervision of all the units intrusted to him, and that so long as his subordinates do their duty properly he should, as much as possible, confine himself to this general control. The principle just laid down will explain sufficiently well the usual duties of general officers under ordinary circumstances; it is only necessary to add that where the larger units—corps, divisions, and brigades—are permanently organized it is the duty of the brigade commander to make at least once in two years a careful inspection of his entire command to satisfy himself that the administration is properly conducted, that the men are fully

instructed, and that every thing is completely ready for passing at once to the war footing. The division commander directs the combined instruction and manœuvres of the different arms of service under him, and is responsible that they receive all the necessary practical instruction for field service. Upon him also devolves the administration of justice in most of the important cases.

It is the duty of the army corps commander to inspect his troops, and to see to it that the generals and field and staff officers under him maintain their places only so long as they are fit for field service, and retain the requisite mental faculties and knowledge of their duties.

It may be well to repeat that for the infantry and the engineer troops the company, for the artillery the battery, and for the cavalry the squadron, are the really independent units which are the foundation of an army, and on the condition of which the efficiency of the army mainly depends. These smaller units are never merged in the larger ones, which are simply aggregations of companies, and which are established for the convenience of the service, and to conform to the principle that no commander should have more than five or six independent subordinates under his immediate orders. It should also be repeated that the system of strong companies—that is to say, of those composed of about 250 non-commissioned officers and men—is rapidly gaining ground in Europe; it now holds in Germany, Russia, and Austria, and within a year or two has been adopted for the Italian army. In France and England it has many and able supporters, but has not yet been adopted. It has already been stated that this number of men has been found to be the greatest that a captain can command efficiently under all circumstances, and which permits him to acquire an accurate personal knowledge of all his men by name and individual character. The economy resulting from this organization, as compared with that of the small companies, has been already pointed out.

We have thus sketched, in a very general way, the main features of army organization, the principal duties and functions of the component parts, and the various methods pursued for procuring the requisite number of officers and men. An army is the most powerful yet the most delicate and complex of machines, and every one knows that the work for which it is intended is of the utmost difficulty and importance. Its importance is measured by the fact that, under Providence, a war, a campaign, or a single battle may, and often does, determine the fate of a nation for centuries, and thus affect the liberties and happiness of families and individuals yet unborn. The task is diffi-

cult, because it requires every member of an army to submit cheerfully to the extremes of privation, fatigue, and danger; to devote all his faculties to his duties; to give up his own will and opinion for those of his superiors; and to be ready to expose his life at any moment. It is clear that a mere *form* of army organization, no matter how perfect in theory, will not suffice to produce good results, and that the frame-work must be animated by a moral force which shall impel and enable every man to do his best.

This moral force, which is often called "the military spirit," includes the various military qualities or virtues, and must be accompanied, guided, and to some extent produced by instruction. Among the highest military virtues—indispensable to all ranks and grades—are devotion to the country and the flag, moral and physical courage, and subordination; besides these qualities, honor, courtesy, and truthfulness in all the relations of life come within the category of military virtues. Bearing in mind how widely individuals differ in respect of moral qualities, it is plain that the exercise of the military qualities referred to can not safely be left to individual impulse, but that some standard rule must be established for the guidance of all, and which shall teach all how to use the qualities they possess or may acquire. This is *discipline*, which, in its widest and most correct sense, involves the knowledge of tactics, regulations, etc., so that "a well-disciplined army" should mean one that is not only obedient, but also well instructed in all military duties. The term discipline is sometimes used in a narrower sense, as about equivalent to subordination, and then means that habit of mind which should lead every member of an army to yield prompt, cheerful, and intelligent but unquestioning obedience to all orders coming from his superiors. This frame of mind is not natural with all men, nor is it equally easy of attainment with all nations. Some individuals and some nations acquire it more readily or through different means from others. Some natures require harsh measures to produce the habit of discipline; but it may safely be said that, as a general rule, the more intelligent men are, the more readily do they perceive the necessity of discipline, and the more readily do they acquire it, especially when they can trust and respect their superiors. The habit of obedience is acquired in the squad, at drill, and in the various duties of the interior service—thus within the company, and under the eye of the captain. Rewards and punishments must both be used according to circumstances; but the better the class of men, the less of the latter. In support of this, the German soldiers are no doubt the most intelligent in Europe, and the German army is the best disciplined (in all senses of the

word) in the world, yet the proportion of punishments in that army is less than in any other. With such men as those who compose our armies in time of war, and with competent officers, discipline is best established through a kind and considerate, but perfectly firm and just conduct; but to establish and maintain an entirely satisfactory discipline among Americans it is quite essential that they should respect and have entire confidence in the knowledge and skill of their officers. With good officers, there are no people more amenable to intelligent discipline than the Americans, none who can so rapidly be made good soldiers, and none who will form a better fighting army. In another generation, after the men who served in our last war have passed from the scene, should it ever again become necessary for our country to raise large armies to meet a sudden emergency, the main danger and difficulty will always lie in the lack of a sufficient number of competent officers and non-commissioned officers. The duration of our last war, as well as its cost in blood and money, would have been vastly reduced had we possessed a sufficient supply of good officers at the outbreak.

Fortunately for us, our antagonists were in nearly the same situation; fortunately again for us, we have no neighbors in a condition to oppose highly organized and numerous armies to the hastily formed battalions we will too probably rely upon.

UNIFORMS.

There are several reasons for clothing troops in uniform; that is to say, as nearly alike as the necessary distinction of arms of service, etc., will permit. In the first place, it is more economical to provide clothing made of similar materials than where there is great diversity; it is also easier to supply deficiencies than when a great variety of patterns and colors are employed. As the occupations and habits of the soldier are very different from those of the civilian, it has been found expedient to distinguish the soldier by his dress; and it has likewise been found conducive to neatness, personal self-respect, and good conduct to make this distinguishing dress ornamental to a certain extent. Further than this, experience has also shown that, especially in armies of some size, it is very necessary that the uniform should present such distinctions as will indicate the arm of service, army corps, division, brigade, regiment, and company to which each man belongs.

The essential qualities of a uniform are that it should be of strong and warm material; that it should fit easily, so as not to interfere with rapid or violent movements; that it should be so cut as to protect the more delicate portions of the body; and that the colors, while distinctive and pleasing,

should not be such as to attract attention at long distances, or present too conspicuous a mark at short ranges.

The gorgeous and varied uniforms which in the past added so much to the brilliancy of European reviews and royal balls are fast disappearing before the practical spirit of the age.

WEAPONS.

It is hardly necessary to state that in nothing relating to military affairs during the last few years have the changes been so great and so important as in respect of fire-arms. When the Mexican war broke out—less than twenty-eight years ago—our army was justly regarded as at least as well armed as any other in the world; yet at that period the old flint-lock musket had just been superseded by the percussion smooth-bore musket, which was regarded as the best possible weapon for infantry of the line; a very limited number of troops were armed with the short and heavy "Mississippi rifle;" the Colt revolver was not yet introduced in the army, but the old smooth-bore horse-pistols were yet in vogue; rifled cannon were unknown, and the field batteries consisted entirely of smooth-bore bronze six and twelve pounder guns, and twelve and twenty-four pounder howitzers. Now the rifled weapon has every where in Europe superseded the smooth-bore, and the breech-loader has in all Continental services taken the place of muzzle-loading small-arms and guns. It is perhaps hardly an exaggeration to say that the changes just recorded are quite as great and important as that from the bow to the musket. The effects of the last changes have not yet made themselves fully and universally felt, but enough is already known to justify the assertion that the result must be an entire change in the method of handling troops in battle, and probably important modifications in the organization of armies. It seems very certain that the new weapons, and the corresponding manner of fighting, demand a higher order of intelligence and better discipline and instruction than did the old. The greatest effect of the new weapons consists in their enabling men to deliver a rapid and crushing fire at the decisive moment and place; this will always give the advantage to intelligence and discipline, and the future will probably show that comparatively small armies composed of picked men very thoroughly disciplined will possess greater advantages than ever before over large masses of inferior quality and discipline.

The long ranges and rapid and accurate firing of the small-arms and field-guns of to-day have seriously affected the uses and mode of employing the different arms of service. The employment of large masses of cavalry on the field of battle will probably not again occur, unless under some very exceptional

circumstances, for where the ground is sufficiently open for them to form and act they will be fully exposed to such a fire as will prevent their advancing, or even retaining their position. The experience of the war of 1870-71, as far as it went, proved that cavalry could not attack good infantry armed with breech-loaders without incurring certain destruction. Again, in reference to the other duties of the cavalry, such as escort and patrol duty, it is quite certain that the breech-loader will enable very small parties of infantry to at least annoy cavalry parties so much as to hamper them exceedingly in their operations. The fact that small parties of the German cavalry ranged so far and freely in France will not serve as a rule for other cases. In a moderately broken or wooded country two or three good men with breech-loaders could, with entire safety to themselves, very soon put an end to the movements of ordinary cavalry patrols. It is quite probable that the future changes in the cavalry organization will be in the direction of assimilating a large part of it to mounted infantry.

While the cavalry has lost something of its importance, the artillery, on the other hand, has gained in power and independence. The breech-loading field-guns can be so readily placed under cover and fired so rapidly that it is possible to place them in positions that the old muzzle-loaders could never have held, and also to trust them to themselves with very slight infantry supports. In 1870-71, especially in the latter part of the war, the German artillery was usually in advance of the infantry line, and often really decided the battle when practically entirely without their infantry supports. The changes now being made in Europe seem to be in the direction of small calibres, heavy charges, flat trajectories, and long ranges; all this accomplished by means of a material so light that it can pass over rough ground, and find positions almost anywhere. A consequence of all this will probably be a large increase of the relative strength of the artillery. In regard to the mitrailleuse and similar inventions for the rapid and concentrated discharge of small-arm bullets opinions vary exceedingly. There is reason to believe that the last war did not impress the Germans with a very high idea of the value of such weapons, but that they have reached the conclusion that in face of active and accurate and long-range artillery the mitrailleuse can accomplish very little. There seems good ground for believing, however, that for the defense of works, of defiles, or of a position of limited extent the mitrailleuse, or, still better, the Gatlin gun, will prove to be a very reliable adjunct.

The effect of the modern improvements upon the infantry has been no less marked than upon the other arms of service. If, on

the one hand, their new weapon has freed them from all danger from the once-dreaded cavalry, on the other hand the new artillery is so formidable as to render a resort to new formations and new methods of attack obligatory; for the dense columns and successive parallel lines of former years can not withstand the distant, rapid, and accurate fire of modern guns. Neither can those old formations possibly succeed in the attack of positions held by good infantry armed with breech-loaders. Destruction and wild disorder must be the results of any such attempt.

Before touching upon the measures now being adopted in Europe to meet the new conditions of modern warfare, it is necessary, for the benefit of the general reader, to describe very briefly what is meant by strategy and tactics.

Strategy is the highest and most important branch of the art of war, requiring an accurate and extended knowledge of all branches of the profession of arms, and the highest intellectual gifts. Although its principles have guided great commanders from time immemorial, it has been reduced to the form of a science, and its principles clearly expressed in a scientific form, only within a century. Wars have been successful where the victors violated the requirements of strategy, but only when the conquered departed still more widely from them, or were greatly inferior in respect of quality, or number of troops, or some other vital need. It is the province of strategy to arrange plans of campaign, and to regulate the movements of armies in such a manner that their operations may produce the greatest possible results. For example, when war is about to break out, it is within the domain of strategy to determine whether to take the offensive by marching into the enemy's country, or to assume the defensive, receiving his attack on the frontier, or in rear of it, as the circumstances of the case may determine. Again, when an army is about to assume the offensive, there are usually several lines of operations available; strategical considerations decide which shall be used, and, if more than one, how the disposable forces shall be distributed between them. It is also within the domain of strategy to select the objective points or lines the possession of which—as the result either of strategical movements or of battles—will probably prove decisive in the campaign. While strategy thus occupies itself with the general movements of masses, tactics concerns itself with detailed movements. For example, under the head of tactics come all the measures necessary to move troops from the encampment or bivouac and set them on the march; to pass from the order of march to the order of battle, and the reverse; to pass from one order of battle to another; from

one part of the battle-field to another; to attack the enemy, or receive his attack, etc.

Modern improvements have not changed the principles of strategy in the slightest degree, although they have modified the application of those principles, through the introduction of railways, steam-ships, the telegraph, etc. With regard to tactics, however, the case is very different. The principles of tactics and the formations of troops for combat must, of course, vary with the weapons employed. As fire-arms have been gradually improved during the last thirty years, the systems of tactics of most nations have gradually but insufficiently changed, tending toward quicker movements and looser formations; but with the development of the full power of the breech-loader we are on the eve of a very great change in tactics; and, strange to say, the nation that led the way in the use of breech-loaders is also leading the way in the adoption of the new tactics proper to meet the changed state of the case. Let us separate, in our hurried description, the defensive from the offensive tactics.

When acting on the defensive against troops armed with breech-loaders, the new system requires infantry and artillery to seek cover as much as possible. If the nature of the ground permits them to find it behind the brow of a hill, that is availed of; if otherwise, then it is obtained by the hasty excavation of a shallow ditch—throwing the earth in front to form a parapet—in which the men lie, or the guns are placed. In a wooded country timber answers the same purpose. In the disposition of the troops it is no longer so necessary to preserve continuous lines, and, instead of massing large reserves in a few points, more numerous and smaller reserves are posted wherever the accidents of the ground will afford them shelter. In regard to the offensive, the problem is to expose the men as little as possible to the enemy's fire. This end is accomplished by bringing the artillery into action as soon as possible, and after its work is effected, sending forward the infantry in parties of such size that each can readily find shelter, and move rapidly from cover to cover. Experience seems to have proved that the large company is the most convenient unit for this kind of work; and according to the orders now in force in the German army, no larger column than that of the company is to be used by infantry under fire. Thus, under the new system, infantry attacks will be made by swarms of company columns, each covered by its own skirmishers, every four companies under the superintendence of the battalion commander, every three groups of four companies under their regimental commander, etc., etc. This kind of work requires great intelligence on the part of the captains and their men in finding the best

and most sheltered routes to their objects of attack, as well as in securing harmony of action with the adjacent companies. Again, such fighting necessarily means loose order and a departure from the conventional formations of the drill ground, whenever the field of battle is wooded or broken; hence arises the necessity for a discipline of the most strict and highest nature, which will preserve authority and mutual reliance even in the most scattered order, will cause the men to rally to and obey the nearest officer or non-commissioned officer, and in the first pause of the fighting to seek their own company, or if that be impracticable, the nearest company of their own battalion or regiment.

So also with regard to the artillery, in the new state of affairs more independence of action will be left to the individual battery commanders, all working together toward a common end under the general direction of the division commanders. The cavalry also will no doubt find its most useful action hereafter, as a rule, in small bodies, where the squadron will play a principal part as an independent unit. While stating clearly the changes in tactics that have resulted from the introduction of the breech-loader, and the additional importance gained by the company, the battery, and the squadron, we desire again to lay the strongest possible emphasis upon the fact that this change renders necessary the strictest and most intelligent discipline, and that, far from reducing the importance of the battalion and regimental commanders, it simply modifies the character of their duties, really rendering them none the less important; for while they no longer interfere in the details of the captain's work, so long as he does it properly, it is their duty to watch that their captains commit no errors, and to direct all the efforts of the companies to a common end, and to co-ordinate the movements of each battalion with those of its neighbors. To dispense with the regimental or battalion organization would be a fatal error.

In closing these papers upon army organization, the writer feels that it is just to himself to state again that they are intended only for general readers, and that they do not profess to treat the subject in a scientific or exhaustive manner. The sole purpose has been to describe, in language as simple as the subject permits, the main features of army organization for the benefit of those outside of the army, omitting many details that would not interest them, and not attempting minute accuracy when a general description conveys the idea sufficiently well for the special purpose in view.

Written as these papers have been in the few leisure moments occurring while traveling, with very little in the way of books of

reference at command, they are comparatively imperfect, but not too much so, it is hoped, to accomplish their main object, which is to convey to such of the general public as may take the trouble to read them a fair understanding of the structure of the armies that have played so important a part in the affairs of modern Europe. Such an understanding will suffice to convince most men that a modern army can not be improvised out of nothing, and that a mass of brave but undisciplined and uninstructed men does not form an army. It will, moreover, make it quite clear that any nation which can not be perfectly assured of perpetual peace, which can not learn the secret of keeping closed forever the doors of its own special temple of Janus, must make up its mind to maintain a military academy and a standing army which shall not only suffice for the ordinary demands of peace, but even be so much larger as to furnish a nucleus commensurate with probable wants in time of war.

ALLEGRETTO.

"A STRANGE thing, Langley's absence?" So thinks Harry Thornton; so thinks George Renouf.

Closing the door in questioning silence, the young men find themselves in a room not large, but characteristic of its owner in every detail.

That Langley is an artist a glance suffices to show. Whether music or painting is the shrine of his devotion would be less easily determined.

Warm crimsons and maroons prevail in the Brussels carpet, the heavy silk curtains, comfortable lounges, and inviting arm-chairs. Pictures, large and small, cover the neutral-tinted walls—one or two fine oil-paintings; a wonderful photograph of Rembrandt's mother, taken from the original in the Belvedere; crayon sketches; lovely chromos; odd arabesques; bits of bright color—autumn leaves, studies of ferns, rock mosses, and wood lichens; Wagner's superb head, regal in its proud kingly beauty; a full-length of Liszt in his abbé's dress. Schumann and Mendelssohn give no hint of disagreement; Chopin and Schubert gaze at each other in harmonious silence. An easel holds an unfinished picture, a woman's head of exquisite beauty, just sketched on a background of clouds, light and fleecy as angels' wings. Quaintly carved brackets in every nook and corner hold gems of art and beauty—wonderful Clytie in marble, Pallas Athene in bronze; wood carvings from Oberammergau, ivory ones from Japan; slender vases, crystal and silver, never without a bud, a spray of heliotrope, a tuberose, or a scarlet geranium—so womanish and delicate were Richard Langley's fancies. On the table,

inlaid with variegated marbles, Thibault and Reichardt jostled Morris and Brown; Ruskin and Schlegel are on good terms with *The Vision* or *Sir Launfal* and Joaquin Miller. At last the eye rests on a glorious Erard, one of those grand pianos that always wear the aspect of distinguished foreigners. It seems to look askance with smothered jealousy at the Chickering upright filling the corner at right angles with its alcove.

Once having strayed to this corner, there is no possibility of mistaking the profession of our friend. Poetry and painting might be his amusement, but music is his life-work. Music every where, bound and unbound, in rows on the book-shelves, in piles on the little Japanese stands—even the fragile cabinet held the Schumann and Franz Lieder—all in that order which in Richard Langley's mind was plainly Heaven's first law.

On the piano was the well-worn score of *Lohengrin*, open at "Das süsse Lied." One could almost fancy the echo of the final chord yet lingered on the air. The whole room, in fact, wore the aspect of abrupt departure. How recently had been that departure Thornton and Renouf were endeavoring to decide. The latter spoke first:

"He must be back in a few moments. He can not be far away. See, the piano is open; the lights, you say, were burning when you came in; here on his easel is an unfinished picture, a thing he never allows to remain when he leaves the room; even that jealously guarded cabinet is open. I never saw the doors unlocked before."

"All that argues abrupt departure, but it can not have been to-night; it was not even dark when I came in, and every burner was lighted then as you see it now. To-day has been very cold and damp, one of those east winds Langley always calls the essence of salt and icicles. Had he been home to-day, a fire would be burning, or at least the remains would be visible. There has been none for a week; there, among the kindlings, is the very roll of dismal counterpoint he snatched from my hands in disgust on Monday. Yesterday was warm, he would not have needed a fire. I think he must have been called away suddenly last evening, and something unforeseen has prevented his return. I shall stay here, at all events. I could not settle down to any sort of work if I went home. There is something so strange and incomprehensible in it. Can't you remain also for an hour or two?"

"Must give up my evening pipe if I do, I suppose?"

"Yes, indeed; I should as soon think of smoking in church as in any room of Langley's."

"Let us look round a little and see if we can discover any clew."

"I don't like to meddle with things, intimate as we have been for years. I never

yet ventured to take any liberties with him or any thing belonging to him."

"Oh, you are too fastidious altogether; I have no such scruples, and shall use my eyes as freely as I like. Of course I wouldn't open drawers and cupboards, nor unroll precious manuscripts; but there is surely no sin, for instance, in looking at the picture of a pretty girl."

As Renouf spoke he took up from its resting-place on the edge of an open drawer in the cabinet a small photograph, evidently the subject of the sketch on the easel.

"Who is this, Thornton? Mighty pretty girl, at all events. Langley has good taste, though I never gave him credit for much appreciation of the fair sex. Has he a sister, do you know?"

"I think not. Let me see the picture. Strange I should never have seen it before."

"Don't you call it a pretty girl?"

"No."

"No? Where are your eyes?"

"Serving me more truly than yours. It is not a pretty girl's face at all, but a woman's—one who has lived and suffered."

"At your fancies as usual; all that from a bright, comfortable-looking picture of a girl of fifteen. See, it is not even a likeness, it is a fancy head; the name below just describes the happy-go-easy, enjoy-life-all-you-can look on the face—'Allegretto,' a companion piece to those charming heads of Hunter's, 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso.' Here she is to the life."

Renouf seated himself at the piano, and with his limpid clear touch gave one of Haydn's allegrettos, running into another of Mozart's, bright and joyous, pure as summer sunshine, like the fresh blue of the sky in June just flecked with cloudlets. One thought of tiny brooks running by flowery banks, stealing in among shady nooks, lingering only for a moment there, loving the sunlight and brightness far better than shadows and hiding-places; birds singing in the woodlands, waving grass, and daisied meadows; nature in placid calm enjoyment, and a heart free from sin and care, in perfect keeping and accord with it.

"That is my interpretation; now let me have yours."

"Do you indeed see nothing more in this face? I have been studying it while you played. I think at fifteen the girl might have been just that and nothing more. I am sure you must add ten years of life to put into the face what I can read so plainly there. The first glance gives just what you describe, but behind it, looking out from the mask of quiet and apparently happy calm, is another face, another look, so restless, so full of pain and longing, so tense with repression and hopeless striving, that my heart aches at the very thought of the suffering it betrays. Do you not feel as well as see the

far-away look in the eyes, seeming to seek that rest and peace beyond, which in some way the life here has failed to bring?"

"If you read the face aright, then Langley has made a strange mistake for him. The handwriting is his, and it ought not to be 'Allegretto.' 'Andante con moto' would be more apt."

"You are wrong still, my friend. You are not the first who has failed to comprehend the full meaning of Allegretto. Listen to me now."

In soft, low, lingering tones Thornton began the second movement of the Sixth Sonata, that wonderful poem so few have ever comprehended. Exquisite as his playing always was, the very poetry of music fell from his slender fingers as they crept over the keys with that rare legato touch Beethoven himself possessed in such perfection. To his listener it was a revelation and a study. Through the marvelous modulations—aspiring, stirring, forever reaching forward to that which is still beyond, failing, falling only to rise yet again and strive yet more earnestly—the pain becomes at last insupportable. Two bars of silence. Gradually the soul comes to itself, and asserts its strength and dominion; mightier is that soul than the circumstance that enshrouds it; greater than mere things is the spirit that informs the things. Doubtfully the D flat repeats itself; the heart grows stronger in the humanity and kindliness of the dominant passing through G minor; tenderly, gently, yet resolutely, the original key is again in possession; the old burden is taken up once more, bravely, earnestly, unflinchingly; onward to the end, though the path be rough and thorny, though the tender feet bleed, and an unbidden sigh escape from the heart so sorely tried; yet the cross is borne, the crown is in sight, the victory is won!

The last staccato chord fell crisp and clear; then a silence so profound that any word that either could have spoken would have seemed desecration.

A voice that was neither Thornton's nor Renouf's, in quiet, penetrating tones, broke that silence. "How did you know the 'Allegretto'?"

"I do not know; it came to me. It could be no other that I ever heard. But where have you been? When did you come in?"

"Just as you began to play. I heard your last words, guessed you had been wondering and disagreeing over my picture, and was inclined to play eavesdropper to hear your interpretation of 'Allegretto.' Without asking, I know what Renouf's must have been—either Haydn or Mozart."

"I am convinced that my interpretation was wrong, and Thornton's right. It takes a genius to understand a genius; I am only a clever pianist, and can never hope for inspiration or intuitive perceptions."

"You do yourself injustice because you are angry with yourself. I am proud of you both, each with your different gift. Thornton would never bring down a house with applause, as you invariably do when you choose—"

"With wonder and astonishment at my nimble fingers and amazing octaves. I could never hush a room full of apparently careless hearers to utter silence, and bring forbidden tears to their eyes, as Thornton can, when the mood is upon him. I would give half my technique for a tithe of his power of expression."

"You have not suffered enough for that. Indeed, I do not believe you understand the meaning of the word. Were you ever unhappy?"

"Never that I remember. The keenest disappointments of my life have come from my tailor's misfits. Things have gone smoothly ever since I can remember. My profession is my pleasure, not my necessity. Mother and Jennie pet and idolize me to folly. The public, the dear, whimsical public, taking a fancy to my boyish performances, I have been its darling pride ever since. If I want a sensation of pain, I shall be obliged to go to the dentist's."

"Contrast your life with Thornton's. He never knew the meaning of the word home. Without father or mother, brother or sister, or any one in this whole wide world to claim kinship with, he has known cold and hunger, bodily as well as mental suffering. The only enjoyment of his boyhood was creeping stealthily into church behind me when I went there to practice. The loft was dark, full of nooks and corners, where a little half-starved boy of nine could easily hide himself: for months he had done it successfully. One evening I turned suddenly for some music I had forgotten. There the poor child stood. I shall never forget the scared look on the little white face, and piteous 'Please, Sir, don't send me away; I will be very still; it is just heaven and the angels.'"

"And of course he didn't send me away, but took my little cold hand in his, and led me, trembling with awe and delight, into the holy of holies, as it seemed to me. Instead of hiding in the dark, shuddering with fright at every pause lest I should be discovered, I stood in the very Presence, saw the cold white keys at his bidding disclose their secret mysteries. The magic of his touch awoke the warm, rich harmonies that had thrilled my soul in the silent deserted church, peopling the air with a world more real and precious to me than the one in which I lived, bringing forgetfulness of cold and hunger, darkness and solitude. I always date existence from that hour. All that I am to-day, all that ten years have made me, I owe to him—my master and my friend. Ah! it was a God-given vision that led him to see a possible future for the

little ragged newsboy—a divine humanity that has helped him to make of that dream a bright reality."

"Incarnate selfishness, Renouf, the whole of it! You mustn't believe all that boy says of me. I am not an angel of light, as he would have you think, but a poor sinner, especially weak and foolish where you both think me strong. It is a night of confessions, or I should never have said what I did about you, Thornton. I believe I shall feel my burden less if I share it with you in telling it. I am glad you are both here. I might grow morbid and sentimental if I told the tale to Thornton alone; the life drama is tragic enough in its barest statement. If to-night my heart and lips are unsealed, let the remembrance pass with the words I utter."

One tender loving look from Thornton gave assurance of his sympathy and trustworthiness. It was no new thing for Langley to confide in him. To Renouf it was both strange and unexpected. Loving and admiring his master with all the ardor of a great warm heart; full of boyish enthusiasm for the greatest musician he had ever known; accepting his principles and methods in the smallest detail; believing in him to the utmost; following where he led with the devotion and earnestness characteristic of all his disciples—there had always been a sense of distance, a feeling that only musically were there any points of contact between master and pupil. This confidence, so new, so fascinating in its strangeness, touched the young man deeply. A warm pressure of the hand said what spoken words would have failed to express.

"Let me light this fire first and put out some of these lights. I fancy a kind of twilight is the nicest for story-telling."

A bright wood fire was soon blazing merrily, the shadows rose and fell, while the flickering light shone on the three contrasting figures, as different in their physical aspect as in their mental and spiritual constitutions. Renouf, with his six feet of manly strength and beauty, a giant Adonis, with his close curling hair, his bright complexion, and flashing eyes, was the embodiment of physical perfection. Thornton, pale and fragile from want and exposure in his childhood, was pale and fragile still in his early manhood; the large brown eyes were full of liquid, dreamy softness; the dark brown hair, fine and silky as a child's, betrayed the nervous, delicate organization; his playing so thoroughly characteristic, his spirituelle face and at times abstracted manner, impressed one with the preponderance of soul over body.

So much for the pupils. For the master, to say he was the best-loved and the best-hated man in his circle, gives the key to his peculiarities of temperament and constitu-

tion. Hair and complexion of Saxon fairness; blue eyes capable of untold tenderness, or of sternness as cold and chilling as blue steel; fascinating in manner and address, even to his enemies when he chose; with wonderful versatility of talent, limitless imagination, high culture, and unbounded influence over all who fairly came within his sphere, Richard Langley stood as fair a type of the Intellect as the others of Soul and Body. Whether he had also a heart, his own story will perhaps disclose.

"The music and the picture which you were discussing when I came in, my unusual absence, and the saddest and happiest memories of my life, all relate to one who, whether in the body or out of the body, has exercised a subtle, penetrating influence over me for ten years. The best things in my life I owe to her. I am a better man to-day for having loved the pure-hearted, noble woman whose picture bears the name of Allegretto.

"I must return in part to the day, ten years ago, that I found you, Harry, at St. Stephen's, and yet again to an incident that occurred three months earlier. I had called in for a moment at Legarré's about some photographs he was taking from Millais's picture. I found every thing in confusion, preparing for removal. A pile of odd proofs lay on the counter, evidently the accumulation of years. Turning them over carelessly, I was attracted most singularly by one of a young girl, as I first thought; a second look suggested more maturity of thought and feeling, if not of years, than belong to sixteen. Legarré coming in at that moment, I asked about the original. He didn't know, there were so many strangers coming and going; thought, though, he would have remembered such a face if he had taken the negative; must have been done some time when he was away; might have the picture if I fancied it.

"I came back to my room with my treasure, and began to study its peculiarities. I am always fond of tracing hidden meanings in chance expressions, when the mind for a moment is off duty, and the true soul shows through the flimsy veil of the body—useless for keeping secrets unless the will too is *en rapport*. The photograph is a great help to such study. The sun is a faithful limner, and paints just what he sees. If the polished, elegant man of society, the tender shepherd of his flock, looks coarse and brutal in one picture out of a thousand, be sure, when that picture was taken, at that moment, the world, the flesh, and the devil reigned supreme. You are surprised to see an expression of pain and sadness in the picture of one whom you know, and the world knows, bright and joyous, gayest of the gay. You say, 'Tis no likeness; my friend never looked like this.' It is you who are

wrong, the sun never: whether you discover it or not, the pain and the bitterness have somehow crept into that life, with all its seeming happiness.

"Hour after hour I gazed at the fair young face, vainly endeavoring to satisfy myself as to its meaning; forever it eluded me, just when it seemed within my grasp. Haunted incessantly by the thought that in some way I could translate it, it seemed like a poem to be set to music; but there could be but one tone poem that should be its own. Suddenly there flashed across my mind the strange, incomprehensible Allegretto. I felt my way by the fire-light to the piano, and played it through. At last the face and the music made one perfect whole. I can not express to you the sense of entire satisfaction and rest which it gave me. I felt almost sure, too, that some day, somewhere, I should see face to face her who was already the one woman in the world for me.

"Three months passed by. If my fate was coming to me at all, it must be in its own resistless course; the best and truest things in life just happen, and are never had by seeking.

"When I opened my letters the night I left you at Mrs. Moody's, to be cared for till I came again, I found a note from a Mrs. Robert Douglas asking me to call at my earliest convenience that she might consult me with regard to her daughter's lessons. The request was one that could have come only from a stranger, as it was well known I never went out for lessons.

"London Terrace was not at any great distance, however; I had no pressing engagement, and was just a bit curious to see who Mrs. Douglas might be—a woman of energy and decision evidently from her handwriting, the daughter probably a silly school-girl or a stupid child.

"Mrs. Douglas proved to be, as to personal appearance, much such a woman as I imagined—tall and dark, with a great deal of reserved force, indicated in the intensely quiet tones of her voice, the somewhat rigid lines about the mouth, and the occasional flash from a pair of dark eyes that at first had a heavy, sleepy look.

"The usual conventional courtesies having been exchanged, I was about to make some inquiry as to my future pupil, when, slightly raising her voice, Mrs. Douglas said,

"'My daughter Leslie, Mr. Langley.'

"A voice as low and quiet, but far more musical, in a tone almost of remonstrance, answered, 'Mamma!'

"'My daughter, Leslie Douglas, Mr. Langley,' the mother repeated, with a slightly added emphasis.

"Bowing as I acknowledged the introduction, I did not see Miss Douglas's face till she too raised her head from the somewhat

formal courtesy with which she greeted me.

"Was I dreaming? There stood my Allegretto as I have been endeavoring to portray her on the canvas. The photograph gave only light and shade, and I had only guessed at the coloring; the hair a trifle warmer in tone; the eyes gray, I was sure of that; color coming and going, giving alternately the rosy flush of happy girlhood, and the almost pallor of a suffering woman. Was it excitement and embarrassment at meeting an entire stranger so abruptly, or was my study of the picture true also of the woman? Was there a real as well as apparent duality of character whose equipoise was just then disturbed? You know how much self-control I always have, and how impossible it is to read my thoughts in my face.

"We were soon in the midst of a pleasant conversation on musical topics. Miss Leslie informed me that her training had been vocal almost exclusively, that accompaniments troubled her, and she desired to obtain the greatest possible dexterity with her fingers in the shortest possible time. This I readily promised her if she would adhere faithfully to my method. At my request she consented to sing if I would accompany her. Mrs. Douglas made the selections, chiefly florid operatic and concert pieces, a few charming piquant Spanish ballads, all indicating rare natural gifts, with judicious and refined culture. Yet I was conscious of disappointment: this was not the soul I fancied lay hidden behind that placid, calm exterior. Almost at random I opened a volume of Schumann songs that lay on the piano. 'Sing this, if you please,' I said. Ah! shall I ever forget it! The intensity of pain and endurance that expressed itself in the *Dichterliebe*, 'Ich grolle nicht,' and 'Ich will meine Seele tauchen.' That glimpse was enough. My pupil would interest me—of that I was sure—and I readily consented to the unusual proposition to come twice a week in the evening for a lesson.

"It is needless to give in detail the weeks and months as they glided by; unceasing diligence and perseverance on her part, added to great natural ability, had given the execution desired, but I had never tested her with any master-works to interpret. She knew nothing of Beethoven, though she sang 'Adelaide' in a way that must have satisfied Ludwig himself. I left the first volume of the Sonatas with her one evening, bidding her select any movement she chose to play to me the next time. It seems almost incredible, yet I knew I hoped for it in my heart of hearts: when the time came she played the Allegretto as you play it, Thornton, or as I might play it myself, and yet she had never heard it. I dared not say what I felt. With the simple 'Thank you, it is very good,' I gave her a Thalberg fan-

tasia for the next lesson. She learned so quickly, with such avidity and eagerness, as the new world of harmony opened out before her, that I found myself trying experiments with her constantly—experiments which I know now were cruel. I shall never forget the look on her face as she played the Chopin Polonaise in C minor, or when, a few weeks later, I gave her the Sonata Appassionata. Her air at the piano was always one of quiet elegance; her usual expression suggested peace and repose, with such intimations of quiet comfort and enjoyment as a halcyon day in June may give; but when she played her face was transfigured, the light was from within, and she wist not that it shone.

"Gradually the conviction forced itself upon me. I loved Leslie Douglas, knowing nothing more of her or her life than came to me through her music and her strange sweet face with its manifold contradictions. I would tell her, but it should be in a Liebeslied; my fingers should interpret to her rather than my lips.

"Often Mrs. Douglas remained in the room; but fortunately for me the evening when I had resolved to put it to the test, and win or lose it all, we were alone. At the conclusion of the lesson there was a pause.

"'Shall I sing for you?' Leslie said.

"'No; I will play to you,' beginning as I spoke that loveliest Liebeslied of Heusselt's. Had I dared, I would have played Loeschhorn's Liebesglück with Rückert's exquisite words. I felt sure that she would understand me. What would she answer? I hoped she would lay her little white hand in mine and say 'Forever.' Instead of that she moved to take my place at the instrument, and played that saddest of Chopin's nocturnes, with its helpless, hopeless despair, wailing a death knell to all hope and aspiration. Her meaning was as plain and palpable as mine had been, and yet so mad was I with passionate longing that I would not be denied.

"'Leslie, darling Leslie!' I cried. At the sound of my voice her face grew white, her lips quivered; with a trembling hand she motioned me away. When I would have clasped her in my arms she shrank away from me shudderingly.

"'Leslie Douglas, can you not love me?' I said. 'I can wait for the love to grow to the perfect arch, only tell me that hidden in your heart is its secret deep foundation. Speak to me, Leslie! Do you not love me?'

"'I do love you, Richard Langley! Heaven is my witness, I did not dream that you loved me until to-night. I had not courage to put from my lips the one sweet draught life offered me. I felt the pain was only mine, and I could bear it, for the pleasure was ever greater than the pain. You will understand me better—will you forgive me

ever?—when I tell you I am Leslie Douglas: I am also *Mrs. Robert Douglas, and my husband lives!*

"What I said in my wild frenzy I do not know. As my excitement increased she grew calm. She was ever stronger than I. The balance adjusted itself: if I had much to forgive in her deception of reticence, she had far more to forgive in my reckless passionate words, wrung from a tortured heart.

"Before we parted she had told me in a simple straightforward fashion her story.

"At fifteen she had married her adopted mother's only son, a man twice her age, handsome, fascinating, and wicked; the pride of his mother, who was willfully blind to every fault; the object of scorn and detestation to all who knew him well. Two months after the marriage Robert stole from his mother's secretary a large sum of money, with bonds also, which eventually led to his detection. With this came a disclosure of systematic frauds and forgeries on his part, by which her large fortune was reduced more than half, and Leslie's pittance entirely dissipated. With the same unreasoning impetuosity which had ruined her boy through overindulgence, Mrs. Douglas cursed and disowned him, let the law take its course, and took the child-wife home to her heart. They went abroad; spent several years completing her education; every thing money could buy was lavished freely upon her. Robert's name was forbidden. Leslie Douglas was her daughter to all intents and purposes. The law gave her freedom, if she chose to take it. As years went by the elder lady would gladly have taken her into society, but Leslie refused to go as Miss Douglas, and the mother would not listen to any thing else. Her hesitation the night of my introduction was explained, with much else that from time to time had struck me as strange and anomalous in the apparent relation between the two.

"At the time of her marriage Leslie was too young to have entertained any other than a girl's fancy for a handsome lover. With the knowledge of his unworthiness even that passed away, leaving only the wretched, bitter fact that he was still her husband, she still held in bondage.

"Owing all things to his mother, who was also her nearest relative, this young girl, adding the living sacrifice of daily life to the first great sacrifice, grew into womanhood, with all its lovely graces, without any other friendship or companionship. They were united by a common misery as well as by mutual affection, the one expressed freely, the other by tacit agreement ignored as far as possible in daily life.

"The eager craving, the passionate ardor, with which the poor child threw herself into the enchanted realm of music, the rest, the comfort, the ever-renewing source of strength

it was to her, were easy to comprehend. Her very simplicity and want of conventional-ity, to me her greatest charm, had betrayed her into the error so fatal to us both.

"It was impossible that we should meet on the old familiar footing. I dared not trust myself. She knew I was right, and trusted me. Oh, the bitterness of that parting! The iron entered into my very soul. Yet I am a man, and men do not die for love. I live. But Leslie Douglas! Yes, she lives too, but in that land where is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. Her heart was broken that night when mine was turned to stone. The springs of life were snapped asunder; slowly and surely she faded away; with the early violets we laid her to rest, all the calm and sweetness of heaven on her brow and perfect lips.

"A week before she died she sent for me. I was very calm. How could I be otherwise in the presence of that unearthly beauty, that heavenly purity? She had two requests to make—one that I would remain with her till all was over, and comfort her mother, who could not, would not, be resigned; the other to seek Robert Douglas when his term of imprisonment expired, and tell him she forgave him all. There were deeper wrongs than those I have disclosed. 'Oh, Richard Langley!' she said, with all the gathered energy of her heart and soul, 'reconcile Robert and his mother, as you hope to meet me in the great Hereafter!'

"I promised.

"The end was not quite so near as she thought; a few days yet remained. Every hour was given to her. If it could have been a lifetime, instead of a week! At times, with a voice exquisite in its sweetness to the last, she would sing snatches of Schumann and Franz songs, or some quaint German hymn; oftener she lay quietly on the lounge, listening to such music as my breaking heart yet had courage to give.

"It seems strange, does it not? that at the last she could not bear Chopin. There was no hope in it, she said. Beethoven always gave her pleasure; behind the pain was the trust and the triumph; out of momentary weakness came strength; the victory was always sure. An hour before her death she asked for the Allegretto. The look her face wore at its close remained even when the gray coldness of death crept upon it. As she breathed her last, for the first time I held her in my arms, and on her white cold forehead pressed the purest kiss a man's lips ever gave. I said that, in the body or out of the body, her influence ever was upon me. There are times when I know she is nearer to me than even you at this moment, Thornton; there is between our spirits but one fleshly veil. Where she bids me go I go. The best and truest things of my life have been done under her guidance. Not a

spiritualist in the ordinary sense, I am conscious of *her* presence, and acknowledge it as a power in my life.

"Last night every thing was as you see it now. I had been playing the music she loved. I was at work on her picture. Gradually this sense of her nearness crept over me; a voice from without seemed to call, 'Leave all and follow me.' Unhesitatingly I left every thing, following blindly where the voice should lead. In Park Square I met Dr. Anthon.

"The very man I want to see!' he exclaimed. 'Do you know any one named Douglas?' he added. 'I have a fancy that I heard you speak once of a pupil by that name.'

"I had such a pupil,' I replied; and of course asked the reason for his question.

"There's a poor fellow at the hospital,' he said, 'only out of prison three days; he's dying, sure, and much of the time wandering. His registered name is John Brown—fictitious of course; but he mutters constantly about the Douglas, "The Black

Douglas shall not harm you." "Douglas shall have his own," etc. It's only an odd fancy, but I thought of you, and said to myself, who knows? perhaps there is some sad story back of all this, and Langley's the man to know about it. The fellow is a gentleman, of that I'm sure.'

"We reached the hospital. It was Robert Douglas. I can not recount to you the harrowing, heart-rending scene: a wasted life, with the full consciousness of all that might have been borne home to his soul in his body's helplessness and last extremity. I found his mother, and fulfilled Leslie's last request. It was a fearful sight and sound. The reproaches and curses that mother had launched on the head of her son came back with all their sharp bitterness; she would have gladly laid down her life to efface the memory.

"Her boy died in her arms, forgiving and forgiven.

"Thornton, put up the lights! Renouf, play the cat's fugue!"

GALILEO AND THE PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

THE close of the sixteenth century and the triumphs of the Jesuits gave the final blow to the vigor of the Italian mind. From that inauspicious moment, save one, no powerful and independent thinker, no Milton, Bacon, Newton, Hampden, flourished on the sterile scene of priestly tyranny.¹ For two centuries the voice of free discussion was stilled, the wants and aspirations of the people found no utterance nor defender, or if one ventured to sigh for a new Italy he was shut up in the coils of the Roman Inquisition or banished to the chill regions of the North. The deliverance of Italy from its mental bondage and its spiritual foes has come at last from foreign hands and hostile arms, and the perpetuation of its novel freedom must rest in no slight degree upon the protection of a German lord. Yet it was to Italy that Europe once looked for its own deliverance from feudal tyranny and mental decay. Its prosperous republics, the centres of industry, taught to Germany and England the chief elements of civilization; the poets of Tuscany awakened the European intellect.² But for Dante and Petrarch

there could have been no Shakspeare nor Spenser; and when in its last decline, in the close of the sixteenth century, the poison of priestly tyranny had dissolved all its members, when there was no room for letters and no hope of mental advance, the genius of Italy had already clothed itself in the guise of painters and sculptors, and covered with a cloud of artistic glory a land that was swiftly perishing in the deadly embrace of popes and kings.

The trial and imprisonment of Galileo form the final scene in the death of the Italian intellect.³ The most eminent genius of his country, if not of his age, almost the founder of modern science, the peer and contemporary of Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, the successor of Michael Angelo, had Galileo obtained an utterance in Italy for scientific truth, the spell that rested upon her might have been broken. There might have bloomed once more a literature touched by the free spirit of Dante, a political progress that would have reflected the Puritanic revolutions of the North. But with Galileo fell the independence of Italian thought. His abjuration is the saddest picture in modern intellectual history. Conscious of the truth, he was condemned to renounce it and repeat a falsehood.⁴ The Newton, the Herschel of

¹ Some compilations, like that of Tiraboschi, a few tolerable poems and novels, Alfieri's tragedies or Manzoni's fictions, have won reputation. Vico and Castelli might have flourished in a land of freedom; in their own they wrote with caution and fear. Yet it is the natural trait of all modern Italian literature that it is the enemy of the papal rule.

² The influence of Galileo on science can scarcely be estimated. The *Sidereus Nuncius* and the *Dialogue* are among the most powerful of modern intellectual agents.

³ Alberi, *Opere Galilei*, 1842, never furnished any life of Galileo. His collection gives a good view of the industry of his subject.

⁴ The *Dublin Review* some years ago advanced the notion that Galileo never believed the Copernican theory. It suggested that Galileo was "one of the most

his age, he was forced to abjure the favorite studies of his life, and pause forever in that path of scientific discovery which had already made Italy famous. All the world witnessed his fall, and he whose eye had first pierced the mysterious vault above, who of all his race had first brought back tidings of new suns and planets in its sublime abyss, yielded to the terrors of torture, the fear of death, and sacrificed the integrity of his soul to the menaces of the church. With malignant joy the Jesuits saw the last great Italian perish within their toils, and were perhaps satisfied with the humiliation of Galileo.

When, at the close of his splendid career, covered with renown yet shut up in his villa at Arcetri, the prisoner of the Inquisition, watched by envious eyes, threatened, should he murmur or rebel, with the most dreadful punishments of the church, Galileo, sick and worn with age and sorrow, lamented in letters to his friends that he had ever ventured upon those fatal studies which had served only to bring upon him persecution and shame, a fair-haired, blue-eyed poet from the cloudy North, who was just entering with an equal ardor upon the search for truth, visited the bright skies of Florence,¹ saw with astonishment the imprisonment of its greatest genius, and heard perhaps from his own lips the unmerited sorrows that had fallen upon his later years. It was Milton lamenting for Galileo. In the cultivated society of Florence the young English scholar must often have remembered the lonely prisoner who, shut out from all the pleasures of intellectual intercourse, was confined in the distant villa. Milton at Florence wrote verses, was complimented in graceful stanzas, and was not slow to return the elegant adulation. Yet with all the more intelligent Florentines he saw typified in the fate of Galileo the quick extinction of Italian letters. In his defense of the freedom of the press he relates to the English public how a severe Inquisition had checked at Florence all mental progress, how the accomplished Florentines lamented that they had not been born in a land like England, where learning was free, how nothing was now written in Italy but "flattery and fustian." "There," he adds, "it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition." The spectacle of the great philosopher, silenced, terrified, condemned, never passed from his mind. In his youth he had lamented over him tenderly. In

manhood, when a mental tyranny like that which hung over Italy seemed about to envelop all England, and a persecuting church and a despotic king had nearly subdued its virtue, Milton, instructed by the fate of Italian thought, led on the defenders of freedom. And when in his old age, blind and forsaken like Galileo, he poured forth in sonorous strains the treasures of a life of study, one of his most splendid similes, one of his most touching allusions, is when he paints the Tuscan artist on the height of Fiesole, and makes the chief glory of science lend aid to the immortal grandeur of his song.¹

Galileo was born in poverty at Florence in 1564, the year of Michael Angelo's death and of Shakspeare's birth. His father was a teacher and composer of music, and the young Florentine, nurtured in privation and designed for a trade, seemed little likely to become the source of all modern scientific progress, or the chief foe and victim of the ruling church. But his clear and subtle intellect soon disclosed itself, and his father, with painful sacrifices, contrived to give him a liberal education. He taught him early to play upon the organ and the lute, and Galileo became an accomplished musician. Like Milton, he loved the concord of sweet sounds, and in his old age, blind and sorrowful, would still soothe his melancholy by playing upon his favorite lute.² He excelled in painting, and was a careful student of poetry. He acquired readily Latin and Greek, so active was his intellect, and in his seventeenth year went to study medicine at Pisa. It was hoped that in the practice of a liberal profession he might rise from that poverty in which his father had ever hopelessly lingered. But at Pisa his passion for mathematics and his bold and fertile resources in mechanics soon became evident. He taught himself geometry. He discovered the principle of the pendulum from the vibrations of the great bronze lamp in the cathedral. He began to invent scientific instruments. His novel speculations in philosophy and his bold defiance of the authority of Aristotle offended the Pisan professors, and involved him in a lasting controversy. Soon he began to question nature herself, and strove to penetrate into the unseen principles of matter. He practiced in Italy what Bacon was teaching in England, and even in his early youth startled the minds of his contemporaries by his command over the secrets of the

mendacious and cowardly poltroons who ever appeared in public life" if he did so and denied it or recanted. Probably the Catholic writer had never been threatened with torture by an infallible pope capable of any cruel deed.

¹ Milton, *Areopagitica*. Johnson thinks Milton lost some attentions in Italy by venturing to visit Galileo. It was a dangerous act of homage.

¹ Milton seems to have doubted the new wonders. It was of "imagined lands and regions in the moon" that he last wrote. But of Galileo's greatness he never doubted.

² Viviani, a devoted disciple, wrote his *Life of Galileo* in 1664 to please Rome and the papal rulers. He wrote under the eye of the Inquisition at Florence. Of modern lives there is a limitless number. A good account of his scientific connection with Copernicus may be found in the *Fortschritte der Naturwissenschaft*.

universe. The church frowned upon him; the university reprobated his novelties; but in the midst of a general hostility he won friends and fame. He was celebrated by his admirers as the first mathematician of Italy, if not of Europe. He was already called the new Archimedes when, in his twenty-seventh year, amidst the opposition of nearly all his colleagues, he was named Professor of Mathematics at Pisa.

It is related that amidst his physical researches he lectured with great applause on Dante, and that as critic or author he might have adorned and enlarged the literature of Italy. So varied an intellect has seldom visited the earth. In almost all the branches of human learning Galileo attained excellence, and in all mental exercises outstripped his contemporaries.¹ His mind was a delicate yet powerful instrument that might be applied to any kind of mental labor with unlimited success. His clear perceptions, his ceaseless industry, seemed never to lose their reward. In pure literature he attained a style so perfect and so simple as to rival the austere graces of Pascal, and to which the harsh obscurity of Bacon or the severe grandeur of Milton's prose seems almost barbarous and rude. He could mould the soft and flowing Tuscan into the most delicate forms of irony, or present in the clearest diction all the novelties of truth. But at Pisa his bold and aggressive researches and arguments, his firm adherence to his own convictions, increased the number and virulence of his foes. He was forced to resign his professorship, was driven from Florence, which he loved with the ardor of a true Florentine, and was at last made mathematical professor at Padua, under the protection of the Venetian senate.

Fame, wealth, and honors seemed now to descend upon Galileo in a profuse abundance that might well have satisfied the simple wants of the man of science. At Venice, of all the Italian states, the papal church had least influence. Fra Paolo, its bitter satirist, had escaped its malice, and survived the daggers of its assassins; and had Galileo never left the safe shelter of his Venetian friends, he might have avoided the pains of his later years. But at Padua he was received with singular respect. His lectures were thronged by eminent disciples.² Princes and nobles came from all

parts of Europe to study under the gifted Italian, and men more eminent than princes and nobles were the sharers of his enthusiasm for truth. Graceful, well-formed, tall, with bright eyes, and hair inclining to red, with pleasing countenance, a cheerful aspect, polished in his manners, and gifted with a classic purity of expression, Galileo's lectures aroused an ardor for investigation that none of his contemporaries could equal. His pupils and his friends pursued him with unceasing devotion. "I thank God," said one of them, "for having given me for a master the greatest man the world has ever seen." "When," wrote another to him, in his sad old age—"when shall I embrace you as a father, and listen to you as an oracle?" His house was filled with devoted students. The noblest and the most learned men and women of Venice and of Florence gathered around him. He was already at the height of a deserved renown when, by a rare discovery, he startled all Europe into attention, and proclaimed, in the *Sidereus Nuncius*, that he had a message from the stars.³

Of all his varied gifts, Galileo has produced the most important influence upon modern progress by his mechanical dexterity and his inventive force. His busy and dextrous touch moulded the rarest instruments and the most complicated machines. His house at Padua was a workshop, where a ceaseless round of invention and of mechanical improvements went on, where laborious days and nights were given to the advance of those practical arts that most affect the physical welfare of man. He was the prince of mechanics, almost the parent of modern invention.⁴ There is scarcely a branch of mechanical labor that has not felt the influence of his practical skill, nor a modern inventor that has not owed something to his creative power. Of the vast network of machinery that sustains the fabric of modern civilization there is no part that has not its trace of the labors of Galileo. He invented, improved, or embellished the barometer and thermometer, the pendulum and the magnet, hydraulic and military machines, the compass, the telescope, and the microscope. A throng of less renowned instruments and engines, prepared by his delicate touch and unprecedented skill, flowed from his workshop. His treatises on mechanics, fortification, and the laws of motion excited the emulation of Europe; and it was by his rare accomplishments as a practical mechanic that he was enabled to create that

¹ M. Martin, Gallée, etc., 1868, Paris, gives a not unfair account of his theme. Henri l'Épinois, Gallée, son Procès, etc., Paris, 1867, furnishes extracts from the process of the trial, which was long lost, but which appears to have been recently restored at Rome. Parchappe de Vinay, Paris, 1866, Gallée, has painted his story with fresh vigor. The literature of the subject is multiplying; and Wohwill, Der Inquisition-Process des Galileo, Berlin, 1870, promises a new life and new theories.

² An interesting and careful view of the inner history of Galileo and his family, from the letters of his

daughter, Sister Maria Celeste, throws new light on his character. See *Private Life of Galileo*, London, 1870.

³ *Sidereus Nuncius*, Venetiis, 1610. The illustrations of the *Nuncius* were so fine and so new as might well startle the public attention.

⁴ Parchappe, Gallée, p. 45, enumerates his inventions. Galileo never concealed his indebtedness to others.

wonderful instrument whose revelations have founded a new science, and penetrated the starry heavens.

In the year 1609, Galileo relates, he first heard from a friend in Flanders that an instrument had been invented by which distant objects were brought near and the powers of vision extended.¹ He resolved at once to imitate and surpass it. By his singular mechanical dexterity, his knowledge of optics, and his highly polished glasses, he was soon able to produce a telescope before which the Dutch instrument sank into neglect, and was forgotten. It was never more heard of; but a thrill of wonder passed over Italy and Europe when it was known that the famous Paduan professor had prepared an optic glass that enlarged the bounds of vision and endowed mankind with new powers. The charm of surpassing novelty covered the wonderful invention with an unprecedented renown. The great and the learned contended for the possession of the new instrument. Galileo carried his telescope to Venice, and from the tallest bell-towers senators and nobles saw through the magic glass great argosies sailing far out at sea, and the distant shores brought near and made visible. All the value of the new instrument broke at once upon their minds: it must change the principles of military strategy, and diminish the perils of navigation. Magistrates, senators, and citizens covered the fortunate inventor with applause. With discreet courtesy, Galileo presented his telescope to the doge² at a friendly audience, and the Venetians at once raised his salary to a thousand florins. Covered with honors and emoluments, he returned to Padua, little conscious of the surpassing discoveries that yet awaited him in the silent heavens, or of the pains and woes he was destined to bear in his later years from the heretical revelations of his too truthful and fatal telescope.

In all the years in which mankind had surveyed and studied the glittering heavens above them no one had been able to add to the number of the stars, or to define the nature of moon and planets. Philosophers of Memphis and of Pekin had failed equally to construct a tolerable theory of the heavens.³ The shining orbs had seemed so brilliant and ethereal, so far removed from the coarser elements of earth, as to form a throng of bodies

altogether celestial in their nature, free from the grosser elements with which man was familiar. From the fertile fancies of Greek poets and thinkers had descended the notion that the sun and all the hosts of the night swam in a glassy ether, circled around a motionless earth, and were designed alone to light the paths of men. The Scriptures had not increased the sum of astronomical knowledge. Joshua had commanded the sun to stand still, or Job surveyed the sweet influence of the Pleiades, and David sang of the majesty of the starry heavens. But the Greek, or perhaps the Phenician, theory, maintained by Ptolemy and the Aristotelians, had at length gained universal prevalence. The Roman Church adopted it. Infallible popes and councils had held that the sun moved round the earth, that the stars and planets were of an incorporeal if not spiritual nature, and that the immutable ether above was studded with a host of gracious wanderers, whose chief aim was to watch over the destiny of men. Astrology had still further enlarged the conception. In the age of Galileo every eminent prince or statesman read his destiny in the stars. The pupil of the Jesuit, Wallenstein, and the Protestant Gustavus Adolphus had their horoscopes calculated by cultivated astronomers. Even Galileo practiced and smiled at the popular superstition. The priests confided more firmly in the decrees of astrology than in those of the church; and when Copernicus, in the sixteenth century, suggested that the sun was immovable, and that the planets and the earth were bodies governed by common laws, and circling around a common centre, the theory was pronounced heretical by papists and Protestants, and seemed only an extravagant vision, the growth of a disordered fancy. Galileo himself doubtless disdained the improbable speculation, and the white path of the Milky Way and the golden wreaths of the constellations were no better understood by the contemporaries of Shakspeare and Spenser, Erasmus and Luther, than they had been three thousand years before, when Chaldean shepherds had studied them on the Babylonian plains.

On a memorable evening in the year 1609, Galileo, indifferently and with no unusual expectation, had turned his telescope upward to the skies. He beheld a spectacle upon which mortal eyes had never rested before. Entranced by the prodigy, startled by the greatness of his discoveries, he saw the moon, whose silver face had beamed for ages unchanged in the dying generations of man, resolve herself into a wild waste of mountains and deep ravines, "imagined lands and regions yet unknown."⁴ The

¹ Sidereus Nuncius, 1610, Francofurt. He admits distinctly his indebtedness to the Dutch suggestion. *Fuisse quodam Belgæ perspicillum elaboratum*, etc. He raised the power of the telescope a thousandfold, p. 9.

² Galileo to Landucci, August, 1609; to Buonarrotti, December, 1609.

³ Fortschritte der Naturwissenschaft. Some Pythagoreans had taught the motion of the earth, but not the Copernican—possibly even a truer one—that the universe moved around a central fire (p. 5), by 1530. Copernicus had excited the wonder of Europe by his theory, p. 24. *Bereits im Jahre 1530 hatte Copernicus seine Lehre im wesentlichen abgeschlossen*, etc.

⁴ He relates his discovery with calmness; is full of gratitude to God. "I have already ascertained," he says, "that the moon is a body similar to the earth." *To Vinta*, January, 1610.

mystery of ages was revealed in an instant. It was plain that the celestial satellite was no incorporeal substance, but possessed all the material attributes of the earth. A succession of prodigies followed. The pale course of the Milky Way was dissolved into hosts of stars. The astronomer could boast that he added millions to the numbers of the known heavenly bodies. When he turned his glass to Jupiter, four lesser stars appeared attending the planet. Sometimes they were all visible on one side, sometimes one or more disappeared. They were evidently lesser planets following, like the moon, the motion of the larger orb.¹ He pursued his studies, touched by the divine curiosity. Saturn revealed its broad rings; the hosts of stars gave up their secrets; the mystery of the universe was unfolded; and the telescope proved by a resistless argument that the Copernican theory was true.² Galileo hastened to publish his discoveries. He printed his *Nuncius Sidereus* (his message from the skies) in 1610. It contained drawings of the chief celestial appearances, of the four satellites of Jupiter, and related in a brief treatise the wonders of the new heavens.

The Europe for which Galileo wrote, and whose political and religious condition was to have no slight influence upon his future fate, was now in the dawn of a new progress. Of the great kingdoms and states which then appeared so grand and important, but now so feeble and obscure, all were racked and wasted by incessant warfare and by theological disputes. England, with a population smaller than that of several of our American States, under the rule of the feeble James I., was cherishing in its breast the principles of reform, and preparing for a fierce internal contest. In the new republic of Holland, just rescued from the hands of the savage inquisitors, to become the asylum of exiled Huguenots, Italians, and Jews, a mental energy had been developed that was to save England and America from intellectual decay. France, under a degenerate rule, was still animated by the fading elements of Huguenot honesty. Spain lay worn and bleeding in the hands of priests and inquisitors. But it was in Germany that the chief interest of the period was to centre. In Germany the Jesuits were laboring with all the strength of their

early fanaticism to destroy Protestantism in the home of its founders. For their schools and colleges they claimed the possession of all learning and of all scientific progress. They essayed to rule the European intellect, and to engross in their ambitious order the genius of the age, and they hoped to crush the spirit of Puritanism and of reform by the subtleties of a rigorous intellectual culture and the control of popular education. It was for the mastery of Europe that the powerful society was toiling; to extend anew the sway of the Papal Church over the regions that had revolted from its cruel rule; to plant anew the Roman Inquisition in the capitals of Saxony and Brandenburg, and to force mankind back to a servile obedience to the tenets of Rome. Not the shadow of dissent could be tolerated. Whoever ventured to breathe a hint of heresy was to be mercilessly destroyed; whoever opposed his predominant fame and influence to the interests of the triumphant order was to be racked, tortured, and humiliated before the eyes of all mankind. To the conquest of divided and torpid Germany the papal rulers were summoning all their powers, and to subdue Germany they must first insure the intellectual ruin of every Italian state.

Meanwhile all Europe had received with amazement, and sometimes with incredulity, Galileo's message from above.¹ Telescopes were eagerly sought for by nobles and princes, and Maria de' Medici went down on her knees before the astonished Italians to look through the wonderful instrument at the moon. Henry IV. of France sent to beg the discoverer to call the next beautiful star he might encounter by his own name. The Duke of Bavaria, the Elector of Cologne, and Cardinal Del Monte begged Galileo for telescopes. In Florence every one was anxious to obtain a Venetian glass. To please the grand duke, Galileo called the satellites of Jupiter the Medicean stars. The *Sidereus Nuncius* ran through two editions within two months. Galileo manufactured one hundred telescopes, and presented one to each of the sovereigns of France, Poland, Austria, and Spain. To the Grand Duke of Tuscany he gave the first he had made, the source of all his discoveries, and with the passionate longing of a Florentine for his native city, suggested that he was willing to return to the land from which he had once been expelled by the clamor of his foes. He was easily gratified. Eager to attract to his dominions the most famous man of his age, Duke Cosmo settled upon Galileo an income of one thousand florins, with no duties to

¹ Sid. Nunc., p. 17, gives a representation of the satellites. Die itaque Januarii instantis anni 1610 hora sequentis noctis prima cum coelestia sydera per perspicillum spectarem, Jupiter sese obviam fecit.

² Fortschritte der Naturwissenschaft, Erstes Heft, Nicolaus Copernicus, p. 67, notices that Copernicus's theory was no vain fancy; that he had already established the position of the planets: die Stellung der Gestirne zu einander bestimmt. Also Copernicus, folgendermassen: zunächst um die Sonne läuft Merkur, etc. The discoveries of Galileo proved what others had suspected.

¹ Parchappe, Galilée, 60, Sid. Nunc. The number of the discoveries was the chief marvel. Est enim Galaxa nihil aliud quam innumerarum stellarum congeries, said Galileo. The color—lacteus ille candor—he found every where. He pointed to millions of new stars besides his wandering planets.

perform. He was to labor only for his country, and enlarge the bounds of human knowledge. Yet it was with some misgivings that he left the generous shelter of the Venetian senate, the friendship of the learned and eccentric Sagredo, the society of all its cultivated men and women, to enter a city where his enemies were already denouncing and decrying him, and which had not sufficient courage to defend its most eminent citizen in the moment of his peril against the envious malice of Rome.¹

As yet, however, the ruling church had not imagined danger in the startling discoveries. The philosopher was provided with lodgings in the ducal palaces. Florence covered him with applause. He went up to Rome, and displayed to pope, cardinals, and nobles the surpassing wonders of the skies. Cardinal Barberino, afterward his most bitter foe as Pope Urban VIII., solicited his friendship in laudatory verses. Of all Italians Galileo was the most famous, the most modest and laborious, and with a real satisfaction, the purest and most perfect he was ever to know, he returned to Pisa, and with new energy gave himself to his mechanical labors and to a careful study of the skies.² To his ever active intellect, that seems to have shrunk instinctively from indolent repose, the whole universe afforded an endless scene of novelty and delight. "I make new discoveries every day," he exclaims in one of his letters; and it is doubtful if to any single mind so many rare and valuable truths have been unfolded, or whether Galileo has not surpassed all his species in the swift impulse he has given to the study of nature. Like some fortunate discoverer who had suddenly landed in a realm covered with gems and gold, who first surveys new lands and unknown regions, all that Galileo saw was novel, and he was the most fortunate of men of science partly because he was the first. He notices the spots on the sun, the rings of Saturn, the librations of the moon. He gives incessant labor to the improvement of the compass, thermometer, barometer. His mind watched incessantly the discoveries and inventions of all civilized lands, and made them its own. His health gave way under his incessant activity, and his strong and well-knit frame showed early traces of dangerous and destructive disease. Yet in the height of his prosperity Galileo almost disdained the warnings of feeble nature, and while racked with pain or flushed with fever, composed his most polished treatises and constructed his most delicate machines.

Enemies had already risen up around him. He was assailed by bitter calumny and

ceaseless criticism. At first his discoveries were pronounced false and groundless. He was held up to the world as a Munchausen or a Polo. The Jesuit head of the Roman College, Clavic, ridiculed the discovery of the satellites of Jupiter, and denied their existence. When their existence could no longer be doubted, the Jesuits laid claim to some of Galileo's discoveries as their own. At last he offended the Jesuit Grassi, and gained the ill-will of the whole Roman College. The hostility of the powerful order he seems to have treated with too great indifference, and, lost in his eager search for truth, forgot the perils that beset him. Yet rage, acrimony, intense hatred, and ceaseless envy seemed to spring up about his path with growing strength, and it was chiefly in Italy that his critics multiplied and men were found base enough to strive to convict the chief ornament of their country of falsehood and unbounded plagiarisms. But a more serious charge was soon to be brought against him. He might have borrowed or plagiarized, deceived and deluded, with no fear of personal danger, and no worse punishment than the consciousness of his error.¹ It is indeed plain that Galileo's love for truth was not always apparent in his conversation or his letters, that he sometimes hid his real opinions in a cloud of unsubstantial verbiage, and that he conformed to the customs of corrupt courts and of his Machiavelian age. On one point, however, his passion for truth had overmastered his prudence. Without consulting the decisions of the church, and apparently careless of its authority, he had become an open advocate of the Copernican theory that the earth moved around the sun. The revelations of the telescope had forced him to believe that the skies were no glassy ether, nor the planets mere shining lights in its broad expanse. He seems to have conveyed his opinion to his scholars, though he was accustomed to deny it. All Florence resounded with the new theory. Galileo explained it to the grand duke and duchess, who heard him with apparent favor. His favorite scholar, Castelli, now mathematical professor at Pisa, defended the theory at the ducal palace with no less openness; and in an unlucky moment Galileo wrote a letter to Castelli, in which he showed, with his usual graceful clearness, that the theory was not opposed to the Scriptures, that the Scriptures were never designed to decide any doubtful question of science.²

In Florence the controversy raged on all sides whether the earth was in motion cir-

¹ Martin, *Galilée*, p. 23. The senator Sagredo especially opposed his leaving Venice.

² *Private Life of Galileo*, p. 62.

¹ It is clear that Galileo did not always adhere to the truth where danger was involved. He certainly defended the Copernican theory, and was known as the head of a sect who taught it; yet he was accustomed to deny it. See his letter to Duchess Christina.

² *Private Life*, p. 74.

oling around the sun, or whether the celestial orbs above must still be looked upon as things brighter and fairer than the material world below. All the followers of Galileo pressed with ardor the opinions which he had only faintly avowed, and all the intelligent and cultivated were on his side. In the midst of the intellectual excitement, Caccini, a Dominican monk, eager for notoriety, preached from the text, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" The Dominican, with fierce bigotry, denounced all mathematicians as heretics, all mathematics as the teaching of Satan.¹ A Jesuit defended Galileo from another pulpit. The "sect" of the Galileans were assailed by ignorant monks as the enemies of the church, by inquisitors and prelates as something alarming and portentous. To admit the spread of the new doctrine they felt must shake the foundations of the received theology. The famous letter of Galileo fell into their hands, and with fresh horror they found that he had not only discovered a new heavens, but was prepared to lay down rules for the interpretation of the Scriptures. The cry of heresy resounded from monastery to cathedral. Galileo, in his native city, was looked upon by all bigoted churchmen as the chief of heretics, the enemy of all true Catholics, a rebel against the decisions of the church. Ignorance was terrified at the novelty of his theories, superstition at his impious boldness. The splendor of his fame or the greatness of his genius only added to the terror he inspired, and to his dull assailants he seemed some dark and fallen spirit plotting the eternal ruin of mankind.

From Florence the news of this dangerous heresy was carried to Rome, and a complaint was laid before the chief inquisitors; the fatal letter was produced, and in 1616 Galileo, whether summoned by some secret process, or conscious that he must meet his enemies in the Holy City and defend himself from an imminent peril, went boldly to the home of the Inquisition. He came armed with the splendor of his renown, the friend of kings and princes, protected by the Florentine court, and was lodged in royal palaces. Among the cardinals he had several warm friends, and he was conscious of the support of all the learned and wise in every land. At his first arrival, therefore, he seems to have defended the Copernican theory with imprudent boldness, and defied his enemies to convict him of disloyalty to the church. He professed himself a devoted Catholic, but he ardently asserted that the sun was motionless, and that the earth was its attendant and satellite; that the Scriptures were not hostile to his novel speculations. He

was even sanguine at first that he could convert his opponents by irresistible arguments, and bring over the Roman College and the papal court to the side of scientific truth. But miserable was his disappointment. A pope, Paul V., ruled over the church, to whose dull and feeble intellect every form of mental excellence seemed dangerous, and to whom men of genius and the most profound philosophers were objects of aversion and alarm. The Congregation of the Inquisition, keenly watching for every trace of heresy, were ever ready to obey the inculcations of their master, and punish with extreme rigor the first germs of disobedience. It was not many years since the accomplished Bruno had perished in their hands, and the fate of De Dominis might warn the heretic of his inevitable doom. With a suddenness not easily explicable, Galileo, the chief of philosophers, found his theory condemned by the congregation as heretical. The infallible church decided that the sun moved around the earth. The Inquisition ordered him, under pain of imprisonment within its fatal cells, to abandon his opinion forever. He was never more to teach or to defend the dangerous doctrine.¹ Cardinal Bellarmine, famous for a keen assault upon heresy, Lutheranism, and reform, was commissioned to admonish him of his error, to exact from him a promise of implicit obedience; and Galileo, on a sad and shameful day, in the presence of the famous cardinal and the officials of the Inquisition,² in the name of the pope and the Papal Church, was commanded to believe that the Copernican theory was unfounded, and, under fear of death or torture, consented to a falsehood.³ A work written by a monk in favor of the doctrine was condemned at the same time. The infallible church decided that never again could any true member of its communion assert that the earth moved or the sun stood still, and the Inquisition threatened its severest punishment to any one who should disobey the immutable decision.

From that moment a cloud of mortification and shame rested upon the great philosopher. He returned to Florence no longer elated by the ardor of scientific curiosity, or glowing with the zeal of a passionate reverence for truth. He must have felt, with a fierce indignation which he feared to discover, a sense of injury he was never to confess. He was forced to hide the contempt he conceived for his opponents under a veil of painful humili-

¹ Wohll, *Der Inquisitions-Process*, p. 8.

² The pope gives the order. Sanctissimus ordinavit Ill. D. Cardinali Bellarmino ut vocet coram se dictum Galileum, eumque moneat ad deserendam dictam opinionem.

³ If Galileo refused to obey, he was to be sent to prison. Si vero non acquieverit, carceretur. So Bellarmine monuit de errore supradictæ opinionis—of the earth's motion, and commands him never more to hold or teach it in any manner.

¹ *Private Life*, p. 77. *Parchappe*, p. 17. Galilée était réellement et gravement menacé à Florence et à Rome.

ty.¹ Under the exultation and the scorn of monks and inquisitors, he wandered amidst the throngs of his native city conscious that he had lost his integrity in yielding to the terrors of the church. His friends strove to soften his mortification. The Grand Duke Cosmo was still kind and attentive. Even Cardinal Bellarmine, willing to silence the malice of his foes, published a declaration that Galileo had never abjured or been subjected to any penance, and, with a remarkable variance from the truth, asserted that nothing more had been done than to proclaim to him the decision of the pope against the Copernican theory. Yet it is plain that from the year 1616 Galileo was never free from the ceaseless vigilance of the Inquisition; that he was looked upon as a dangerous heretic; and that in solitude and secrecy he was still meditating upon that matchless theory of the heavens which, in spite of the rage of the church and the menaces of the Jesuits, was to become at last the foundation of modern astronomy, which was to excite the kindred genius of a Newton and a Herschel, and reveal the secrets of the skies. Armed with the telescope which Galileo created, guided by the principles he perished in defending, the modern astronomer weighs suns and planets, and detects the motion of the universe.

In his private life, by his own errors, Galileo had left himself little real happiness; by the misfortunes or misconduct of his relations he seems never to have been free from care.² Large as had been the profits of his scientific labors, they were soon exhausted in adding to his mother's comfort, providing dowries for his sisters, maintaining a thriftless brother and his family, and in unceasing acts of generosity. He often embarrassed himself with debts to aid his helpless relatives, and was sometimes threatened with the penalties of the law when he was unable to discharge their liabilities. Never was there a kinder son, a more faithful and tender brother. But it was in a more delicate relation that Galileo seems to have been less worthy of esteem. He never married, but in the height of his fame had formed a connection with a Venetian woman of inferior rank, by whom he had three children.³ The mother, with his consent, married a servant or retainer of a wealthy family, and both shared afterward in Galileo's liberality. His son, Vincenzo, whom he legitimated, proved worthless and ungrateful; his selfish extravagance wasted Galileo's resources, and added to the unhappiness of his later years. Two daughters, whose filial attentions might have

solaced the cares of his lonely home, he had condemned, with inexcusable severity, when scarcely more than children, to enter a Franciscan convent at Florence, and of all convents the Franciscan were the most miserable and unhappy. The rigid vow of poverty was enforced upon them with unsparing harshness. Perishing with cold, often in want of proper food, sleeping in cells that scarcely sheltered them from the weather, broken by ceaseless illness, exposed to the frivolity of corrupt confessors, and cut off from the protection of those they loved, abandoned by their pitiless relations, and living upon casual charity or their own poor labors, the nuns of the melancholy household often ended their lives in raging madness, or sank under their privations into an early tomb. Such was the lot that Galileo, perhaps ignorantly, had selected for his daughters. Yet when their irrevocable vows had been uttered, he seems at least to have striven to soften their privations. The convent shared in his benefactions, and he was never weary of sending his imprisoned daughters money, clothes, food, and tidings of his own joys and sorrows. The mother superior applied to him for aid in all moments of difficulty. The nuns borrowed a few crowns from him in their deepest distress. He even mended the convent clock, which had defied the skill of Florentine watch-makers, and provided paper panes to cover his daughter's window when the cold winter blasts penetrated her cheerless cell.

The pure and generous spirit of Sister Maria Celeste, Galileo's eldest daughter,⁴ so touched by a rational piety, so full of love for her famous and erring father, an intellect so clear and calm, a disposition so wholly unselfish, gleams out from the Franciscan convent, the usual abode of envy, remorse, and discontent, like an angelic apparition; and with tender self-denial the faithful nun, in the midst of constant illness, endless toils as nurse and attendant, laboring often nearly all night with her needle, regular in her devotions, shivering with cold in the thin garb of her order in April, or sinking beneath the heat of the Florentine summer, became each year more than ever the sole support of Galileo's fading age, his only guide, comforter, and friend. Her mind resembled her father's in its clearness of perception, surpassed it in the conception of moral purity. A correspondence grew up between Galileo and his child, of which all his letters have been lost or purposely destroyed; but those of his daughter, recently published, indicate the tender affection that linked them together. When princes were faithless or the Inquisition frowned, Sister Maria Celeste wrote to

¹ All Galileo's letters are written with natural caution, for imprisonment and torture hung over him; yet more than once he could not avoid breathing out the intense indignation he felt.

² Martin, *Galilée*, 95.

³ Martin, p. 25, 94. *Private Life*, 101.

⁴ *Private Life*. The whole correspondence of his daughter shows her remarkable good sense and intelligence.

Galileo such consolation as only a spotless intellect could give, watched over the family of her untrustworthy brother, mended with nimble fingers her father's or Vincenzo's linen; or when the plague raged over Florence, and the lonely convent trembled at the scene of death around it, was always cheerful, and concealed her terrors that she might soothe those of others. "I look upon you as my patron saint," she wrote to Galileo "(to speak according to our custom here), to whom I tell all my joys and sorrows." She begs Galileo to send her a new counterpane, as she had given away her own, or prepares for him two pots of electuary as a preservative from the plague. But it was the daughter who was now the guardian saint, and the great philosopher had no one to watch over him in his later years but the faithful spirit of his child.

There had come, meantime, in the history of Europe a period when the powers of evil were contending anew with the powers of light, and when the former, it seemed, had won a disastrous triumph. The home of Luther and the Reformation had at last fallen before the papal forces; the plots of the Jesuits against the independence of Germany had been singularly successful. In the midst of a desolate and half-deserted land, amidst the ashes of blazing cities and villages, a scene of human woe such as might have contented the barbarous spirit of Loyola,¹ a weary waste that stretched from the Danube to the Baltic, Protestantism had fallen before the arms of Wallenstein and Tilly, and the court of Rome had apparently resumed its rule over the blood-stained land. With frantic joy Italians, Spaniards, and Irish volunteers rushed to the sack of heretical Germany. With a vengeful rage that knew no satiety the court of Rome, the inquisitors, and the Jesuits triumphed in the miseries of the land of Luther, and saw cowering before them the free cities and states that had once rung with the daring tidings of a new era of progress. Augsburg had fallen into the hands of the inquisitors; Magdeburg was soon to lie a smouldering waste; Prague and Vienna had been purged of every trace of heresy; the standard of Wallenstein had waved upon the Baltic; Rome menaced the fallen cities of Germany with new severities, and Italy lay hushed and hopeless before the spiritual tyrants of the papal court. It was no happy time to suggest speculations in Italian cities that might savor of heresy, or to call down the rage of the Holy Office by philosophical discussions which it had declared impious and forbidden. Yet amidst all the triumphs of the party of reaction in Germany, France, or

England, while Wallenstein was ravaging Bohemia, and Laud persecuting in London, the active intellect of Galileo was ceaselessly meditating upon his theory of the heavens, and with fatal resolution, amidst a round of scientific toil, drew together the materials of his *Dialogue* on the celestial machinery.

The clearest and perhaps most perfect of all modern styles, the most delicate and unobtrusive irony, a varied and almost limitless profusion of scientific learning, a careful and ingenious effort to veil his real opinions in a pretended refutation, have made Galileo's treatise one of the most curious of the productions of the human intellect. In the dialogue between Sagredo, Salviati, and Simplicio the latter is made to triumph over his opponents by a series of arguments that sometimes excite a smile, and sometimes a sentiment of indignation. The pope, inquisitors, and their mouth-piece speak in a tone of authority. The humble Salviati confesses at the close of the piece that all his reasoning is futile;² that his theory of the stars is only a vain speculation; that the learning and wisdom of his opponents have humbled and refuted him. Every page of the singular treatise indicates the mental pressure under which it was written. It is the instinctive labor of a daring intellect toiling in search of truth, yet so trammelled and confined by the terrors of a spiritual tyranny as to shrink hopelessly from the perils of announcing it.³ When he ventures to sneer at the *pusillanimitas vulgare*, the timidity that refuses to admit any new ideas,⁴ when he discusses the tides and the winds, the magnets which to common minds had seemed a vain delusion, the satellites of Jupiter or the clouded face of the moon, one might readily conceive with what energy and splendor of illustration he would have written, with what a rare capacity for scientific deduction, with what authoritative grandeur, in a language as polished as that of Plato, with the full preparation of Aristotle, had he dared like Humboldt to expatiate freely over the universe, or test with Newton the principles of nature.⁵

But for Galileo's shorn and crippled intellect no such happy liberty was ever to be won. The Jesuits and the Inquisition had bound him in a mental servitude. He had

¹ *Systema Cosmicum*, Elzevir ed., p. 457. Salviatus calls his theory Vanissima Chimera; compliments Sagredo on his attention; to Simplicio he apologizes for his persistence in defending a wild delusion.

² In the first edition, p. 458, Salviati breaks out into a burst of admiration. *Mirabile e veramente angelica dottrina, alla quale molto concordatamente risponde quell'altra, pur divina, etc.*

³ *Systema Cosmicum*, Elzevir ed., p. 393. *Sed etiam ad aures admittere nolint, nedum ut examinare sustineant, quamcumque novam propositionem aut problema.*

⁴ The *Dialogue* embraces all the scientific facts recently discovered. He adduces Gilbert's recent treatise on magnetism as one that had been held imo pro solenni stultitia, p. 398. He discusses the tides, 487.

⁵ The frightful effects of the Thirty Years' War may be found in Schiller's history and tragedies. They will be told anew by an American scholar and historian, with fresh research and minute details.

written his fatal book hoping to evade his chains by a humble submission, and now that it was finished, must obtain permission to publish it from the inquisitors of Florence and of Rome. That he should have desired to publish it at all is a trait of scientific blindness or of rash ambition that can scarcely accord with his usual prudence. A man of the world and of courts, accustomed to Italian intrigue and Machiavelian politics, he yet, on the subject of his favorite speculation, seems to have rivaled the ingenuousness of a Simplicio. To obtain permission to publish his work he wearied the Florentine and the Roman courts, inquisitors, and pope with ceaseless applications. A happy event, he possibly believed, had opened the way to a new consideration of the Copernican theory. Cardinal Barberino, who had once saluted him with laudatory verses, and claimed his friendship, had ascended the papal throne as Urban VIII. The moment seemed propitious. The pope consented to the publication if Galileo would add to his work the arguments which Urban suggested as conclusive against the theory. A new preface was prepared, composed in part by the pope himself. After weary importunities and singular perseverance, the *Dialogue* appeared in 1632, splendid with the rare typography and careful illustrations of the Florentine press.

Had Galileo yielded to the counsels of Sagredo, who had advised him to take his ease and avoid all dangerous speculations—had he obeyed the voice of prudence or timidity, he might have won the favor of popes and inquisitors, and flourished in splendid luxury; Urban VIII. might have remained his friend, and he would have shone the chief ornament of the papal court. But the famous *Dialogue* must have remained unpublished, and the world might have rolled on for another cycle unconscious of its own insignificance. How many great philosophers, how many splendid discoveries, how many popular treatises on the heavens, what a wide range of human industry and of advancing thought, have sprung from the imprudent heroism of Galileo no intellect can estimate or describe. But there can be no doubt that when he gave his work to the press, knowledge received an irresistible impulse, and the barbarism of priests and popes a deadly blow. It is for this that the gratitude of the world has awaited Galileo, and that, as the martyr of science, his name is written among his favorite stars. The moon and the planets, the phases of Venus, and all the gems of heaven are his monuments.

Amidst the "flattery and fustian" of Italian letters his polished work was read with the intense interest of Macaulay's history or Dickens's novels. Cultivated men, we are told, almost snatched it from each other's hands. His disciples covered him with

compliments that were so extravagant as to seem ludicrous had they not been so sincere. To them he was the greatest genius ever known, the master of science, the interpreter of the universe. The people soon consumed all the first edition; there was no limit to his popularity; and from January, 1632, when the *Dialogue* was first printed, until late in the summer, no cloud disturbed the satisfaction of the author. He had sent copies, bound in leather and gilded, to the chief personages at Rome, to cardinals, inquisitors, and Jesuits, and he awaited, apparently with no unusual anxiety, the opinion of his spiritual masters. Suddenly, without an instant's warning, the thunder-bolts from Rome descended. Instigated by the Jesuits, an order came from the Inquisition directing the seizure of every copy of the work throughout all Italy. The Jesuits, Magolotti was told by a friendly priest, had determined to persecute Galileo bitterly. The pope, a person of violent temper, had been roused to intense rage against the author by an insinuation, that seems not wholly groundless,¹ that Galileo had meant to ridicule him under the guise of Simplicio. Urban never pardoned the supposed affront. He could scarcely bear to hear Galileo's name mentioned without expressions of anger. He sent an insolent message to the grand duke at Florence that, as a Christian prince, he ought to aid him in punishing so great an offender, rather than intercede for him. Jesuits, inquisitors, and Roman priests called out for the severe punishment of the great philosopher. They asserted that the *Dialogue* was designed to spread the monstrous heresy that the earth moved around the sun, that Galileo had violated the promise he had given in 1616, had defied the Inquisition, and assailed the church; and all the powers of ignorance and of darkness gathered together for the destruction of that clear and matchless intellect which was lifting mankind above its primeval barbarism.

Of the injustice of this persecution even the court of Florence, feeble and corrupt, could not avoid complaining. The grand duke's ambassador at Rome, Niccolini, a firm friend to Galileo, remonstrated, implored, used all the arts of diplomacy and intrigue, to avert his punishment. The Florentine ministry expressed to the pope their wonder that a book which had been read, amplified, criticised, approved, by the chief prelates and officials of both Florence and Rome, which had been authorized by the pope and sanctioned by the Inquisition, should now become an object of suspicion and alarm. They declared that Galileo denied all thought

¹ It need not be supposed, however, that the ridicule was more than general. The peripatetic Simplicio merely defends the Aristotelian theory. Galileo denied that he ever meant to ridicule Urban.

of disobedience to the clerical powers; that he had offered to leave Florence forever should the charges be proved against him; that he demanded inquiry, and was conscious of his innocence.¹ It can not be denied that Duke Cosmo stood boldly forward in defense of the famous philosopher, and that the conduct of Niccolini, his ambassador at Rome, deserves the highest praise. Florence, in its servitude and decay, strove to throw its shield, but vainly, over its Galileo. Its efforts were wholly ineffectual. Wasted by age and scientific toil, oppressed by a complication of painful and dangerous disorders, Galileo, when scarcely able to leave his bed, was first summoned before the Inquisition at Florence, and was ordered by the direct commands of Urban to appear before the Inquisition at Rome. If he did not come, the pope threatened to have him brought by force.²

His holiness, we are told by Niccolini, was of a temper irascible to the last degree.³ He would bear no contradiction nor suffer any restraint. Against Galileo he had been inspired by the Jesuits with a lasting hatred. He was resolved to inflict upon him such punishment as might avenge his personal injuries, and satisfy the discipline of the offended church. No thought of Galileo's personal sufferings, of his wide renown, of his useful labors, of his value to the world and to his age, seems to have softened Urban's resentment, or disarmed the malice of the whole company of the Jesuits. Galileo was summoned to Rome in October. Fearful of the cruel deeds of the papal city, his friends, by various excuses, put off the dangerous journey. It was only when Urban threatened to seize him and bring him before the Inquisition that Galileo set out for Rome. The grand duke, still careful of his illustrious subject, sent one of his own litters for his use, wrote to all the cardinals at Rome in his cause, and spared no attentions that could soften his pains. Yet the certificates of the Florentine physicians show that Galileo was in a condition of health that wholly unfitted him for motion, and his disordered frame promised a speedy end to all his woes.

It was in January, when the chill winds blew over the inhospitable country, when

the miserable roads of that early period were least fit for travel, when brigands wandered over the mountains, and the rude inns of the highways were least comfortable or tolerable, that the sad prisoner was borne onward toward Rome. Torture, and perhaps death, lay before him. The pitiless cruelty of the inquisitors toward every form of heresy was well known. He might well believe that his enemies meant to destroy him. The plague raged at Florence, and a rigid quarantine was kept up on the papal frontier. At a little village on the borders Galileo was detained for eighteen days, in the midst of a population of brigands and malefactors, without any of the comforts or conveniences necessary for his failing health. He was already losing his sight; yet he still wrote cheerful letters to his daughters, and, with natural magnanimity, strove to hide from them his dangers and his sufferings. On the 13th of February he reached Rome, and was received with a generous welcome by Niccolini and his equally attentive wife. Nothing that these excellent people could do was wanting to soften the sufferings, or prevent the imprisonment or torture, of the "good old man."

But no trace of pity can be found in the proceedings of the pope, the Jesuits, and the Inquisition. It was only by the incessant entreaties and kindly intervention of Niccolini that Urban was forced to refrain from the harsher treatment he had prepared for his aged prisoner. He was induced to allow him to remain some time in Niccolini's house. Galileo was seized, with a painful attack of gout, but on the 12th of April, after a long suspense, he was first brought before the congregation. The pope, in one of his bursts of passion, had ordered Galileo to be carried to the Inquisition, but allowed him to occupy the more comfortable apartments in the building.⁴ He was never, it is said, confined in the usual cells. The slow proceedings were protracted with pitiless indifference to his sufferings. He was examined a second time, April 30, and once more allowed to go back to Niccolini's house. On the 10th of May he was examined again, and ordered to prepare his defense. With a bitter anguish that nearly destroyed his feeble frame, he resolved, he consented, once more to abandon his scientific convictions, to yield every thing to his tormentors; but he was still unwilling, it seems, to confess openly that he had ever held the Copernican theory as a truth since 1616. Inquisitors, pope,

¹ The letter was never delivered to the pope, lest it might enrage him still more. *Private Life*, p. 210.

² The pope orders that Galileo shall be brought bound and in chains. *Statim postquam convalescerit et cessante periculo carceratus et ligatus ac cum ferris transmittat.* This is the tender treatment so admirable to the papal defenders.

³ Marino Marini, domestic chaplain of the present pope, has written a work in which he asserts the tenderness of the Inquisition toward Galileo, the gentleness of the pope. He asserts, page 6, che Galileo fu trattato con molta umanità. To threaten an eminent philosopher with chains and imprisonment for a scientific opinion, to try and condemn him, to silence and destroy him, is, it seems, unusual gentleness in the eyes of Pius IX. and his followers.

⁴ But for the intervention of Florence, it is plain that Galileo would have been treated with even greater cruelty. Marini thinks *La chiesa doveva necessariamente col mezzo del suo tribunale, la Inquisizione, opporsi a tutte sue possa a questa innovazioni, giustamente vi si oppone, e le punì.* It seems plain that had Galileo fallen into the hands of the modern Inquisition, he would have fared no better than with the old, had he defied its power. *Discorso Preliminare*, p. 6.

and Jesuits were resolved to force him to admit that he had done so, and that he had designed to teach it to the world in his *Dialogue*. The pope ordered him to be put to torture unless he submitted. The last examination took place on the 21st of June. What happened on that fatal day can not be said to be perfectly known. It is only certain that Urban and the Jesuits were willing to stretch upon the rack, to pierce with sharp torments, that feeble frame already perishing with disease, to wring by terror from that weary spirit some excuse for their cruelty. They seem to have failed. Galileo said to his tormentors, "I am in your hands; do with me as you please." And the minute of the examination continues, "As nothing further could be drawn from him, he was sent back to prison."

He was condemned,¹ as a suspected heretic, "to abjure, curse, and detest" the notion of the earth's motion; to recite each week seven penitential psalms for three years; to utter his solemn abjuration of his heresy in the presence of the congregation; to be imprisoned at the pleasure of the pope. He was to write and publish no more; to live for the rest of his life sequestered in his villa at Arcetri; to converse with no one; to perish in a living tomb. It was thus that the Jesuits and the infallible pope strove to chain a transcendent intellect, to crush one of the chief elements in the progress of modern civilization. His abjuration and his fall were celebrated with something of the publicity of an auto-da-fé. In the presence of the congregation of cardinals and inquisitors, with quivering limbs and broken frame, with a spirit humiliated by a consciousness that it had severed itself forever from the highest dignity of man, that it had sold its honesty for life and safety, Galileo, on his knees, his hands laid on the Holy Evangelists, pronounced, in a voice as loud as he was able—for this too was enjoined upon him—a falsehood dictated by the infallible pope. Immediately, as if to complete his fall, and to fix the memory of their own shame forever, the papal nuncios and agents were ordered by the Jesuits and the pope to announce to all the courts of Europe, and in every Italian city, the decision of the infallible church that the earth stood still, the punishment and abjuration of Galileo.

Some sense of shame has at last reached the Papal Church for its cruelty to the great philosopher, or at least for the extraordinary error in which its infallible head was evidently involved.² For many years after his death Galileo's name and discoveries were scarcely mentioned in Italy. In every Jesuit school he was branded as a heretic and

accursed. At length, as his fame arose in foreign lands, and the theory he had abjured was every where received, the papal writers began to apologize for their crime. They explained, they softened, and sometimes did worse. The controversy still rages. Jesuit writers labor to prove that Galileo was a charlatan and a plagiarist, and having once taken his life, would now destroy his fame.³ A reverend priest at Rome printed, while the present pope administered the Inquisition, a treatise to show that Galileo's offense was monstrous, and the mildness of the pope and the Holy Office most admirable. Of the Protestant replies it would scarcely be possible to speak. Yet on one point the recent discovery of the process of Galileo's trial at Rome has banished all doubt. It was Urban VIII. who directed and inspired the acts of the congregation; it was the infallible pope who declared that the sun moved and the earth stood still; that whoever believed otherwise was a heretic and an outcast from the papal fold.⁴

We may return to the last days of the martyr of science. Galileo, at the urgent appeals of the Tuscan court, was relieved of part of his punishment. He was confined for a time in the friendly house of the Archbishop of Sienna. At length he was permitted to return to his villa at Arcetri. Here he was kept in a close confinement.⁵ He was never suffered to go to Florence. Spies watched all his movements, and the Inquisition and the pope never ceased to torment their prisoner. Their rage was insatiable, and the great name of Galileo hung over them a perpetual menace. One fair and gentle spirit fell before their cruelty with her father, and Sister Maria Celeste, shocked by the news of his imprisonment and his fall, oppressed by the toils and miseries of her convent life, lay down and died, the spotless victim of a barbarous faith. It is one of the touching traits of Galileo's last days that he seemed to hear his lost daughter often calling to him.

Yet, had Galileo been revengeful, he might have enjoyed before he died the spectacle of the complete overthrow of the party of reaction in Germany and in England. The

¹ So in a recent papal defense. Gallée, son procès et sa condamnation. "We are assured l'invention de la lunette elle-même était bien plus difficile après ce qu'il savait de la découverte faite en Hollande, p. 22.

² And la sentence rendu contre Gallée n'a jamais reçu la sanction du souverain pontife, pas plus que le décret de 1616.

³ The question whether Galileo was really put to torture can not be decided except by conjecture. Par-chappe and Libri assert that he was; Marini, p. 53, that the silence of Niccolini and Galileo himself disproves it. Anche dal non farsi mai alcun motto di questa tortura nè dal Niccolini nè dallo stesso Galileo. It is only known that he was subjected to the extreme examination; that torture usually accompanied it; that his letters and those of Niccolini do not tell all the truth.

¹ Martin, p. 302. À genoux, les mains sur les saints Évangiles, il du lire à haute voix, etc.

² Marini, however, defends the Inquisition, and traces its origin to the Apostles. Discorso Prelim.

wasted and half-deserted home of the Reformation had been torn once more from the grasp of the Jesuits. Like birds of prey, they had been frightened from the carcass they were feasting upon. Gustavus had rolled back the tide of papal conquest; Germany was once more Protestant and free; and in England the persecutions of Laud were already arousing the fiery spirits of the Puritan reform. From all Protestant lands Galileo received the admiration and esteem of which the Papal Church had labored to deprive him.

He was now nearly blind, yet in extreme old age he could boast that he had made a discovery of singular importance. Of all the millions of men who had looked upon the fair face of the moon, no one had ever suspected that the silver disk had its periodical changes. Galileo discovered its librations. His dim eyes saw what had escaped all previous observers. At length he became totally blind. Even then the inquisitors still annoyed him with unexpected visits and with ominous threats. He was still too great to escape their envy. In 1638 he died, peacefully. After his death his enemies still pursued him, and it was even feared that his body might be cast out by the pope into unconsecrated ground. All Florence, touched by the memory of his greatness and his misfortunes, was eager to do honor to its last great name. A large sum was raised to erect a monument to Galileo. A splendid funeral was designed. He was to be laid in his family tomb in Santa Croce, amidst the pomp of a grand assembly of his countrymen. Addresses celebrating his deeds and fate were to be delivered before all the people. But enraged Rome interfered. The Inquisition, the Jesuits, and the pope forbade the obsequies. They declared that Galileo had held during his life false and heretical doctrine; that he was under the condemnation of the church.¹ Florence was forced to bow before the menaces of Rome, and Galileo went almost unnoticed to his tomb.

Almost in secrecy and silence his friends bore him to an obscure part of the church of Santa Croce. They were in doubt whether orders might not yet come from Rome to cast his ashes into the yellow Arno. He was buried in a distant chapel. No orator celebrated his wonderful career; no pulpit resounded with the catalogue of his great deeds, or weeping audiences lamented over the eclipse of the light of science; no mausoleum arose over his ashes. His name was seldom mentioned in his native city; his works were forbidden to be read, his memory lost. The priests would have been glad

to have erased his name forever from the records of fame, the Jesuits to appropriate his discoveries as their own. To assert the motion of the earth in the city where the theory had been first promulgated was long an act of impiety; to mention Galileo was to speak of one whom the infallible pope had banned as a heretic forever.¹

How vain are the decrees or the teachings of infallible popes! the story of Galileo may discover, and every where, in theology, politics, or science, the victory of the philosopher over priests and persecutors has been signally conspicuous. The various instruments which his busy fingers and inventive brain perfected or originated are found in every land expediting the course of civilization. The thermometer and the barometer have made the study of the air a practical science; the compass he perfected has become the guide of mariners and of travelers over arctic snows or blazing deserts; the magnet which he studied so carefully has proved the foundation of a new intercourse of nations; from his microscope has grown up a series of investigations that have opened fresh worlds of infinite expansion; in the optic glass of Tesolè, now grown to enormous proportions, the discoveries he began have been perfected, the planets he imperfectly sketched have been weighed and counted, the moon, whose rough surface he first detected, has been mapped and measured, and vast beds of stars he could never have seen, and suns of infinite variety, have revealed themselves to his accomplished disciples. On land and sea his optic glass has

¹ A letter from Galileo to Renier was forged—so anxious have the Jesuits been to hide the true nature of the trial—giving a pleasant account of the mildness of Urban and the gentleness of the Inquisition. It deceived Blot, but the forgery has been demonstrated. Parchappe.

² The pretext that Galileo was not condemned by the pope, but by a congregation, that therefore the pope never gave publication to the opinion that the earth stood still, the sun moved, or never decided that the opposite opinion was heresy, is too ridiculous to be any longer employed. It was the pope, Urban VIII., who began, guided, and completed the persecution of Galileo. It was the pope who ordered his imprisonment, and directed that he should never again teach the stability of the sun or the motion of the earth. An able article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, December, 1873, brings new light to the subject from the documents published by Epinoia. It was the pope who dictated the sentence of the congregation. It was Urban who threatened his former friend with torture, and perhaps inflicted it. The pope's injunction was, *ne de cetero scripto vel verbo tractet amplius quovis modo de mobilitate terre nec de stabilitate solis*; and the congregation declare, "by order of our lord [pope], and of the most eminent lords cardinals of this supreme and universal Inquisition," that it is an "error of faith" to say "that the earth is not the centre of the universe, and immovable." The other pretext, that Galileo was not condemned for a scientific but for a theological error, is equally preposterous. The records of the trial show that he suffered for a scientific truth. But what must become of the notion of infallibility when a pope not only asserts what is untrue, but proclaims it as the doctrine of his church?

¹ Urban never relented in his hatred, and persecuted Galileo even after his death. A fine monument has since been erected to Galileo in Santa Croce.

diminished the dangers of navigation or guided the evolutions of armies. The theory of the heavens he promulgated has become familiar to every creed, and theology has consented to be taught by the heretic and the martyr. Nor, could Galileo look once more on his beloved Florence, would he see inquisitors and monks preying upon a terrified community, or a hapless Italy wasted by pope and Jesuit; yet he would detect the same spirit ruling in the councils of the Vatican, the same hatred for advancing civilization for which he suffered, the same fierce resolution in its fallen inquisitors to cover once more Germany with the horrors of religious discord, and to invoke against united Italy the fanaticism of Europe.

ENGLISH LAND AND ENGLISH PEASANTS.

THERE are two reasons why Americans should be interested in the great uprising of the English agricultural laborers against the proprietors and farmer-tenants of English land. One is that it is stimulating the emigration to this country of a physically stalwart and tolerably skillful class, who will aid in filling up the fertile virgin expanses of the West, and will supply to the agricultural labor market material of an excellent quality. The other is that the wretched condition under which the English peasants exist, and have existed from a remote period, as betrayed by the facts which have been brought to light by the uprising, afford a very striking and suggestive contrast to the condition of the same class in the United States; and this contrast is calculated to impart contentment to the laborers who in this country find their situation to be one of comparative comfort and opportunity.

It is rather less than two years since the plain and unpolished Methodist revivalist, Joseph Arch, himself once a peasant, but risen by his own sturdy effort to the independence of a modest proprietor of his own homestead and farm, fired the dull mind of the agricultural serf with the sense of his injuries, the conception of his rights, and the courage of resistance. An article appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in April, 1873, giving an account of this man—his life, his adoption of the mission to elevate and better the class in which he was born and to which he considered that he still belonged, and the beginnings of his crusade against the tyrannies of landed property. Since that article appeared the movement of combination, organization, and resistance has gone on with a momentum which Arch himself did not probably foresee. The exposure of the miserable condition of the peasants throughout England, and even in many parts of less feudal Scotland, has constantly added new,

pregnant, and often startling facts to the evidence of which Arch was the rudely eloquent witness; and the peasants have proved themselves capable of exercising a formidable power which could scarcely have been anticipated a year ago.

The subject is a much broader one, moreover, than one of mere agricultural trades-unions, of strikes and lock-outs, of the conflict between a certain kind of capital and its corresponding complement of labor. It involves great questions and conditions lying at the very basis of English society and the English constitution. It comprehends the momentous subject of the tenure of land, the still substantial remains of the old English feudalism, the power and future of the hereditary aristocracy, and thus elements which are in the very centre of the structure of the monarchy.

The most obtrusive fact in the English social system is the contrast which exists between the enormous wealth of the few and the desperate and hopeless poverty of the many. The testimony as to this seems overwhelming; and often it comes to us from unwilling witnesses, from those who are themselves Tories and aristocrats. Sir Archibald Alison, the Tory historian of Europe, said, years ago, "What is unparalleled in the history of the world is the coexistence in England of so much suffering in one portion of the people with so much prosperity in another; of unbounded private wealth with unceasing public penury; of constant increase in the national resources with constant diminution in the comforts of a considerable portion of the community; of the utmost freedom consistent with order ever yet existing on the earth with a degree of discontent which keeps the nation constantly on the verge of insurrection; of the most strenuous efforts for the moral and religious improvement of the poor with an increase of crime unparalleled at the same or perhaps any other period in any civilized state." Lord Napier and Ettrick, who formerly represented England at Washington, is not less emphatic. In a remarkable address, delivered recently in London, this nobleman declared that in England "property is transferred and transmitted under laws, customs, and influences which all combine with irresistible and increasing power to produce consolidation;" and "in no country does so large a proportion of the population live in lodgings as in Great Britain, or in separate habitations as tenants at will; in no country do so many live on the land of others without a lease, or with a terminable tenure; in no country are the prerogatives and delights of landed property vested in such a restricted number." Lord Napier adds, with singular frankness for a man of his rank, "The proportion of those who possess to those who possess nothing is probably smaller in

some parts of England, at this moment, than it ever was in any settled community, except in some of the republics of antiquity, where the business of mechanical industry was delegated to slaves."

John Bright not long ago declared that there are one million people who are paupers on the parish in England, and that "another million are perpetually lingering on the very verge of pauperism."

Richard Cobden said, in the House of Commons, "There is not on the face of the globe a country where the peasants are what we see them in England; there is no country where, as in England, there exists a complete divorce between the peasants and the land."

An acute foreign observer, in the person of Louis Blanc, stated that "the English peasant is badly fed and badly housed; he is delivered over, without defense, to the attacks of old age; he has no chance of raising himself in the social scale."

The striking contrast between the enormous wealth of the very few and the desperate physical want and moral degradation of the very many is thus summarized by witnesses who know whereof they speak. Illustration of this in detail is at once more interesting and more instructive.

The enormous wealth of the very few may be judged by certain examples and facts, which are here given on credible testimony. There are thirty thousand great English land-owners, who together derive a land revenue of some sixty millions of pounds sterling. There are considerably more than a million peasants, who have hitherto been totally dependent for bare existence on the lords of the soil. One quarter of Scotland is owned by eight noblemen, of whom the chief are the Dukes of Hamilton, Buccleuch, and Sutherland, the Marquis of Bute, and the Earl of Breadalbane. The English county of East Sussex, embracing more than eight hundred square miles, is almost exclusively the property of the Duke of Richmond and the Baron of Leconfield. So extensive is the property of the young Marquis of Bute, whose income is fully three hundred thousand pounds a year, that not long ago his agent spent nearly two millions in repairing and altering his magnificent manor and estate of Crichton Mount Stuart, the marquis's residence near Cardiff. Mr. Bright once instanced the case of a nobleman with an income of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, who annually spent forty thousand, and laid down the remaining eighty thousand in "rounding" his property, by buying up every parcel of ground contiguous to his estate which he could induce the owners to sell. This was one example of the pregnant fact that the land has long been in process of concentration in the hands of fewer and fewer possessors, thus ever widening the gap

between rich and poor. This tendency has been encouraged and protected by the still enforced laws of primogeniture and entail. To be sure, the law of primogeniture, as it now stands, only operates in the case of a proprietor dying intestate; and but very few large land-owners do die intestate. Nine out of ten, however, do as a fact leave the bulk of their real estate by will to the eldest son, to maintain the dignity and prestige of the family. The law of entail is far more serious in its results, as tying up land and perpetuating vast and ancient estates beyond peradventure. Simply stated, the present English law of entail enables the owner of a landed property to devise it for the term of a life in living, and for twenty-one years after; and this entail can only be cut off by the concurrent consent of two parties—the existing occupant and the heir. If, therefore, Lord Hardhunter has a son two years old, and that son lives to be eighty, Lord Hardhunter may, by an entail, easily cut the estate absolutely off from the market for a hundred years. In various ways this often works other injustices than that of restricting land in so small and overcrowded a country. The present Duke of Newcastle, having run through his fortune and a greater part of that of his duchess, went into bankruptcy loaded down with debts, one alone of which amounted to eighty thousand pounds. But the creditors could not touch his entailed estates, and so this noble bankrupt still finds himself in possession of one of the most enviable properties in the kingdom.

Among other immense properties of the few rich may be mentioned that of the Duke of Westminster, who owns, besides Belgrave and Eaton squares, and a large part of the fashionable quarter of Westminster, the magnificent manor of Eaton Hall, near Chester, Halkin House, in Flintshire, and Motcombe House, in Dorsetshire, each surrounded by thousands of arable but, to some extent at least, uncultivated acres. The Duke of Bedford owns the extensive group of squares in that central part of London called "Bloomsbury;" also Covent Garden Theatre and Covent Garden Market, many streets leading from the Strand on either side, and blocks of houses at the West End, and one of the most splendid of English rural estates at Woburn Abbey. The Earl of Derby may be said to own almost square miles of blocks in Liverpool, and Knowsley, his ancestral country-seat, is larger than most New England townships. The Duke of Sutherland is said to be able to ride by rail from sunrise to sundown on his Scottish estates, and has five noble castles—Dunrobin, House of Tongue, Trentham, Lilleshall, and Chifden. The Duke of Devonshire is the lord of no less than eight castles, all of which are rural palaces fit for royalty, among them peerless Chatsworth and the only less superb Hardwicke Hall. In Lon-

don he has a residence on Piccadilly, where land can be worth scarcely less than ten pounds a square foot, which is surrounded by gardens, and occupies a broad square. The eccentric Earl of Dudley, Earl Brownlow, the illiterate Duke of Portland, Baron Portman, the Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Abergavenny, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Duke of Rutland, and Marquis Camden have immense rural properties, which are only exceeded in value by the whole quarters which they own in central parts of the great metropolis itself. The Duke of Buccleuch has ten castles, in each of which a liberal domestic establishment is kept up all the year round. The Scottish Earls of Mansfield, Stair, and Glasgow possess each five castles, vast and spacious edifices, the centres of splendid estates, which are to a considerable degree shut off from cultivation, and used as deer parks and hunting grounds. The income, probably, of every nobleman who has been named exceeds fifty thousand pounds; a majority of them would show revenues of one hundred thousand, and at least three of them, the Dukes of Westminster and Sutherland and the Marquis of Bute, receive annual incomes of more than three hundred thousand. Nor are the titled and hereditary aristocracy any longer the only great land-owners. In comparatively recent years the successful merchants, manufacturers, and bankers have been eager to secure what is called in England "a stake in the country." Again and again estates which have belonged to noble families for centuries, and whose entails have become exhausted, have been bought in by these *parvenus*, who in their turn have become lords of the manor and masters of peasant communities. Still a third class of landed proprietaries has been those of the church endowments. Thus we have three very powerful sources of social and financial power arrayed together to maintain the present condition of things, to keep the peasant where he is, and to defend the laws of primogeniture and entail from attack—the hereditary nobility, the manufacturing and banking princes, and the clergy.

Let us, having observed the vastness and splendor of English landed wealth, look at the reverse of the picture, and observe the depth and desperation of English peasant poverty. The "hind" or serf of the English soil has hitherto been the very dullest, most stolid, ignorant, and torpid of all specimens of human nature; but at last he has been aroused to self-assertion. The great strike of two years ago began in "England's garden," the fairest and richest of the English shires, where, "as you ride along the ever-famous highway between Coventry and Warwick, abundance seems written all over the fecund earth, laboring under its lavish crops, and adorned by its beautiful hedge-rows and

oaken avenues." But in the midst of all this plenty the peasant is half starved; in the most warmly cozy of English landscapes he is half frozen; amidst a universal growth and prosperity he alone grows not, but remains stunted amidst an arid existence, cut off apparently from all prospect of either material or moral advancement. But ideas grown on a branch of the tree of truth have a mysterious and subtle way of creeping by unseen ways into unexpected nooks.

The four great evils under which the English peasants in every shire have long been oppressed are lack of good food, lack of healthful and decent habitations, lack of adequate wages, and lack of education. Each of the first three involves to some extent all the others. With adequate wages the peasant might have procured himself good lodging and food; good lodging and food, provided by the landlord, would have stood in lieu of better wages. The wretched physical and moral condition of the peasant comes from an equal lack of all.

A moment's consideration of actual figures indicates the inadequacy of wages. In the southern counties, such as Dorset, Hampshire, Devon, and Somerset, the wages of the peasant range from nine to twelve shillings a week (\$2 25 to \$3). In the eastern shires, such as Cambridge, Suffolk, Essex, and Huntingdon, they range from twelve to fourteen or fifteen shillings (\$3 to \$3 50 or \$3 75). The recent great "lock-out" in Eastern England was caused by the demand of the peasants for fourteen instead of thirteen shillings. In the northern shires—York, Lincoln, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham—the wages range from fourteen shillings to one pound (\$3 50 to \$5). Thus the very highest wages in that part of the country where farm labor is most stalwart and most healthy consist of sixty to seventy-five cents a day, while in the great fruit, dairy, and garden produce counties the hind has to subsist as he may on forty or fifty cents a day. The period of daily work averages about twelve hours, though at certain seasons this widens to fourteen and fifteen hours.*

* Our attention has been arrested by a remarkable statement in one of our English exchanges, by Mr. Arthur Clayden, of Faringdon, England, in which he exhibits a picture of the struggle for subsistence, and even for existence, which the agricultural laborers of England are forced to make. We reproduce a portion of his statement, not so much to exhibit the miserable condition of this class in England as to inspire the similar class in this country with motives of thankfulness and contentment.

The case which Mr. Clayden has selected to exhibit the condition of the class for whose welfare he is laboring was that of a laborer, who had been summoned before the Petit Sessions of Southam to show cause why he should not be held chargeable with the partial support of his aged parents. The man's plea was absolute inability—his earnings being insufficient for his own support even, although his fare was frugal even to abstinence from many necessities. To prove his

Besides their regular wages the peasants are provided, either by the great landlord directly or by the tenant farmer, with what are very picturesquely called "cottages." We have a pleasantly romantic idea of the English rural cottage. Its thatched and moss-hung roof, its clambering woodbine and honeysuckle, its venerable age, its cozy

inability his solicitor submitted to the court a carefully prepared balance-sheet, which is at once a curiosity and an example of the poor living of tens of thousands of other laborers who are similarly circumstanced. After a scrutiny by the prosecutor, it was found to be impossible to object to this exhibit, and it was admitted in evidence. Here is a copy of this strange document:

RECEIPTS.	
Wages, at 15s. per week	£39 0 0
Extra 6s. per week during harvest month	1 0 0
Profits from allotment—sack of wheat, 18s.; potatoes, 10s.; beans, 15s.; straw, 15s.	2 18 0
Extra 8s. per week for hiring month	0 18 0
Value of vegetables from allotment and garden the year round	2 10 0
	£46 0 0
Less deduction for three weeks and five days of lost time, being one day per fortnight	2 17 6
Total income	£43 8 6

PAYMENTS PER WEEK.	
Rent	£0 2 0
Coals	0 1 6
Bread, five loaves, at 7½d. per loaf	0 8 1½
Rent for potato ground	0 0 7
Grocery	0 8 0
One gallon of flour for puddings	0 0 7
Pigs (cost price £2 and £1), per week	0 1 1½
Feeding same (barley meal, 17s.; stuffs, 11s. 6d.; beans, etc.), per week	0 2 6
Club money, per week	0 0 6
Wife's and one child's ditto, per week	0 0 1½
Man's clothing, 1s. 6d.; wife's and child's ditto and bedding, 1s.	0 2 6
Butter, 1lb, 1s. 4d.; cheese, ½lb, 6d.; beer for Sunday, 2½d.	0 1 11½
	£0 19 6

Total of 52 weeks' expenditure, at 19s. 6d. per week	£50 14 0
Total income	43 8 6
Deficiency	£7 11 6

An analysis of this poor man's expenditures for the necessities of life for himself and wife and child reveals a condition which is without a parallel any where in our land among laborers as a class. Though he was no idler, and worked the year round, with the exception of twenty-three days lost time, his total income for the year was, from wages, \$195, and from extra work and vegetables raised, \$20, or a grand aggregate of \$315. His expenditures, though made on a scale of which an American family of the same size would scarcely dream, in the course of the year were \$37 above his income; and thus the poor-house, to which he was forced to surrender his aged parents, stared him and his wife and child in the face, and extinguished all motive to further effort. It is notable that in the list of articles of food consumed by this family there is an utter absence of fresh meat, the only animal food used being the small supply of salt pork made from the one or two pigs raised on rations as insufficient as their own. There is an equally notable absence of milk, eggs, fruit, fish, and fowl; the entire outlay for tea, coffee, sugar, salt, and groceries of every kind for a family of three was limited to seventy-five cents per week; while the expenditure for bedding and clothing amounted to sixteen dollars and a quarter only for the whole year—a less sum than one of our laborers will pay for a single suit of clothing of the humblest kind, if we include under-garments and shoes.—*New York Christian Intelligencer.*

Vol. XLIX.—No. 291.—29

nestling among the rich dark green foliage, gratify the eye and fascinate the fancy. The reality is a sad and suggestive contradiction to all this. Spitalfields and the Seven Dials, the New Road and Smithfield, slums of overcrowded London, are not more reeking with disease, or with moral pestilences, than the wretched hamlets, in the midst of exquisite landscapes, of the English hinds. These peasant "cottages"—which are really for the most part miserable hovels—are classified in three kinds.* First, "cottages built of brick, of only one story in height, with a thatched roof, and without any cellar, so that the bricks or flags rest immediately on the earth, with two small rooms between seven and eight feet high, one used as the day-room and cooking-room, the other as the bedroom, where husband and wife, young men and young women, boys and girls, and very often a married son and his wife, all sleep together; without any garden, and with only a very small yard at the back." The second class is of cottages two stories high, with but two rooms, the upper being the bedroom. The third also has two stories, with four rooms, being thus considerably better than the others, but very rarely to be found in either England or Wales. The crowding in these miserable huts is something terrible to contemplate. The families and relatives sleep huddled promiscuously together. One witness speaks of "six people of different sexes and ages, two of whom were man and wife, sleeping in the same bed, three with their heads at the top, and three with their heads at the foot of the bed." Besides the ill health resulting from this, the moral effect is simply appalling. There is almost universal want of drainage, ventilation, and water supply. Sometimes the floors of the cottages are the primeval mud of the sites upon which they were built generations ago. A Church of England rector says: "The want of good cottages, where the members of a family can live separately, is a great cause of demoralization among the peasants. When grown-up members of the same family are continually occupying the same room, modesty and delicacy and sense of shame are soon put to flight. When these are absent, and dirt and disorder take their place, a gradual declension in good morals and character succeeds, and the whole family sinks imperceptibly to a lower grade in character and conduct." Another witness, equally credible, tells us that "some cottages have neither windows nor doors sufficient to keep out the weather, or to let in the rays of the sun, or supply the means of ventilation; in others the roof is so constructed or so worn as not to be weather-tight. The thatch roof is frequent-

* Kay's *Social Condition of the English People*, published by Harper and Brothers.

ly saturated with wet, and in a state of decay, giving out malaria, as does other decaying vegetable matter." A writer, describing the farm cottages of Dorset, says that he has often seen a spring bursting through the floor of some of them, and little channels cut from the centre, under the doorways, to carry off the water. The result of all this is the prevalence of agues and fevers, small-pox, scarlet fever, and other epidemics caused by exposure, cold, damp, bad ventilation, insufficient food, crowding, dirt, which would be incredible were it not attested by the reports of health and the actual experience of witnesses. Many of the cottages in Devon and Somerset are seen rapidly decaying; they are often so rickety and ruined that to inhabit them is a simple impossibility; with others "the process of demolition or decomposition has only commenced, confining the wretched tenants, who had formerly two rooms, to the only apartment which remains, and which they can with difficulty keep together."

The following is the suggestive picture of the habitations in the picturesque village of Southleigh, in Devon, where, in the peasant cottages, the world-famous Honiton lace is made: "In cottage after cottage there are clay floors; low ceilings, letting in the rain; no ventilation; gutters running through the lower room to let off the water; unglazed window-frames, sometimes boarded up, sometimes uncovered to the elements, the boarding going for fire-wood; the inmates disabled by rheumatism, ague, and typhus; broad, stagnant, open ditches close to the doors, and heaps of abominations piled round the dwellings. Such are the main features of Southleigh, and it is in these worse than pig-sties that one of the most beautiful fabrics that luxury demands or art supplies is fashioned."

The food of the peasantry, in most instances, is but a degree better than that supplied to the live stock of the farms. Grist-bread, in some localities, affords the only food which the farm laborer has. There are whole communities which do not taste meat a dozen times a year. Many of these wretched households subsist wholly on wheaten cakes and potatoes.

Of the moral condition of a class which is found in very nearly every rural locality in England it is almost unnecessary to speak. Crimes of the baser and meaner sort are more rife in the shires than in the large towns. Convictions occur in the county of Dorset to the extent of one in every sixty of the population. The marriage tie is borne loosely, and in a multitude of instances utterly disregarded. Drunkenness is rampant, for the peasant is hopeless of bettering himself, and spends as he earns. A dull sense of desperation seems to possess him. He lives the life, almost literally, of a beast of burden.

The intellectual and political condition of the hinds is yet more deplorable than, and proceeds directly from, the utter degradation and wretchedness of the physical condition which they have inherited from previous generations of laborers. The land system of England, built up and sternly maintained to aggrandize the possessions and support the political and social grandeur of the great landed proprietors, forbids these men to help themselves, deprives them of any inducement to save and be temperate. The peasant is unable to buy a plot of his own, or even to lease it at will. He is only too glad of the shelter of a miserable hovel. At the least manifestation of insubordination, whether the matter touch his work or his conscience, he is liable to be cast into the road, with wife and babes, without hope of being employed by the squires who are the neighbors and friends of his last employer.

It has been the deliberate aim and purpose of the landed proprietors to keep the peasantry in ignorance; and in this they have, up to within a year or two, met with complete success. They have adopted the spirit of the famous couplet of the aristocratic poet, Lord John Manners:

"Let laws and learning, art and commerce die,
But give us still our old nobility."

The peasant has been doomed not only to ignorance himself, but to see his children grow up in an ignorance as dense and hopeless as his own. The squire and farmer have been in the habit of regarding education, as applied at least to peasants, as an interloper, a conspirator, and a nuisance. When, a year or two ago, the new system of national education was established, by which each locality was permitted to elect a school board or not as it chose, in the farming districts school boards were almost invariably voted down by large majorities; and to-day the boon of universal and free education, made permissive by Parliament, is rejected in those places where the rural magnates and the established clergy possess the dominant influence. "It is impossible," says an English writer, "to exaggerate the ignorance in which the peasants live and move and have their being. As they work in the fields, the external world has some hold upon them through the medium of their senses; but to all the higher exercises of intellect they are perfect strangers. You can not address one of them without being at once painfully struck with the intellectual darkness which enshrouds him. There is in general neither speculation in his eyes nor intelligence in his countenance; the whole expression is more that of an animal than a man. Education has advanced him but little beyond the position which he occupied in the days of William the Norman. The farm laborer has scarcely participated at all

in the improvement of his brethren. As he was generations gone by, he is now—a physical scandal, a moral enigma, an intellectual cataleptic." The average age at which the peasant children attend the primary schools is constantly sinking. Most of them leave school to begin their long and weary life of drudgery at nine years of age. They leave it with a blundering knowledge of reading and writing. "Many of them are instructed by poor ignorant women, who just know how to read, write, and cipher." As a matter of fact, a large majority of the English peasantry do not read or write.

Up to the time that Joseph Arch organized the agricultural unions the political and social condition of the peasantry was almost exactly that of the old vassal communities, owing an unquestionable allegiance to the lords of the soil. The "rotten boroughs" were, indeed, abolished by the Grey Reform Bill of forty years ago; but the supremacy of the lords and squires was still maintained, and is only now being sapped. The peasant who, perchance, was sufficiently well to do to occupy a house with an annual rental of ten pounds had, to be sure, the privilege of the suffrage, but his vote was completely at the disposal of his landlord. The latter has held one arm over him which he has found it impossible to defy—the threat of eviction. The land on one hand is so stringently restricted in a few possessors, and the country is so overcrowded with half-starving hinds on the other, that eviction means, in most cases, to be reduced to the last desperate stage of extreme poverty. The law has hitherto utterly failed to confine the power of eviction. The peasant has been completely at the landlord's mercy; and thus the landed aristocracy has been able to exercise a degree of political power far outweighing the legitimate political weight of the great industrial centres.

Such was the state of the rural society, such the degree of the wealth of the few and of the poverty of the many, when the sudden, unexpected, and wide-spread uprising of the down-trodden peasants took place. What a change has already been wrought by the sequel of that event! A year ago but six English counties had agricultural unions; now there is no county without its county union in England and Wales, and but three or four in Scotland. A national agricultural union was formed, with its head-quarters in London, in the summer of 1873, and Joseph Arch was made, and still continues, its president. This union is provided with funds to aid the strikers in the country; and from it is constantly proceeding an inspiration to the peasants to continue their course of self-assertion. It is said that, whereas a year ago there were scarcely fifty thousand peasants belonging to the unions, there are now more than two hundred and fifty thousand—more than one-

fourth, probably, of all the adult male peasants in Great Britain. These combinations, besides giving a new hope and purpose to the peasants of elevating their physical condition, have fulfilled and are fulfilling three practical collateral projects, all bearing directly upon the peasants' welfare. Clubs have been formed for the recreation of the rustics, supplied with games, papers, in some instances with gymnasia, where occasional lectures, readings, and exhibitions are given. These have already produced excellent results in diverting the peasants from the village gin-shops, and awakening self-respect and a desire for knowledge. The second collateral result has been the organization of a system of intermigration in England itself. Laborers have been transferred from shires where there was an excess of hands to shires where labor was in demand. In some cases agricultural hinds have transferred their calling to the northern factories, thus ranging themselves with the artisans. The third result has been the increase of emigration from the shires abroad, especially to Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and other English colonies. The peasant is famous for his stubborn adherence to the soil where he has lived and where his fathers have lived before him; but hundreds have been induced to "pull up stakes" and cross the seas in quest of new homes and a good opportunity to rise.

But their condition at home is already notably improved, thanks to their own tardy but at last vigorous action. Higher wages have been forced from the squires and farmers in many localities. The more humane landlords, their attention having been called to the wretched condition of the cottages on their estates, which, likely enough, they have themselves never seen, are heard of here and there pulling them down and erecting neat plastered huts. Politically the peasant has before him a hopeful future. The ballot is now the law of England, and the ballot means the protection of the unhampered right of the dependent classes to vote as they please. The uprising of the peasants has, moreover, created an agitation to extend household suffrage, which now applies only to the towns and boroughs, to the counties. If this extension of electoral rights is accomplished, as it is certainly destined to be before many years, every peasant, though he may live in a hovel, will be able to vote in secret. Thus a political force will be called into action which will, unless the landed interest takes time by the forelock, and courageously abolishes the system of serfdom that now exists, be thrown into the scale against the immunities and privileges of landed proprietorship. Such a conflict must be no less bitter than that which has raged for years between the capitalists and artisans of the

industrial towns, and will be far more serious in its results upon the English social and political system. The peasant brain is slow to receive new ideas; but an idea once lodged in their hard skulls, is lodged there for a long sojourn. The glamour of the old submissive feudal loyalty is passing away

from before the dull eyes which once it dazed. A notion of rights long abused, of possibilities before unthought of, of a resistance which may be effectual, has taken its place; and its development by persistent action may prove to be the doom of feudal England.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WHOEVER has been in Washington has observed at the foot of the grounds of the White House, toward the Potomac, a white structure which seems to be a huge abandoned or abortive chimney. "Some factory," the traveler muses, "cherished by a Congress patriotically resolved that the national capital should have at least one seat of useful industry, has here struggled and expired, leaving only this solitary sign of its being." The idea, although an evident failure in accomplishment, seems to him worthy the genius of his native land. For surely the spirit which resolved that on the banks of the Tiber, or the shores of Goose Creek, a great national city should arise, might well resolve that it should be the seat of great and productive industries. The situation, indeed, is perplexing. Why the factory should have stood between the Executive Mansion and the river is not evident. The President, looking southward from his windows, weary with the care of state, might have been supposed to be more gratified and refreshed with a landscape unsuggestive of toil. Or was there a deep moral purpose in the choice of situation, and was the humming home of industry intended to remind the Chief Magistrate that this is a land of labor, and that he and all his fellow-citizens are but workmen, and that pride and pomp and luxury are unbecoming the chief of such a state?

At this point of the traveler's reflections, in the beautiful days of May, for in Washington "then, if ever, come perfect days," some denizen of the city, anxious that he should see all its glories, asks him, perhaps, if he has seen the Washington Monument. It is not impossible that, in the patriotic exaltation of mind which the great city produces, he may wave his hand in space and reply, "Si monumentum queris, circumspecte!"—meaning, and with truth, that all America is his monument. But in more moderate moments he will submit to the sight-seeing, and going to gaze upon the monument of Washington, he will be confronted with the chimney of his meditations. This, then, is no obliterated factory surviving in an imperfect chimney, but a memorial of grateful honor raised by a nation of forty millions of people to the first and greatest of its citizens. The Union under the Constitution is only eighty-five years old, but the grateful people have been ninety-one years building a monument, and have already done what you see. Washington has been dead not quite seventy-five years. The national city was first occupied by the government seventy-four years ago. There is no name so dear to the country, and this chim—monument is the result of our filial devotion to his great memory.

Congress has been looking into the matter. In 1783 it tells us that it was decided to erect an equestrian statue to the chief of the Revolution, to be supported upon a marble pedestal, which was to be sculptured with designs of great events of the war. Of course the most illustrious artists were to be employed, and the most inspiring scenes were to refresh the patriotism of the citizen, and inspire the eloquence of Congress. This was the noble intention. It was worthy of Congress, of the country, of human nature. And nothing was ever done. Not even a beginning was made. Presently Washington died. Then there was a new plan—the plans were always new and of immense patriotism. This time there was to be a marble monument, under which his dust was to be placed. Mrs. Washington was asked to permit the body to be removed from Mount Vernon, and she assented. Every thing was ready—to be made ready. Nothing was wanting but a beginning. There were some solemn legislation and a great deal of noble sentiment. But no appropriation was ever made, and nothing whatever was done.

Then there was another plan. Indeed, there has been a touching fecundity of plans. This time it was the year 1833, and a voluntary association of citizens, with characteristic American enterprise, resolved to erect a monument without government aid, depending upon private contributions. Only forty years have passed, and the results are inspiring. During the last twenty years the monument has grown four feet in height. Private subscriptions have long since ceased. A few hundred dollars are collected every year from small investments, all of which are expended upon maintaining the work of national gratitude in its unfinished condition. Meanwhile, however, the State of New York has promised ten thousand dollars—when sufficient other money has been collected to enable that sum to finish the shaft. New Jersey has promised three thousand dollars, and Minnesota two thousand—upon the same conditions; while California, more generous, has resolved to give a thousand dollars a year until the monument is finished—but has not yet begun to pay.

In this situation of affairs, it is encouraging to contemplate the vast design. It is something to see what was meant to be done. As it was to be an American work, it must of course be higher than any structure of the effete monarchies. The wretched little Great Pyramid of Cheops is only four hundred and eighty feet high; yet that is the highest point that despotisms have been able to reach in architecture, and that Pyramid is the loftiest structure on the globe. Few spires are so much as four hundred feet high. If pyr-

amids were sensible of shame, how that of Cheops should hang its head to know that the transcendent American shaft was one hundred and seventy feet high more than twenty years ago, and is now one hundred and seventy-four! It is "going to be" SIX HUNDRED feet high! Poor Cheops! To be sure, there are some mistakes to correct. But who is infallible? The shaft "deflects" an inch and a half from the perpendicular, which is nothing. Then the stone has been so dressed, beveled, et cætera, as to throw an excessive weight upon the outer edges. Then in violent winds there will be "an excess of pressure on one side of the foundation over that on the other of nearly five tons per superficial foot." And this pressure, the engineer says, "will be greater than the entire pressure upon any earth foundation I can find recorded." Therefore, by changing the plan—all the drawings and specifications of which have been lost—and reducing the scope of the work, the monument may be finished in two years, at an expense of somewhat more than three hundred thousand dollars. And private patriotism and grateful zeal being exhausted, the committee want Congress to appropriate the money.

This is the proud story of the Washington Monument. So far as it is finished, it is one of the blankest, ugliest, and most unmeaning piles that encumber the surface of the globe. It lies like an incubus upon a lovely landscape, and the money that should be applied to its swift removal would be money wisely spent. The city named for him is Washington's monument, while this mass of marble-faced stone and brick is the memorial of public indifference not to the great Father of his Country, but to this form of remembrance. In the square in front of the Capitol stands the statue by Greenough, the butt of easy wit, but a noble and inspiring figure, full of significance and grandeur. The city, with such a monument, was rich in specific tributes to Washington, and even should the shaft be completed, it would be an unmeaning memorial.

SPRING returns, but the anniversaries return no more. Charles Lamb remarked the Decay of Beggars in the metropolis. And the life and aspect of every great city are constantly changing. In Newport the yearly meeting of the Quakers still continues. Last year we saw the gentle folk in the green grounds of the meeting-house, and remembered the older days when their mild avatar portended rain. The hats and coats, and especially the hoods of the other sex, with the plain kerchief and spare skirt, seem to have gone out. In Philadelphia, indeed, they may be sometimes seen; but in Providence, where there were knee-breeches within memory, knee-breeches are no more. New Bedford also had some of the kindest "Friends." Are they also merged or merging in the world's people? The anniversaries in New York were of the great benevolent societies. They were almost all of a religious character, although that name would have been stoutly denied to the antislavery meetings which twenty-five years ago were held at the old Tabernacle just below Leonard Street in Broadway, and were the most exciting of all the assemblies of the week. The saying was that eloquence was dog-cheap at those meetings. The orators at the "anniversaries" were mainly clergymen, and

enormous sums of money were raised and spent by the societies.

Are people weary of charity and missions and temperance and moral reforms? Does the decline of the anniversaries argue the decline of public morality? Or is it only that the fashion of the times is changed? The latter is more nearly the truth. The great organizations for domestic relief were never more efficient than now, and the anniversaries are taking a less technical and imposing form. The annual meetings are replacing them, and the advantages of the great parade are becoming less obvious. Moreover, the force of satire, the portrait of Mr. Honeythunder and the other philanthropic brethren, have modified the meetings by promoting greater self-consciousness. There is a suspicion that public and vociferous goodness, the self-celebrating virtue, has become a little absurd to the popular mind, and the glory of the platform has consequently waned. Yet there are always good things to hear during the famous May days at the meetings, old and new, which are still held. The Yankee—in the large sense—is not likely to give up his public meeting or his speech, and he will try to open the mouth of every stranger and hear what he has to say about it.

Perhaps the pleasantest sign of the times from this view is the greater general charity and good feeling which prevail at all the meetings. The influence of the Evangelical Alliance in this respect is very evident. When the clergymen of all the evangelical sects stood together in Dr. Adams's church, and Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Reformed, and Congregationalist all united with the Dean of Canterbury in repeating the Episcopal creed, it did not show that the millennium was at hand, but it did certainly show that men were wiser. In the same church a few months later Dr. A. P. Peabody, of Cambridge, a Unitarian, was invited by the faculty of the Presbyterian Union Theological Seminary to deliver a course of lectures upon Science and Christianity. Fifty-five years ago Dr. Channing, the teacher of Dr. Peabody, was admitted to no pulpit in New York, and only with great difficulty was allowed to preach in the hall of the Medical College, then in Barclay Street. It is such facts that show us how "behind the clouds the sun is still shining." Mr. Cowdin in a late interesting address reminds us that Dr. Lyman Beecher, who went to Boston more than fifty years ago to withstand the heretical Channing, when he afterward went to the West was himself charged with heresy. And if Dr. Channing should return to-day, no man would open his pulpit to him more quickly than Dr. Lyman Beecher's son.

All this, although it may be coincident with the decline of the anniversary zeal, does not show that the world is getting worse, or that religion is declining. Indeed, the most significant fact in the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance was the spirit it showed rather than any doctrine it preached. And this was also the secret of the interest excited by a modest gentleman who chanced to be here during the anniversary season, but who took little part in any public exercises—the Rev. Dr. Tullock, principal of St. Mary's, in the University of St. Andrews, in Scotland. On the last evening of the general meeting of the Social Science Association he chanced to be in the hall while President White,

of Cornell, read his vigorous paper upon the relations of government to the higher institutions of learning, and during the shrewd and eloquent reply of President M'Cosh, of Princeton. After Dr. M'Cosh had spoken, Principal Tullock made a little speech in sympathy with the views of President White, so simple and earnest as wholly to captivate the audience. It was, indeed, a plain talk, so full of good sense that every hearer in his heart congratulated St. Mary's of St. Andrews on its good fortune. The tone of the little speech was generous and catholic, and therefore most manly; and the same tone distinguished a lecture which Principal Tullock subsequently gave upon the condition of religion, society, and politics in Scotland.

He said that Scotland is intensely Presbyterian, but the Church is divided into three bodies—the Old National Church, the Free Church, and the United Church. The Old is by far the largest, comprising about one-half the population, or fifteen hundred thousand persons; one-fourth, or seven hundred and fifty thousand, belong to the Free Church, and one-seventh to the United Church; one-eleventh of the population are Roman Catholics, and one-forty-fourth are Episcopalians. His hope was a union of the Presbyterian churches, but he was sure it could be accomplished only by concession. In all he said Dr. Tullock showed the same excellent humane spirit. In speaking of the political situation, he said that Scotland was Liberal, and that the great mass of the people had supported Mr. Gladstone in the disestablishment of the Irish Church. But this support did not spring from hostility to an established church, but from the conviction that the Irish Church was in no proper sense a national institution. Evidence of this he found not only in his own observation, but in the late election, when the Conservatives gained eleven seats. Dr. Tullock thinks the explanation to be that the Scotch people "don't think extreme radicalism characterized by good sense." And he added something which, however just his own application may or may not have been, is well worthy the reflection of political and party managers: "The last election in Scotland, I think, has shown us that there are there, as in all countries, men who don't go to platforms, who don't write in newspapers; men who are intelligent and cultured and liberal and thoughtful and sensible; and the great mistake all extreme politicians make is in ignoring this class, and taking into consideration the men who shout most."

The social habits of Scotland in the beginning of the century are vividly drawn in the admirable life of Archibald Constable lately published. The stories of the drinking among the best classes of society, in that book, are prodigious. And Thackeray used to tell others like them in his more modern day at Edinburgh. Dr. Tullock does not deny that John Barleycorn is still a reigning potentate. In Edinburgh, he says, there is a vast amount of social suffering, one source of which is drinking. It is "a national characteristic," he admits, and he will not deny it. The discomfort of the climate may be some reason, and in a sad and gloomy climate it is very hard to contend with such a mischief. The churches and special societies are struggling with it; but the vast mass of the pauper population, among which are the drinkers,

do not go to church. What to do he does not know. The churches must modify their system before they can reach the drinking class.

These words show how wide and how weighty the problem of drunkenness has become. Yet it must be always remembered that if it seems to us a growing evil, it is perhaps only because attention is more earnestly directed to it, and because, therefore, statistics are more carefully collected and generally known. The reader of newspapers might suppose that deaths and disasters by lightning were very much more frequent in modern summers than formerly if he did not reflect that by means of the telegraph universal publicity is now given to every instance. Mr. Herbert Spencer, who has perhaps more carefully studied and collated the facts of "sociology" as a ground of induction than any other man, says that drunkenness is really diminishing. His remarks, for the reason mentioned, are so important and so little known that we quote them as a contribution to the general discussion:

"In generations not long passed away sobriety was the exception rather than the rule: a man who had never been drunk was a rarity. Condiments were used to create thirst; glasses were so shaped that they would not stand, but must be held till emptied; and a man's worth was in part measured by the number of bottles he could take in. After a reaction had already diminished the evil among the upper and middle ranks, there came an open recognition of the evil, resulting in temperance societies, which did their share toward further diminishing it. Then came the teetotal societies, more thorough-going in their views and more energetic in their acts, which have been making the evil still less. Such has been the effect of these causes that for a long time past, among the upper classes, the drinking which was once creditable has been thought a disgrace, while among the lower classes it has greatly decreased, and come to be generally reprobated. Those, however, who carry on the agitations against it, having had their eyes more and more widely opened to the vice, assert or imply in their speeches and petitions that the vice is not only great, but growing. Having in the course of a generation much mitigated it by their voluntary efforts, they now make themselves believe, and make others believe, that it is too gigantic to be dealt with otherwise than by repressive enactments—Maine laws and permissive-prohibitory bills. And if we are to be guided by a select committee which has just reported, fines and imprisonments for drunkenness must be made far more severe than now, and reformatories must be established in which inebriates shall be dealt with much as criminals are dealt with."

We do not stop to discuss what Mr. Spencer says, but only to point out that one of the most competent observers of the time says that drunkenness is diminishing, and that the influences of which Dr. Tullock speaks have produced most excellent results. And should Congress authorize the commission for which the friends of the temperance movement have asked, to collect statistics in this country, there will be an immense collection of valuable information to throw further light upon the problem. The spirit of Anniversary Week, the patient reader will remember, was singularly discursive, and if we seem to

have strayed from the text, it is only because of obedience to that spirit.

THE floods of the spring have made a peculiar and most persuasive appeal to the public generosity, and it has been nobly met. The disaster in the lovely Mill River Valley, in Massachusetts, was so sudden and appalling that it impressed the imagination more profoundly; but the devastation upon the shores of the Mississippi, although more gradual, and for that reason less immediately shocking, is undoubtedly one of the greatest calamities of the kind that has ever befallen the country. Mr. Crowell, of Boston, was sent to Louisiana to ascertain how the money contributed by the citizens of that city had been applied, and his report was a most painfully interesting story. The magnitude of the flood and of the area of destruction has not been understood in other parts of the country. Thus in going to Brashear, eighty miles beyond New Orleans, Mr. Crowell passed for the last twenty-three miles through an apparently boundless lake, varying in depth from three to six feet, pouring from distant crevasses on the Mississippi, and wasting enormous districts of country. Two hundred miles up the river, at Port Hudson, he saw the vast volumes of water rushing through the crevasses—the streams varying from five hundred to fifteen hundred feet in width, and from seven to twelve feet in depth, roaring like cataracts, and sweeping every thing away. The suffering among the people is, of course, indescribable. More than fifty thousand men, women, and children were made homeless. Their helplessness must continue until the corn crop matures; and it was hoped that if aid were continued, corn and cotton might be planted upon thousands of acres as the waters subsided. The owners of the land have necessarily lost the basis of their credit, and could hardly feed their families, much less other dependents, and all summer long there will be constant need of aid. The reader of these lines may yet do something. "Even a loaf may save a life," says the *New Orleans Times*. "The mighty river" that has desolated the land "has its sources in gentle rivulets." Let the great stream of charity that shall renew and bless the land have similar springs!

The relaxed social and political condition of Louisiana makes aid at home and from the State more difficult. Congress has wisely helped; for as the suffering is extraordinary, so must the relief be. Yet up to the time at which we write, New York, usually so swift with the helping hand, seems hardly to have comprehended the extremity of the case. Its response to the awful and sudden need in the Mill River Valley was prompt and full. But Massachusetts, a compact, orderly, and highly organized State, naturally declined any aid from Congress, and addressed itself at once to present relief and to future prevention. Fortunately stringent laws, well executed, can secure a valley from the mischief of a weak reservoir; but what law, what power, what foresight, can tame the Mississippi, or stay its swelling floods from the low shores beside it?

There is one pleasant aspect even to the sorrowful picture of this Southern desolation, and that is the healing influence of charity under the

circumstances of the country. This year has seen a completed restoration of good feeling. On Decoration-day the flowers were strewn equally upon all graves of the war, brave hearts remembering only that all were American. The same feeling speaks in every word of sympathy, and is shown in every kind act between the sections of the country that were lately alienated. They who suffer are our brethren; and under the flowers that show fraternal sympathy, and in the generosity with which the Northern heart responds to Southern loss and sorrow, are laid the deep foundations of that true and new Union which every patriotic American heart would gladly build.

SOME years ago the Easy Chair was walking—if its motion may be described by such a word—with the late Gulian C. Verplanck, the delightful scholar and Knickerbocker, down Broadway. At Canal Street Mr. Verplanck said, "I remember very well when a little stream ran along here through the fields, and that we used to cross it by a rude bridge as we went farther out upon the island hunting and fishing." It is not more than thirty years since the square between Waverley and Washington Places, upon the Broadway end of which now stands the New York Hotel, was a leafy country place, around which in those earlier days Mr. Verplanck and his companions may have shot and fished; and Corporal Thompson's cottage at Twenty-third Street seems to have vanished but yesterday. The changes of modern New York are so swift and complete, and the city was so constantly occupied by the British during the Revolution, that it has hardly that historic interest or hold upon its citizens, or, indeed, upon the country, which the greatest city upon the continent should have; and it was a good service which Mr. J. W. Gerard did when at a late meeting of the Historical Society he read a very careful and elaborate paper upon old New York.

It is full of entertainment, and it would be a delightful manual for the strangers from every part of the country who come to the city, because it invests its most familiar spots with the romance of old and quaint association, giving to the city the very charm which to so many of its visitors it now so sadly lacks. Here, for instance, is the island of Manhattan itself, for the whole of which Mr. Peter Minuit paid twenty-four dollars in wampum two hundred and fifty years ago; and fourteen years later the present stately metropolis of the Western World consisted of about twenty log-houses upon the southeastern shore, the East River side of the Battery. Mr. Gerard makes a claim for the Dutch settlers upon the Hudson which the mild denizens of the leafy shores of the Delaware who call William Penn father will probably carefully consider. They had a rigid regard, he says, for the rights of the Indians, and no title was deemed vested until the savage proprietor was satisfied. Hills and marshes which have now vanished then marked the well-wooded isle; and the late sanitary explorations and maps of General Viele show that those marshes still assert themselves in the unhealthiness of certain parts of the city which have not been duly drained, and he curiously draws the worst cholera lines as almost identical with the lines of the extinct swamps. And the red man preyed upon the settlers so that when the little hamlet was

twenty years old a Jesuit father laments their sufferings as "grievous to see."

Mr. Gerard describes, with the faithful eye for details of Gerard Dow, the interior of one of the early Dutch houses, and with an unction that Washington Irving would have enjoyed. The houses seem in his description to have been the homes of happy peace and content, and the industrious men and notable housewives to have been the very folk of Arcadia. As the brightly gossiping annalist passes through the Broadway of to-day he finds it a palimpsest, and shows us the remoter characters beneath. This building, for instance, seems to us Trinity Church rising from among the tombs of the grave-yard: but no; before even the older Trinity Church was, this is the garden of the West India Company, stretching to the river, along which its locust-fringed bank was the sweet resort of Dutch lovers long ago. And here, near the corner of Battery Place, where later Washington's headquarters were, was the huge town windmill, around which, as a common resort, there was naturally a kind of exchange, where the last rumor of the town, or the news from the Old World or from New England, or the late vigorous sermon of the dominie, was discussed.

Near the corner of Pearl and Moore streets was the market, to which came all the country people in wagons or boats, or upon horses, and the Indians in canoes and shallops. The countrymen brought veal, pork, butter, cheese, roots, and straw from the farms. Then there were venison, milk, tobacco, peaches, and "smoked twaefit" or striped bass, and oysters, "Gouanes" oysters—not less than a foot long, as an enthusiast of the time records—oysters which might well make Dorlon drop pearls of anguish as he contemplates his Saddle Rocks of not more than half that length; and plenty of cider and herbs and melons and Indian maize and Turkey wheat. At the close of the day the little boats return laden with medicines. Barbadoes rum, Muscovado sugar, arrack, "olykoeks," and gingerbread, fresh ribbons and caps, and stuffs of linsay-woolsey. As the farmers and their wives, and the citizens and their wives, and the lads and lassies, chattered and chattered, the wars of the famous Dominie Everardus Bogardus, the second minister of New Amsterdam, and Director Kieft and the other governors were unquestionably thoroughly discussed. Mrs. Bogardus was the Anneke Jans whose descendants to this day are perpetually summoned to meet somewhere

and do something with an ultimate view of acquiring immense estates.

It is very amusing to read in the same newspaper which tells us that the Duke of Montebello recently challenged Prince Metternich to mortal combat because the princess, without the prince's knowledge, asked the duke not to speak to her any more—very comical, we say, to read in the same paper the lively essay of Mr. Gerard, which informs us that Dominie Bogardus two hundred and thirty years ago sued Anthony Jansen Van Salee because Mrs. Van Salee had slandered Mrs. Bogardus in saying that on one occasion when that lady was passing through a muddy part of the town she had shown more of her ankles than was necessary: and she the dominie's wife! There was swift judgment of the court, and Mrs. Van Salee was compelled to declare in public, at the sounding of the bell, that she knew the minister to be an honest and pious man, and that she had lied falsely; and she was further condemned to pay costs and three gulden to the poor. When will such execution be done upon Mrs. Grundy? Director Kieft charged Dominie Bogardus with constant intoxication, that he loved strife, and (oh, heel of Achilles!) that he preached stupid sermons. The dominie denounced the director from his pulpit as a consummate villain, and declared his (the dominie's) goats to be a superior kind of animal to the director; and on one occasion announced that on the next Sunday he would publicly—from the pulpit—give the director such a shaking that they would both shudder. The director was prepared, and, to drown the thunder of the dominie, would have the drums beaten and the cannon fired outside the church during service.

Mr. Gerard disclaims original research, saying that he has mentioned little that is not found in the antiquarian researches of the society, and especially of Dr. O'Callaghan, but he has brought the material conveniently together, and has made an exceedingly interesting paper. It is the study of such material, with his sense of humor and his kindly nature, which gave us Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker's History*, which is in many ways the most original and characteristic of his works. Nothing remains of the New Amsterdam which he so happily described, and which Mr. Gerard's paper again restores to us, but the little slender cion of the pear-tree that grew in the bouvery, or farm, of Governor Stuyvesant, and which is perishing at the corner of the Third Avenue and Thirteenth Street.

Editor's Literary Record.

HISTORY AND TRAVELS.

MR. MOTLEY'S *Life of John of Barneveld*, two volumes (Harper and Brothers), is a history in the form of biography. Mr. Motley is a believer in the doctrine that men make the world; that history is not exclusively, or even chiefly, an unfolding of general laws, but a picture of personal life, and a measurement of personal influence. His history of Holland and the Dutch Republic is, therefore, largely written in lives of William the Silent and John of Barneveld. He believes in heroes, though not a hero worshiper,

and he makes good selection of his heroes. A historian of the type of Froude and Carlyle—less dramatic than the former, less opinionated than the latter—he is more trustworthy than either. His indefatigable industry has brought to light much new and interesting information respecting the period of which he treats, but his abundant resources have overburdened him, and overburden his pages, and a more careful sifting of materials, and a more concise summary of documents quoted in full, would have produced a work more valuable to the general read-

er, though perhaps less useful to the historical student.

Arctic Experiences: containing Captain George E. Tyson's wonderful Drift on the Ice-Floe, a History of the Polaris Expedition, the Cruise of the Tigress, and Rescue of the Polaris Survivors. To which is added a general Arctic Chronology. Edited by E. VALE BLAKE. (Harper and Brothers.) If this contained simply the narrative of Captain Tyson's drifting on an ice-floe for seven months and a half, it would be a memorable work, having large claims upon the reading public. This remarkable journey was the most dramatic event of the *Polaris* expedition. Yet this recital occupies little more than one-fourth of the work under our notice. The inside history of the entire expedition is given from its inception in July, 1870, until the return of the *Polaris* survivors in October, 1873. Nor is this all. The work opens with a comprehensive and exceedingly valuable summary of arctic exploration and discovery. This is followed by a very interesting chapter relating to Captain Tyson's whaling experiences before he was appointed assistant navigator of the *Polaris*. A subsequent chapter gives a biographical sketch of Captain Hall up to the date of the *Polaris* expedition. His connection with that expedition, until his melancholy end, is traced with especial care, and no reader can fail to be impressed with the story of this brave man's last days, or can turn away without a feeling of sorrowful regard from his desolate grave on that remote arctic coast. A very complete arctic chronology concludes the body of the work, which is profusely and beautifully illustrated with new engravings.

Professor WILLIAM G. SUMNER, of Yale College, is admirably adapted to the work of preparing *A History of American Currency* (Henry Holt and Co.). The financial dangers of the American people arise rather from ignorance and indifference than from any willfulness of judgment. We are without financial leaders, and are gradually learning that for the conduct of a republic popular knowledge of at least the fundamental principles of national finance is essential. Professor Sumner exhibits in his classes a peculiar power of awakening enthusiasm in the study of what is generally considered a very dry subject. The clearness, the directness, and the absence of professionalism which are manifested in this book interpret his success in the lecture-room. The history of American currency, beginning with the Wampumpeag currency of beads, is in his hands as interesting as that of any other department of national life; and the argument of experience for real money is all the more effective because he is content to trace the historical result of attempting substitutes, and, in the main, to leave these results to produce their own impression on the mind of the reader.

Niebuhr said he would give half his fortune to the man who could find a clew to the Etruscan language, and this clew Rev. ISAAC TAYLOR, a vicar in the English Episcopal Church, claims to have discovered, and to set forth in his *Etruscan Researches* (Macmillan and Co.). It would require an archaeological knowledge and experience to which this critic lays no claim to pass a trustworthy judgment on Mr. Taylor's discovery. No one, indeed, but a specialist could do this;

and even specialists might well require some further testing of the clew, and some further investigations, before rendering their judgment. But it is certain that to the scholar this book is one of very considerable value, as a contribution toward the solution of the mystery which has hitherto enveloped this people, and as a help to a correct understanding of the early history of Italy, while to the unscholastic reader it opens a chapter of history which is full of curious interest, and of which Mr. Taylor has written in a style which, considering his subject, is singularly free from needless scholasticism.

With Mr. Taylor's volume might be read to advantage *The Ancient City*, by F. DE COURCELLES (Lec and Shepard). This work, having passed through several editions in Paris, is here given to the American reader in an English dress. Its name is an inadequate suggestion of its character. Its sub-title better describes it, "A Study on the Religion, Laws, and Institutions of Greece and Rome." It is divided into five books, which treat respectively of ancient beliefs; the family; the city, embracing municipal government and the relations of the individual to law; revolutions, embracing an account of the political and social changes in both Greece and Rome; and the disappearance of the municipal régime. It is thus a comprehensive and convenient résumé of the social and political character of these two great nationalities. It appears to us, indeed, that the author falls into a common error of writers on this subject. He does not discriminate between imagination and belief, and transforms what were in many cases only fancies, or at best shadowy faiths, into definite and well-systematized creeds. The characteristic of modern thought, which demands a reason for every thing and places every thing in reason, was unknown outside a few scholastic circles. No clear line was drawn between poetry and philosophy; and hence every attempt to translate the dreams of that age of dreams into the clear and sharply cut analytical forms of modern thought is always, and of necessity, a pre-ordained failure.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

AMONG the many works of a similar nature which have been recently published, *The Life of Christ*, by FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D. (E. P. Dutton and Co.), deserves a prominent place. It is a work for which the author's previous studies, as well as his special preparations, have peculiarly fitted him. He has visited in person the Holy Land, and his graphic descriptions of scenery, more simple but also more truthful than those of Renan, add greatly to the interest as well as to the value of his work. He has acquainted himself by original investigation with ancient rabbinical literature, and if his knowledge of classic life is less manifest and less minute than that of the French historian, his familiarity with Jewish legend and literature is more apparent, if not more thorough. He combines something of the warmth of Dr. Hanna with a minuteness of scholarship which the latter lacks. He does not turn aside from the course of the narrative to enter into controversies with theological or rationalistic opponents, nor generally encumber his pages with discussions respecting doubtful questions in learning, chronology, and geogra-

phy. The minuteness of his historical information does indeed sometimes burden his pages. This is painfully the case in his chapter on the Crucifixion, where he falls into an error analogous to that of the early painters: he depicts all the horrors of a scene of barbaric cruelty, without the power to portray the Divinity which triumphed in and over it. He occasionally accepts hypotheses unnecessarily complicated in order to reconcile real or seeming discrepancies in the accounts of the four Evangelists, as in his theory of a threefold trial of Christ before the Jews—one related alone by John, one by Matthew and Mark, and one by Luke. Occasionally we dissent from his conclusions, and his reasonings even seem to us lame and inconsequential, as is the case in his *excursus* on the question, Was the Last Supper an actual Passover? But in no case do we detect evidence of carelessness, indifference, haste, or slovenly writing; in none a lack of true reverence, or an interjection of theological or sectarian prejudice; in none any sign of cant or conventionalism. Less historically instructive than Abbott's *Jesus of Nazareth* or Smith's *New Testament History*, less minute in its scholarship than Ellicott's *Life of our Lord*, less valuable to the controversialist than Neander's *Life of Christ*, less poetic and spiritually suggestive than Beecher's *Life of Jesus*, with less of direct practical application of truth than Hanna's *Life of Christ*, less pictorial than Renan's *Life of Jesus*, it combines in an eminent degree qualities which will make it interesting to the general reader and valuable to the Scripture student.

To the work of debating before thoughtful minds the religious questions which modern thought has raised, Professor CHRISTLIEB declares to us in a private note that he has given his life. His *Modern Doubt and Christian Belief* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) is fittingly described in its title as "addressed to earnest seekers after truth." Only "earnest seekers" will be likely to read it; but they will find it full of riches. Dr. Christlieb's training has been an apt preparation for the discussion of such themes before an English-speaking audience. His first important parish was in London; his first important work was a discussion of modern problems before audiences of young men there gathered. His sympathies with all that is broad and liberal in spirit are as undisguised as his faith in the fundamental tenets of Christianity as held by all Protestant churches. He is at once catholic and evangelical; and he was the most prominent and popular of all foreign delegates at the late meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, chiefly because his orthodoxy was so catholic, and because underlying his belief was a spirit which gave a breath of life to his theology. Those whose time does not permit, or whose inclinations do not prompt to, a full and careful study of his lectures will get at their gist and spirit in his smaller treatise on *The best Methods of Counteracting Infidelity* (Harper and Brothers).

We have two attempts to explain the nature, and to some extent to counteract the supposed errors, of Darwinism: the first, *What is Darwinism?* by Professor CHARLES HODGE, of Princeton (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.); the second, *The Doctrine of Evolution*, by ALEXANDER WINCHELL, of Syracuse University (Harper and

Brothers). A brief, comprehensive, and popular treatise, written in answer to the question, What is Darwinism? is really a desideratum in literature. This Dr. Hodge has not given. He has, indeed, embodied in six propositions what is a very fair statement of Darwinism as he, Dr. Hodge, understands it; but the greater part of his treatise is devoted to a refutation of it, on the ground that it is atheistic, if not in the statements of its advocates, at least in its tendencies and results. Theological arguments have not thus far done much to throw light on scientific theories, and the chief value of such a treatise is to set forth certain principles, whose basis is in the intuitions, whose truth can not be successfully impugned by scientific hypotheses, and whose nature, therefore, limits the domain of true scientific imagination, the field within which investigators may look for their interpretation of the facts of nature. The other volume, that of Professor Winchell, is purely scientific in its nature. His avowed object is neither "to defend nor attack the doctrine [of evolution] under any of its forms, but rather candidly to exhibit to the inquirer its strongest defenses and its weakest points." He reaches, however, substantially the same practical conclusion, namely, that existing phenomena can not be accounted for without admitting the agency of a supreme and intelligent control; that is, that evolution is not atheistic, or atheistic evolution—evolution as a substitute for God—is not scientific.

Old Wells Dug Out (Harper and Brothers) is the characteristic title of Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE's last volume of sermons. Its significance Mr. Talmage thus interprets: "This book takes its title not more from the first sermon than from the fact that it is an attempt to re-open the old fountains of the Gospel, which have of late years been partially filled up." The title at once describes the characteristic feature of Mr. Talmage's ministry, and interprets his wonderful success. He sets forth old truths in new forms, and thus at once secures the ear of the modern auditor, and the approbation of the more conservative defenders of the faith.

FICTION.

CRITICS have had much to say recently against novels "with a purpose." We have no space for a general consideration of the subject. But it seems to us that this class of novels bears the same relation to that class in which are to be included George Eliot's *Romola*, Hawthorne's best stories, some of William Black's, and Auerbach's *On the Heights*, which the mechanic arts bear to the fine arts. And as in ordinary house-building there may be borrowed much from the highest architecture, both as regards form and embellishment, so the best novels "with a purpose" do bring to their aid the mastery of elements which characterize the highest order of fiction. When this happens, a higher æsthetic purpose blends with the mechanical aim, and contributes to its success.

But whether an æsthetic purpose is served or no, one thing is absolutely essential to the popularity of a novel—it must be interesting as a story. In *Fettered for Life* (Sheldon and Co.) Mrs. LILY DEVEREAUX BLAKE has met this requirement. The purpose of this novel is to impress upon its readers the necessity of independence to

the development of true womanhood. The style is spirited, and the plot so interesting to the average novel-reader that the story will be popular, whatever the critics may have to say about the plausibility of the most important incidents related. The novel is made especially piquant through the disguised sex of one of its principal characters.

Another recent novel with a purpose (by which we mean a design distinct and separate from both an ideal motive and the desire to please the reader) is *Papa's Own Girl*, by MARIE HOWLAND (John P. Jewett and Co.). No novel has yet appeared so comprehensive in its range, bearing upon the great social questions of the day: the position of woman and the conditions of labor. Its publication is very timely now, when the long-continued agitation of these topics has rendered it desirable that the problems involved should be clearly presented, and their possible solution indicated from the most hopeful point of view. Mrs. Howland has done this in a novel whose dramatic interest rises to the height of her main purpose. This interest depends upon no sensational incident, but upon the quiet development of the characters of the story. This development is on the whole natural, though in some particulars it invites criticism. The character of Dr. Delano, for instance, will puzzle the reader, because it is impossible to harmonize absolutely contradictory elements. We are forced to believe that Dr. Delano must have played a part in loving the noble and beautiful Clara, since there is no other explanation of his fascination after marriage by an ignoble and openly designing flirt. The faults, exhibited by the noblest characters in the story—as where Dr. Forrest meanly taunts his wife, or where Clara treats her husband domineeringly—may be readily excused, as we find in daily life just such blemishes upon characters that are otherwise of almost ideal loveliness. Mrs. Howland's style is felicitous though not elaborate—not sufficiently so, perhaps. Her delineation of character is marked by the utmost delicacy of treatment, with frequent touches of humor. But it is the great argument of the story, with its glorious forecast of the future, that will most impress thoughtful readers—and it is for these that the author has written. Here she rises to the poet's height—the poet of Tennyson's conception, who

“sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away.”

There are those who will bring against some portions of the novel the same objections that were brought against Wilkie Collins's *New Magdalen*, the same that the Pharisees of old brought against Him whose indignation was hurled not at the unfortunate woman, but rather at her accusers.

In AUERBACH'S *Waldfried* (Henry Holt and Co.) we find a novel of a very different type. Auerbach and Dickens are the antipodes each of the other. The former lifts us above the dusty turmoil and trouble of the world into a region of repose and strength. He must be read slowly, and more than any other modern novelist does he demand the passive submission of the reader's mind to his own. Those who read *Waldfried* for the sake of the story, or as they read novels generally, will be disappointed. The author's purpose is wholly philosophical.

In *On the Heights* Auerbach had also a philosophical purpose—to show the extent, through inevitable sequences, of a wrong done by two individuals, not against nature, indeed, but against society; and the expiation of this wrong by the king in one way and by the Countess Irma in another. But the story was cast in a popular shape. Not so in *Waldfried*, which is the diary of an old man, a resident of one of the South German provinces. The purpose of the story is to show the importance and profound influence of the state as related to the life of the individual and the family. This is effectively represented in connection with the series of events which culminated in the unity of Germany. The culture, mental and moral, of Waldfried's family is the result of civilization, but civilization in that special shaping which has been given it by the state. In Waldfried himself we have at once the expression of patriotic submission and of patriotic resistance—for he was one of the revolutionists of 1848. Herr Funk, the fawning demagogue, is introduced to serve as a foil to Waldfried. In Waldfried's wife we see the matronly dignity and majesty of womanhood in its highest German development. Martella, the pure-hearted child of the woods, the betrothed of Waldfried's wayward son Ernst, affords a suggestive contrast, brought directly as she is from the forest into intimate association with the members of Waldfried's family. Auerbach delights in these contrasts. Such a one was the introduction of the peasant woman Walpurga into the court as nurse to the crown prince, in *On the Heights*. Waldfried's eldest son, Ludwig, who returns home after a long residence in the United States, represents the influence of another national form upon the individual development. There is very little incident—i. e., of extraordinary incident—in the story until near its conclusion. Ernst's desertion (as significant in its right as in its wrong), the death of Waldfried's wife, the impulsive attachment conceived by Richard Waldfried for Martella—these are all, until the tumultuous drama of the battle-field sweeps over the stage, carrying away Ernst and Martella from our view, and ushering in the German Empire. Yet every page awakens thought. The significance of the two recent German wars is more deeply impressed upon the reader by this novel than it would be by the most minute history of those events. The novel awakens not thought alone, but feeling also. But the feeling is born in the reader's own soul. It is not made for him or imposed upon him by the expression of the writer's feeling. Thus, in his grand simplicity, Auerbach ranks with the great masters of expression in the other arts.

Colonel Dacre (Harper and Brothers) teaches the integrity and nobility of true love, its fidelity, its honor, its steadfastness. To the author or authoress love is neither a sighing sentiment nor a transient passion, but partakes something of the unchangeable nature of the Divine Being, whose character earthly love interprets to us. The story is, indeed, a love-story of the best description, and its teaching is not needless in an age when novels so frequently, not to say generally, substitute romance for reality, and a holiday courtship for a true and abiding love. If we measure *Colonel Dacre* first by its teaching,

this is not at all because it is a didactic novel. It is, on the contrary, characteristically dramatic. The reader is left, as he should be, to discern the moral for himself, as we are left to learn for ourselves the morals which life, the great parable, has for us. The plot is ingenious, and ingeniously and carefully worked out. The characters are so drawn that our interest in the story depends not upon the evolution of the plot, but upon the personages themselves. We are interested in them as in new acquaintances to whom we have been introduced in social life, and whose moral nature has drawn us to them. From all which the reader may judge, and not unjustly, that we account *Colonel Dacre* a superior novel.

Bed-Time Stories would have led us to look with anticipations of pleasure for any thing from the pen of LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, but we own to a surprised pleasure in reading *Some Women's Hearts* (Roberts Brothers). It is a small volume, and contains eight short stories, of a cast which we rarely light upon in book or periodical. There is no curious invention, no ingenious structure of story, no startling adventure, nothing unlikelike in form or in spirit, nothing to take the thought and heart from the quiet power and beauty of the emotional life—the heart life—which animates these simple tales. The English is as pure and simple as the sentiments of which it is the expression. And the characters are at once true to nature, not always as it really is, sometimes at least as we would have it to be, without being conventional or commonplace. There is not the least apparent laboring for effect; none of that studied smartness which is the bane of most of our popular American story writers; none of the tinsel and glitter that belong of right to the stage, but often obtrude, in both dress and literature, into the parlor.

F. W. ROBINSON is one of the "cleverest" of English novelists, and just escapes the right to

be called a great one. His *Bridge of Glass*, *For Her Sake*, *Little Kate Kirby*, *Poor Humanity*, etc., are known to all readers of novels and frequenters of circulating libraries. And every new issue of his pen is eagerly caught up by a certain and not inconsiderable class of readers—those who seek novels for mere rest, refreshment, and recreation. His *Second-Cousin Sarah* (Harper and Brothers) has the characteristics which belong to all his writings. The reader who wants a novel to be a medium-sized electric battery, and to administer to him a series of shocks of greater or less power, will not find it here. The reader who wants a poem, and is willing to study it somewhat for the sake of the beauty which study will extract, will not find it in this novel. The reader who wants a book of current history, a description of new phases of life and manners, an introduction to scenes and customs with which he is unfamiliar, will find in Robinson no second Trollope. The reader who looks for a parable in every novel will be puzzled if he asks himself the question, What does *Second-Cousin Sarah* teach? But he who looks for a novel to while away an afternoon that lies heavily on his hands, or to help along a journey, or to eke out the recreations of his vacation, or to rest his mind and brain from care and worry by giving him just enough mental activity to prevent the intrusion of business or household cares in hours devoted to rest, will find in this entertaining story a capital instrument for his purpose.

Prudence Palfrey, by T. B. ALDRICH (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is a thoroughly pleasant novel for summer reading. The writer is not ambitious either in his plot or his style; yet there is sufficient excitement in the former to sustain the reader's interest to the end, and the latter has piquancy and finish. Mr. Aldrich is an artist, and is not satisfied with saying any thing in a bald style. He tries to please the reader, and he is always successful.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

WE are denied the usual pleasure of recording the discovery during the month of May of any new member of the solar system; but just as our review closes comes a dispatch from Mr. Lewis Swift, of Rochester, New York, a well-known searcher for comets, stating that on the 8th of June he discovered a new comet in the constellation of the Camelopard: it is quite bright, and has a tail about one degree long. Unfortunately Mr. Swift has been anticipated in this discovery by Coggia; but his announcement has sufficed to call attention in America to what promises to be one of the most interesting comets of this century.

Otto Struve announces that the faint companion star to the bright star Procyon, discovered by him, is in the place predicted by Auwers, and that therefore it must be the disturbing body about which Procyon moves.

Five of the parties to observe the transit of Venus have already sailed for their destination, in the United States steamer *Swatara*, which vessel left New York on the 7th of June for the

Southern Pacific Ocean. The persons in command of these five parties are Captain Raymond, United States Army, Lieutenant-Commander G. P. Ryan, United States Navy, Professor William Harkness, Professor C. H. F. Peters, and Mr. E. Smith, of the Coast Survey.

The three remaining parties, i. e., those for Peking, Nagasaki, and Nicolaievsk, will leave during the coming month.

General instructions to all the observers have been printed, and show how carefully the Transit of Venus Commission has planned out the work to be done.

Should the astronomers arrive safely, and the weather be favorable, it is safe to predict that the results deducible from the American observations alone will be of very high value.

Among the numerous investigations that have been instituted in connection with the preparations for this transit we notice one by Bakhuyzen, of Leyden, who advances reasons for believing that the annoying phenomenon of the "black drop" is mostly a phenomenon of diffraction, having its origin in the telescope. The photo-

graphic processes that the American parties propose to use will, however, be in great part entirely free from any trouble on this score, as the Commission have decided not to rely to any great extent on the observation of contacts.

In connection with the study of the phenomena of the solar atmosphere Lohse has instituted a series of attempts to determine the depths of the solar spots by observation according to Wilson's method, and is led to the conclusion that there must exist a very appreciable amount of refraction in the solar atmosphere.

The special series of observations of the satellites of Uranus, to which the powers of the great Clark refractor at Washington have been first directed by Professor Newcomb, has incited his assistant, Professor Holden, to a critical examination of the early observations of Sir William Herschel, the discoverer of this planet. Holden concludes that the two inner satellites discovered by Lassell had been previously observed by Herschel, and that there are no other satellites than the four now commonly accepted.

The investigations that have during the past hundred years had reference to the greatest of all astronomical subjects, the construction of the universe of stars and nebulae, have been based principally on the following classes of observations, i. e., (1) the general apparent distribution of bright and faint stars; (2) the distribution of true nebulae and true clusters; (3) the resolvability of clusters or nebulae; (4) the apparent proper motions of stars; (5) the approach or recession of stars or nebulae. To these Secchi made, some years ago, a very important addition of a sixth method, in that he examined the spectra of many hundreds of stars, and showed that there were four pervading types of spectra. In this last field D'Arrest is now at work. He states that he is examining the spectra of all the stars belonging to the Milky Way, and that in the course of this examination he has come upon some stars whose light is of a very remarkable character.

In *Optical Science* we notice the observations of Hirn and others on the polarization of the light reflected from a sheet of flame when a beam of sunlight is allowed to fall on it. Results are obtained tending to show that the glowing solid particles that give the flame its brightness are themselves transparent or nearly so when in this condition.

In *Acoustics* the brilliant investigations of Tyndall on fog-signals have called forth two memoirs, one by Reynolds, of Manchester, and one by Everett. The former thinks that fog has a decidedly deadening influence on sound, and attributes this to the friction between the fog particles and the sound waves. Everett, on the other hand, very lucidly explains the effect of layers of dense and rarefied air in refracting sound as well as light, and shows that distant sounds, such as the fog-signals, thunder, etc., may easily be and in fact are frequently so refracted as to pass above our heads, leaving the observer on the ground, as it were, in an acoustic shadow.

Professor Mayer, of Hoboken, announces briefly that he has been able to experimentally demonstrate the heating effect of sound waves, and, indeed, to determine their mechanical equivalent.

In *Molecular Science* Professor Clarke, of

Washington, communicates the first results of an interesting study into *atomic heat*, showing that the specific heats of allied chemical compounds vary slightly from Dulong and Petit's law, as though they depended on the temperature at which the determination is made. The extended researches of Plateau on the phenomena presented by thin films of liquids have been gathered together in two volumes and supplemented by numerous additional studies, forming, on the whole, a very important contribution to our knowledge of the statics of liquids. A theory of magnetism that has much to recommend it is promulgated by Gore, of London, who has himself added considerably to our knowledge of this obscure property of matter. According to him, magnetism is an attribute of every substance, its development being a consequence of a special arrangement of the atoms that compose its molecules.

Professor Thurston, of Hoboken, by means of a self-recording apparatus for testing the strength and elasticity of materials, has been so fortunate as to discover a new and highly important law, i. e., that after removal of pressure the body acted on is stronger than before, and that its strength may be increased by successively applying and removing a force.

The theory of the action of the galvanic battery is elucidated by Fleming, who maintains the so-called contact theory. Cazin has continued his studies into the magnetism of iron bars, and shows by a very beautiful experiment that if opposing currents surround a bar so that an attempt is made to give opposite magnetism to the same portion of the bar there is produced only an evolution of heat.

In *Terrestrial Physics* Mallet announces an approximate determination of the rate of contraction of the earth's crust; the result is only 8.5 inches in 5000 years, which he finds sufficient to account for all volcanic and seismic phenomena.

In *Meteorology* perhaps the most important item is the steps that have been taken in Europe—Holland, Germany, and Russia—toward the organization of work in reference to maritime meteorology, and the appointment of a maritime conference.

In America much attention has been drawn to the importance of fixing the paths of steamers on the ocean, for the purpose of lessening the dangers of collision. The first annual report of Dr. B. A. Gould, as director of the Meteorological Institute of the Argentine Confederacy, shows that from this country we shall soon receive valuable contributions to our knowledge of the meteorology of the southern hemisphere.

The law of diminution of heat as we ascend in the atmosphere has been investigated by Mohn in reference to the neighborhood of Christiana, Sweden, and he finds notable instances of the complete inversion of the ordinary rule that it grows colder as we ascend. In fact, there are frequent occasions when a mass of cold air pushes eastward, and uplifts the warm moist air of the low lands. It results that the coldest air, being the densest, keeps its level, and the hill-tops enjoy the warmer atmosphere. In connection with this should be noted Dove's recent memoir, showing that the extreme colds of Europe come from the east, advancing westward, quite con-

trary to the rule in America; but in both countries the true statement of the case is that cold dry air flows outward from the interior of continents, and downward from mountains and plateaus. Of special branches of study now being carried on it may be noted that the French Association for the Advancement of Science has allowed quite an appropriation of money to assist in balloon ascents for the investigation of atmospheric currents, temperature, etc. On the other hand the Scotch Meteorological Society is continuing the study of deep-sea temperatures in their connection with sea fisheries, especially the herring fishery, and have made an interesting report. A most important work by Cunningham, of Madras, is announced. He has prosecuted with thoroughness a microscopic examination of the dust floating in the air, and finds that distinct infusorial animalcules, their germs or ova, are almost entirely absent.

A valuable discussion between several European meteorologists as to the proper method of using the barometer in connection with weather map and storm predictions has tended to throw some additional light on that subject. Finally, it would be improper not to mention the publication of what promises to be one of the most valuable text-books on meteorology that have been issued for many years. This work (*Climatology*, by Lorenz and Rothe) pays special attention to the connection between meteorology and agriculture and forestry, and will supply a want long felt by all interested.

In *Chemistry* there is little of special interest to record for the present month. In organic chemistry the ordinary amount of routine work has been published, the most noteworthy, perhaps, being the continuation of Gladstone and Tribe's researches with the "copper zinc couple." W. H. Perkin describes a new dye-stuff, brom-alizarine, which, as its name indicates, is a brominated derivative of alizarine. As a colorific agent it is much like the latter substance, giving equally fast dyes, only its reds are less purple and its purples less blue.

Sonstadt, still investigating sea-water, finds in it vanadium, and something else which seems to be osmium. On the latter point, however, he is not yet quite sure.

In the discovery of new minerals the month has been particularly rich, no less than six having been described. Three of these are American. Oscar Loew, chemist to the Wheeler expedition, has found a new fossil resin in the lignite beds of New Mexico. He names it Wheelerite, in honor of his chief. Dr. F. M. Endlich, of Hayden's survey, has discovered two new species from the Red-Cloud Mine in Colorado. One, a telluride of lead and iron, he names Henryite, after Professor Joseph Henry; the other, a telluride of gold, silver, and iron, he calls Schirmerite, thereby complimenting the director of the mine. Liversidge describes, but does not name, an apple-green hydrated silicate of nickel and magnesium from New Caledonia, a mineral much resembling the "emerald nickel" of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Kararfvetite, from Kararfvet, Sweden, is described by Radominski as occurring in large brown imperfect crystals. It is a phosphate of cesium, containing fluorine. Guanovulite, as its name indicates, is from some of the fossil eggs found among the guano of the

Chincha Islands. It is a very beautiful crystalline salt, containing the sulphates of ammonium and potassium, plus water. Wibel is its discoverer.

Mr. Henry W. Elliott, of whom we have already spoken in connection with the exploration of the fur-seal islands in Alaska, has started on his mission of investigation of the habits of these animals in the northern seas, having proceeded to Port Townsend, where he takes a revenue-cutter, under the command of Captain J. G. Baker, for his further researches. As far at least as the Pribilof Islands he will be accompanied by Lieutenant Maynard, of the Navy, who has more especially as his mission the investigation of the affairs of the Alaska Commercial Company, and of its good faith toward the United States.

Considerable progress has been made in reference to the proposed new physical and natural history survey of Massachusetts, the recommendations of the American Academy and of other institutions of the commonwealth having induced a consideration of the subject by the Legislature. It is forty years since the first survey was completed, and much improvement has since been made in regard to methods of research. The new survey, if undertaken, will be conducted in the most exhaustive manner, and, like the first, will doubtless be the subject of imitation by other States.

The first fasciculus of the topographical atlas of the War Department survey of the region west of the hundredth meridian has been published by Lieutenant Wheeler, containing details of four of the ninety-five squares into which the region has been divided, together with several important physical maps. A Congressional committee has been engaged in examining into the work done by the expeditions under the different departments of the government with reference to the propriety of their being consolidated under one, and has reported that consolidation is not expedient, and that the work should be divided between the War and the Interior departments, the former to have more particular charge of the topographical and military surveying, and the latter to devote its attention more particularly to the geology and natural history of the West.

The most important *Geographical* fact that we have to chronicle from the Old World is the return of Gerhard Rohlfs from his survey of the Libyan Desert, reaching Cairo on the 17th of April. Although he did not succeed to the extent of his anticipations, he was yet able to add very largely to our knowledge of the physical geography, ethnology, and natural history of the region examined.

There appears to be a general movement among students of *Ethnology* toward summarizing the great mass and variety of material which has been gathered at different times from so many fields. Two methods are pursued, the one general, the other special. The former is that of the "Leipziger Museum of Ethnology," whose aim is to bring together objects illustrating anthropological and ethnological facts of all times and places, to exhibit every phase of culture in the development of humanity out of a condition of savagery up to the highest civilization with respect to food, fire, weapons, tools and crafts, clothing, orna-

ments, vessels, dwelling, furniture, pastimes, traveling equipments, music, letters, notation and reckoning, fine arts, social customs, public life, and religion. The latter, adopted by the "Daschkow Museum of Ethnology" at Moscow, aims to illustrate, by manikins in costume at the usual occupation of their originals, as well as by characteristic implements and accessories, the stages of civilization, the manners and customs, of all the peoples who make up the vast empire of Russia. These manikins are so arranged in groups, and the groups are so arranged with reference to each other and to the exhibition halls, as to present to the mind of the intelligent observer at a single glance the ethnological condition of the Russian empire. The whole collection is epitomized and explained by an ethnographic chart, the work of Professor Köppen.

In pursuance of the same general object, the French Anthropological Society has issued a volume of *Instructions sur l'Anthropologie de l'Algérie*, by General Faidherbe and Dr. Topinard. General Faidherbe gives the following estimate of the proportions of the various races: Berbers, 0.75; Phœnicians and Romans, 0.01; Vandals, 0.005; Arabs, 0.15; negroes, 0.05; Jews, Turks, and European runaways, 0.035. The same society has offered a prize of 500 francs to the author of the best manuscript on the ethnology of the population of any part of France. The prize will be awarded in 1876, as well as prizes of less amount to the papers next in value. Special attention is to be directed to the origin, anthropological characters, language, and geographical distribution of the races, and to any particular customs or beliefs.

In addition to very many public and private collections illustrative of special branches of human culture, the Smithsonian Institution has lately fitted up a large hall for the purpose of combining the two methods, the general and the special—on the one hand to classify and exhibit a splendid collection of American antiquities, gathered by many hands from all parts of the continent, and on the other hand to supplement these by similar objects from all parts of the world. There are four surveying parties to take the field this summer for the government, nearly all of whose "material" will find its way to this collection, while fresh supplies from other lands, the gifts of thoughtful friends, will gather around this nucleus, and enhance the value of the museum.

An exceedingly interesting result of the researches into general culture is the "International Congress of Archaeology and Prehistoric Anthropology," which will hold its seventh session at Stockholm this year, August 7-16. The programme, so far as perfected, is as follows:

- August 7. Opening meeting.
- August 8. Stone Age, Paleolithic Epoch.
- August 9. (Sunday.) A visit to the museums of Stockholm.
- August 10. Stone Age, Neolithic Epoch.
- August 11. Excursion to Upsala, a visit to the museums of the university, and to a necropolis of the Iron Age.
- August 12. The Bronze Age.
- August 13. Excursion to Björhoe (Iles de Bouléaux), to visit the remains of a city of the Iron Age, the remains of a "kitchen," and a necropolis of over 2000 tumuli.
- August 14. The Iron Age.
- August 15. Prehistoric Anthropology.
- August 16. (Sunday.) Closing meeting, and an excursion to the dolmens of the province of Visigothia.

In addition to this we have the announcement of the meeting of an "International Congress of Orientalists," to be held in London, "the capital of the great Oriental Empire," from the 4th to the 19th of September, the object of which is "to bring together those interested in the languages, literature, arts, sciences, and ethnography of the East." Six sections have been formed, and the following presidents elected:

Aryan section, president, Professor Max Müller; Semitic section, president, Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B.; Turanian section, president, Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B.; Hamitic section, president, Dr. Birch, LL.D.; Archaeological section, president, M. E. Grant Duff, M.P.; Ethnological section, president, Professor Owen, C.B.

Dr. Birch will act as president of the Congress.

The various geographical explorations of Russia, Germany, France, England, and the United States sent to arctic regions, to Central and Southern Asia, to the Pacific isles, but most especially to all parts of Africa, have had an especial bearing upon ethnology. The Ashantee war, the explorations by the Khedive of Egypt, the efforts of the British to extinguish the African slave-trade, in addition to increasing our knowledge of the resources of the continent, will bring before us a vast mass of material to be worked up in the general result.

The second part of the great work by Quatrefages and his colleague, entitled *Crania Ethnica*, has recently been published; and while the first part was devoted to the consideration of the so-called Canstatt race, or the earliest known in European civilization, the present one discusses what the authors call the Cro-Magnon race, including the people of the reindeer period. This race, like that first mentioned, is believed to be represented at the present day by people in various parts of the world, although quite local and limited in their distribution.

The discovery of the first-known kitchen-middings, or prehistoric shell-heap deposits, in Norway has lately been announced. These are stated to be of much the same character as those of Denmark and other parts of the world, with perhaps a greater proportion of stone implements.

For the benefit of those interested in *Microscopical Science* we have to state that in the April number of the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science* Professor Wright commences a translation of Ernst Haeckel's "Gastrea Theory." It is a remarkable paper, and will be closely studied by those interested in the question of development and descent. This name, "Gastrea," was first applied by Haeckel, in his "Philosophy of the Calcareous Sponges," to what he considers the primitive root form, long extinct, which existed in the earlier primordial time (Laurentian period), represented, therefore, by the *Eozoon canadense*. This theory is a bold attempt at a fundamental remodeling of the whole system of zoology, and is, it is claimed, the first attempt to lead to a causal knowledge of the most important morphological relations, and the principal typical differences in the structure of animals, as well as at the same time to discover the historical sequence in the origin of the animal organization. Inheritance and adaptability are the only "two mechanical causes" with the help of which the gastrea theory explains the origin of the leading natural groups of the animal kingdom and the characteristic relations of their or-

ganizations. Haeckel's views have been subjected to sharp criticism, and in many respects are supposed to conflict with the Darwinian theory of descent.

In the May number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* we find an interesting communication from Dr. D. H. Schmidt, of New Orleans, on "The Construction of dark or double-bordered Nerve Fibre;" the paper is illustrated by three plates, and upon the whole confirms Max Schulte's discovery of the fibrillous structure of the axis cylinder, differing, however, in this, that whereas Schulte considered the fibrils *smooth*, Schmidt finds them to consist of *minute granules* about $\frac{1}{1000}$ millimeter in diameter, arranged in regular rows, and united by a homogeneous inter-fibrillous substance. One is reminded of Mr. Slack's resolution of the hitherto considered smooth pinnæ of pinnularia into a granular structure, and also of Dr. Pigott's "Podura beads." All these appearances are produced by the use of extreme oblique light, and we are by no means convinced that they indicate the true structure.

In the same journal Mr. Wenham describes a little instrument designed to exclude all light entering from within the plane of the focus, in measuring angle of aperture of objectives—a very necessary precaution if we would determine the really effective and true angle. The importance of cutting off these rays even for ordinary work is demonstrated in the use of the "Hartnack diaphragm," so called, but dating earlier, and originally applied by Nachet and Oberhauser.

The effect of the crystalline lens upon polarized light is well known from Brewster's experiments. Professor Clerk Maxwell, applying this test to the transparent jelly-like body of the sea-nettle, found that neither the spontaneous contractions of the living animal nor the application of considerable pressure produced any effect; proving what, indeed, he might have learned by dissection, that the sea-nettle is not a true jelly, but consists of cells filled with fluid.

At a recent meeting of the Microscopical Section of the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia Dr. J. G. Hunt presented a communication respecting the curious alga which had rendered the water of the reservoir of the Camden water-works unfit for use. He decided that it belonged to the Nostochaceæ, and was possibly a variety of *Trichornius thompsoni*.

It is now pretty generally agreed that Bacteria are almost invariably present in the blood, but Dr. Eberth (in *Centralblatt*, No. 20, 1873) has found them in ordinary perspiration; in spots covered with hair they attach themselves to the hair, often forming thick layers. He thinks they are very likely to produce certain chemical modifications of sweat.

Dr. H. C. Bastian has returned to the subject of the evolution hypothesis and the origin of life in the last number of the *Contemporary Review*, and after stating that there are only two possible modes of accounting for the fact that "certain of the most minute living things are known to appear in some fluids independently of pre-existing visible germs," one of these modes being the actual existence nevertheless of those germs, the other archebiosis, presents his *crucial* test thus, first defining what we are to understand by "life." He says all living matter is killed at 140° F., but

certain fluids heated much higher (212° F. and upward), and subsequently exposed to certain conditions free from all possibility of contamination with living matter, will shortly swarm with living things. Hence the man of science is compelled (as he believes) to conclude that such living organisms must have originated independently of living germs.

Under the head of *Zoology* proper an interesting fact is announced by Mr. C. J. Maynard, namely, that the Cuban crocodile (*Crocodilus acutus*) is quite abundant in the rivers of Florida emptying into the Gulf of Mexico. Its occurrence on the east coast was signalized several years ago by Professor Wyman; and Mr. Maynard gives a graphic account of an encounter with a second specimen in the same neighborhood. It is said to be a much more fierce and powerful animal than the alligator; and Mr. Maynard thinks that the notices of the occurrence in Florida of "alligators" of greater length than ten or twelve feet may be referred to this species. It may be stated here, for the benefit of those who wish to know the difference, that in the crocodile the long tooth in the side of the lower jaw fits into a hole or complete perforation in the upper jaw, while in the alligator this hole is replaced by a notch which allows the tooth to be distinctly visible from the side.

While Professor Marsh has with much success, from the large amount of material collected by himself in the Rocky Mountains, been enabled to discuss the ancestry of the horse, and improve on the suggestions of Owen and Huxley, Kowalewsky, the distinguished Russian zoologist, has, in a paper read before the Royal Society of London, treated of the genealogy of ruminants and pachyderms. He considers, as have others, that the *Anoplotherium* and *Xiphodon*, of the Paris basin, are the ancestors of all our living ruminants. But the common ancestors of these last and the *Anoplotherium* must have had four-toed feet. Such animals had not been discovered; but Kowalewsky thinks that they occur in a group of animals contemporaneous with the *Anoplotherium*, and called *Hyopotamus*. These last creatures are found fossil in the lower eocene, and die out in the lower miocene tertiary. The species are very numerous, and very variable as to form and size; some only as large as a rabbit, others rivaling the hippopotamus in stature.

An important paper on the classification of the weevils (*Rhynchophora*) was read at the April meeting of the National Academy of Sciences by Dr. J. L. Le Conte. He regards this group of coleoptera, usually mentioned as one family, as susceptible of division into three series, each equal to the Lamellicorn or Clavicorn series, for example, and divisible into a number of families. He had already in a previous communication to the Academy placed the weevils at the base of the coleoptera.

As a result of Dr. R. Von Willemoes-Suhm's researches on the *Challenger* we have, besides the discovery of a blind astacus-like crustacean, that of a blind deep-sea *Tanaia*. He also describes, in a paper sent to the Linnean Society, a new species of *Nebalia* from the Bermuda Islands. Professor S. I. Smith finds (*American Journal of Science*) in the tube-building *Amphipoda*—small crustacea, resembling the sand or beach flea—a peculiar opaque glandular struc-

ture filling a large portion of the third and fourth pairs of thoracic legs, in other amphipods occupied with muscles. The terminal segment of these legs is not acute and claw-like, but truncated at the tip, and apparently tubular. These glands undoubtedly secrete the cement with which the tubes or homes of these animals are built.

In the same journal (June number) Mr. O. Harger indicates a new genus (*Asellopsis*) of crustacean from Lake Superior, differing from *Asellus* in wanting palpi to the mandibles.

The singular fact is brought out in Claparède's remarkable posthumous work on worms that in several families (*Serpulidae*, *Ammocharidae*, *Aricidae*, and *Chaetopteridae*) the intestine is inclosed in a vascular sac, which acts as a dorsal vessel, there being no true heart. This reminds one of the mollusca in which the intestine normally passes through the heart.

The deep-sea polyzoa, or moss animals, dredged by Count Pourtales in the Floridan channel have been worked up by Professor F. A. Smitt, of Stockholm. He observes that the deeper waters contain species which have survived from the tertiary and even the cretaceous period. Some are cosmopolitan in range.

One of the most elaborate and exhaustive monographs ever attempted in America has just been brought to completion, in the fourth part of his revision of the *Echini*, by Mr. Alexander Agassiz. This occupies between seven and eight hundred pages, small folio, with numerous illustrations of exquisite perfection, many of them being nature-printings from original photographs.

A paper by Mr. Dall on the shells of Behring Straits is also worthy of note.

The long-pending controversy in regard to the nature of *Eozoon canadense* has been continued by an attack upon its animal nature on the part of Mr. H. J. Carter and others, and a defense by Dr. William B. Carpenter.

In continuing his researches on the evolution of the ammonites Professor Hyatt finds that throughout the group we observe every where instances of two methods of development: one by a slow accumulation of differences, according to the Darwinian theory, the other by their quick or sudden production, according to the law of acceleration, as explained by Cope and himself, and subsequently by Mivart. The gaps between forms or species may be largely explained by the latter mode of development if the necessary care is taken to study the earlier stages, which should show the close genetic connection of the distinct adult forms, and explain thereby the absence of the intermediate varieties. For example, by carefully observing these principles it is possible to trace the entire family of *Arietidae* to one original variety of one species, the smooth variety of *Psiloceras planorbis*. He finds that a series of species has, like an individual, a certain store of vital power, which enables it for certain periods, more or less prolonged, to evolve new forms and new characteristics, but which in the end fails; and in place of farther progress in that direction we find an evolution of degraded forms, which compare exactly with the retrograde metamorphoses of the individual. Size, which indicates vegetative growth, and the power to take in and assimilate large quantities of nutritive matter, which is usually called vital power, cor-

roborates the above. The size of the individual increases from *Psilonotus*, which rarely exceeds four or five inches, to *Conybearia*, which attains the enormous diameter of over three feet. Again, in the *Arnioceras* branch the forms first appearing are very small, only an inch or two in diameter, and steadily increase to *Coroniceras trigonatum*, sometimes two feet in diameter, and then decrease in *Asteroceras* gradually to *Collenotia*, which, again, hardly exceeds two inches. The individual grows by constant addition of characteristics or parts, and declines by the loss in those characteristics or parts, first of the power to perform their functions, and then by their obsolescence. Series of species, on the other hand, progress by the evolution of forms, which, in their adult condition, add certain common or parallel characteristics in regular order, and then decline by the evolution of a series of forms exhibiting the obsolescence of the same parts or organs, each form inheriting at an earlier age the old age characteristics of the parent, until finally none of the adult characteristics remain even in the young.

As relating to the subject of *Agriculture and Rural Economy*, we may remark that the discovery of valuable deposits of guano on the mainland of Peru, already referred to, has been substantiated by later examinations, and the danger of a diminution in or exhaustion of the supply of this important fertilizer has been removed to quite a distant future.

The announcement is made of the discovery in the alluvial soil of Auvergne, in France, of lithia in large percentage, certain springs in the same district being found to contain it in unusual quantity, and to owe to its presence their supposed medicinal virtues.

A somewhat interesting fact has been announced in reference to the influence of camphor water upon germination, the simple application of this manure bringing sickly plants up to a condition of health, and inducing blossoming and the perfecting of seeds or fruit in many instances, which had been unattainable under other influences.

An important contribution to the history of the potato disease has lately been made by Mr. Worthington Smith, who shows, as the result of a long series of experiments, that although no potato can be considered absolutely proof against contagion, yet there are a few varieties which are more to be relied on in this respect than others, and are consequently worthy of consideration.

In the department of *Engineering* we may report that the question of tunneling or bridging the Detroit River is still undecided. An influential meeting in opposition to the bridge project was lately held, and a new plan for a tunnel on the line of the Cheesebrough survey was presented by W. D. Rich. This gentleman estimates the cost of his plan at \$4,000,000, and engages to complete the work by December, 1875. Of the Illinois and St. Louis Bridge we may state that the iron-work has been completed by the Keystone Bridge Company. The bridge was opened for foot passengers May 23, and was to be ready for vehicles about June 3. Workmen are now laying the railroad tracks across the bridge and through the tunnel at the western end, but no date has as yet been set for the passage of

trains. The bridge proper consists of three arches, each over 500 feet in length. Its cost, including tunnel and approaches, will not be less than \$10,000,000. It is a wonderful specimen of engineering art, and this, as likewise its immense size and cost, will give it a place among the foremost structures of its time. We record likewise the approaching erection of another bridge, which will span the Mississippi at Quincy, Illinois. The American Bridge Company, of Chicago, have been awarded the contract.

The number of miles of new railroad constructed in the United States during the year 1874, up to May 31, is placed at 427.

On the 13th of May the iron steam-ship *City of Tokio*, a sister vessel to the *City of Peking*, was successfully launched from the Delaware River iron ship yard of John Roach, at Chester, Pennsylvania. This vessel, like the last-named, was built for the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company. The following are her principal dimensions: Extreme length 423 feet, by forty-eight feet breadth of beam. She is of 5500 tons burden, has four decks, and six water-tight compartments, with accommodations for 150 cabin and 1800 steerage passengers, and is built throughout of American materials. The following day witnessed the launch at Wilmington, on the Delaware, of another iron screw-steamer, the *Hudson* (dimensions 300 by 34.5 feet), built for the Cromwell line. This makes an aggregate of twenty-eight iron steam-ships, of 63,500 tons, that have

been built on the Delaware within the past two years.

As indicating the continued depression of American iron industries, we note that the Bulletin of the American Iron and Steel Association contains weekly notices of the stoppage of mills and works, and the blowing out of furnaces.

The Patent Congress recently held at Washington, with the view of securing governmental action in the matter of effecting a unification of the patent systems of various countries, has been followed by a very influential meeting in England with a similar object in view.

An apparatus has been devised in Europe by which an engineer on a railroad train can determine whether the track in front of him is perfectly clear and unobstructed. Should this prove to be practically available it will undoubtedly add greatly to the safety of travelers by preventing collisions and other accidents.

A careful experiment has been made as to the economy of wetting coal to create heat in blacksmiths' forges, now almost universally the practice. By this it has been shown that there is actually a waste of heat as the result, and that the practice is not to be commended.

Of deaths since our last record the most important are those of Professor J. H. Müller, of Munich; Mr. Richard Brenner, the African traveler; Sivert Tobiesen, one of the intrepid Norwegian whalers who of late years have done so much for the advancement of science; and Professor J. Phillips, of England.

Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record is closed on the 23d of June.—Congress adjourned June 23. The Civil Rights Bill still remains on the Speaker's table; it was passed by the Senate, May 23, by a vote of 29 to 16.

The final action of Congress on the financial question is represented by the Currency Bill passed just before the close of the session. This bill, which was reported by the conference committee after the disagreement between the two Houses on the bill first reported by the committee, fixes the legal tender circulation at \$382,000,000, the amount already issued; forbids the retirement of any portion of this circulation by the Treasury Department; makes no provision looking to a resumption of specie payments at any time in the future; provides for the redistribution of the national bank-note circulation, that is, the withdrawal of about \$55,000,000 of circulation from New England, New York, and other sea-board States, which they hold in excess of their proper quota, and giving it to the West and South, which at present are that amount short of their share according to wealth and population, and releasing the banks from keeping a reserve to secure the redemption of their circulating notes. Besides giving the form of law to the illegal issue by the late Secretary of the Treasury of \$26,000,000 of legal tender notes and forbidding their recall, this act inflates the currency to the extent of the released reserves of the banks. The Senate passed the bill June 19; the House, June 20.

The bill to repeal moiety to informers was finally passed by both Houses June 18.

Both Houses agreed to the conference report on the Geneva Award Bill June 22. Only uninsured losses are provided for.

The House, on the 19th, passed a bill reducing postage, after January 1, 1875, to two cents per pound on newspapers issued once a week or oftener, and three cents per pound on periodicals issued less frequently, the postage to be prepaid by the publishers.

The committee appointed to investigate the conduct of the government of the District of Columbia reported a bill, June 9, to abolish the present government and substitute for it a commission to have charge of the affairs of the District. It provides for the appointment of a joint committee, consisting of two Senators and two Representatives, to sit during the recess, and frame laws for the future government. The bill has been passed by both Houses.

The new Bankruptcy Bill has been passed by both Houses. The House inserted a modification of the section of the Senate bill relating to voluntary bankruptcy. As the section now stands, it provides that a voluntary bankrupt shall be discharged upon the payment of thirty per cent. of his indebtedness, with the consent of one-fourth of his creditors, representing one-third of the value of the indebtedness.

The new Canadian Reciprocity Treaty was sent by the President to the Senate June 18.

A bill has been passed by both Houses reliev-

ing savings-banks having no capital stock from the tax on deposits.

The House, June 5, passed a bill authorizing the construction of the Fort St. Philip Canal from the east side of the Mississippi River to Breton Pass, in the Gulf of Mexico, under the direction of the Secretary of War.

The President, on the 1st of June, accepted the resignation of Mr. Richardson, Secretary of the Treasury, and nominated General Benjamin H. Bristow, of Kentucky, to succeed him. He also nominated Mr. Richardson to be one of the judges of the Court of Claims. Both nominations were confirmed by the Senate June 2. The Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Sawyer, resigned June 4. The President has made and the Senate confirmed the nomination of Mr. J. C. Bancroft Davis to be minister to Germany.

The New Hampshire Legislature, June 3, elected James A. Weston (Democrat) Governor of that State. The Oregon State election resulted in the election of Lafayette Grover (Democrat) for Governor by a majority of about 4000.

Republican State Conventions were held, June 17, in Illinois, Indiana, and Vermont. In Illinois Mr. Ridgeway was nominated for State Treasurer. In Indiana W. W. Curry was nominated for Secretary of State. In Vermont Judge Asahel Peck was nominated for Governor. The Republican State Convention of Maine, at Augusta, June 18, renominated Governor Nelson Dingley. The Democratic Convention of Maine, at Portland, June 23, nominated Joseph A. Tipton for Governor.

The new constitution of Ohio, to be submitted for ratification August 18, provides for the election of the Legislature by the cumulative vote in all counties where more than two members are to be elected. It gives the Governor the veto power (he has never had it before), and his veto can only be overruled by a three-fifths vote in both Houses. The veto can apply to any item, or to the whole bill.

In the State of Sinaloa, Mexico, April 4, two persons were burned alive for witchcraft. Other executions followed. The authorities and all persons implicated in the outrage were arrested and imprisoned.

The French situation has materially changed since our last Record was written. After M. Goulard's failure to organize a new ministry, President M'Mahon constituted the cabinet as follows: Minister of War, General De Cissey; Minister of Foreign Affairs, Duc Decazes; Minister of the Interior, M. De Fourton; Minister of Finance, Pierre Magne; Minister of Public Works, Eugène Caillaux; Minister of Commerce, Louis Grivart; Minister of Public Instruction, Vicomte de Cumont; Minister of Justice, Adrien Failland; Minister of the Marine, Marquis de Montaignat. The Municipal Bill was passed to a second reading, 394 to 298, June 1. On the 4th similar progress was made with the Electoral Bill. About this time the Left Centre issued a manifesto calling for the proclamation of a definitive republic or the dissolution of the Assembly. On the 10th, by a vote of 348 to 337, the Assembly adopted an amendment to the Electoral Bill fixing the age of electors at twenty-one years instead of twenty-five, as proposed by the government. On the 15th a constitutional bill was introduced by the

Left Centre providing that the government shall consist of a Senate and Chamber of Representatives, confirming Marshal M'Mahon's Presidency until 1880, and providing for the partial or total revision of the constitution by such constitutional bills as may be hereafter submitted and adopted. The motion was declared "urgent" by a vote of 345 to 341. The bill was referred to the Committee of Thirty. A resolution moved by M. De la Rochefoucauld, declaring the government a monarchy, was defeated by a majority of 100. The Municipal Organization Bill was debated June 20. The bill was presented in a modified form, maintaining the present system of municipal elections for two years, providing that the nomination of the mayors shall be made by the government. This compromise was adopted, 358 to 329.

The Prussian Diet was prorogued June 21. The federal Council of State has invited Prince Bismarck to frame a new law providing for the extension to all the states of the empire of the provisions of the law passed by the Prussian Diet for the civil registration of births, deaths, and marriages.—The German press, through a recent law, has obtained some important concessions from the government. The deposit of 1000 thalers as caution money is no longer required of political papers, and the tax upon these organs is removed. Again, judgment must be rendered within forty-eight hours of the seizure of a journal for publishing offensive matter.—The new ecclesiastical law passed by the German Parliament places the Roman Catholic Church under the control of the government in certain respects. No bishop appointed to a vacant see can exercise episcopal functions who does not possess the qualifications specified in the law of May 11, 1873, or who refuses to swear fealty to the king and obedience to the law of the land. An important feature of the law is that in certain cases powers hitherto exercised by the bishops alone may be transferred to the congregations.

DISASTERS.

June 23.—In Syracuse, New York, during a strawberry festival in the parlors of the Central Baptist Church, the floor gave way, precipitating hundreds of people into the lower story. Thirteen persons are known to have been killed, and a large number were seriously injured.

May 31.—The ship *British Admiral* stranded on King's Island. Seventy-three lives lost.

June 20.—Intelligence reaches Constantinople of a collision on the Sea of Marmora, and the loss of a Turkish vessel, with three hundred and twenty lives.

OBITUARY.

May 23.—In Chicago, Professor Joseph Haven, the distinguished divine and author, in his fifty-ninth year.—In Washington, Hon. David B. Mellish, Representative from New York, aged forty-three years.

May 27.—In Washington, Rear-Admiral W. B. Shubrick, senior officer on the retired navy list, aged eighty-four years.

June 9.—In France, Jean François Landriot, Archbishop of Rheims, aged fifty-eight years.

June 19.—In France, Jules Janin, a celebrated French journalist, aged seventy years.

June 20.—In London, the Rev. J. M. Bellew, the elocutionist, aged forty-eight years.

Editor's Drawer.

WHILE at school, nearly half a century ago, writes a veteran contributor to this Magazine, I encountered a youth by the name of F——e, who hailed from one of the most sequestered and unfrequented districts of the Southwest, where opportunities for education and social culture were rare, and where literary and scientific attainments were but little appreciated. The appearance of this untutored tyro as he entered the school-room, dressed in a suit of butternut-colored clothing of home manufacture, is most vividly stamped upon my memory, for he certainly was about as awkward and ungainly a specimen of backwoods juvenility as it has ever been my fortune to meet with. Uncouth as he was in his deportment, yet he possessed many of the instincts of a gentleman, and was naturally amiable and clever; indeed, he traced his ancestry directly back to one of the most distinguished statesmen and orators our country has ever produced. I became quite well acquainted with the young man during our stay at the institution, and appreciated his many excellent traits of character. When we separated he returned to his forest home, while my career led me in another direction, so that I soon lost sight of him, and it was only within a few weeks past that I accidentally stumbled upon him at the Arlington Hotel, in Washington city, where he was engaged in an important scheme for the improvement of the navigation of the Mississippi River.

As may be imagined, our gratification was mutual at so unexpected a reunion after a lapse of over forty years, and of course we had a great deal to say to each other about the events of the past, and our prospects and anticipations for the future. Some of the details in the history of his remarkably eventful life, as he narrated them to me, interested me so much that I venture to rehearse one or two of them for the benefit of the reader.

It seems that the subject of my sketch, after the completion of his academic course, united himself with the Episcopal Church, studied theology, and received orders for the priesthood; and being eminently cosmopolitan, he resolved to commence his labors in the then infant colony of Texas, which at that early period was just beginning to attract attention among the erratic population of our border settlements. Accordingly he bade adieu to his friends at home, and with a scanty wardrobe, and but a few dollars in his pocket, set out upon his protracted pilgrimage across the country, and for many weary days he traversed alone and on foot the wild regions that lay in his track, and after numerous mishaps and hard knocks by the way, he at length arrived at Austin, then but a small village, with a heterogeneous population of whites and Mexicans, made up for the most part of gamblers, robbers, refugees from justice, and other men of desperate fortunes, who had nothing to lose, and entertained but little regard for religion or morality. Yet these very men were then struggling manfully to achieve an existence as an independent republic.

During this era of anarchy and individual sovereignty no man considered his life safe unless

he carried a bowie-knife and revolver in his belt, and personal encounters in which these weapons were used without the slightest hesitation or apprehension of law were of daily occurrence. Hence considerable personal courage was required for a minister of the Gospel to exercise the functions of his calling either in the way of admonition or by attempting to control the unbridled propensities of such reckless adventurers.

The hero of our memoir, however, was a valiant soldier of the Cross. He had enlisted in a great and good cause under the banner of an omnipotent leader, and could not be intimidated by any thing mortal man could do. He possessed a genial disposition, and readily adopted many of the rude habits of the people, associating familiarly with them, and by a kind and conciliatory demeanor soon ingratiated himself into their good opinion; but he never allowed an opportunity to escape for dropping good seed wherever he perceived the slightest chance for its germination.

For the information of those who are not familiar with the history of Texas I remark that outside of San Antonio there was not at this period a single edifice within the entire limits of the republic exclusively dedicated to religious purposes, and I think it perfectly safe to hazard the conjecture that one-half the occupants of that section had never seen a church. Moreover, I doubt if one in fifty had ever witnessed the ceremonies of the Episcopal Church service, to which denomination, as I said before, my friend belonged.

Much curiosity was therefore evinced by the people to learn something about the character of this new sect, and shortly after his arrival at Austin Mr. F——e was invited to preach in the Capitol, a primitive structure, which was opened for the occasion; and after a closely packed audience was assembled therein, the parson, attired in full canonicals, with a huge surplice starched very stiff, and standing out on every side and inclosing a large area, entered the door, and edged his way through the multitude toward the Speaker's desk, while all eyes were, with seeming astonishment, directed toward his novel costume. And as he passed along they gave expression to their curiosity by remarks and interrogatories of the most singular character. For example, he heard one man ask another, "What in thunder's that thar kivrin the parson's got on?" To which his neighbor replied, "Wa'al, now, Uncle Abb, the Lord Almighty knows, but" (pointing to the expanded surplice) "that thar's the great-grand-daddy of all the shirts, sure's yer borned!"

This unique suggestion rather disconcerted the preacher, but he safely reached the Speaker's desk, and commenced the impressive services of his Church. He had not proceeded far, however, before he was interrupted by loud talking, tobacco-spitting, and other annoying demonstrations indicative of a total lack of interest in or attention to the sermon, all of which he endured with quiet resignation for some time; but at length this indecorous conduct became so unbearable that he suddenly suspended his discourse, and after a moment's deliberation remarked:

"I beg to observe, my friends, that I am not responsible for the arrangements that have been made for this occasion. I was invited by certain gentlemen to hold divine service here to-day, and I have no doubt those gentlemen believed they had provided every thing that was necessary for the accommodation of all; but had they consulted me, I would have suggested that another house might have been selected so far distant from this that those persons who desire to discuss politics or other worldly affairs on the holy Sabbath would not have been molested or disturbed by the preaching or singing attendant upon the worship of God."

This ironical admonition was received with marked approbation by a majority of the audience, and there was the most profound silence for a moment, during which a stalwart and very rough-looking individual, dressed in buckskin throughout, arose from the midst of the assembly, and after ejecting through his teeth upon those in his vicinity a copious shower of tobacco juice, he deliberately drew from his belt a huge revolver, then casting his eyes around with a most determined expression of countenance, he said:

"Look-a-yere, parson, you jist propel an' give tongue agin, an' ef I git sight o' any other pollytick sign crossin' your trail, I'll be on the runway with this yere shootin'-iron, and I be dog-oned ef I don't sorter reckon she kin bark some when Al Jeemes hies 'er on."

He then subsided, and the services were not interrupted afterward.

MEMBERS of the editorial "corpse" are proverbially men sedate. Of such is Mr. Faxon, who evolves from the depths of his inner consciousness the mental Champagne that spurts through the hydrant of the Paducah *Kentuckian*. In accepting an earnest call from "many voters" to become a candidate for coroner, he says that "an experience of several years within the precincts of Cairo renders me an excellent judge of a dead man."

OLIVE LOGAN, in one of her piquant articles on the stage, describes with minute detail that branch of public amusement which she denominates "the leg business." But the dancing she describes—the "pirootin," as the Arkansas man called it—is a very different thing from the ball that is given in Wyoming Territory, and in the Territorial region of this favored country of ours generally. Our city readers will read with pleasure a description of the toilettes worn at a recent ball at Sandy Run, which was attended by the "e-lite" of that place and towns round:

"Miss —, from Wilder's Gulch, was elegantly attired in a handsome buff gros-grained buckskin dress with army-blanket over-skirt, bottom looped up with buckskin strings cut bias. Hair dressed à la Red Cloud, in which was twined a few sprigs of sage brush, the whole secured behind in a bunch with a handsome pin made with a pine splinter and a buffalo's ear. She wore an elegant mountain-cat-skin cap, festooned with antelope tails, secured under the chin with a rattlesnake's skin. Her feet were incased in buckskin moccasins, ornamented with beads and soldier buttons.

"She created a big sensation as she entered the

hall hanging upon the arm of Mr. H. Barton, of Hallville, who was dressed in the style of his locality—buckskin breeches in boots, hunting shirt of the same, ornamented with beads and tobacco juice, an army belt of the latest pattern around his waist, securing a pair of six-shooters and a huge bowie-knife, which set off his gallant figure to good advantage.

"Envious glances from both sexes followed this handsome couple round the hall. Several ladies and gentlemen from the mining districts were present, and expressed themselves well pleased with the manner in which the party was conducted. Their frequent exclamations of delight, such as 'Red hot, you bet!' 'Ain't it fruit, though?' 'Hoop la!' etc., plainly indicated that they were enjoying themselves in the best possible manner."

A CLERICAL friend in Oregon sends the following:

As a minister's wife in —, Oregon, was about to go out one evening, one of the children expressed a little uneasiness that he and his sisters should be left alone. The mother replied: "It is important for me to attend a Woman's Suffrage meeting to-night, so be good children. I will not stay late." On returning home at an early hour the mother met little six-year-old Charlie as she entered the door, who, with a sad, inquiring look, said,

"Mamma, is the woman dead?"

"What woman, child?"

"Why, the—the woman that was *suffering* so—the one you went to see?"

The "woman" still lives, and makes much noise, though she is not so strong as some of the women would like.

AN Eastern contributor writes:

In an adjoining village not long since there lived a couple whose lives had been one prolonged quarrel. The wife finally was taken very sick. The doctor called several times, and at length one night said to the husband he feared the woman would not live the night out. The old man went to the house of a neighbor, and rapped loudly. Mrs. W— came to the door. Said he, "Can you come up to my house and lay out my wife?"

"Is your wife dead?" asked the good woman.

"Oh no," he replied, in a subdued voice, "but she'll be dead enough by the time you get there."

Nothing like time-saving and forethought.

A CLERICAL gentleman from whom the Drawer is always pleased to hear sends the following:

As I was paying pastoral visits some years ago, in the State of Tennessee, a lady said to me,

"I'm very glad you've come. I was reading in the Bible the other day about Moses marrying a nigger, and I wish you would explain the matter."

"It don't read that way in my Bible," I replied; "it reads that Moses married an Ethiopian woman."

"Well, doesn't that mean a nigger?"

"I will tell you how it was," I answered.

"There was a terrible war waged by the Ethiopians against the Egyptians, and two great armies sent from Egypt against them had been

destroyed. The Ethiopians were governed by a magnificent queen, something like Semiramis, who led out her own armies, and knew how to gain a victory. But when Moses was sent with a third Egyptian army against her, he asked help of God, and managed so wisely that the queen agreed to surrender all her forces to him, and become tributary to Egypt, provided he would marry her."

"Well," said the old lady, "*I was sure it wasn't any common nigger.*"

THE same contributor adds:

A Christian friend of mine had a husband passionate and profane, but who had a conscience, and sometimes expressed regrets that he failed so egregiously in self-government. His good wife remarked to her "aunt Dude" (as he called her) that "she sometimes thought William was a Christian."

"Wa'al, now," replied Aunt Dude, "if William is a Christian, don't you think *grace works him mighty queer?*"

It was characteristic of the clergy as a class, until within a few years back, that they were, on the average, a lean race, or at least not a fat one, and physiologists attributed it to the fact that, as a general thing, they were underfed. The luxuries of the table—the fat of the land—was not compatible with paucity of pence. This by way of preface to an anecdote, illustrative of the point, of a young Aberdeen minister, good-looking, and agreeable in manners and appearance, but thin and delicate. After an introduction to one of his hearers, the latter, as he went away, said to his wife:

"Jean, woman, I dinna ken what to mak o' eor new minister. He's weel-faured, and I maist think he'll be weel liket here; but, waes me, *he's been ill-wintered where he cam frae.*"

ANOTHER anecdote fresh from Scotia:

When Sir George Sinclair was chosen member of Parliament for his native county, a man came up to him and said:

"Noo, Maister George, I'll gie ye some advice. They've made ye a Parliament man, and my advice to ye is, be ye aye tak-takin' what ye can get, and aye seek-seekin' until ye get mair."

The Scottish precept has been the American practice, "maistly," for—well, for a long time past.

A FEW years since, in P——, Maine, a "gassy" young doctor buried his wife, and shortly after his only child. The good old Methodist minister who officiated on both occasions sought, in a conversation after the last funeral, to turn the doctor's mind to seeking religion, and reminded him of the irreparable loss he had met with. "Yes, elder," said the bereaved man, "they have cleaned me out this time, but I sha'n't give it up yet."

EIGHT diversities of kisses are mentioned in the Scriptures: the kiss of salutation, 1 Samuel, xx. 41; valediction, Ruth, ii. 9; reconciliation, 2 Samuel, xiv. 33; subjection, Psalms, ii. 12; approbation, Proverbs, ii. 4; adoration, 1 Kings, xix. 18; treachery, Matthew, xxvi. 49; affection, Genesis, xiv. 15. There are some other

kinds of kisses which the Scriptures do not mention—neither do the young ladies.

FIVE-AND-THIRTY years ago there appeared in a little publication in Glasgow—*The Penny Songster*—a little poem that has not hitherto found its way into print in this country, the delightful humor of which will be appreciated by the readers of the Drawer:

THE DAINTY BIT PLAN.

Our May had an ee to a man,
Nae less than the newly placed preacher,
An' we plotted a dainty bit plan
For trappin' our spiritual teacher.

Oh! but we were sly,
We were sly an' sleekit,
But ne'er say a herrin' is dry
Until it's weel reestit an' reekit.

We treated young Mr. M'Gock,
An' we phied him wi' tea an' wi' toddy,
An' we praised every word that he spoke,
Till we put him maist oot o' the body.

Oh! but we were sly, etc.

Frae the kirk we were never awa',
Except when frae hame he was helpin',
An' then May, an' aften us a',
Gaed far an' near after him skelpin'.

Oh! but we were sly, etc.

We said aye what the neebors thoct droll,
That to hear him gang through wi' a sermon
Was, though a wee dry on the whole,
As refreshin' the dew on Mount Hermon.

Oh! but we were sly, etc.

But to come to the heart o' the nit,
The dainty bit plan that we plotted
Was to get a subscription aft,
An' a watch to the minister voted.

Oh! but we were sly, etc.

The young women folk o' the kirk
By turns lent a han' in collectin',
But May took the feck o' the wark
An' the trouble the rest o' directin'.

Oh! but we were sly, etc.

A gran' watch was gotten belyve,
An' May wi' sma' priggin' consentit
To be anc o' a party o' five
To gang to the Manse an' present it.

Oh! but we were sly, etc.

We a' gied a word o' advice
To May in a deep consultation,
To hae something to say unco nice,
An' to speak for the hale deputation.

Oh! but we were sly, etc.

Takin' present an' speech baith in han',
May delivered a bonny palaver,
To let Mr. M'Gock understan'
How zealous she was in his favor.

Oh! but we were sly, etc.

She said that the gift was to prove
That his female friends valued him highly,
But it couldna express a' their love,
An' she glinted her ee at him slyly.

Oh! but we were sly, etc.

He put the gowd watch in his fah,
An' proudly he said he wad wear it,
An' after some flatterin' gab
He tauld May he was gaun to be marriet.

Oh! but we were sly,

We were sly and sleekit,
But Mr. M'Gock was nae gowk,
Wi' our dainty bit plan to be cleekit.

May cam hame wi' her heart in her mouth,
An' frae that hour she turned a Dissenter,
An' noo she's renewin' her youth
Wi' some hopes o' the Burgher Precentor.

Oh! but she was sly,

She was sly and sleekit,
An' cleverly opens ae door
As sune as anither is steekit.

At B——, in the western part of this State, a few weeks since, two little girls, one ten, the other eight, were talking together, when the former,

whose parents were Presbyterians, said to the latter, whose parents were Episcopalians, "We have had a great awakening in our church."

"Have you?" replied the little Churchwoman; "why, in our church they never go to sleep."

THERE was much mirth in Congress, a few days before the adjournment, on the Diplomatic Appropriation Bill. Mr. Cox, in calling attention to certain of our foreign representatives, and their vast official value to the country, said:

"Members will perhaps have observed a voluminous correspondence from a minister at Santiago by the name of Root. He is a doctor. Being thoroughly vaccinated, he managed to catch the small-pox, got well easily, and turned his sanitary condition into the State Department. Although the press of Chili intimated that Mr. Root is radically wrong in intermeddling in their hospitals, yet I always forgive the physician when he has something to propose for the human race, especially in South America, for it is a sickly continent. In writing to Mr. Fish, he says that he performed the following remarkable marvel:

"I daily medicate great numbers by proxy." "My system of treatment is a great success." "The grand idea is to destroy the poison." "A new street has been named after me here." [Laughter.] "I generally prefer an enema rather than a purge; a favorite one is composed of oil of turpentine," etc. "In case of constipation, lemonade or other acidulated drinks." "I forward to the department directions for a purge." [Laughter.] "When an alcoholic stimulant is indicated, it should be one with as little acid as possible."

"This gentleman has been considered the most remarkable plague in South America. Yet we pay for his performances, salary, exchange, and contingencies, over \$11,000!

"This brings us to my friend Colonel Steinberger, and his report of the South Sea Islands. I think nobody will suspect him of being particularly pious. He is a scientist, a man of observation, rhetoric, and enterprise.

"In all that I say I mean to support him as the proper candidate for the governorship of the distant islands which he has surveyed. He is suddenly called from his duties at Washington to the South Sea; why, no one can guess.

"We are told by Shakspeare that

On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

"I suppose that on this authority the colonel sails to the south pole. As Great Britain is now annexing the Friendly Isles, must we be idle? Why may we not seek for the Navigator's Isles? Thus our old jealousies are aroused.

"Well, Sir, my interest in these South Sea Isles does not come out of the bubbles of history which the English missionaries and John Law blew in the last century. It has a gentler fountain. I once knew a girl, whom I traveled with in Africa, from the Grisons in Switzerland, who told me her grandmother had a lover along with Captain Cook in the good ship *Endeavor*, and was eaten in the Friendly Islands by the gentle savage! Hence my absorbing and romantic interest in those lands. [Laughter.]

"Where, then, are these isles? I thought I had a map. But I have been hurried into the debate to-day, and my friend from Maryland [Mr. Swann] must have captured my missionary volume. No? [Laughter.] Some one has tak-

en it, and hence I am embarrassed; but, Mr. Chairman, if I am called on in fancy to bound these isles, without my pious volume [laughter], I should point first to the isle of Juan Fernandez. Well, about eight thousand miles west, just above the tropic of Capricorn, and forty degrees east of Australia, you will find them. [Laughter.] Robinson Crusoe was one of the nearest neighbors, and Botany Bay another. [Laughter.] The islands are considerably conducive to solitude, but not so much so as the isle of Crusoe. There are thirty-five thousand men and women of the Friday family on the islands. Already I seem to feel that we have annexed them. Contiguity of territory makes them so near in the light of humanity, yet so far, when we come to reflect. Cowper sang of Selkirk and his isle:

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

I can only travel to these distant coralline shoals in these pages of the gallant colonel.

"But how, Sir, shall we bound them? On the north by the aurora borealis? [Laughter.] On the east by sunrise? On the south by the south pole? On the west by—"

A VOICE. "By Sunset." [Laughter.]

Mr. Cox. "That is personal. No. By the Day of Judgment? Yes, that will do, as the map does so isolate them. They are situated in the midst of an inexpressible watery waste. They are, to be accurate, seventy-two hundred miles from Juan Fernandez [laughter], the same distance from San Francisco, and the same distance from Loo-Choo, and the same from the seat of the Achen war."

Mr. Cox goes on to show the resources of the isles:

"This will answer for the physical description. As a resort for coral, these islands are a success. But why did not our commissioner describe in scientific phrase how the sweet little Simians—ordinarily called monkeys [laughter]—with the prehensile grip of the extended *os coccygis*, swing from the *Callophyllum inophyllum*, in the sunshine upon the upper slopes of Upolu and Savaii? [Laughter.] As they swing some eight thousand miles from us, and as a Darwinian, and a friend of man and science, why should we hinder them? Let them swing! [Great laughter.]

"Still we should not complain, for has not our commissioner given us the yellow *Artocarpus* or bread-fruit-tree, and the *Cocos nucifera* or cocoa-nut which the intelligent monkey drops upon the head of the juvenile islander?"

THE Hon. John W. Ward, of the minute metropolis of Floreyville, Mississippi, is a man of jocular turn. Weary of municipal greatness, he recently tendered to Governor Ames his resignation of the office of Mayor in the words following, to wit, *i. e.*: "I hereby beg leave respectfully to tender my resignation as Mayor of Floreyville, to which office I was appointed by your high-headed predecessor, which, with the infernal greediness for office so characteristic of the American people, I was green enough to accept. In thus drawing off the judicial ermine I am governed alone by the haunting fear of being inordinately rich if I continue to hold this lucrative

position. Perhaps some other man and brother may be inveigled into the acceptance of this position, but your humble servant prefers to retire to the gushing serenity of private life."

Among the many quaint epitaphs that have found their way into the Drawer we do not remember one upon a watch-maker, nor do we remember to have seen elsewhere one upon a member of that delicate trade. Therefore have we pounced upon the following, from an English journal just received:

Here lies one who strove to equal time,
A task too hard, each power too sublime;
Time stopped his motion, o'erthrew his balance wheel,
Broke all his springs, the verge of life decayed,
And now he is as though he'd ne'er been made;
Not for the want of oiling; that he tried;
If that had done, why, then, he'd never died.

A DELVER in things ancient and modern, copies from his readings the following for the Drawer:

A Cambridge under-graduate being asked about the Emperor Titus, replied that he wrote the Epistle to Timothy, and that his surname was Oates.

A still more felicitous respondent, upon being questioned as to which were the major and which the minor prophets, answered that he declined to draw invidious distinctions.

KISSING.

When we dwell on the lips of the girl we adore,
What pleasure in nature is missing?
May his soul be in heav'n—he deserves it, I'm sure—
Who was first the inventor of kissing.

Master Adam, I verily think, was the man,
Whose discovery can ne'er be surpast;
Then since the sweet game with creation began,
To the end of the world may it last!

In the neighboring duchy of New Jersey a new and frightful mode of punishment has been proposed by a committee on the work-house of Morris County as a means of scaring away bad people from that region. We commend it especially to the consideration of the clergy:

Conclusion of a Report to the Morris County, New Jersey, Board of Freeholders.

Your committee would further say that they have been complained of by justices of the court for the lenient manner in which prisoners have been treated; that they were sent there to be punished, but are simply deprived of their liberty, fed, clothed, and warmed at the expense of the county, and go away with so favorable an opinion of the accommodations of the prison at the end of their confinement that in many cases they will designedly and deliberately commit the offense of getting drunk, and a job is made for our petty officials to commit them to the charge of the county for three months; and for the county to pay some thirty odd dollars to feed each of that class of persons is, in our opinion, a useless expense.

It is further suggested that a minister of the Gospel should be employed, or otherwise obtained, to hold frequent and protracted discourses in the jail, and that the prisoners be locked in their cells as much of their time as their health will admit of, that the character of their food be diminished in quality, and all with a view of making the prison a place of punishment.

A CONNECTICUT correspondent contributes the following:

My late old and intimate friend Lewis Gaylord Clark many years ago related to me the following anecdote of his brother, Willis G., who, when visiting an old acquaintance, a farmer, at a time when albans were all the rage, was handed by

the daughter a superannuated account-book, ruled for pounds, shillings, and pence, in which he was requested to write something pretty for her; with which request he complied in the following manner:

	£	s.	d.
This world's a scene as dark as Styx,			
Where hope is scarce worth		2	6
Our joys are borne so fleeting hence			
That they are dear at			18
And yet to stay here many are willing,			
Although they may not have	1		

TOM TURNER.

AN EPIC BALLAD.

A FISHERMAN was Tom by trade;
He slept on briny planks;
And though not rich, he often made
A run upon the banks.

On fish he lived from day to day—
Fish caught by his own hand;
And when he did not land his prey,
He did not praise the land.

When he had seen a shoal of shad,
Their struggles were in vain;
The fish might hop around like mad,
And soon they were in-seine.

He led a happy life; content,
He never thought to roam;
And every day he fishing went,
And brought his net gains home.

Tom loved a girl, so tall and slim,
The fairest in the town;
But Sal would not take up with him,
So he was taken down.

By passion's power now racked and worn,
He called on Sal, a swain forlorn,
Led on by Love's suggestion.
He found that she was popping corn,
And so he popped the question.

She was the sweetest girl in town,
And playful as a kitten;
For her Tom threw the gauntlet down—
And she gave him the mitten.

Then Tom was mad! He kicked a lad!
His heart was sad! His head was bad!
His language was still badder!
And he who once had lived on shad
Soon faded to a shadder.

To be a man he swore to try;
He left that town of woe;
He went out West to do or die;
He met an Indian six feet high—
Of course it was not Lo!

The Indian saw the Yankee small;
The Yankee saw the Sioux:
At once they knew that one must fall,
At once they both fell to.

The Indian struck a mighty blow;
By Tom's good luck it missed the foe;
The Indian was forlorn.
Tom tried the Indian to lay low;
Tom dropped a rock upon his toe,
And crushed his Indian corn.

The Indian paused: this blow so rude
Had caused him great solicitude;
He thought he would no more intrude;
He thought he'd fly, if none pursued;
The white man next he slyly viewed,
And then began to beller.
Tom deemed all Indians copper-lined,
But this one proved a yellor.

Tom seized a log to make a thrust,
To lay the Indian in the dust;
The Indian ran away—
So swift he cut his stick, he must
Have been a Chip-away.

And thus was fought and won the fight,
In which Tom took great pride:
Then home he went to Sally bright,
And won her for his bride:
But on that night his hair turned white,
And staid so till he died.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXCII.—SEPTEMBER, 1874.—Vol. XLIX.

ON NEGRO SCHOOLS.
ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.



SCHOOL'S OUT—HURRAH!

"'Twas in the prime of summer-time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school;
There were some that ran and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool."

THIS charmingly descriptive verse of Tom Hood's rose to our lips the other day as we heard the sudden gush of an outpouring school, joyous as the voice of sparkling wine gurgling from an uncorked bottle.

On turning the next corner we were conscious of a smart shock of surprise, and even disappointment, for instead of the anticipated troop of blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, and rosy-cheeked Anglo-Saxons, we beheld an animated picture "en silhouette," black on a light ground, not such a picture as had probably inspired the poet's pretty stanza—and why not? Are there any artistic reasons, or do we still look through our old social spectacles? "Philosophy reasons, but habit governs." This is an Old-World proverb, but in America we profess to have changed all that; so let us pocket our tinted glasses, and view the subject with the naked eye.

There is something attractive and sympathetic in the gambols of all young animals; and of all our human types the face of the infantile negro expresses most touchingly the capacity for pure sensuous felicity, the simple joy of animal existence. The dimpled roundness of his swarthy features, the shadowy fringes of his tropical eyes, the flashing smile, the unspeakable jollity of his laughter, mark him as a child of the sun, tractable, emotional, amiable, thought-

less, unconscious yet of the life before him, and of that inexorable tyrant, "necessity," who may prove a sterner master than those from whom his race have recently been liberated. And with these reflections we fall into a sympathizing strain, like Coleridge,

"Poor little foal of an oppressed race,
. I hail thee, brother!"

Now this, we aver, was genuine and disinterested sentiment; not being nor proposing to become a candidate for any office, it had not occurred to us even that we were addressing a rising generation of voters. With the remembrance came a twinge of conscience at our having so long disregarded a subject fraught with interest to every citizen and well-wisher of our great republic.

Here was the opportunity to amend the neglect, and we proceeded to do so without further delay. Arresting a little four-year-



POOR LITTLE FOAL.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. XLIX.—No. 292.—31



CHARLEY.

old, we commenced our examination abruptly:

"Halloo, Charley! what are you learning at school?"

The boy stared a moment, and then replied, with an air of subdued complacency, "I nothe my A B T."

"Prodigious! And do you like to go to school?"

The answer was a dutiful, "Yet-tir."

"And do you like to play?"

"Yet-tir," with a trifle more emphasis on the final word.

"Well, which do you like best?"

The little fellow hesitated a moment, corrugated his brows, scratched his head, and with a smile of infinite subtlety, answered, "I likes to do bote."

"Answered like an embryotic statesman and philosopher. And now wouldn't you like to have ten cents?"

"Yet-tir," responded the young scholar, with a grin, only checked and limited by some dimples of doubt that lingered about the corners of his mouth. But when his fat fingers had actually closed upon the two nickles that made up the named sum, the grin took undisputed possession of the field.

"And now what will you do with your money?"

"Buy tandy," he exclaimed, and, with a shout, started at full speed to realize that vision of felicity.

It might have been more satisfactory to

our scientists if we had reported measurements of the facial angle or crural curvatures, but from the intellectual and moral developments of our brief examination, people generally will be satisfied that Charley is a very good imitation of a white school-boy done in bronze.

Seeing a stranger apparently interested in his vocation, the teacher sent us a polite invitation to visit the school next day during the hours of recitation. The invitation was accepted, and the visit was altogether gratifying.

The building, which is of brick, has a neat but unpretending exterior, and within is better arranged for convenience, cleanliness, heating, and ventilation than is usual with

Virginia school-houses. The room will accommodate a hundred and thirty pupils, with seats and desks, and in winter is always full to overflowing. In summer the attendance is reduced one-half, owing to the necessity of the older pupils going out to service, or engaging in remunerative labor of some sort. The children were of both sexes, ranging from three to twenty years of age, neatly and comfortably clad, well fed, healthy, and cheerful, with an uncommon array of agreeable and intelligent countenances peering over the tops of the desks. They were also remarkably docile, orderly, and well mannered, without a trace of the barbaric squalor and rudeness pertaining to the street-corner brat of former days, occasionally found nowadays among those who don't go to school.

The teacher, Hamilton E. Keyes, is an ex-slave, born in Front Royal, Warren County, Virginia, who commenced his education at the Harpers Ferry school, and completed it at the Maine State Seminary, at Lewiston, on the Androscoggin River. He is about twenty-seven years of age, of prepossessing aspect, quiet and dignified in manner, and intelligent in conversation, with a decided talent for organization and order, as exhibited in the conduct of his school.

Every thing moves by the silvery tinkling of a small table-bell. The boys and girls are seated in separate columns, and make their entrées and their exits by opposite doors—

school call, recitations, back to places, recess, recall, etc., all by the tintinnabulary signal, musical and sweet. What a contrast to the blasting tin horn or the ear-piercing whistle of the "old-school" days! Indeed, one might have supposed the millennium near at hand but for a single suggestion, grimly reposing beside the busy little bell,—a long limber apple switch, barked and slightly frayed at the end, reminding us of the still unexpiated sin of our first parents, the common ancestors of black and white. While the majority of the pupils have come into existence since the Emancipation Proclamation, there is still a number older than that event, and some whose recollections antedate the great war. Yet in their career of schooling they have all started even, and it is rather curious and amusing to remark the utter absence of any thing like gradation in size or equality in years as the different classes from A B C to moral philosophy are paraded for recitation. It may also be observed that the "great scholars" are usually outstripped by the little ones, which only goes to confirm the generally received opinion that



DON'T GO TO SCHOOL.

"young plants are more easily transplanted and trained than older ones"—more ab-



THE GREAT SCHOLAR.



A COLLEGIAN.

solutely true in mind and morals than in horticulture.

This school has been in existence about six years, and is annually growing in attendance and solid popularity. It appertains to the common-school establishment of West Virginia, which provides for the separate education of whites and blacks. Notwithstanding the snarls of an impracticable philanthropy, this provision is more eagerly desired and approved by the blacks themselves than even by the whites, for reasons which we may touch upon hereafter. The County Commission of Examiners report most favorably of the general intelligence exhibited by the colored pupils, and of their progress in all the elementary branches of common-school education. In regard to order, organization, and general good conduct, this school is named at the head of the roll.

In visiting several other colored schools in the district we observed the same commendable characteristics in a greater or less degree belonging to them all. That at Charlestown, the county seat of Jefferson, is conducted by a Mr. Wilson, an ex-slave, born in the county, and a graduate of Harpers Ferry College, which is only eight miles distant.

Pursuing the subject to its source, we then visited the High School at Harpers Ferry. This institution owes its origin, incidentally, to old John Brown. During the war that followed his famous raid the United States arsenals and armories at Harpers Ferry were completely demolished, and at the conclusion the government donated the public lots and officers' houses still standing on Camp Hill to found a school for the education of the recently emancipated race. The late John Storer, of Maine, aided the enterprise by an endowment of ten thousand dollars, and in 1868 it was chartered by the Legislature of West Virginia with the title of "Storer College."

The property comprises five large buildings, containing about eighty good rooms, occupied by the teachers and families, and a considerable number of the students, who lodge and live there. One building contains ample recitation-rooms, the library, reading-room, and chapel. The locality is eminently healthful, and one of the most beautiful that can be imagined. From the rounded summits of those

breezy bluffs which overlook the town of Harpers Ferry we may see the crystal waters of the Shenandoah sparkling for miles through its deep and rocky gorge, and just below, where they meet and mingle with those of the Potomac, we may see, from a point midway between base and summit, the tremendous gateway through which the married rivers, now one stream forever and indissoluble, hurry down to meet the ocean tides at the federal city. Here the professors and teachers are whites; and the principal, Rev. N. C. Brackett, is universally esteemed throughout the district for high personal character, as well as the tact, patience, and ability with which he fulfills his difficult and responsible mission.

It requires three years to complete the collegiate course, and the curriculum is substantially the same as those of the village schools—reading, writing, and arithmetic forming the basis of the studies from first to last, varied with some preliminary glimpses at history, geography, political economy, literary composition, and declamation, and finally instruction in the art of teaching. And here we can not fail to commend the sincere good sense exhibited in the arrangement of this course, which offers to the

needy freedman only the substantial necessities of education, without undertaking to dazzle and delude him with its luxuries, vanities, and pretenses, which have for so many years emasculated and discredited the educational system of this country.

In pursuance of the same idea the expenses of schooling at Harpers Ferry have been reduced to the lowest practical figures, costing for tuition and living about twelve dollars per month, all told, and something less to those who board themselves. To this end facilities are furnished students for doing their own washing and cooking, and in this way the annual cost of living (clothing excepted) ranges from fifty to one hundred dollars.

We have the example of a man and wife who supported themselves respectably for a school year of nine months on eighty-one dollars and seventy-five cents, the greater part of the money having been earned by

manual labor during the term, and without losing a single day from the school.

It is so common for married couples to apply for admission to the school that a building has been set apart for their especial accommodation. Parents and children used frequently to come together and stand up side by side in the same class, but the rising generation so far outstripped their ancestors that the old folks became ashamed of themselves, and gave it up, or, out of pure filial respect, were forced by their children to retire from the unequal contest. We all know practically the difficulty of teaching "new tricks to an old dog," and we have been divinely cautioned against the attempt to put "new wine into old bottles;" but it is still a common and rather touching incident in Southern life to see a gray-haired Nestor of the corn field, coach-box, or dining-hall refusing to believe that he was born too soon, and with eager persistence still endeavoring to squeeze a few drops of the "long-forbidden" wine of liberty into his dried and wrinkled old noddle.

As most of the students are obliged to earn their own subsistence by manual labor or going out to service, the attendance at the school varies with the seasons, is frequently interrupted for a term, and very often permanently curtailed for lack of means to pursue the course undertaken.

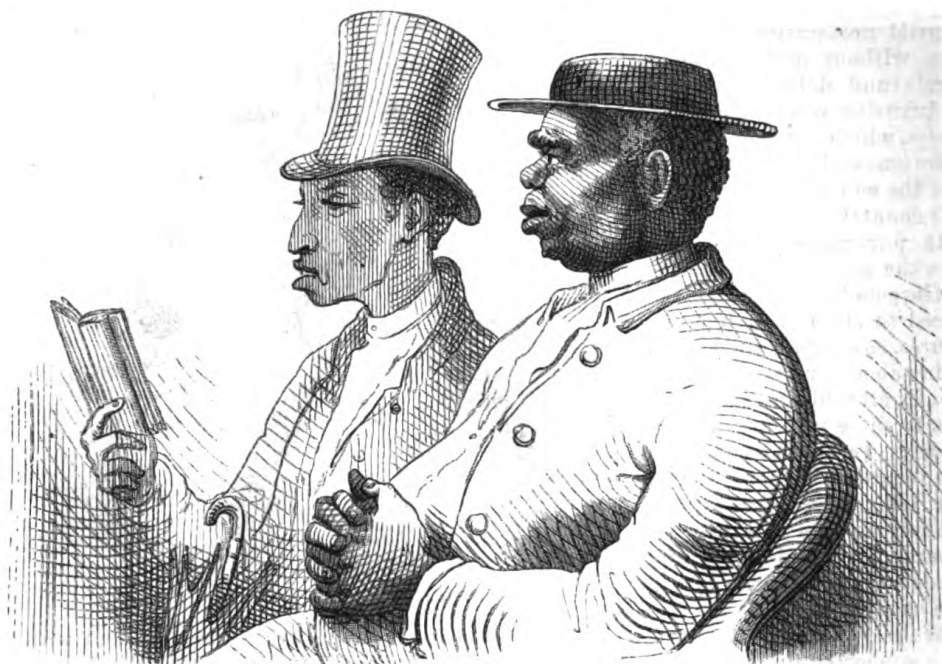
The report for 1873 shows the



PRIVATE TUTOR.



MATHEMATICS.



CLERICAL.

number of students for the fall term to be eighty; for the winter term, one hundred and sixty-seven; for the summer term, one hundred and twenty-four.

There is a library of about fifteen hundred volumes pertaining to the college, made up by donations from the heirs of John Storer and others. The collection contains many valuable works, both entertaining and useful, and there are yet many empty shelves awaiting the contributions of a wise and thoughtful patriotism.

In visiting the different recitation-rooms we remarked that the pupils were quiet, earnest, and apparently much interested in their work. In the earlier years of the school, and just after the war, they were discouragingly rude, unmannered, and disorderly, loud, coarse, and given to brawling and fighting. Judicious discipline and the civilizing influence of books have already wrought a marked and radical change. A more decent, orderly, polite, and self-restrained collection of young people can not now be seen any where.

In all those exercises where memory and the perceptive faculties are mainly relied on the younger pupils seem fully up to the standard of the whites of equal ages and opportunities, but the race has not yet developed much talent for mathematics or abstract science of any sort, which is probably just as well for them at present.

Being aware of their strong predilection for music, we inquired if it was taught in the school. In response a chorus of boys and girls was called up, and sang several airs very agreeably, with the accompani-

ment of a seraphina played by the colored music-teacher. Some of the voices were wildly sweet and of very peculiar quality. The tones forcibly reminded us of some music we heard in Richmond of the olden time. We were visiting a tobacco factory, where we saw a hundred or more men, women, and children manipulating tobacco, apparently in constrained and gloomy silence. One asked the superintendent if they could sing. "Sing!" said he; "they would do nothing else if permitted, but it wasted so much time that we have been obliged to suppress it. Would you like to hear them now?"

"Certainly—yes."

The superintendent raised his finger, and there was a quiet rustle of attention throughout the large hall. Another signal, and there was a burst of music swelling so harmoniously from sweetness to grandeur that the hearers thrilled with emotion that nothing could express but tears. The theme was changed from solemn to sentimental, from grave to gay, and the singing was continued for half an hour without palling or losing any of its impressiveness. We had enjoyed several years of familiarity with the choicest vocal and instrumental music of Europe, and have since had opportunities of appreciating the best native and exotic talent our own country affords, yet can sincerely say we have never heard any thing more profoundly and exquisitely emotional than the minstrelsy of that gloomy Richmond factory. We have never heard nor heard of it since, and have sometimes wondered if the voices which thrilled that wild and wailing anthem, *De Profundis*, might not have lost •

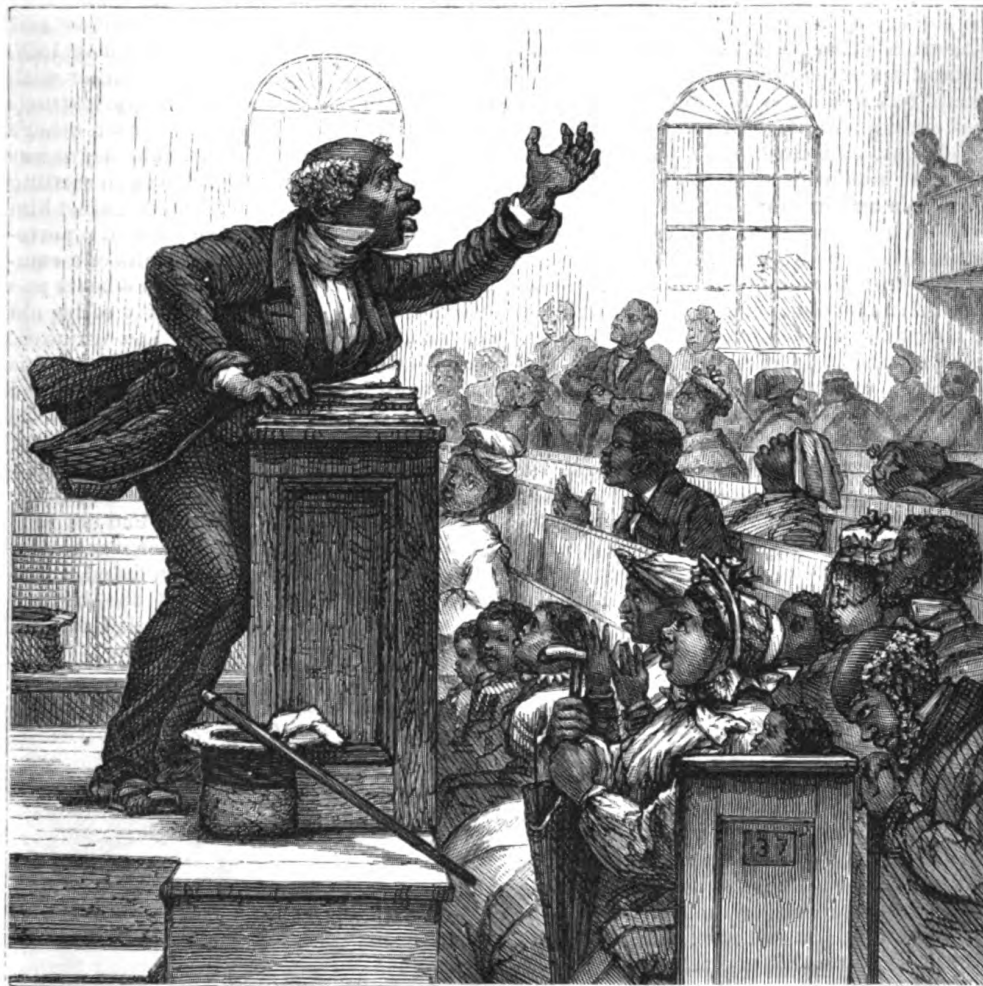
something of their quality in the hurry-scurry of freedom and civil rights.

The especial mission of the Harpers Ferry school at present is to educate colored teachers for the Southern States. These are believed to be the most efficient and trustworthy, as they are certainly the most acceptable, missionaries to the people of their own race, and in consequence the demand is far beyond the capacity of the college with its present means and endowments to supply. Many have already been sent out, and more are being sent annually, hastily and imperfectly prepared indeed, but from all reports are still doing good service with their dim lamps, cheering and lighting the utter darkness of their people in many localities.

With the teacher goes the preacher, very frequently the two functions combined in the same person. The negro is characteristically susceptible to religious impressions, and the emotional services of praying and singing are among his highest enjoyments. Being weak in the so-called "exact sciences," he is still a devout believer in the devil, and

is consequently more controlled by his religious professions than the average white man of the day seems to be. He has a fondness as well as talent for declamation, and is capable of attaining a high place in oratory, of which we have already several notable examples in the country. When in orders, the ecclesiastical dignity of his appearance and manners is impressive. The preference for preachers and teachers of their own race is almost universal among the blacks. Their aversion to co-education and mixed schools is more decided and better supported by reason than is the prejudice of the whites.

The undeveloped and untrained mind naturally shrinks from competition with real or imagined superiority, and even the humility engendered by ages of slavery and ignorance will unwillingly endure, certainly not desire, the open scorn or contemptuous tolerance which it must face in this forced companionship. The proposed plan he believes to be unwise, undesirable, impracticable; but the statesman and philanthropist may find ample scope for their zeal in the cause of country and humanity by encouraging,



THE NEGRO PREACHER.



THE NURSE.

sustaining, and multiplying such institutions as the Storer College at Harpers Ferry.

Since his emancipation the negro has been a surprising success. He has passed from the slavery of centuries to free citizenship without a crime, and indeed we may say without a serious error. It is true that he amiably shared with his deliverers in the passing hallucinations of red breeches, rolling drums, and freedmen's bureaus; it is true that in politics he shows himself equally gullible and incompetent with the masses of his white brethren, and endures being victimized by politicians with the meekness of a free-born Democrat; yet in all these sudden and tremendous changes he has exhibited a capacity for self-sustenance which has gratified as it has surprised his most sanguine well-wishers.

While his educated white brother is still muddling in politics, or vainly dreaming of some legislative protection against the "want that cometh like an armed man," the negro has quietly shouldered his hoe, and resumed the practice of all those little arts which he had acquired in his passage through the valley of humiliation. Though Freedom found him naked and penniless, she also found him untrammelled by traditions of luxury and pride. Though ignorant and unlettered, he was still essential to domestic civilization in the South, and on his race the white man had been accustomed to lean from the cradle to the grave. The puling baby must have a nurse, and who can be found to undertake it but Dinah? The land must be tilled, and who can hold a plow like Big Barney? And when a dance is proposed, what French or Teutonic music can stir the heart or "put life and mettle in the heels" like the rhythmic lilt of Nace Coleman's fiddle? Or, in case of a wedding, who can make cake equal to Aunt Sarah's, or who serve at

a state dinner with more zeal (and less discretion) than Milly and Peterson? And then some time or another there is a grave to be dug— But why follow the subject further? The world down here would have to stop turning on its axis without the negro. The possession of all these simple and hitherto despised occupations has assured him a living, with some ready money to spare, and has left him master of the situation. The old ship is sinking, and Latin, Greek, belles-lettres, philosophy, and statesmanship are going down with it. The freedman alone knows how to swim.

The relations still existing between the ex-slave and his late lord (aside from politics) are in the general most friendly. It exhibits the black man devoid of rancor, treasuring up kindness, and oblivious of injuries. It suggests, too, that, after all, the oppression was not so grievous and unmitigated as some have supposed, and the readiness with which the evil has been forgotten and the good remembered is highly creditable to both parties.

Not long ago a country gentleman and one of his old slaves met in a store, where they had gone to transact some business and make purchases. They had parted in 1862, but recognized and greeted each other with the cordiality of ancient friendship, instinctively the while taking stock of each other's appearance and deportment. The negro was hale, sleek, and well dressed, and in settling up a smart account which stood against him on the merchant's books he showed a portemonnaie plethoric with the results of a summer's steady work. The master's heart was warmed at the evident prosperity of his old servant. He used to think him drunken, lazy, and tricky, and had prophesied his ruin when left to his own devices. Unlike Jonah and most other prophets of evil, he was not embittered at the non-fulfillment of his predictions, but cordially invited "Harry" out to see the family and the old place.

The freedman's observations had not been so satisfactory. The old master was roughly clad in ex-Confederate gray, faded, stained, threadbare, and frayed at the button-holes; his hair and beard grizzled to suit.



MORE ZEAL THAN DISCRETION.

and his face haggard and care-worn. His pocket-book resembled a dried North Carolina herring. In making his purchases he was scrutinizing and skimpy, and once obscurely hinted at credit, which the shop-keeper failed to hear. That afternoon Harry walked out to the old place, and it saddened his heart to see it. The noble woodland that used to be so jealously preserved, and was always teeming with 'possums and 'coons, had been hacked and haggled until it had nearly disappeared. The barn was gone, and only some charred and blackened stumps indicated where it once stood. The house was paintless and dilapidated, the inclosures broken, gates off their hinges, or rudely mended with rails or boards; the shade

trees worm-eaten and dying at the top, the lawn and borders hirsute with weeds and suckers. But still, as of yore, a hospitable smoke was pouring out of the kitchen chimney, and the proprietor was ready with a cheerful and friendly welcome.

Harry respectfully dropped his hat upon the porch floor, while he nervously fumbled for a package in his coat pocket. "I say, Mister Charles, does you still use baccy?" (The negro now carefully abstains from the *master* and *mistress* in his address.)

"Oh yes, Harry. And that reminds me—here's a pound of tobacco and a pipe I got for you in town."

Harry looked confounded, and then, shaking with deferential hilarity, excavated a package of like character from his own pocket.

"Why, Mister Charles, dat is so like old times, and it's mighty queer we should have been rememberin' adzactly 'bout the same thing. Why, here's a pound of baccy I jist fetched you. I jist was a-thinkin'— Well, now, that's comical—ke-he." They exchanged presents and compliments, and as the negro retired toward the promised sup-



THE COOK.

per in the kitchen, he muttered to himself, "Mighty sorry I left de ole place. Things wouldn't 'a run down dis way ef I'd 'a staid."

So much for the negro of the "ancien régime," the race that has come up out of the house of bondage, indued with the virtues and imperfections pertaining to their former condition. Their child-like ignorance and apathetic patience, their humility and trained capacity for labor, have conjointly served to carry them creditably through a period of transition fraught with trials and dangers. They have passed the Red Sea in safety, and yet a few more years and the race of freedmen itself will have passed away. We may flatter ourselves that in their regard the problem is already and favorably solved. But what are freedom and the schools doing for the coming generations of the colored race in the Southern States? This is now the important question for the consideration of the statesman and philanthropist, and we are sorry to say we can't throw much light upon it. In so wide a field the direct observation of any single individual must of necessity be limited, and when we undertake to discuss the subject with others, we



GIVE IT UP.

are surprised and disappointed at the very small amount of enlightened consideration it has received even by those whom we would suppose most capable and most nearly interested in its elucidation.

The teacher will most intelligently estimate the negro's capacity for acquiring the diverse branches of learning, and lament the poverty or inconstancy which so frequently brings his scholastic career to a premature conclusion, as if scholarship was in his case an ultimate object of existence.

The clergyman is absorbed in the discussion of doctrinal subtleties or the development of religious sentiment, and in his commendable zeal for the future welfare of his neophyte takes no thought of what he shall eat, or what he shall drink, or wherewithal he shall be clothed in the mean time.

The statesman seems to regard the brains, body, and soul of his recent fellow-citizen with sublime indifference, but focuses his intellectual telescope on the mysterious and uncertain future of the negro vote, and the means of securing it for the salvation of the country. You and I, intelligent reader, know very well what that means.

The average Southerner still gauges the intellectual, moral, and political value of the negro by his capacity for self-sustaining



P'S AND Q'S.

labor. This view may strike some as narrow and materialistic, but "the nigh penny darkens the sun," and under the shadow of a hard and impending necessity we may sometimes get clearer insights into practical matters than can be obtained through the luxurious haze of a distant sentimentality.

Shortly after the war an ancient freedman of our own house called upon us to ask advice in regard to the education of his children. He had been all his life a steady and industrious shoe-maker, and besides rearing a large family, had deposited with us from time to time his little savings, until they amounted to some three hundred dollars. He could read and write quite fluently, talked intelligently and well, and was altogether a useful and respectable citizen. He had seven or eight hearty girls and boys, all grown, or nearly so. We complimented him on his good fortune, and, in reply to his confidence, advised him at once to put all his children to trades, extolling the value of skilled labor, and enlarging on the dignity and independence of the productive arts. His



RIVALRY.

countenance fell, for although he had long been free from legal bonds, his mind was completely enslaved by the traditions of the land. *His* children work at trades! Why, they could have aspired to more under the old system. Now, he wanted to make his daughters ladies, and have them learn on the piano, and send his sons to college, with a hint at the learned professions. So he drew his funds and departed, a sadder but not a wiser man.

There is a vague belief among the unlettered classes that "an education" is a sort of talisman which can protect its possessor against the curse of Adam, and insure a life of dignified ease and gentility. The negro believed it was the white man's fetich that gave him wealth, power, and supremacy. Hence the wild rush for the schools when the barriers were first removed. Here the elders soon discovered they had undertaken something harder than hoeing corn, and

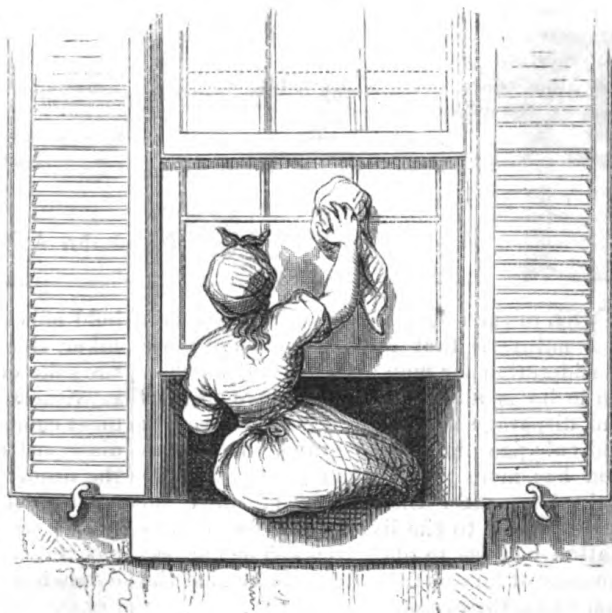


HUSTLE CAR

that the legal disability had not been the only difficulty in their way to Parnassus; so they dropped off, confused, discouraged, ragged, and hungry, and fell back on their trained muscle. But the movement was only checked temporarily, and the hope of the parent was delegated to the children. The strong arm sustains the young brain as it advances with steadier and better assured steps, and in another decade the race will have nearly outgrown one of the marks of its former condition. Not only in the schools, but elsewhere, do we already observe the ameliorating influence of letters on the manners, tastes, and habits of the colored population.

Our domestic servants are more scrupulous in regard to the rights of property in small matters than formerly, when they felt and acted like common owners of the household stuff or farm products. They are losing their tastes for the midnight dances and barbaric sports in which they once delighted. The 'possums, 'coons, and eels are left in peace, while they devote their evening leisure to books and learning. Our gardener spends half his wages in stamps and stationery, and the cook lets her bread

sour while she is agonizing over her long-tailed literary p's and q's. Their manners are more respectful and self-respecting, evincing greater deference for the educated superiority of their employers than they ever did for the ownership of their former masters. On the other hand, their cookery has degenerated, their skill in the manual arts is generally decreasing, and their weakness for genteel



BIDDY.

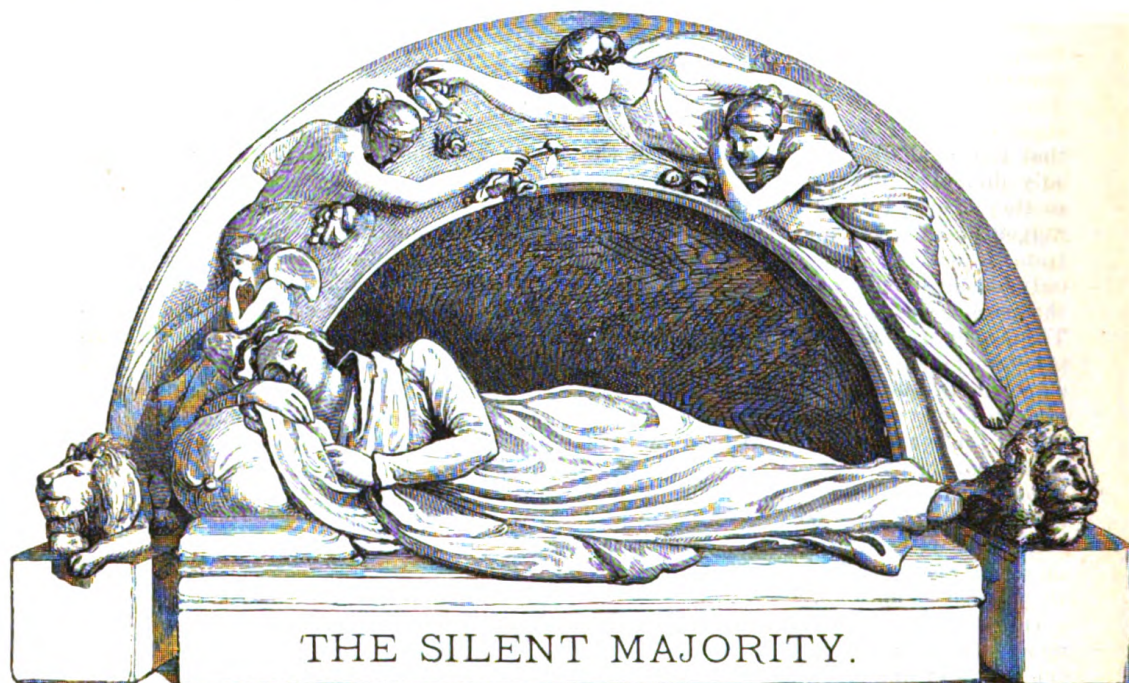
occupations increasing. They are less disposed to grapple with tough jobs, and seem to understand that the following text is apocryphal: "Hate not laborious work, neither husbandry, which the Most High hath ordained."

In communities where they are numerous we may still too frequently see groups of adults idling about the market-places at the eleventh hour, or even later, and in obscure alleys observe gangs of unlicked boys brawling over hustle cap or other sinful games of chance. Humane attempts to reclaim these juvenile wildings and train them to usefulness sometimes succeed, but as often result in lamentable failure. But New York has her Biddies and beggar beats, and, all things considered, we may have the advantage in the comparison.

In conclusion, we may sum up the results of our observations in a brief paragraph:

There has been a decided improvement in the morals, manners, and social habits of the

colored race since the emancipation, operated by the simple consciousness of freedom. The influence of books and letters has been most favorable as far as it extends, but the schools are too few and too limited in means to cover so vast a field. They need reinforcements both of men and money. For a people (as for an individual) to maintain a status in this country a fair share of the solid property is essential, acquired neither by donation, legislation, nor speculation, but by honest industry. The education most needed by the negro is that which will most directly develop his capacity for self-maintenance and accumulation. We would suggest industrial schools, and leave to statesmen and philanthropists to provide the ways and means. The Southern country, with all its natural wealth, is now in the market, and in twenty years will belong neither to speculators, politicians, nor thieves, but to those who may earn it by intelligent and persistent labor.



ONE of the idiosyncrasies of our common nature is that we seem to have more consideration for man after he is dead than while he is alive. Very often we neglect and disparage him in the flesh, and esteem and eulogize him in the grave. Exanimation has more power than great deeds to make heroes, for the shadow of the tomb is a glamour to the living. Perfect appreciation belongs to obituaries. The earliest murmur of fame is frequently the echo of the first earth thrown on the coffin lid.

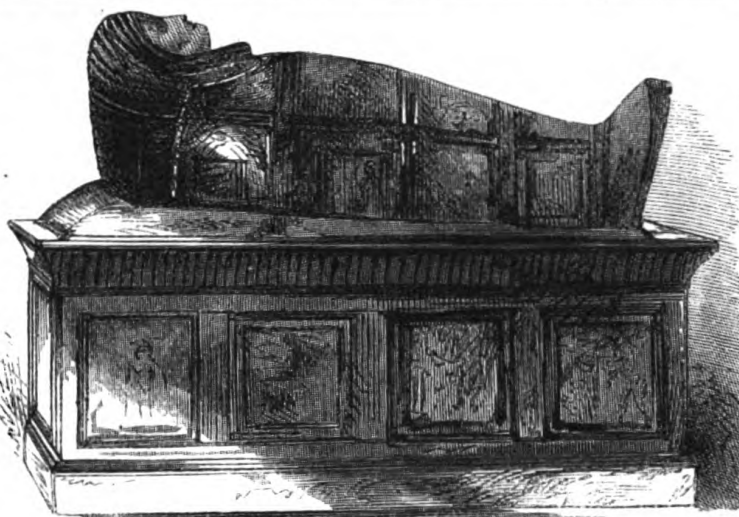
This disposition to delay honor and with-

hold affection for the advent of the undertaker, this propensity to retain chaplets for the sake of employing them as immortelles, is witnessed in mortuary celebration. We must compound with our conscience for our disregard of the living by our attention to the dead. By some irrational casuistry we must conclude that we make amends to kind hearts we have rejected by piling marble mockeries above their silent pulses. Only by such assumption can we explain the solicitude and veneration that have been shown in all countries and in all ages for the lifeless

body. Race, clime, or creed has made little difference in what might be called the universal corporeal superstition. However hostile, unjust, or cruel human nature may be to one of its co-heirs, its tendency is to the benignant, even to the sentimental, when good offices have been made superfluous by a funeral. Respect may be slender or null for the breathing, thinking, sensitive, sympathetic form, but a certain sacredness

attaches thereto the moment it becomes clay. The divine spark, the godlike element, as it is styled, appears to count for nothing, save by its absence.

Pagans and Christians, Socinians and Scripturalists, agree in this post-mortem veneration. No people have as yet been discovered, whatever their wildness or antiquity, who have not had sepulchral rites, and associated them with a certain degree of solemnity. Indeed, sepulture may be regarded as the mark of the human species. Where that is omitted the trace of humanity is lost, since no order of the lower animals evinces care for the dead. The annals of the race are revealed by the vestiges of tombs which antedate by ages the historic period, and which still puzzle the most learned of archaeologists. We are connected with the past, the dimmest and remotest, by an endless line of graves, and all we know of countless nations is that they died and were buried. This revolving ball, with its hun-



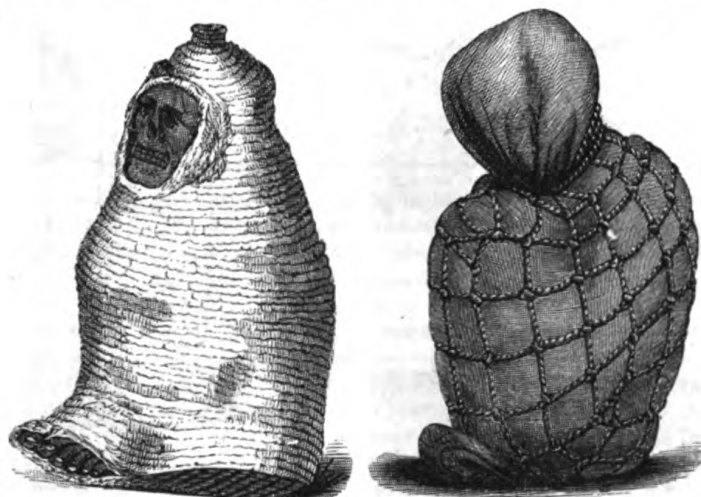
EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

dreds of millions of inhabitants, is but a vast grave-yard. The living bear but an infinitesimal proportion to the dead, whose remains are incorporated with every foot of soil we call our own. We are as a handful of men standing between the billions gone and the billions yet to come—on one hand the inheritors of Time, on the other the heirs of Eternity.

Interments, reasoning by induction, have almost always been associated with some form of religion, and their rites have often been preserved when the faith which inspired them has been forgotten. Not a few of the funeral ceremonies of the present day are anachronistic, because they have been borrowed without understanding from a different past, and are meaningless because the link is broken that bound them to significance.

The three principal modes of disposing of the dead have been by embalming, by incineration, and by interment.

The first process was not confined, as is often thought, to the Egyptians. Mummies have been found in Mexico; and the ancient Peruvians, as Garcilasso de la Vega witnessed, and as Prescott chronicles, preserved the bodies of their Incas after the Eastern fashion. In the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco these monarchs sat, natural as life, in chairs of gold, attired in royal state, their hands crossed upon their breasts, and their heads inclined as if in obeisance to their



PERUVIAN MUMMIES.



PERUVIAN SEPULCHRAL TOWER.

anointed queens, ranged opposite in the grim dignity of death. The Guanches, the aboriginal inhabitants of the Canary Islands, also rudely embalmed their corpses by removing the entrails, drying them in the air, covering them with varnish, and consigning them to a wooden case, after wrapping them closely in goat-skin.

The Egyptians, however, carried their process to perfection by introducing antiseptics into the vacated interiors of their dead, thus embalming in their catacombs, it is estimated, not less than 400,000,000 persons. Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus, especially the former, have minutely explained the method of preservation, and from them we learn that it was a regular trade. The embalmers removed the brain and the intestines, supplying the emptiness with myrrh, cassia, and other spices, and then placed the body in natron for seventy days. Subsequently it was carefully laved and wrapped with bandages of fine linen smeared with gum, and put in a wooden case shaped after the human figure.

There were other modes of embalming less expensive, the rate varying from \$1800 to \$400 in our currency, which was so much money in those days that we can not now see how Egyptians of the ordinary class could possibly afford to die. They doubtless lived longer than they would have done otherwise, prompted by a prudent economy to avoid the extravagance of burial as long as possible.

The cheapest way

of embalming, adopted usually by the poor, was to free the abdomen of the intestines by means of a clyster—commonly the oil of the cedar-tree—and let the body lie in natron until the flesh was impregnated. Recent investigations indicate that heat must have been applied to the corpses after they had been filled with some bituminous substance, and creosote generated and diffused through all the tissues. The reason that heat was not mentioned by the ancient authorities is supposed to be their desire to keep the process secret, and enhance the dignity and mystery of the art.

Embalming is still employed. The means adopted by Chaussier and others have been to eviscerate the body and keep it constantly saturated with protochloride of mercury. The salt, combining with the flesh, not only gives it firmness, but renders it incorruptible either by internal or external agencies. The injection into the veins of a concentrated solution of sulphate of alumina, or of chloride of mercury and wood-vinegar, or of sulphate of zinc, has been found very effective not only for anatomical purposes, but also for embalming.

We might attain to the preservative excellence of the Egyptians were we so minded; but as embalming, except for temporary convenience, is not deemed desirable with us, and forms no part of our theological system, we have no ambition to rival them in mummification. Our sepulchral vanity manifests itself in grandiloquent epitaphs and sculptured monuments, instead of in desiccated carcasses and pigmental disguises of death. The æsthetic element alone would prevent us from imitating the dwellers on the Nile, who made death more hideous to the eye than it could be to the supremest superstition.

At what time the custom of incremation



INTERIOR OF TOMB AT BENI HASSAN, EGYPT.



CINERARY URN, KINGS NEWTON, ENGLAND.



INVERTED SEPULCHRAL URN, NEAR WARDLOW, ENGLAND.

began we have no means of determining, though it probably preceded history. The ancient Hebrews seem to have practiced it somewhat; but interment was their general rule. The Greeks were, so far as known, the first to adopt it to any great extent; and yet they followed the habit of inhumation likewise, the verb *θάπτειν* meaning to dispose of the body in either way.

When the body was to be consigned to the earth it was put into a coffin either of baked clay or earthenware, and carried beyond the town, in consequence of the belief, then prevalent, that the presence of the dead brought moral infection to the living. (We now prohibit intramural burial, interpreting the former superstition hygienically, and profiting by the interpretation.) If burning were preferred, the remains were placed upon a pyre, which was ignited in the presence of the relatives and friends of the deceased. After the flames had been extinguished, the calcined bones were collected and deposited in urns, which were preserved in tombs erected at the side of roads leading from the city.

The denial of obsequies was considered a disgrace and punishment, and was restricted to certain criminals, whose bodies after death were cast into receptacles designed to that end, and left exposed to the action of the elements.

Rome during the republic buried its dead, although incineration was not infrequent. Lucius Cornelius Sylla—his self-pronounced epitaph was that he had repaid every kindness from a friend and every wrong from a foe—is said to have been the first of the Cornelian family whose body was burned. This was done at his own request, made just as he had completed his memoirs, two days before his death, with a full consciousness of his approaching end. During Augustus's reign incineration became general, continuing to the close of the fourth century,

when the spread of Christianity caused its disuse.

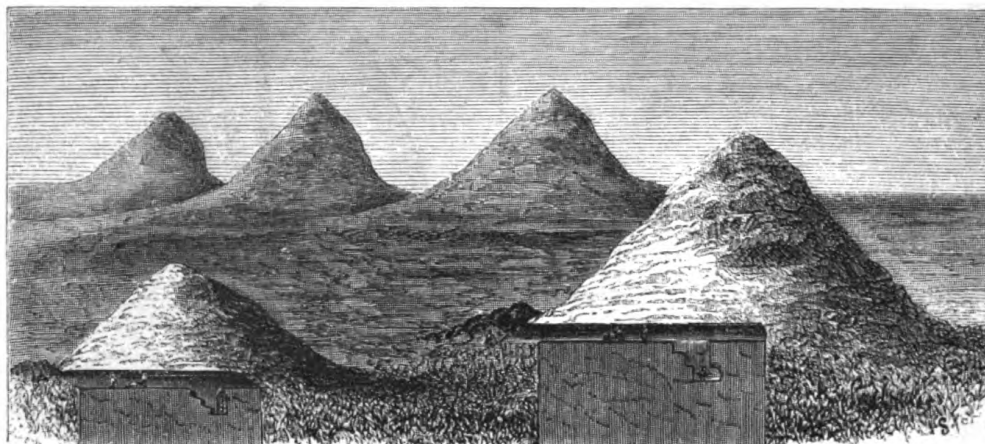
The burning was very nearly the same as with the Greeks, except the ceremony was often more expensive. A law of the Twelve Tables ordered that the pile, generally built with four equal sides in the form of an altar, should be composed of wood untouched by the axe; but this rule was not strictly adhered to. With averted face, the nearest relatives kindled the pyre, and precious perfumes, oils, ornaments, and articles of raiment were thrown upon and consumed in the flames. The ashes of the whole were sprinkled with wine, accompanied with an invocation to the manes, and collected in an urn of brass or bronze. One of the sharers of the ceremony purified those present by sprinkling them thrice with water from an olive-branch; then the *præfex* pronounced the word "*Illicet*," the friends exclaimed, "*Vale, vale, vale*," and returned home to a sumptuous feast.

The kinsfolk of a man of rank burned the body on the ground purchased for the sepulchre, but the poor had a public place (*ustrina*) for incineration, because it was so much less expensive.

The tombs of the wealthy and titled were often spacious and costly, the walls containing niches in which the urns were deposited, as may still be seen in the tombs lining the Appian Way.

Interment has a hundredfold the variety of embalming or incineration. It has been practiced over all the globe, in every land, in every time. It was the earliest mode of burial; it is the present, and will be probably the future mode.

The study of mortuary architecture is of the widest range. So many theories and hypotheses have been held concerning it that, even now, in spite of the most zealous and labored researches, archaeologists are unable to agree whether certain dolmens are mon-



TUMULI, DENOMINATED THE FIVE BROTHERS, IN THE ORIMEA.

uments of the dead or sacrificial altars; whether the mysterious aboriginal mounds are tombs or law courts; whether the strange circles so generally discovered are temples or places of burial. Investigation has shown numerous opinions on this subject to be absurdly fantastic; that the antiquary who believes himself absorbed in search of facts is more liable than most men to become the dupe of baseless speculation or vagrant imagining.

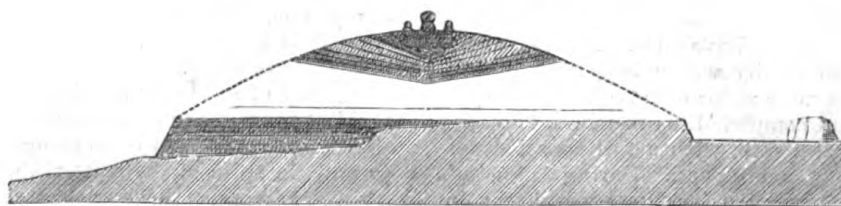
Burial-places, as embraced in inhumation, comprehend tumuli, dolmens, circles, avenues, and menhirs. Albeit, without any positive information, we may assume that man, in providing for the dead, must primarily have dug a hole in the earth and placed the body therein, raising a mound over the grave if the person buried were of consequence enough to merit a mark of any kind. He could hardly have remained very long satisfied, however, with so simple a sepulture. His development must have increased his care for departed friends, and created a desire to protect the corpse in some way. Hence coffins of some description, made of wood doubtless in wooded regions, and of stone in stony countries. The wooden inclosures, of course, decayed and left no trace; but the stone lasted, and is still seen in the rude cists taken from ancient graves. Such simple tombs must have grown more complex with the advance of civilization, finally requiring means of access to relatives or descendants, many of whom in the earlier ages believed that the dead had urgent needs during the interme-

diate state preceding the translation of the soul.

Burial, as I have said, antedates the earliest times that we have the slightest suggestion of. The Great Pyramid of Gizeh must have been erected at least two thousand years before what is known as the Christian era, and it must have been a direct outgrowth of a rugged tumulus or cairn, having external access to the chambers. The oldest tumulus outside of Egypt for which we have any absolute authentic date is that which Alyattes, the father of Cræsus, King of Lydia, built for himself, 561 B.C. Herodotus described it, and of late years it has been thoroughly explored. It is 200 feet high and 1180 feet in diameter, the upper part composed of alternate layers of clay, loam, and a species of rubble concrete, supporting a mass of brick-work surmounted by a platform of masopry.

Another group of tombs near Smyrna is called the Tombs of Tantalais. They must be as old as the eleventh or twelfth century B.C., the predecessors of the tombs of Sardis; and as they still stand on the plain of Troy, many zealous antiquaries feel confident they cover the remains of warriors who fell during that apocryphal siege. The tombs or treasuries of the Atridae at Mycenæ, referred to by Pausanias, are profoundly interesting. The best preserved of these is a circular chamber forty-eight and a half feet in diameter, covered by a horizontal vault, and having a sepulchral chamber on one side.

In the older cemeteries of the Etrurians



TUMULUS OF ALYATTES, FATHER OF CRÆSUS.

are tombs supposed to be contemporaneous with these. One of the largest of the Etrurian remains is the Cocumella, at Vulci. It is two hundred and forty feet in diameter, and must have been originally some hundred and twenty feet high. Two unsymmetrical steles rise near the centre, and mar the completeness of the design. Regolini Galeassi's tomb at Caere is very rich and remarkable. One of the chambers is filled with vessels and furniture, mainly of bronze, very highly wrought. The patterns so closely resemble the still older ones discovered at Nineveh that they go far toward fixing the date of the tomb in the tenth century B.C.

These and many other tumuli on the northeastern shores of the Mediterranean clearly indicate that they belong to the age of bronze. Iron may have been known too at that time, though Hesiod, in his *Works and Days*, declares that brass preceded it in respect to use. The famous iron pillar at Kutub, near Delhi, still continues to be in all probability the largest mass of forged iron in the world; and the skill shown in its workmanship is good evidence that the Hindoos extracted iron from its ore in the primeval period. The fact that iron has not been found in early graves, though there is ground for thinking that Egypt had made its acquaintance three thousand years B.C., simply goes to show how slow was the progress of the arts from the East to the West, and that the knowledge of the most useful of metals took from fifteen to thirty centuries to travel across the continent of Europe.

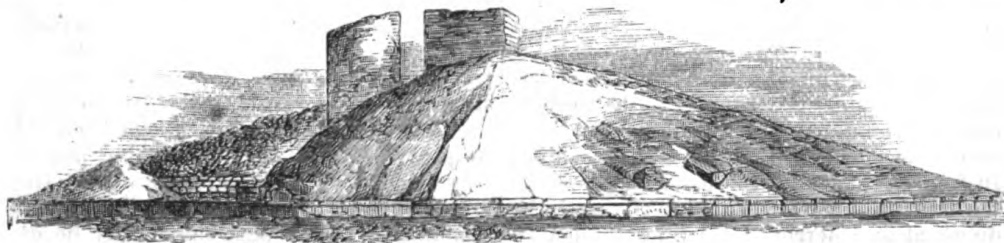
Dolmens, or tables of stone, within or without graves, represent another kind of tomb, and are chiefly found among the relics of the Celts. They seem to begin with the rude stone cists (kistvaens) which are discovered in sepulchral tumuli. The cists are sometimes composed of but four, though generally of six or more, stones set edgewise, and covered by a cap-stone, so as to protect the body. By degrees the kistvaen extended to a chamber, and received more than one deposit, making it necessary to keep the top open until the last burial. This inconvenience evidently led to the formation of a passage communicating with the outer air,



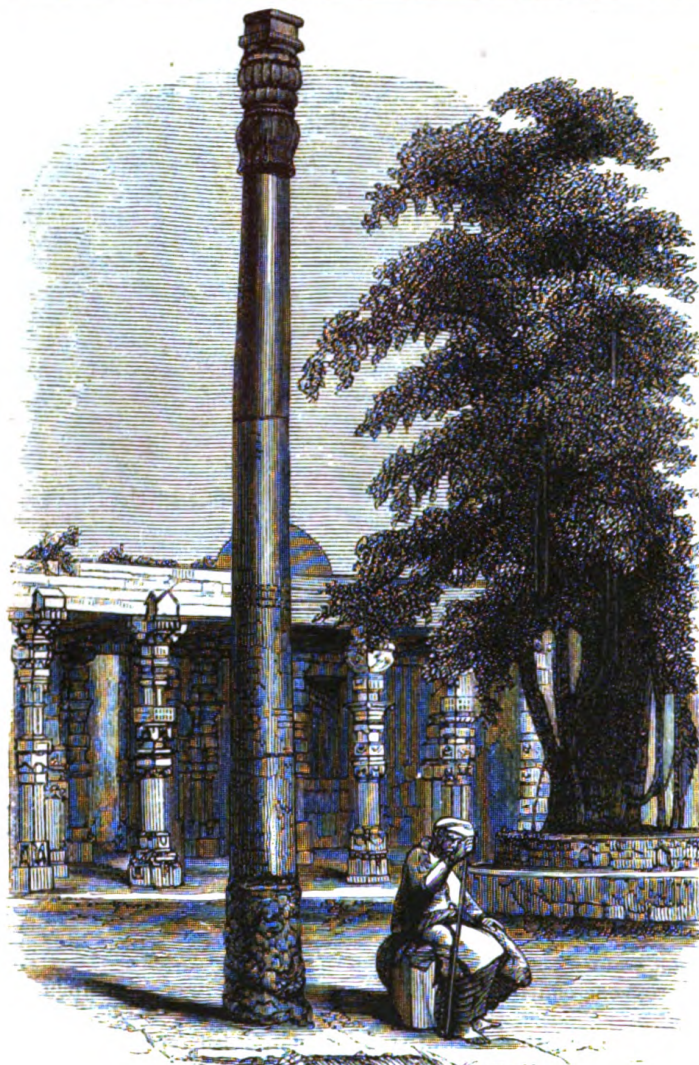
CHAMBER OF REGOLINI GALEASSI'S TOMB AT CAERE.

the best example of which is in the tumulus of Gavr Innis, in the Morbihan. Many dolmens, especially in Great Britain, were above-ground, as that in Castle Wellan, Ireland. It certainly never could have had walls, and the cap-stone is carefully poised on three points. This tripod dolmen is presumed to be more modern than the walled variety. In Ireland, Denmark, and France are numerous instances of dolmens surmounting tumuli, that of De Bousquet, in the Aveyron Department of Southern France, being the most celebrated.

Some of the interments during the Celtic period show that the bodies were frequently buried in strange positions. Skeletons have been found lying on the side, the head inclined a little forward, the knees drawn near the chest, and the heels to the thighs, the elbows being brought close to the knees, and the hands to the face. Just such a skeleton was exhumed from a barrow on Smerril Moor. It had been laid on its left side in an irregularly formed cavity, on the surface of a natural rock, over which, as usual, the



THE COCUMELLA, VULCI.



IRON PILLAR AT KUTUB, NEAR DELHI.

mound was formed of loose stones and mould. Behind the skeleton was a handsome drinking cup, with a meshing rule (made from the rib of a horse), a dagger, an arrow-head, and some other implements of flint.

In an oblong oval cist in North Wiltshire was found a skeleton in a contracted position, the head resting on the left hand, and with it a bronze dagger, a barbed arrow-head of flint, and a beautiful drinking cup.

In Derbyshire, in 1862, a mound some twenty-two feet in diameter and about three feet high was dug into, exposing a cist formed partly of natural rock and partly of stones set on edge, and covered with a large flat stone. Clearing away the rubbish revealed the remains of a young person lying on the right side with the knees drawn up. In front of and near the hand of the skeleton was a richly ornamented food vessel, the diagonal and herring-bone lines formed by twisted thongs impressed on the soft clay

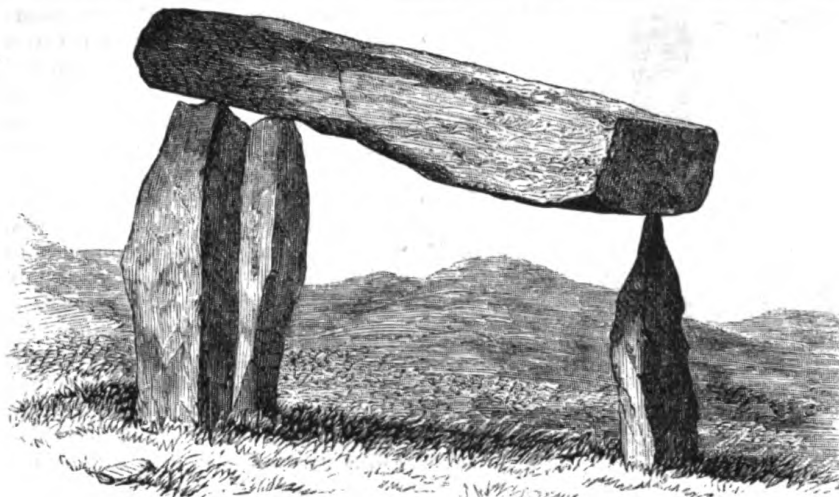
of which it was composed. Two other cists were disclosed, each of them containing a skeleton in much the same position, with the same weapons and utensils. At the side of the cist were a heap of burned bones and a few flakes of burned flint, and within it a large quantity of rats' bones and snails' shells.

Some skeletons have been discovered in a sitting posture, leaning back against the side of the cist, roughly covered in with large limestone slabs; others again in a kneeling position; others buried in pairs side by side and shoulder to shoulder, but facing opposite ways. In a cist composed of four upright slabs were discovered the skeletons of a man and woman and two children. The presumption is that they were members of the same family, and the head having died, the wife and offspring were immolated, and all interred together.

Circles, another interesting species of monuments, are scarcely known in France, though very common in Algeria,

as they are in Denmark and Sweden, and notably on the British Islands. The stone circles in Europe seem to have superseded the circular earthen mounds surrounding the early tumuli. They encompass the tumuli in several rows, sometimes as high as seven, and frequently inclose dolmens, either standing on the level plain or on the tumuli. The larger circles, instead of girding tombs, are generally thought to be either cenotaphic or marking the site of temples dedicated to the honor or worship of the dead.

Avenues are of two classes—those leading to circles, and those representing externally the passages in tumuli that lead to the central chamber. They are merely rows of stones from nowhere to no place, so far as accurate investigation has as yet been able to prove. What their particular purpose was is beyond conjecture; but that they formed a conspicuous part of the sepulchral monuments of the past can hardly be disputed. The theories of archaeologists re-



DOLMEN AT CASTLE WELLAN, IRELAND.

specting avenues have been innumerable. Some have contended that they marked plans of battles; others, that they are the outlines of temples; and others again, that they indicate the march of the Druid priests. In sooth, one can scarcely conceive of any idea too ridiculous not to have been evolved from the inner consciousness of an antiquary cudgeling his addled brain over avenues.

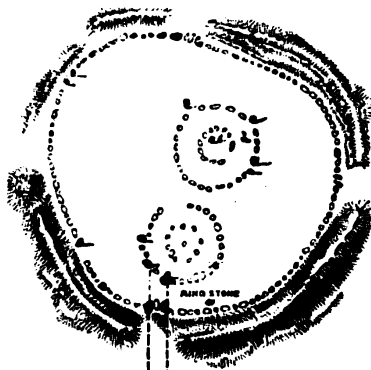
At Cas Tor, on the western edge of Dartmoor, is a series of avenues some six hundred yards long; and on Dartmoor are sev-

eral others, from which learned blockheads have for years been striving to unfold certain mysteries of the Druidic faith. They may succeed eventually, though there is no more need of their contemplating the enigmatical avenues than there is of looking for the poetic ideal of a Scotch lassie in the strapping queans of the Highlands.

The menhirs or tall stones are the last division of the Celtic relics of sepulture, and are more mysterious than any of the others. The weight of evidence, however, seems to



INTERMENT, HITTER HILL, ENGLAND.



THE KENNET AVENUE

SCALE

PLAN OF AVEBURY CIRCLE
AND KENNET AVENUE, EN-
GLAND.

be in favor of the opinion that they are merely head-stones—that they superseded the barrow as more enduring and distinctive than the mere mound, and have been continued to the present time by all nations who bury instead of burning the dead. The Ogham inscrip-

tions on the menhirs in Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, so far as deciphered, appear to answer to our inscriptions, recording names, date, and age, accompanied by some tribute to the deceased. In France the menhir was early adopted by the Christians, who surmounted it with a cross, as they did at the Lochrist menhir in Brittany.

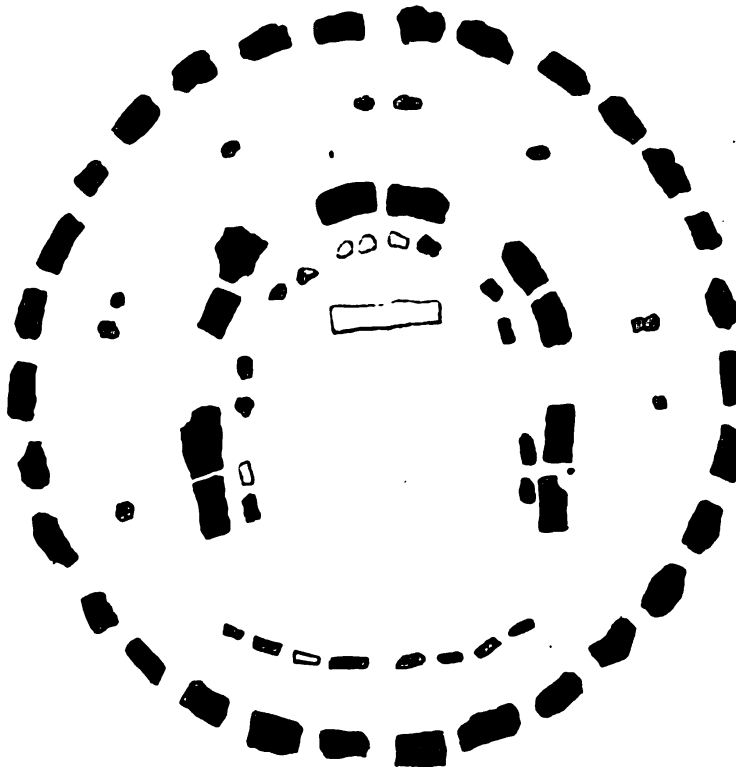
The cists throughout Britain vary much in formation as well as in the quality of the contents found. One in Middleton, fashioned from rough masses of stone, surrounded the skeleton of a woman lying on her left side. About the neck were the beads of a fine jet necklace, and above her lay the remains of an infant.

A cist in Liff's-Low was composed of eight large limestone slabs set edgewise, making a compact and almost octagonal chamber. In it was a masculine skeleton, partly contracted; a hammer-head of deer's horn behind the knees, and behind the head several flint arrow-heads, flint knives, and wild-boar tusks.

In England tree coffins have been discovered in barrows, some of the bodies of the dead having evidently been wrapped in the skin of beasts, and sometimes in woolen cloth.

Lead coffins have not infrequently been found in the cemeteries of London, York, Colchester, Kingsholme, and elsewhere. They are usually ornamented with amulets, beaded mouldings, and raised scalloped shells. A lead coffin discovered some time since in Hampshire was five feet six inches long, and sixteen and a half inches broad. The metal was much corroded, and plain on the outside. The skeleton, that of a woman, was nearly perfect. Small glass bottles, supposed to be lachrymatories, were in the cist, the glass being thin and of a pale green color.

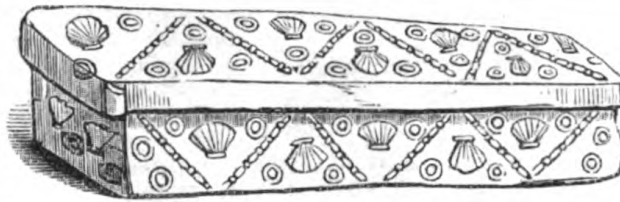
Dolmens are numerous in Spain, the finest being the dolmen of Antequera. The chamber is somewhat oval, measuring internally

SCALE
STONEHENGE RESTORED.

about eighty feet from the entrance to the front of the stone closing the rear, while the width is some twenty, and the height ten feet. The whole, consisting of thirty-one stones, more or less shaped by art, was originally covered by a mound one hundred feet in diameter.

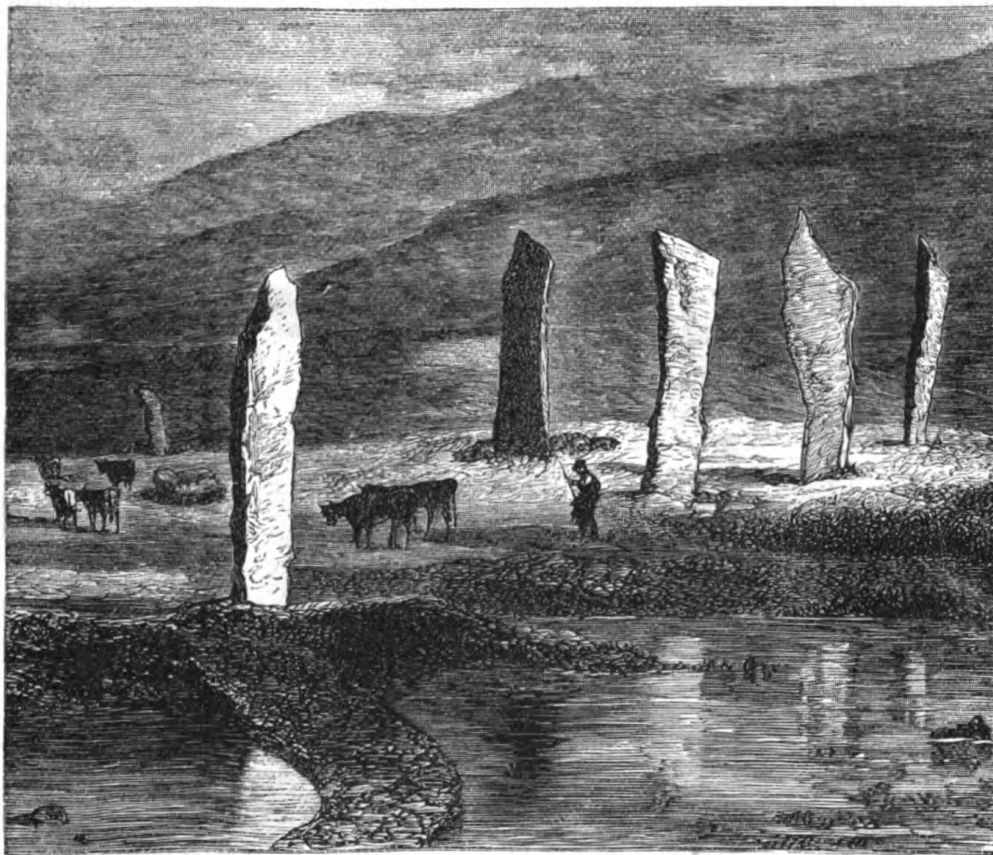
A very remarkable dolmen is inclosed in a church at Arrichinaga, in the province of Biscay. It is called San Miguel, and is thought to have been made a species of shrine in consequence of a superstitious sacredness attaching to dolmens in the early days of Christianity. Dolmens exist in Portugal, Italy, Scandinavia, North Germany, Algeria, Tripoli, in the Mediterranean islands, even in Western Asia and India, many very interesting specimens having been discovered in each of those regions.

In India is a curious class of sepulchral monuments known as dagobas, those of Ceylon being peculiar to that island. One of these, the Lanka Ramayana, was built A.D. 231; is a nearly hemispherical dome, surmounted by a square box-like appendage, called a tee, and surrounded by three rows of tall stone pillars. The dome of the dagoba was probably borrowed from the tumuli or cairns, so common in Northern Asia,

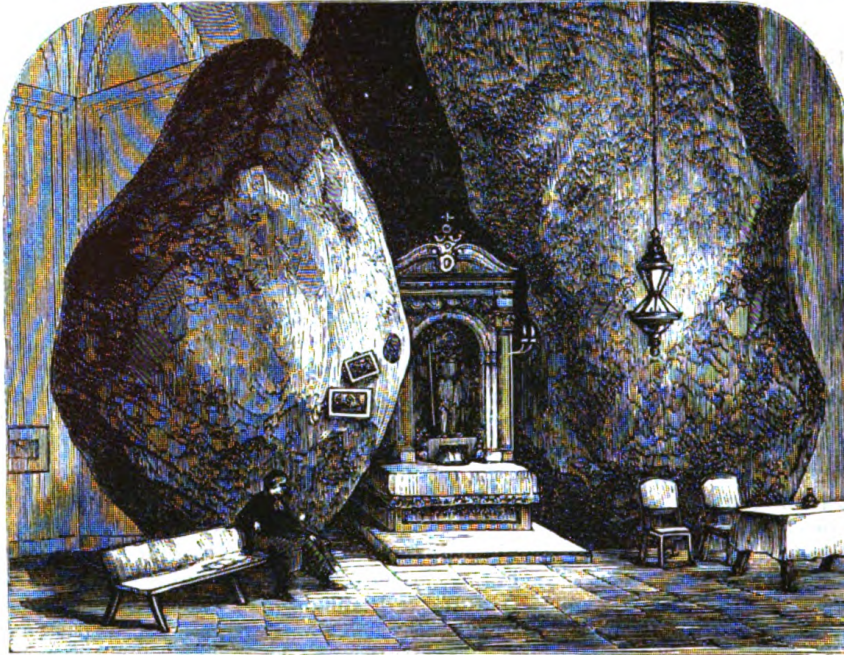


LEAD COFFIN, OOLCHESTER, ENGLAND.

which must have existed in India in primeval times. It is thought that the Buddhists converted the dome into a relic shrine, and then added a square box to the top, which is still seen in all the rock-cut and sculptured tombs of India. The box must primarily have represented a wooden casket, inasmuch as it is quite certain that there were no hewn-stone buildings in India before the year 250 B.C. Travelers in that enigmatical land will remember how even the best and most intelligent Brahmins will romance in regard to the beautiful cave temples of Elora or Elephanta. They will be gravely informed that the temples in those cities, as well as in Benares, Delhi, and elsewhere, were erected by the Pandus more than 3000 B.C., and if they doubt it, the sacerdotal Munchausens will add 15,000 or 20,000 years in order to make their story interesting. Time has neither value nor significance in India,



THE STANDING-STONES OF STENNIS, IN THE ORKNEYS.



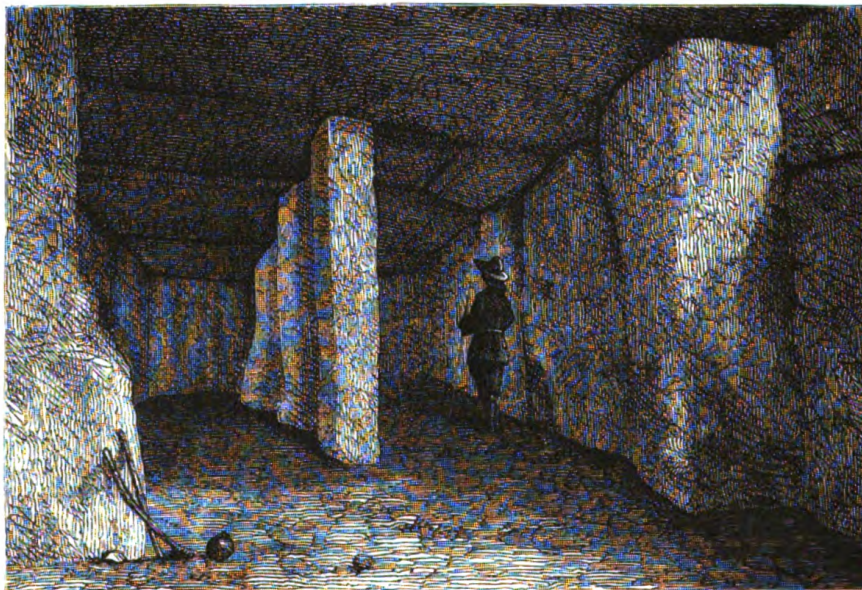
DOLMEN OF SAN MIGUEL, AT ARRICHINAGA, SPAIN.

where the remotest past is as the present, and the most vivid present as the remotest past.

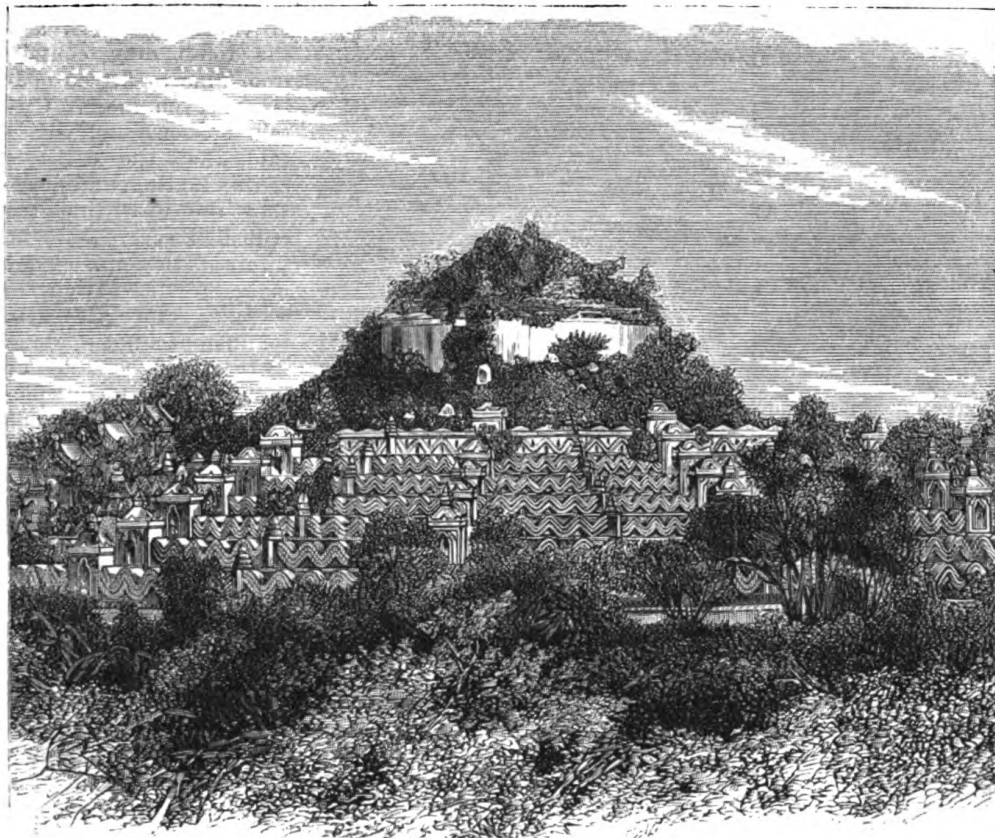
The Senbya Pagoda, in Burmah, is an external mound encircling the tope, with a complicated rail—unquestionably the supersession of the circles of rude stones—and a simulated dagoba replacing the simulated cist. These are great changes from the old monuments, though not more than might have been expected, considering that the pagoda was built less than sixty years since. This single instance clearly shows the steady improvement made in tombs throughout the

world, and how ready all nations have been to honor the dead with fitting monuments when they had acquired sufficient architectural knowledge.

This continent contains no rude stone monuments of sepulture, though there are extensive earth-works, analogous to those in the Old World, and some of them peculiar to the New. These mounds, as they are usually called, are divided into defensive inclosures, sacred and miscellaneous inclosures, mounds of sacrifice, mounds of burial, temple mounds, and animal mounds. The commonest mounds in the Mississippi Valley are incontestably



INTERIOR OF DOLMEN AT ANTEQUERA, SPAIN.



SENBYA PAGODA, BURMAH.

raised over the dead, their size probably being in proportion to the importance of the deceased. A tumulus of this sort near Parkersburg, in West Virginia, is seventy feet high, and another at Miamisburgh, in Ohio, is sixty-eight feet high, evincing the consequence of the personages commemorated. The mounds occasionally contain two or more skeletons; but this is rare, except where the Indians in later times have deposited their dead therein, under an impression of the sanctity of the place. The theories and opinions about these mounds have been as numerous and contradictory as those cherished respecting Celtic and Druidic remains in Europe. Whether they were built by the aborigines of this country or by an entirely different race still seems to be an open question. The mound-builders must have been a settled people, pastoral, and even agricultural, and they appear to have had a higher civilization than the red men—always more or less nomadic, and never rising beyond the condition of fighters and hunters. The strange heaps are generally known as Indian mounds; and to whomsoever they may owe their origin, many of them are certainly burial-places, though no link of connection between them and the transatlantic tumuli can be established.

Some of the aborigines—certain tribes of

the Sioux, for instance—instead of burying their dead, wrap them in skins or blankets, and place them on a rude wicker-work made of boughs and saplings laid across poles resting upon others notched and driven into the ground. The corpses are left to the sunshine and the storm, hawks and vultures, the Indians being careless of that, convinced that the spirit has been gathered to Manitou, the protector of the happy hunting-grounds.

The Guebers, Parsees, or Fire-Worshippers, as they are indifferently named, have extraordinary funeral ceremonies, being almost if not the only people known who fail, strictly speaking, to bury their dead. The disciples of Zoroaster, and primarily Persians, they are numerous in Western India, where they are called Parsees, from the country in which they originated. They recognize one omnipotent and invisible God, Ormuzd, and regard the sun as his eye. Consequently they reverence it and fire as emblems of the glory of the Supreme Deity. The sacred fire which Zoroaster, as they claim, brought from heaven is kept perpetually burning in consecrated places, and fed with the rarest wood and choicest spices. Their temples are erected over subterranean fires; one of their sacred cities being at Baku, in Russia, upon the Caspian Sea, where for ages, without intermission, flames have issued from calca-



INDIAN BURIAL TREE.

reous rocks. Such is their veneration for fire that they never blow out a light, believing that their breath pollutes it; while their priests pretend to pass their entire time in prayer, chanting hymns, burning incense, and tending the flames upon sacred altars. I mention all this to show how natural and consistent it would be for the Guebers to follow the old habit of incrimation. No one would imagine that a soul, from their point of view, could be more directly transmitted to Ormuzd than when its fleshy tenement was consumed by fire. Instead of adopting incrimation, however, their cemeteries are smoothly paved, built in a circular form, and surrounded by high walls. In the centre is a pit, to which the pavement slopes, and on this pavement the corpses are laid, naked, to be devoured by birds of prey. When the flesh has all been eaten the bones are swept into the pit, and after sufficient accumulation are removed by subterranean passages. There are several Parsee cemeteries in the vicinity of Bombay, and all the carnivorous birds of Western India seem to have become acquainted with the fact. They are constantly wheeling in the air in the immediate neighborhood, and it is surprising with what rapidity the unwholesome creatures will reduce a dead Gueber to a heap of bones.

The Mohammedan manner of burial varies in different countries and with different tribes. Sometimes it is above instead of below ground, the tombs being, as in New Orleans, made of stone or brick, full of arched cavities large enough to admit a coffin. Into these cavities the dead are thrust, and then the entrance is sealed up. There are

often three or four rows of these apertures, and the tomb may contain from nine to fifteen bodies, or even more. Certain Moslems hold, it is said, that the earth is contaminating, and hence they are unwilling the true believers should be interred therein. They make a distinction in souls, as respects women, for instance, not denying to them the possession of immortal spirits, but placing them in a lower grade than those of men; consequently inferior creatures might be laid without psychological harm where superior beings would suffer.

Most of the followers of Islam, however, especially those in Turkey and Syria, have no prejudice against inhumation, which is generally practiced every

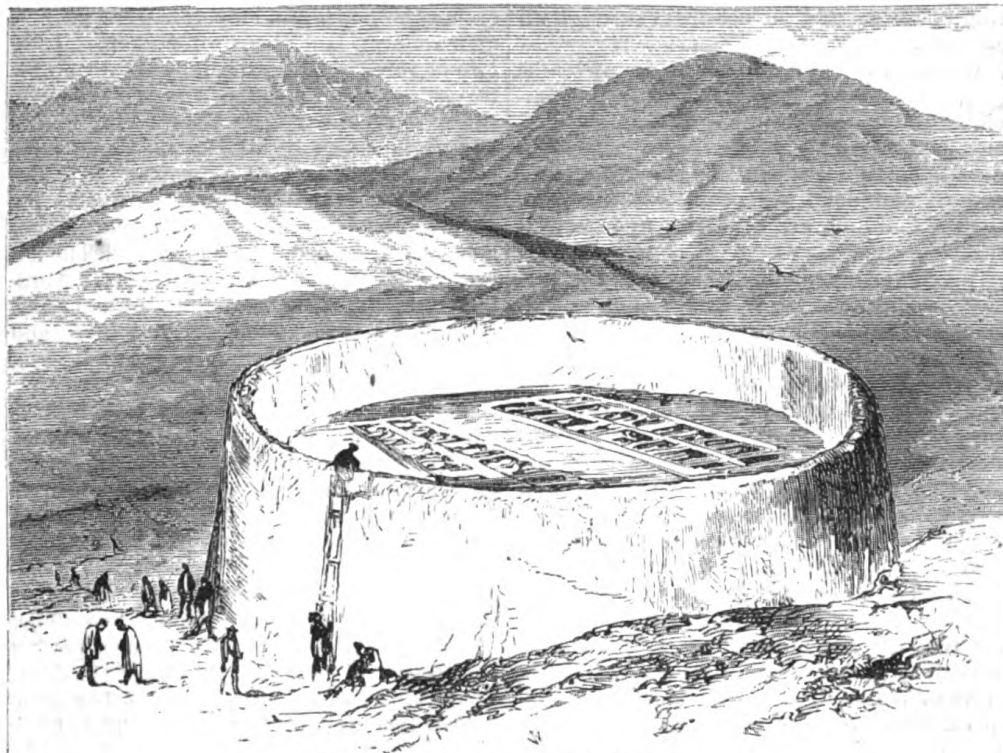
where for the common people. When these are buried they are deposited in the ground without coffins, and boards placed over them to prevent the earth from falling upon and covering the remains. This is the same with us, and the fact, vaguely understood, may have given rise to the belief already stated that some of the Mussulmans deem contact of the body with the earth to be defilement. It is a cardinal article of faith with all the Mohammedans that the corpse and the grave are sacred, and the result is that, neither being disturbed, their cemeteries stretch over vast tracts, often altogether disproportioned to the cities or towns from which they are nourished. Constantinople is surrounded by immense grave-yards, suggesting to the mind of a stranger that the principal business of Stamboul, as indeed of all civilization, has been for ages entirely of a mortuary character. They present a strange and extremely gloomy appearance, their white marble columns, surmounted by turbans, shimmering like ghosts through and above the groves of cypresses that always mark the last repose of the Moslem sleepers. The shape of the carved turbans indicates the condition of the dead. The pillars marking the graves of women are turbanless, those over the unmarried having a sculptured rose at the top. The rose monuments almost invariably denote young girls, since celibacy is thought discreditable in Mussulmanic countries, and the highest province of the opposite sex to be the bearing and rearing of children. The inscriptions are in letters of gold, and abound in such hyperbole of commendation that an English-speaking person might naturally

suppose some of the epitaphs of his own race had been translated into the Turanian tongue. Few carved eulogies are bestowed upon women, and the unwedded are treated with the silence of charity, because, to the Ottomanic mind, their loftiest functions have been unfulfilled. Sepulchres of particular families of wealth and distinction are railed in and environed with the omnipresent cypress, and the tombs of eminent dignitaries are lighted with lamps kept constantly burning, a certain sanctity having been associated with fire by numerous schools of theology before and since the days of the Roman vestals.

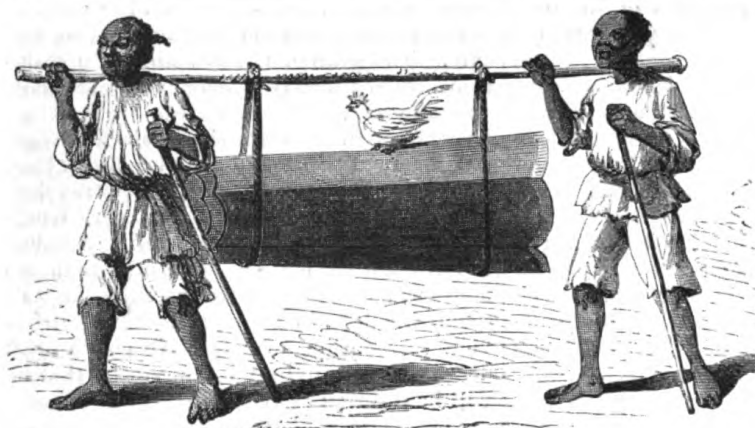
Not a single stone is removed under any circumstances from a Mohammedan grave, for such removal is considered the deepest sacrilege, and no amount of piastres could purchase a rood of a Mohammedan burial-place. The Orient is not yet sufficiently enlightened to see the advantage which we so clearly perceive of turning old grave-yards into building sites, and using the dust of our forefathers as a basis for profitable speculation.

The Chinese are extraordinarily devoted to their dead, quite eclipsing us in sepulchral solicitude. They have no cemeteries of any extent, as families are in the habit of burying their members in private grounds, though sometimes districts and even provinces combine to purchase land for interment. In thickly settled parts of the country every family provides its own burial-place, and

the graves of the distinguished are carefully chosen, and adorned with much taste and care. The sides of the low hills or undulations are frequently selected for interment, and flowers, shrubs, and trees are particularly affected. Some of the tombs and their vicinity near Chung-zu are very attractive, and it is commonly remarked by travelers that the fairest spots in the Flowery Kingdom are appropriated to sepulture. A Celestial thinks far more of his grave than his house; and though he be wealthy, he will spend his days in a miserable hovel with a view to securing an attractive couch after death. If he can only be convinced that he will be interred in the midst of flowers and under a delightful grove, he will not care for the scourges of circumstance or the blows of adversity. Buddhism is the prevailing religion among the Chinese, and as they expect to lie long in the earth, it is natural they should desire to be well disposed. Their parental and filial affection is of the strongest, and the greatest consolation fathers and mothers can have in their last moments is that they will be buried in a coffin of their own selection, and that their children or grandchildren will cherish and honor their ashes. Not infrequently they keep their coffins, of which they are pretty fastidious in the purchase, under their own roof, and no piece of furniture receives more zealous care. They know that they shall want it some time, and they believe, in a very practical way, in preparation for the



PARSEE BURIAL-GROUND NEAR TEHERAN.



CHINAMEN BEARING A COFFIN.

(White cock on a coffin, luring home one of the spirits of the dead.)

mysterious future. They bear their burial-cases with them whenever they change their residence—very much as the ancient Romans bore their lars and penates. When they sell land for building purposes, the transfer is always accompanied with an explicit covenant to exhume the numerous departed through a series of generations. The bones are gathered, placed in earthen vessels, and labeled—a process irreverently styled preserving ancestors, because they present the appearance of druggists' jars. These are reburied elsewhere with the greatest economy of space, though a house is never erected over them, owing to a superstition that the outraged ghosts would destroy the desecrating residents, and torture them through all eternity.

Outside the walls of Pekin are many tombs of prominent families, accompanied by immense though decayed marble sculptures of men and animals. Such carved figures in limestone are not uncommon throughout the empire, and not a few, as is evident from their crumbling, are centuries upon centuries old.

Wherever a Chinaman dies, it is the earnest wish of his relatives and friends to send home his remains for interment, reckless of convenience, time, and distance. Some money is required to accomplish this, and if it can not be had, poverty becomes more grievous to bear than under any other circumstances. Death is so much more than life to a Celestial that, with all his repose and self-containment, he beats his breast in anticipation of an unlamented and unhonored grave. The San Franciscans have greatly ridiculed John because he has so much anxiety concerning his body, and wonder that his remains are shipped from the Pacific coast to his native land over thousands of miles of uncertain sea. John is, in this respect, no more obnoxious than Jonathan, who, approaching his end at the antipodes or in Australasia, expresses an ardent desire

to be embalmed and transmitted to the distant Eden where the right of every freeman is to do as he profanely pleases.

The catacombs of Rome are more interesting to the fancy than to exploration. They appeal to the mind at a distance; but to the examining eye, aided by a wax taper and a gibbering monk, they are merely subterranean passages drearily monotonous, and

hardly worth the seeing. They are supposed to underlie every one of the seven hills; but their romantic historians have overlaid far more than they could ever underlie. Originally quarries, they are said to have received, in all, the remains of at least sixty millions of persons, and much reverence has been paid to them because they are associated with the persecutions of the early Christians. Their whole number is reported to be sixty, so that they must have averaged a million of interments each. It is highly probable that they were the general burial-place of the Romans for centuries, and so holy were they thought to be, through the martyrs who had inhabited them, that several of the popes and emperors were, at their own request, laid there after death. Only two or three of the catacombs are open now to visitors—St. Sebastian's being generally shown—for no reason that I can divine except that almost all the skeletons have been taken away. I remember a stolid, gray-haired priest who pointed out to me various niches which prominent personages had once occupied. The garrulous old fellow, rather infirm in his history, put Abraham and St. Luke, Jacob and Julius Cæsar, Cleopatra and Constantine, down there, and gravely informed me they were all leading saints of the Church.

The catacombs of Naples, or rather those parts of them known as the Catacombs of San Gennaro, are not subterranean, like those of Rome, but are excavated in the volcanic tufa on the flanks of the hill of Capodimonte. They form a long series of corridors and chambers arranged in three stories, communicating with each other by flights of steps. Along the walls are numerous niches or loculi, in which may still be seen perfect skeletons, and rude delineations of the dove, the fish, the olive-branch, and other symbols of the primitive Christians. The niches were formerly closed with slabs of marble, many of them having inscriptions. These

slabs now compose the pavement of the Church of San Gennaro, through which is the sole entrance to the vault.

The catacombs of Syracuse are more spacious, better preserved, and less gloomy than any others. They are a vast subterranean city—a genuine necropolis, whose innumerable tombs, cut out of the solid rock, contain the dead of all ages, creeds, and climes. As the Sicilian town was founded more than 700 B.C., once had a population of 200,000, now sunk to 12,000, and was the residence at different periods of Plato, Simonides, Zeno, Cicero, Theocritus, Moschus, Archimedes (the mathematician lost his life at its capture by the Romans), and many other celebrities, the conclusion is both natural and just that the most interesting portion of Syracuse is under-ground. Its past history may be read in myriads of bones and an endless series of tombs.

The catacombs of Malta, also subterranean, are small, but in good condition, and seem to have been places of worship as well as of sepulture.

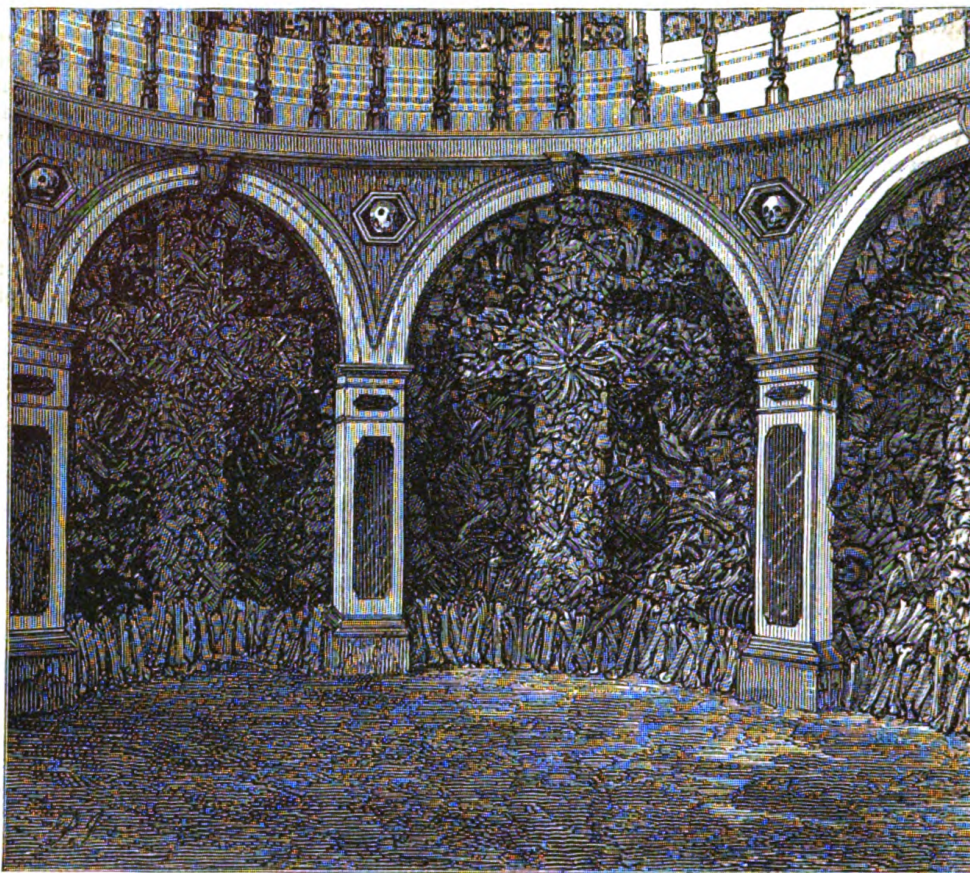
The catacombs of Paris are simply the receptacle of the bones of a number of the grave-yards of the city, removed to the vast quarries in the southern part of the town, and consecrated with great solemnity in 1786. They are thought to contain the remains of at least 3,000,000 of human beings. The long galleries, lined with bones from top to bottom—the arm, leg, and thigh bones, and the grinning skulls piled in front—make up one of the ghastliest exhibitions I have ever witnessed. When I had gone through those dismal corridors, and extinguished my torch as I emerged from the darkness, I fancied that all the people of the Continent must have been interred there. Those hideous vaults are really dangerous. There are many chasms yawning along the journey, and the roof looks as if it might fall in at any moment. There is imminent peril, too, of being lost, unless you keep close to your guide, and once lost, there is slender hope of your recovery. The effect of the light and shade cast upon the skulls and bones and dreary walls by the burning tapers was such as to make it appear that the broken skeletons were getting themselves together, and striving to join in a

hideous dance of death. Some of the jaws seemed to wag, and the eyeless sockets to wink at our melancholy procession as it filed by, our voices awaking dismal echoes that sounded startlingly unnatural. There is something grimly grotesque in the journey through the catacombs, and persons of a nervous temperament seldom feel tempted to repeat the experiment. I am not surprised that men who have been lost there for less than twenty-four hours have been made insane by the indefinable horror of their situation.

The three principal cemeteries of Paris are Père la Chaise, Mont Parnasse, and Montmartre. The first has the most reputation, and is the least attractive in itself of the three, its columns, pyramids, obelisks, and funeral vases being so overcrowded and so tawdry often as to create serious disappointment. But its undulations are pleasant, and the view it commands of the city and country is picturesque. The principal entrance to Père la Chaise is a semicircle adorned with censers and torches, and a chapel stands in the middle of the grounds on the site of an ancient castle. The most attractive tomb is that of the perfidious Abélard and the devoted Héloïse, a Gothic dais covering the reclining figures of the lovers. It was much injured during the war; but is now in proce-



INTERIOR OF CORRIDOR, CATACOMBS OF ROME.



BONES IN THE OSSUARY—BATTLE-FIELD OF SOLFERINO.

ess of restoration. Among the other conspicuous monuments are those of Visconti (the architect), Alfred de Musset, Arago, Bellini, Cherubini, Talma, Casimir Périer, Racine, Molière, Ney, Massena, Balzac, La Place, La Fontaine, and scores of immortal poets, artists, composers, scientists, and soldiers.

Mont Parnasse has a circular promenade in the centre, and walks laid out at right angles to each other. It contains but twenty-five acres, and the tombs of the surgeon Lisfranc, the chemist Orfila, the painter Gérard, the people's representative Auguste Tourné, the poet Camille Bernay, the philosopher Jouffroy, and the actor Bocage.

In Montmartre, including some thirty acres, sleep Paul Delaroche, the artist; Henri Murger, the clever chronicler of Bohemia; Armand Marrast, the revolutionary journalist, and editor of the *Tribune*; Henri Beyle, the supremely gifted but little read novelist; Legouré, the dramatist; Nourit, the singer; and Jenny Colon, the actress, for grief at whose loss the brilliant Gérard de Nerval committed suicide; Prince Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, Duchess d'Abrantes, and the Duchess de Montmorency.

In another old cemetery (there are fifteen grave-yards in the capital), that of Picpus, are the remains of General Lafayette and

his wife, and several hundred persons belonging to the first families of France.

The privilege of burying the dead of Paris is exclusively enjoyed by a company—the Enterprise of Funeral Ceremonies—in consideration of a large sum annually paid to the city. This organization has a right to every corpse within the municipal limits, and applications for obsequies are made to an agency established in each district of the capital. To accommodate all purses, the ceremonies are graduated; those of the first class costing, with high mass and other theological formulæ, about eleven thousand francs. This sum provides a superb hearse, drawn by six black horses, and from forty to fifty carriages, provided with drivers draped in suits of solemn woe. As the rate lessens, the hearses become plainer, the carriages and priests fewer (priests' services are fixed at so much per head), and the mass less imposing, until the ninth and cheapest class of funeral is reached, the expense being barely seven francs, and the body being borne on the shoulders of four shabby fellows to the commonest of graves.

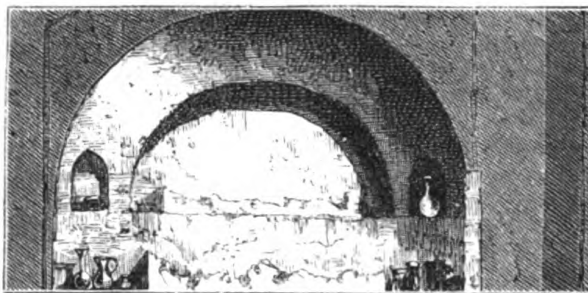
The price of funerals in Paris is almost as limitless as in New York. A man may exhaust his patrimony by his mortuary pomp, or be carried to his resting-place for

the worth of a breakfast. One may be respectably hidden in the earth, however, for five hundred francs on the banks of the Seine, and on the borders of the Hudson it will cost his heirs, executors, and assigns at least twice as much.

There are three kinds of graves in the principal cemeteries of Paris. The first are sold for five hundred francs, with a perpetual title; the second are granted for five years, for fifty francs; and the third is the democratic ditch (*la fosse commune*)

into which the unrecognized poor are thrown without fee or favor. More than two-thirds of the entire population of the gayest and most brilliant of the world's capitals are buried in rude pine coffins so closely huddled that they soon break or burst, and mingle their cadaverous contents promiscuously and unrecognizably together. Every five years these unhonored and forgotten bones are dug up to give place to others, and removed to the catacombs. The poor Parisians can not be said to be at rest after death, since their remains must so soon be disturbed. Some of the noblest and purest of Frenchmen have been interred in the common ditch; among others, the renowned Abbé de Lamennais, who so truly loved the people that his dying request was to be buried with them.

The Campo Santo of Pisa is the most renowned of all the Italian burial-places. The Pantheon of the Pisans, and abounding in famous monuments, it is a handsome oblong court, surrounded by marble arcades ornamented with ancient Etruscan and Greek sculptures and paintings—some of them grotesque enough—of the pre-Raphaelite artists. Certain frescoes representing Death, the Final Judgment, and Future Punishment, though designed to excite awe, are supremely ludicrous, but interesting, because they reveal the spirit of the barbarous the-



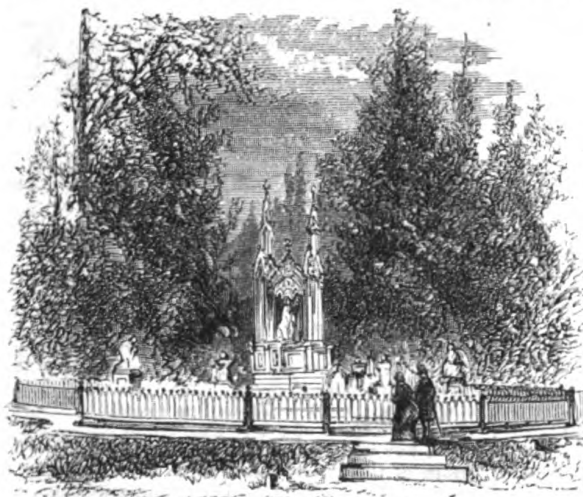
INTERIOR OF ANCIENT TOMB IN THE CRIMEA.

ology of the Middle Ages. Shrouds, skeletons, apparitions, imps, and devils play their many-hued parts on the walls, and, as religious symbols, are caricatures of nineteenth century liberality. In the centre of the cemetery is a mound of earth reputed to have been brought from Palestine during the Crusades, and formerly used as a place of interment for the spiritual benefit such sacred soil was presumed to impart.

The cemeteries of Russia are for the most part at considerable distance from villages and towns, and are marked by groves of tall pines, which seem as emblematic of death to the Muscovite as cypresses are to the Mohammedan mind. The funeral services in the Greek Church appear to be copied from the Roman Catholic, a great effort being made to render them impressive.

In the cemeteries of Mainz, Frankfort, Munich, and other German cities the dead are exposed for a certain number of days before interment, to guard against premature burial. The bodies lie in the coffins, with the lids removed, in a large dead-house, a wire attached to the extremities of the corpse, and connected with a bell, so that the least motion would reveal animation, and bring aid and succor at once. Certain medical watchers are within call both day and night, should the bell be rung, and thus every possible assistance is secured toward resuscitation.

Marvelous tales are told by the common people of sudden resuscitation and premature burial, and these tales are widely and firmly believed. They have, however, very little foundation, as it is extremely rare, at least nowadays, that persons prepared for the grave are not actually dead. But still signs of death are so fallacious that the custom adopted by the Germans must be regarded as a wise precaution. A celebrated anatomist, Winslow, had two such narrow escapes from ante-mortem sepulture that he published a treatise on the subject, expressing the opinion that incipient putrefaction is the sole trustworthy symptom of physical dissolution. I have



TOMB OF CHARLOTTE CANDA, GREENWOOD.

made diligent inquiry in Germany respecting cases of suspended animation, and I have learned that in not a single instance has a body placed in the dead-house proved aught but a corpse.

Thus we see in every time and country that all peoples, savage or civilized, polytheistic or monotheistic, beauty-adoring or fire-worshipping, sectarian or latitudinarian, practice and reverence burial in some form; that they cherish a certain superstition for the lifeless body, and honor clay equally with spirit. Man may be styled, by way of distinction, the burying animal, and advocates of the development theory, to supply their links and complete their analogies, must show a gradation of interment between the brute and the human. In all funeral rites, from the primitive to the present time, we detect sufficient similarity to indicate the unity of the race. Never has the tenement from which vitality has escaped been held so precious as it is to-day. We make a fetish of it, though it turns to loathing under

our sorrowing eyes. We perpetuate our wretched vanity in honoring insensate dust, and carve marble with sonorous fiction to hide the sordid facts of life.

But of the disposition of the body after death, what matters it? No one may say who was wisest—the Egyptian who embalmed, the Greek who burned, or the Celt who buried. It is of no import to the departed whether they be exposed to the birds of the air, or their tombs be covered with immortelles. Let us anticipate mortuary devotion by kindness to the living. Let us put our prospective monuments into generous deeds this side the grave. Let us be so charitable and tender to our fellow-travelers as they halt and bait on this paltry planet to gather strength for their journey through the universe that, meeting them in the immeasurable future, they may remember us not by storied urns or eulogistic epitaphs, but by the gentleness and sympathy and helpfulness we have shown them when little, both in time and action, counted much.

ROSES OF FLORENCE.

I.—BY THE ARNO.

She came in sunlight, merrily calling,
 "Who'll buy my roses? Damsels, who'll buy?
 Open at dawn when the bright dew were falling!
 Who'll buy my roses? Ladies, who'll buy?
 Who'll buy my roses? Florentine roses!
 Born of the breeze and the floweret's reply!
 Subtle the power in their heart that reposes—
 Love-laden roses! Gallants, who'll buy?
 Florentine roses!
 Gallants, who'll buy?"

He came in splendor, haughtily glancing,
 Passing the flower-girl carelessly by;
 Stayed he his courser, so daintily prancing:
 "Bring me the buds, then; none else I'll buy."
 She brought her roses, Florentine roses,
 Holding them up with a smile and a sigh;
 Gave that a ray of the sunlight discloses
 Caught the wild glance of her roving black eye.
 "Florentine roses!"
 Still did she cry.

Glittered the poniard, gaudily sparkling
 Under his belt as the courtier drew near;
 Over the fold of his doublet lay darkling
 One little ruby, red-gleaming and clear.
 He caught the roses—Florentine roses—
 Fast in his gloved hand, reining his steed.
 Cunning the smile on his lip that reposes:
 "Beauty a poniard sometimes must need.
 Florentine roses—
 Lovely indeed!"

Ah! the moon rises! See the girl creeping,
 Furtively, silently, but with no sigh.
 Near the bright Arno, 'neath the dew's weeping,
 Who glides so stealthily, warily nigh?
 "I come to gather Florentine roses;
 Paler they seem 'neath the gleam of the moon.
 Red and white roses, fresh-budding roses,
 Need to be gathered, sweet! deftly and soon!
 Florentine roses
 Perish at noon."

Clinging at parting, softly complaining,
 Why must he ever, oh! ever depart?
 "Scarcely the moonlight seems yet to be waning,
 Lightly may sever the light-beating heart!"
 He said: "Cull roses, Florentine roses;
 Wear in your bosom the poniard I gave;
 Instant the poison its plique incloses,
 He whom it woundeth must sleep in the grave.
 Florentine roses
 Temptingly wave."

"Say you'll return, love, faithfully seeking
 Her who hath given her heart to your care.
 Should you deceive me, to other ties keeping,
 Fear me in sleeping, and waking beware!"
 He laughed: "Oh, roses, Florentine roses,
 Live in the sense as their hue in the eye!
 Kiss me once more o'er the pearl ere it closes
 With your red mouth, love, and, sweetheart, good-by.
 Florentine roses,
 Rita, still cry."

II.—IN SANTA CROCE.

In Santa Croce, Mary imploring—
 Gems on his vesture, gems in her hair—
 Fond lovers came now, lovers adoring:
 Never had knelt there a lovelier pair.
 Filling the silence, "Florentine roses!"
 Suddenly falls on the fond bridegroom's ear;
 No more her soft hand his clasp incloses
 Whom he is vowing for aye to hold dear.
 "Florentine roses!"
 Still doth he hear.

Troubled and startled, fearfully glaring,
 Wildly she looks at the wedded in turn.
 Who in the cortège seems frightened and staring,
 Meeting that frigid eye, cruel and stern?
 Haughtily cries she: "Florentine roses!
 Roses the birth of a kiss and a sigh!
 Who'll buy my roses? Red and white roses!
 Born of the breeze and the floweret's reply!
 Florentine roses!
 Gallants, who'll buy?"



III.—AT THE CASCINE.

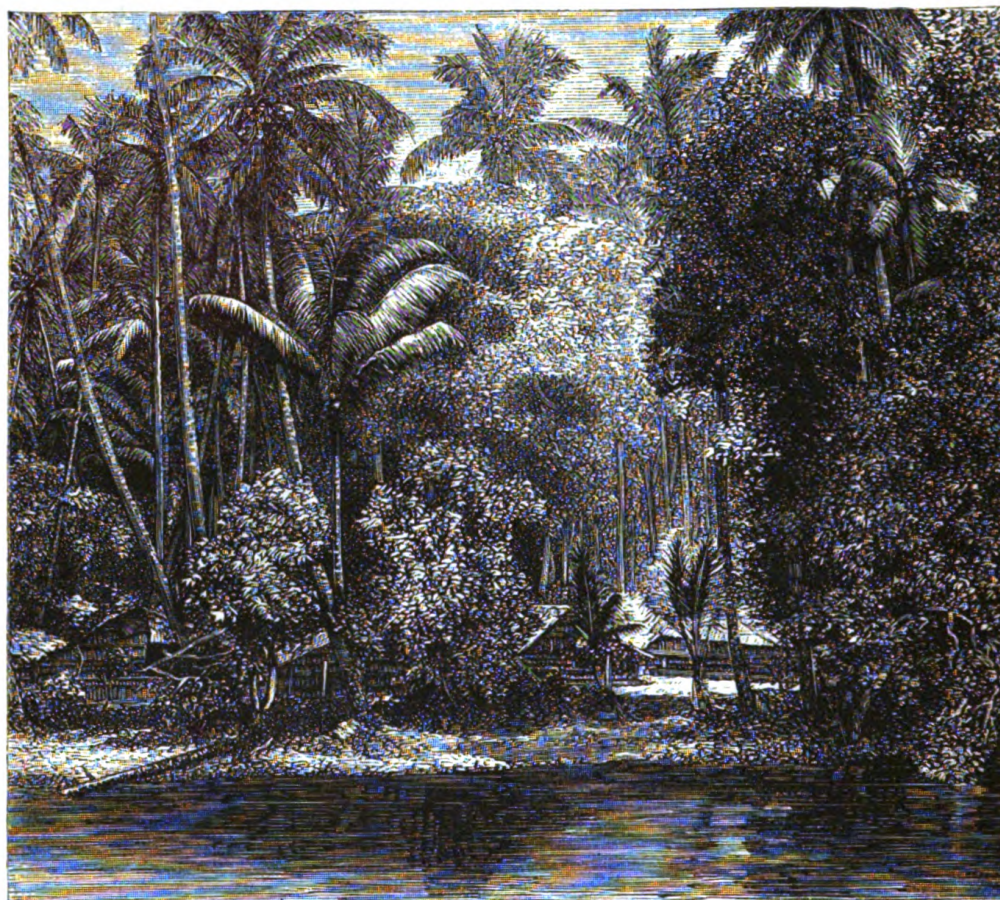
They came at noonday, gayly carousing,
 Jeweled and plumed in the sun and the breeze,
 Down the Cascine, echoes arousing,
 Gallants and dames beneath wide-spreading trees.
 "Yon Fioraja's Florentine roses,"
 Murmur the lips of the Milanese bride;
 "Tempt me to see what her basket incloses;
 Summon her hither, love; call her aside."
 "Florentine roses!"
 Still the girl cried.

What grazed your hand then, airily tracing
 On white patrician a plebeian red,
 Haughty Marchese, so loftily gracing
 By your obeisance the words you have said?
 Was there a steel in the Florentine roses?

What could so wound in the touch of a flower?
 Why, they were culled where the Arno reposes,
 Lazily glides by a rose-laden bower!
 Florentine roses—
 Only a flower!

Lofly Vaudini turned him in dying,
 Tossed back the waves of his death-damp'ning hair:
 "Weep not, Carlotta; waste not your sighing;
 Wed with another; you're young, love, and fair.
 Yon Fioraja's Florentine roses,
 Gentles, I warn one and all, ere we part—
 Mortal the venom their fold that incloses;
 Gather no rose with a worm at the heart!
 Florentine roses,
 Poison at heart!"

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.



SCENE IN BANKS ISLANDS.

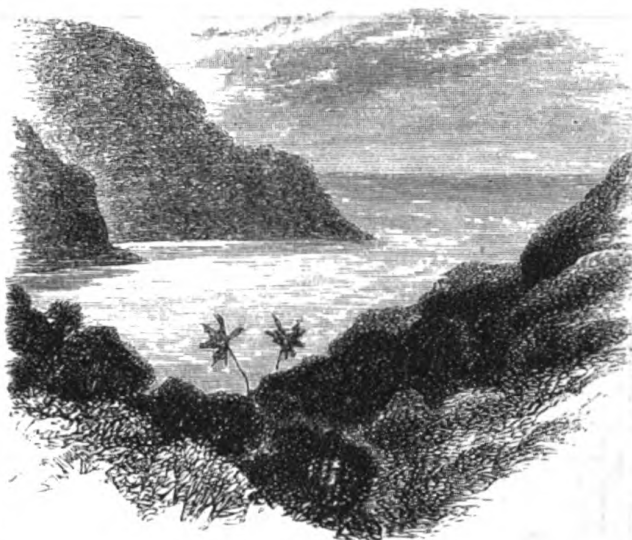
FEW more absorbing pages will be found in the annals of travel and discovery than those which relate to the distant archipelagoes of the South Pacific. Brilliant in coloring and replete with dramatic incident, they offer exciting visions of wild adventure to the ardent boy and fascinating studies to the grown man. From the first chapter to the last they are packed with stories of the exploits of brave explorers, the conquests of heroes of youthful idolatry, the patient labors of scientists, and the vicissitudes of an advancing civilization. The outrages of the infamous "labor" trade recently brought to light give them a still greater interest from a humanitarian point of view, and it would not be easy to write about them without being entertaining. Comprised in several distinct groups scattered across the wide southern ocean, the islands are populated by diverse races, and in formation and vegetation are also varied. In some the women are perfect nymphs, with soft brown complexions, wavy black tresses, and as delicate forms as sculptor ever imitated in marble. They have musical voices, amiable manners,

and sharp minds; while the men are muscular fellows, of friendly and courageous dispositions. In others the men and women alike are black, dwarfed, ignorant, and ferocious, with beastly customs and manners. The land of one is a fruitful paradise, and of the other a lava bed. But whether intelligent or savage, nearly all the islanders have been blessed with a soil that yields without tillage, and encourages generosity, indolence, and sweetness of temper. Most have submitted to the emollient influence of the missionary, and of those who have not it is only fair to say that they are less inherently cruel than resentful of the wrongs they have suffered for a century at the hands of white traders. Both sides are guilty of atrocities; but robbed, kidnaped, and enslaved, the savage has too often wreaked his vengeance upon the first European he has encountered, without discriminating between enemy and friend. We read of a village inhabited only by widows and orphans, the men having been carried away by slavers, and on the next page of a massacre of whites. From this division of crime obsta-

cles are met with in inflicting punishments, and it is not an easy matter to decide whether the savages have not been incited to their acts in the spirit of retaliation. It will be observed that the consequential problem is not without a resemblance to our own Indian question.

In the interests of science, and in the adjudication of offenses connected with the "labor" trade, the British government has repeatedly sent out expeditions. The steam-frigate *Curaçoa*, Admiral (then Commodore) Sir William Wiseman, sailed from Sydney, Australia, on June 4, 1865, and made a cruise lasting about five months. She lay off Norfolk Island when news arrived of the assassination of President Lincoln. Not only was the influence of the British flag extended during the voyage, but valuable discoveries and collections were made by the competent scientific corps on board. The *Rosario*, Captain Albert Hastings Markham, a wooden sloop of 673 tons, sailed from Sydney on October 19, 1871, with the object of obtaining trustworthy information respecting the numerous murders of British subjects which had recently taken place, and also respecting the alleged kidnaping of natives which was supposed to have been the cause of these crimes. Throughout his voyage Captain Markham acted with wise moderation, and his journals prove that nearly every atrocity committed by the natives was in revenge for outrages committed upon them by slavers. As we pick our way in some good ship over the cobalt blue waters of these sun-lands it will be our fate to hear of deeds done by men of our own language and civilization quite as revolting as the worst rites of cannibalism. Our cruise will embrace the tracks of the *Curaçoa* and the *Rosario*, and in turn we shall make the acquaintance of both the lovely and truculent denizens of the islands.

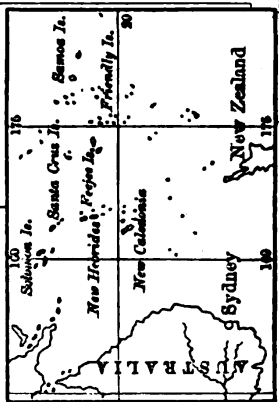
Passing far to the east of the Society group, we first touch at lonely Niue, which Captain Cook christened Savage Island, in revenge for the inhospitable reception he met with on attempting to land in the year 1774. Since then the island and its inhabitants have changed, and our first impressions of life in the South Sea, which we receive here, are sure to be favorable. But the island is less beautiful and fertile than the land farther north. It is a coral formation, covered with a layer of vegetable earth five or six feet in depth, which grows the cocoa-nut-tree, the guava, the orange, the banana, and the melon. A road thirty-three miles long girds it, and is kept in repair by native con-



FINGASA OR MASSAURE BAY.

victs. A missionary of the London Society, with his wife and children, has been settled here for ten years, and occupies a tastefully built house, divided into three compartments, with a pretty roof of sugar-cane and a veranda. The natives meet the traveler with the greeting, "Alofa," which means love, a word also used in Hawaii. They are stalwart, strongly knit, and handsome, still superior to trowsers, and wear no other dress than an abbreviated skirt made of bark. The women have exquisite teeth, and small soft hands with fine taper fingers. For South Sea Islanders they are exceptionally moral, faithfully complying with stringent marriage laws, and limiting their offenses to occasional violations of the eighth commandment.

We do not stay long at Niue, where the attractions are less than those yet in store for us, but set sail for the Samoan group farther north, where the grandeur of the scenery excites rapturous admiration in every traveler, and fairly introduces us to the wonders of the tropics. The coral walls around these islands; the low stretches of silver sand, fringed with the luxuriant foliage of the cocoa-nut, palm, and banana trees; the wooded mountain slopes, threaded by flashing cascades; the magnificent cloud forms and colors; the yellowish haze in the atmosphere, produce an enchanting effect, which a judicious painter alone might attempt to describe. There are tints and forms, bewildering in their variety, that the eye is unaccustomed to, that wrap us in ecstatic contemplation, and silence us by their majesty. Seaward, a fleet of feathery-looking canoes are curving and darting swiftly among the purple crests of coral, many occupied by supple beauties, who laugh and chatter with unconstrained joyousness; landward, lines of white cottages, with mis-



sion-houses, English and American consulates, and churches prominent among them, give promise of a civilized reception. But we do not need the assurance, as all testimony has proved the Samoans the gayest and kindest of their race. We shall drink kava with them, which intoxicates and sends us in a twenty-four hours' sleep, but does not brutalize and leave us with a headache. We can not avoid flirting, though we consider it very wicked, for the effervescing belles of the island will madly charm us into it; we shall be led into the round of harmless dissipation which is ever turning in Samoa, and when we leave that far-off archipelago it will be with regrets, benedictions, and a cabin full of keepsakes from a dozen of our brown enchantresses. Twice a year there is a sport called polulu-fishing, which engages all the inhabitants, and has been cleverly described by a recent traveler. The polulus resemble worms, and vary in length from two inches to two feet. Baked in banana leaves, seasoned with oil, vinegar, and Cayenne, and eaten on toast, they are said to be very good; but it is the fun of the fishing, and not the value of the spoil, that will attract us. We skim out into the harbor at daylight—polulu-fishing only lasts two days, and we are obliged to be early—and are soon among an excited, babbling, laughing, and singing crowd of natives, who are splashing and dabbling about the coral reefs for the strange fish that are pullulating in the shallow water. At each dip the net is filled with an ugly black mass, which is put into a calabash. This goes on until sunrise, with flirtations, jokings, squeezings, and duckings. You knock against a young lady's canoe, and in retaliation she splashes you with water, and you splash her in return, without danger of spoiling her clothes. Then follows a race homeward, and polulu is served to you in the manner referred to.

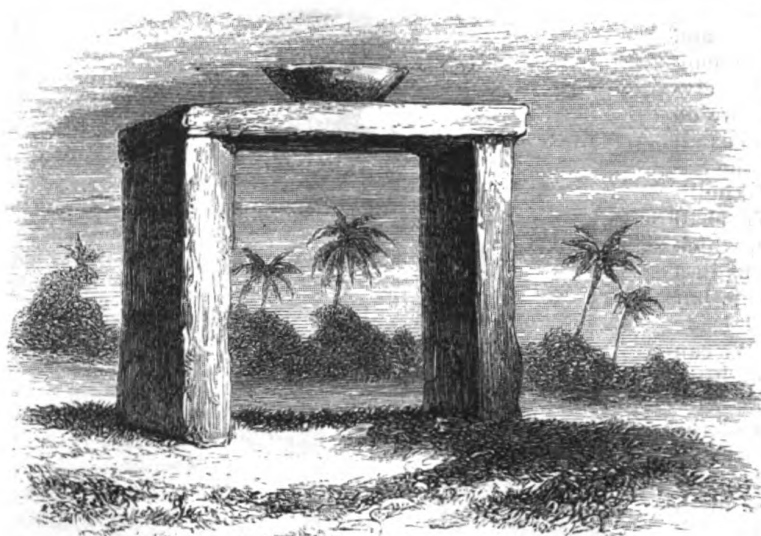
Tutuila, with its volcanic peaks, is the first island in the Samoan group seen from the prow as we bear up from Niue. Several officers and men of the expedition commanded by the gallant La Perouse fell here, at Massacre Bay; but the natives are changed and peaceful now. The men tattoo themselves after a fashion which gives them the appearance of being clothed, but neither they nor the women have any covering except a



NATIVE TEACHER, UPOLU.

small skirt fastened around the loins. Their houses are very pretty, with large, dome-shaped roofs. Nearly all the children attend school, and in 1864 the natives contributed \$5000 to the support of foreign missions. Several books have been printed in their language, including a work on geography, a dictionary, and a Bible. Among the residents is an American blacksmith, who has grown rich in making harpoons and fish-hooks, and an American carpenter, who deftly fashions the precious woods of the island into furniture. One tree has been named iron-wood by this worthy on account of its hardness, and is used for tomahawks, spears, and clubs. The public buildings at Pango-Pango, the principal harbor, include a church, a school-house, and a large hall. The total population of the island is 3948 souls, comprising 1293 men, 1191 women, 765 boys, and 699 girls. About eighty are Mormons, thirty Roman Catholics, and the remainder Protestants. Tutuila is from two to five miles in width and seventeen miles in length, and includes forty-three villages, each governed by an independent chief. One hundred and thirty tons of cocoa-nut oil, and a large variety of fruits and vegetables, are produced annually.

The splendid port of Apia, in the island of Upolu, is only distant a day's sail from Tutuila. Many Americans are settled here, and



STONE MONUMENT, TONGATABU.

on the visit of the *Curaçoa* they were celebrating Independence-day with foot-races and other sports, which gave the natives the utmost delight. At Apia fashionable balls and dinners are common occurrences. The traveler and sailor, weary of the oppressive routine of sea life, find in it a glorious change of scene. Society exists on a sound basis. There are plenty of whites to visit, and the native girls are the most animated and handsome in the group. When a chief receives a visitor he at once loads him with presents. A large house, called a fela-tele, is maintained for the reception of travelers, and here, too, the public council meets. The decorum of this assemblage is very parliamentary, the Samoan chief being in bearing and manners a perfect gentleman. It is considered an offense to walk across the circle formed by the chiefs while they are deliberating, and when a white man has insolently done so the only remark made has been, "Never mind the poor white pig; he knows no better." The dress of the chiefs is a graceful robe of native cloth, leaving the neck and shoulders bare; but Malietoa, the head chief, whose authority is recognized by all the islands of the group, Tutuila excepted, disports himself in swallow-tails and trowsers of European cut. The Samoans are indolent and pleasure-loving, working no more than is necessary for the supply of their immediate needs, but the men relieve the old people and women of all drudgery. They even do the cooking, the women only preparing the food. A Roman Catholic bishop is stationed at Apia, and has built an imposing church of stone there. The strong hold the religious instructors have obtained upon the natives is shown by the scrupulous respect for Sunday. Devoutness is said to seem incarnate in the native teachers. The population of

the whole Samoan group is estimated at 40,000 souls, and of Upolu at 15,000 souls. In 1869, 13,472 tons of shipping were entered and cleared at Samoan ports, 5402 tons being British, 3690 American, 3230 German, and 1150 Tahitian. Two years later this grand total had increased nearly fifty per cent. Among the trees and plants indigenous to the island are the banana, the mountain plantain, the bread-fruit, the Brazilian plum, the

cocoa-nut, and the yam and taro. The products include bêche de mer, cocoa-nut oil and fibre, arrowroot, and cotton. The exports of the latter are valued at \$200,000 annually. The average temperature of the islands is 82° Fahrenheit. Sudden rain-storms of great severity are frequent, but you do not suffer if you have forgotten an umbrella, as one of the broad banana leaves, to be picked up any where, will amply protect you.

On the coast of Vavau, an island of the Tonga group, are some curious caves, which deserve a visit. One has a spacious opening above water; but that in which we might



QUEEN OF TONGA.



KING GEORGE OF TONGA.

be expected to be most interested has a tantalizing submarine entrance only to be passed by expert divers. Two sticks mark the entrance; above which is an overhanging cliff, and you must be courageous and long-winded if you decide to explore. After jumping overboard from the canoe, two natives take you by the hand, and direct you to the entrance, the roof of which is bristling with sharp projections. Several times you bob up against them, receiving slight wounds, but at last you rise to the surface of the water in the cavern. Had the natives been alone, they would have dived to the entrance, and then, turning on their backs, used their hands to keep away from the roof. The phosphorescent light caused by the movement of the water is very brilliant, and the roof and walls are indescribably grand in form and color;

but a person of ordinary respiratory powers returns from the expedition in an exhausted and almost dangerous condition. The cave is said to be accurately described in Byron's poem entitled *The Island*, and a pretty native legend attaches to it. The Tonga, Hapai, and Vavau groups are included under the general name of the Friendly Islands, and are governed constitutionally by King George of Tongatabu. This monarch is a civilized gentleman, about sixty-five years of age, and in his youth was a distinguished warrior. His palace is a primitive but very neat structure, divided into three compartments by coconut leaves, and furnished with sofas, tables, and chairs of German manufacture. His private secretary is an Englishman, who writes shorthand, and his wife is a portly lady, as well bred as her husband. At a banquet given on board the *Curaçoa* King George appeared in a handsome military dress; his deportment was grave, and though he enjoyed the wines, he drank only moderately. Another banquet was given by him at his palace to the officers of

the ship, and several courses were in European style, accompanied by Champagne and English bottled beer. The regal island is thirty-six miles in length and eight miles in width, an excellent road passing through it, and branching to several villages. There still exists a peculiar stone monument consisting of two perpendicular rectangular blocks



KING GEORGE'S HOUSE, TONGATABU.



POOLS AT THE WATER-FALL OF WAITOBA.

of stone, across which is a large slab holding an immense bowl, supposed to have been used in ancient kava ceremonies. The total population of Tongatabu is nearly 9000 souls, and the commercial products include 100 tons of cocoa-nut oil, arrowroot, tapioca, cotton, and coffee. The natives are Malayans, robust, and of light complexion. With such

an exemplary chief as King George, they are naturally well-behaved, and were the first of the South Sea Islanders to recognize the Christian church, although cannibalism was formerly practiced by them. All know how to read, but not one has learned the handicrafts of the American and English artisans settled in the country.

All the water in the ocean would not wash out the

blood that has saturated the Feejee Islands. This inviting statement is often made by the natives themselves; but cannibalism and its rites are passing away. As we enter Levuka, the port of Ovalau, the prospect is calmly beautiful, and very different from what might be expected in a land so dark in its traditions. About the entrance to the har-



LEVUKA.

bor are many small islands of strange forms, some barren and some fertile, some flat and some attaining an elevation of 2000 feet. The coast of Levuka itself is very romantic; the high lands are rich in outline and deeply wooded, and at their base strips of white villages shine out in the noonday flood. A coral reef incloses the harbor, and within its bounds the water is of a bright blue color, and as smooth as a sheet of polished glass. Not far from the settlement there is a succession of waterfalls among the hills, each terminating in a deep pool. It is a favorite pastime of the natives to plunge from one pool to another, until a descent of several hundred feet is thus made by water. The men and women at pretty Levuka are exceedingly ugly and avaricious, and demand exorbitant prices for every thing they have to sell. This trait is common throughout the groups, the islanders being so lazy that they overvalue every little exertion. The reader is now to be introduced to a famous old cannibal, who has certainly renounced the flesh, and also, the missionaries would have us believe, the world and the devil. King Thakumbau of Mbau committed murders without number once upon a time, and was celebrated for his ferocity; but we now find him a dignified old gentleman, with whom it is safe to abide any length of time. His appearance has always been prepossessing, his wickedness notwithstanding, and you search his face in vain for indications of a savage temperament. He is benign and cheerful, in stature imposing and nobly proportioned. His majesty's subjects are stunted and ill-favored, however. At the foot of a pleasant knoll, near the mission-house in the port Mbau, is the old dancing-ground, where, with frightful orgies, thousands of victims have been sacrificed. Akautabu, or the tree of forbidden fruit, overshadows the site, and from its branches certain parts of the bodies of men and women in times past depended. Near by there is a row of upright slabs, resembling grave-stones, used for braining. The victim was seized by two powerful natives, who grasped an arm and a leg at each side, and ran with him across the dancing-ground,



KING THAKUMBAU AND SON.

dashing his head against the stone with such violence as to split it open. The edge of one stone has been worn smooth from this usage, and all verdure has been obliterated from the ground by the numberless feet that have madly danced upon it. In a double row of raised seats on the hillock the chiefs sat and applauded the ceremonies. Old King Thakumbau on one occasion cut out the tongue of a captive who begged for a speedy death, and ate it before his face. Another favorite crime of his was the braining of children. The origin of cannibalism is uncertain, and several travelers ascribe a religious significance to it. It is an act of supreme revenge, and one man, wishing to express the utmost wrath, says to another, "I will eat you." The chiefs are obliged to avenge an insult offered to their nation by eating the perpetrators. The reason given for attaching the ceremonies to religion is, that all the implements are used for this one purpose only, and that the natives are reluctant to allow strangers to handle them. Cannibalism, it is believed, will soon be extinct in all parts of Feejee, and the missionaries and consuls find its suppression all the more easy from the fact that many of the natives disapprove of it. The common people have never been permitted to participate in it, and the chiefs have had an unenviable monopoly of the revolting practice. Contradictory statements are made about the moral characteristics of the Feejee-

ans, and it would appear that they are not deficient in courage, although it is hardly credible that they are naturally hospitable and humane, in view of the deeds done by Thakumbau in his savage state. Many of their proverbs decry cowardice. One runs,

"Oh, what a vallant man you are,
Who beat your wife, but dare not go to war!"

And in answer to the questions, "Where is the coward?" and "Where is the brave man?" are answered, "The coward is talking of his deeds in the town," and "The brave man is being dragged to the oven."

Moalo, Matakau, and Vanua-Levu, three islands in the Feejee group, belong to the Tongans, and are populated by a mixed race, superior in intelligence and customs to the pure Feejeeans. The entire group, situated nearly half-way between Australia and Tahiti, is exceedingly fertile, and man may live there with as little labor as any where in the world. The largest island of the group is Viti-Levu, the area of which is about 3750 square miles, and the next largest Vanua-Levu, with an area of 3000 square miles. The population is about 150,000 souls, including many white settlers, who are engaged in the production of cotton, tobacco, and coffee, among other things. Vegetation is wonderfully rapid. Turnips, radishes, and mustard appear above-ground twenty-four hours after being sown; and melons, cucumbers, and pumpkins in three days. In 1864 the value of exports was \$100,000, and was then increasing at the rate of at least thirty per cent. The cultivation of cotton is one of the principal concerns of both natives and settlers. The variety known as "sea-island" flourishes luxuriantly, and the grower is enabled to compete successfully in European markets. Sheep-farming and sugar raising have also been tried profitably. The supply of cocoa-nut oil and fibre is abundant, and the coffee-tree, introduced from Tonga, yields well. Land is purchasable at low figures; the climate allows a European to work out-of-doors the year round, the hottest months

being January and February, when the thermometer occasionally registers 100° Fahrenheit, and life and property are secure. The incurably idle natives find all their wants supplied by the bread-fruit-tree, the wild yams, beans, arrowroot, and the fruit of the mangrove; but labor is said to be plentiful. The importation of the people of other islands to the Feejee group for labor on the cotton plantations, under legal contracts or as slaves, forms a chapter to which reference will be made anon.

The New Hebrides and Solomon groups were discovered by Spanish and Portuguese navigators over three hundred years ago, and bright as is their history in parts with the scintillations of brave actions, it is not without the stains of many an outrage almost too black for belief. The natives are woolly-haired, short, and ugly; they belong to the Melanesian or Papuan race—vastly inferior in moral and physical attributes to the Polynesian, and accused of perfidy, dishonesty, and cowardice. Missionaries, sailors, and travelers without number have died with the poisoned arrows of the natives in their hearts. Sickening stories of cruelty are told, but the blacks have not been the only offenders. For generation after generation they have been audaciously cheated and maltreated in a variety of ways, with tireless and diabolical ingenuity; and however easy the task of conciliation might have been in the first place, an exacting animosity has grown with years, and has sought and found white victims. The earliest attempt to "conciliate" them was that of the playful old Spaniard, who, under the impression that if he honored the chiefs by making them look like himself he would succeed, forcibly seized one of their number, put him in irons, shaved his head, and dressed him in a wig, hat, and lace doublet. This was one of the gentlest measures of conciliation ever adopted; others recall the atrocities of the African slave-trade. The cotton fields in Feejee and in Queensland have created a demand for black labor, which has been supplied from the New Hebrides and the Solomon

islands, and an act "to regulate and control the introduction and treatment of Polynesian laborers" was passed in March, 1868, by the colonial Parliament. Its provisions would appear well-considered and thorough. It is stipulated that every native taken must understand and consent to the contract, and be

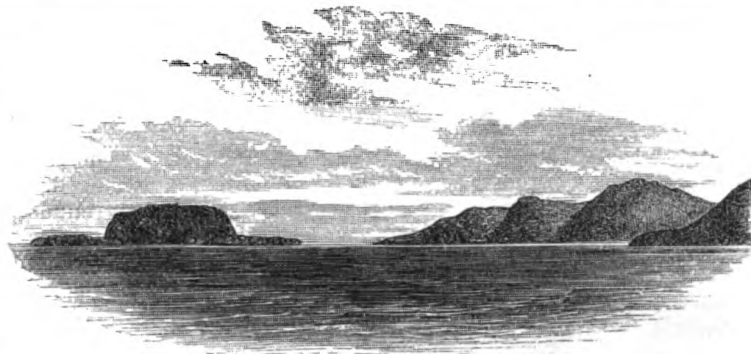


NATIVE HOUSE, VITI.

clothed, victualed, and paid. But before its passage the natives were kidnaped, and its effect alone has not abated the abuses. The class of men who enter into the "labor" trade are neither reputable nor responsible, as a rule; the bonds they give to the colonial secretary for good behavior

are usually worthless, and in practice the law itself is inadequate. Several times the captains and owners of slave-ships have been brought before the courts at Sydney, and abundant testimony has been produced to show their infamous dealings, but they have been acquitted, and their captors condemned in heavy damages. One reason for this is that the act has no effect whatever when the natives are landed at places outside of Queensland; and a better and more comprehensive law was passed by the home government in June, 1872, providing for the punishment of all British subjects who engaged in the traffic illegally. Several war vessels of the Royal Navy are now in commission for the prevention of outrages, but it has been well said that "until the islanders are raised in the scale of intelligence, and either better understand our language or we theirs, it is in the highest degree doubtful whether the labor trade, however regulated and watched, can ever be carried on without an admixture of deceit, fraud, and oppression sufficient to condemn the system absolutely."

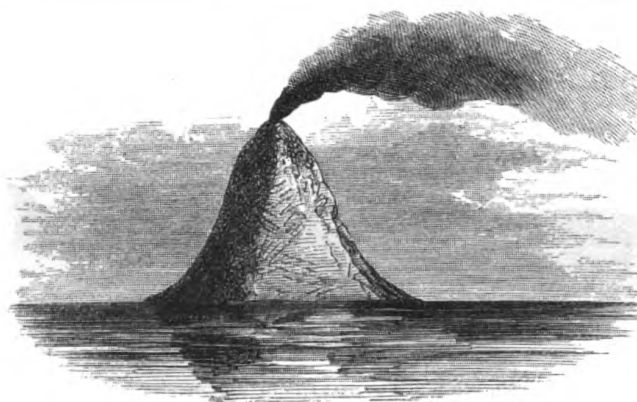
That the natives are rarely consenting parties to the contract, and do not view the traffic favorably, is clearly proved by their shyness of all vessels entering their harbors until it is discovered whether or not they have come for labor. Since the traffic began they have been induced to emigrate by false statements in some cases, and in others they have been violently carried away. On November 17, 1871, H.M.S. *Rosario*, while cruising off the island of Api, in the New Hebrides group, sighted a brig under close-reefed top-sails on her weather quarter. In answer to the signal, "heave to," the stranger hoisted the British ensign, and continued on her way. The *Rosario* then fired a gun, which had the desired effect. The fugitive proved to be the *Carl*, of Melbourne, bound for Feejee with seventy natives. A careful investigation was made of the ship and her papers, but they appeared formal and correct, and she was allowed to proceed. One of her owners, Dr. James Patrick Murray, who was on board at the time, gave



HAT ISLAND, ENTRANCE TO HAVANNAH HARBOR.

Queen's evidence, when the vessel was subsequently seized, describing deeds almost without a parallel for wickedness. After leaving Melbourne the ship went to Palmer Island, in the New Hebrides, and failed to get labor legitimately, as was desired. One of the crew was then disguised as a missionary—a ruse often practiced by slavers—and sent ashore to allure natives to the vessel; but he also failed, and the *Carl* moved to other islands. Here, as the natives swarmed about the vessel, pig-iron was dropped from the deck into their canoes, and the poor fellows were fished out of the water, made insensible from a blow on the head, hauled on board, and cast into the hold. Eighty men were collected in this manner, and as the ship went to sea they attacked the main hatchway. The crew then began to fire on them, and did so incessantly for eight consecutive hours, Murray singing, as he loaded and reloaded his musket, *Marching through Georgia*. When the natives were quiet, they were invited to appear on deck. Fifty were dead, and all the others were wounded. Sixteen of them, whose wounds were considered bad, were immediately thrown overboard; the ship was carefully whitewashed, her papers were revised, and when the *Rosario* met her she appeared in legal order. Murray escaped punishment, and the sentence of death pronounced on two others of the crew was commuted. The natives place a high value on the heads of their enemies as trophies, and some chiefs were persuaded to contract to supply slavers with laborers in return for an equal number of heads. Canoes were decoyed out and upset, and as each unfortunate native was fished up, his head was cut off over the gunwale of the boat. The islanders punish the tribe of the offending individual, and such noble men as Bishop Patteson and John Williams, happening to visit an island after the committal of an outrage, have been inconsiderately slain in revenge.

In scenery and productiveness the New Hebrides group is fully equal to the islands we have already visited. Anuatom is the southernmost, and Espiritu Santo the farthest north. Many of the islets are very



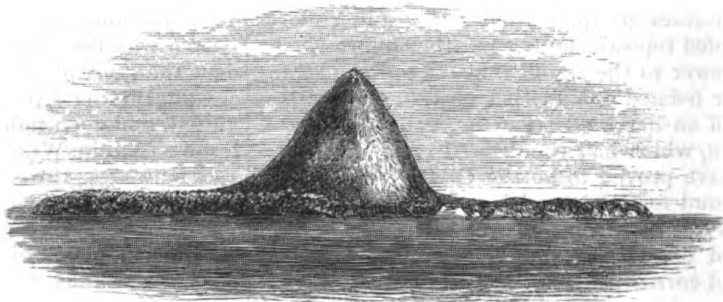
TINAKORO.

singular in conformation. At the entrance to Havannah Harbor, in the Sandwich Island, or Vate, a rocky patch resembles a low-crowned hat, and the helmsman must be careful in sailing around its brim. The people are exceedingly fond of human flesh, and often violate the graves of the dead. They adore two divinities as the creators of all things, and attribute diseases and death to sorcerers. Some native missionaries from Samoa have converted many to Christianity, but the majority are immoral barbarians. They are fast dying out, and indeed scarcely one of the islands in the South Sea is increasing in population. If a cause is sought, it is found in the diseases and bad habits introduced by white men. Instances have been known where traders have intentionally brought epidemics for the purpose of killing the natives. In a few years the population of Annatom was reduced from 12,000 to 3500; and at some islands the natives greet every ship that arrives with wild oaths taught to them by English sailors. At Tanna and Erromango the islanders have been the readiest to avenge their injuries, and their shores are red with the traces of massacres. Punishment, when due, has been leniently meted out by the British government, with the main object of teaching the natives that they must not take the law into their own hands. The *Rosario* visited Nukapa, the island in the Swallow group where Bishop Patteson was murdered in November, 1871. An effort was made to establish friendly relations with the natives, and they waved green branches as a sign of good-will. But as soon as one of the ship's boats was near the shore a shower of arrows was treacherously

fired at the crew. Commander Markham decided that if he left the island without landing, the natives would think that they had frightened away a man-of-war, and that their hostility would be thus encouraged. He therefore fired six rounds of shot and shell into the village, and once more attempted to communicate with the natives, again without success. He then landed and set fire to the houses and surrounding brush. It was twilight when the *Rosario* again stood out to sea, and the flames arising from the inhospitable

island were visible long after dark. Treachery is unquestionably a characteristic of the Papuan race. At Aurora, a mountainous island in the New Hebrides, the crew of the *Rosario* were invited to land by the natives, and when they did so were mercilessly attacked from behind. The savages escaped in the brush, but their houses and canoes were destroyed, Commander Markham confessing in his account of the voyage that he did not inflict more serious punishment because the attack might have been made in requital for the previous kidnaping of some of the tribe.

Each island in our cruise seems more enchanting than that which came before it; and if you were asked to name the one most beautiful, you would be as bewildered as a child in a toy-shop when he has to select a single article from the hundreds that all seem especially desirable to him. You approach one through a net-work of tiny islets and reefs, clothed with wild grass, crimson and orange flowers, and ferns; and an active volcano, spouting an incandescent stream into the sea, guards the gateway of another. In all there is a wanton profusion of fruit and leaves and colors, which arrest our admiration at the portals, and hold it until a superior force carries it off. Aurora, with its fine outlines and deeply wooded highlands, surpasses in our memory until we reach the Banks Islands, when we incontinently award the palm to them. The in-

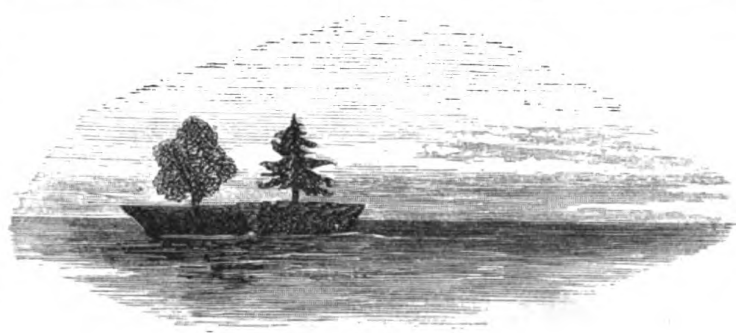


MOTA, OR SUGAR-LOAF ISLAND.

terior landscapes of this group have a trim, cultivated appearance, and the coast is varied by cliff, hill, and marsh. The islands are seven in number, Vannua-Lava being the largest, and all are mountainous. A high cone that rises from the table-land of one has afforded it the name of Sugar-Loaf.

The natives go about unarmed, and, unless their nudity shocks us, they are inoffensive. A commodious club-house is maintained at public expense for the reception of strangers. There is no government, and the head of each family is the autocrat of his own household. The population of Vannua-Lava does not exceed 800 souls, while on Sugar-Loaf Island, which is much smaller, there are about 10,000. The soil is marvelously fertile, but, owing to the marshes which line part of the coast, the climate is damp and unhealthy. The natives are troubled with chills, and shiver miserably in wet weather, without ever thinking of covering themselves with a garment. As we pass into the higher latitudes of the Solomon group we see the volcano of Tinakoro isolated in the sea, and emitting clouds of black smoke. Passing ships, when some distance from the volcano, often experience vibrations, caused by its action on the bed of the ocean.

The Solomon and Santa Cruz groups are almost the only islands in the South Sea where the natives decorate themselves. In Samoa the women make very pretty necklaces and head-dresses from flowers; but neither they nor their husbands devote any time to the design and manufacture of less simple articles of personal adornment. At Ulaka, one of the Solomon Islands, the natives ornament their arms, legs, fingers, necks, and noses, often with the best of taste, and keep a large stock of trinkets on hand for sale. The ingenuity and variety of the materials and designs are astonishing. Rings of tor-



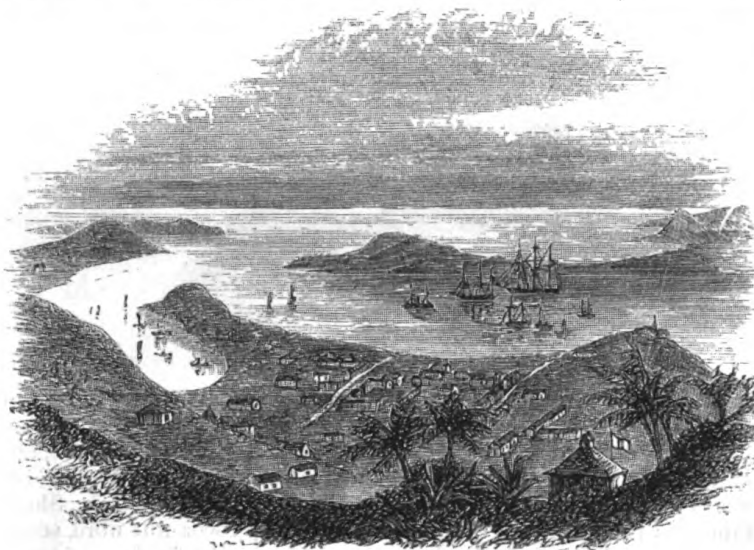
TWO TREE ISLAND.

toise-shell are inserted in the cartilage of their nostrils; bands of white shells are worn across the forehead to protect the eyes, and similar bands, sometimes made out of human or sharks' teeth, around the neck. Shells of every color, plaited cocoa-nut fibre, seeds, dyed grass and leaves, the feathers of birds, and coral are wrought into novel and occasionally artistic patterns. Some necklaces are made out of pieces of boars' tusks, set with the tortoise-shell figures of birds, and others of black rings made from seeds, and varied with white and red shell-work. Ornaments are also made for the waist and the knee. The workmanship is of the most skillful and patient kind, and a high price is put upon it. We have no information of the agricultural development of the island, which is of coral formation; but the natives appear to give all their time to the manufacture of these ornaments. They are puny in stature, and excitable in disposition. Their teeth are black from chewing the betel-nut. When they are assured that strangers have not come for labor, they are inclined to be friendly, although they are reputed to be faithless and malicious. The largest island of this group is San Christoval, which is hilly and well wooded. The inhabitants are keen hunters and capital traveling companions. Their sight is remarkably good, and they discover birds hidden in the trees which other persons might look for in vain. They are cannibals, and preserve the bones of their victims in a public place. Twenty or thirty human skulls may be seen dangling at one time from the roof of a canoe-

house, and near by are several human jaws, from which the teeth have been torn for use in trinkets. Some queer customers reside at San Christoval. The king shows to all white visitors a certificate, written in English, that he is "an old bore" and "an old knave," and that "the



ASS'S EARS, FLORIDA ISLAND.



PORT DE FRANCE, FROM SIGNAL HILL.

less you have to do with him the better." A very black negro resident states to visitors that there is "only one other white man living on shore besides himself." The other white man is a Yankee, who belonged to a whale ship, wrecked on Indispensable Reef.

The approaches to Florida Island, in the same group, are marked by two curious products of nature's fantastic moods—one a rock shaped like the hull of a ship, with two trees growing in the position of masts, and the other two oblique peaks, which rise from the waters in the form of an ass's ears.

Life is three-quarters civilized at Port de France, in New Caledonia, and has a wicked flavor of the poorer boulevards. There are cafés and gayety, wine shops and casinos, gens-d'armes and dancing girls, abject misery and thrills of military glory. The harbor is a rendezvous for shipping, and at all times several vessels are in port to supply the inhabitants with new faces and gossip from the old hemisphere. There is a Government-house, a battery, a telegraph, an Imperial Hotel, and a governor's wife—a witty, sparkling little body, who gives soirées, balls, and receptions. The situation is picturesque, the streets are straggling, and the houses poorly built. Great changes have no doubt been witnessed since the large accession of Communists, and the partly extinguished flickerings of those vandal firebrands must have given a lurid aspect to the little penal town. How many conspirators must be waiting there for news from France, confident of a reversion of fate and ultimate liberation! Each turn of the fortune-wheel of home politics must be watched with intense eagerness, and how easy it is to imagine sinister dark groups filling dark corners of remote wine shops to discuss in fearful undertones their chances of the future! We can not hope that they will ever work their

problem out with the spade and plow, as did the Pitcairn Islanders. And alas for their *liberté, fraternité, and égalité!*

New Caledonia is one of the largest islands in the South Sea, being about 150 miles long. The land is sterile, but the natives take pains in its cultivation, and irrigate it with a fair degree of science. It is believed that a more advanced civilization once existed here, as remains of

ancient aqueducts, paved roads, and fortifications have been found. The natives are cannibals, and subjugate their women to a lower level than their own. It is said to be impossible to satisfy their appetite for human flesh, which is a staple article of their food. They have no intoxicating drinks, but consume great quantities of salt-water. The women and priests are obliged to go to battle, the former keeping in the rear, and rushing forward when an enemy falls to obtain the body for the oven, while the latter sit at a safe distance calling on the gods for victory.

The statements which have been made against missionaries in the South Sea Islands are not wholly baseless. But the sweeping condemnation that robust voyagers have expressed in the consciousness of their own superiority is undeserved and uncalled for. The achievements of the missionaries outnumber the failures a hundred-fold; and wherever the natives have been improved, it certainly has not been by travelers, sailors, or traders. Credit for the partial extinction of cannibalism, and the inculcation of habits of morality, sobriety, and industry, belongs entirely to the missions and missionaries.



SEA-GOING WAR CANOE.

SONG OF THE FLAIL.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



"AS HE SWINGS THE SOUNDING FLAIL."

IN the autumn, when the hollows
 All are filled with flying leaves,
 And the colonies of swallows
 Quit the quaintly stuccoed eaves,
 And a silver mantle glistens
 Over all the misty vale,
 Sits the little wife and listens
 To the beating of the flail,
 To the pounding of the flail—
 By her cradle sits and listens
 To the flapping of the flail.

The bright summer days are over,
 And her eye no longer sees
 The red bloom upon the clover,
 The deep green upon the trees;
 Hushed the songs of finch and robin,
 With the whistle of the quail;
 But she hears the mellow throbbing
 Of the thunder of the flail,
 The low thunder of the flail—
 Through the amber air the throbbing
 And reverberating flail.

In the barn the stout young thresher
 Stooping stands with rolled-up sleeves,
 Beating out his golden treasure
 From the ripped and rustling sheaves :
 Oh, was ever knight in armor—
 Warrior all in shining mail—
 Half so handsome as her farmer
 As he plies the flying flail,
 As he wields the flashing flail?—
 The bare-throated, brown young farmer,
 As he swings the sounding flail?

All the hopes that saw the sowing,
 All the sweet desire of gain,
 All the joy that watched the growing
 And the yellowing of the grain,
 And the love that went to woo her,
 And the faith that shall not fail—
 All are speaking softly to her
 In the pulses of the flail,
 Of the palpitating flail—
 Past and Future whisper to her
 In the music of the flail.

In its crib their babe is sleeping,
 And the sunshine from the door
 All the afternoon is creeping
 Slowly round upon the floor;
 And the shadows soon will darken,
 And the daylight soon must pale,
 When the wife no more shall hearken
 To the tramping of the flail,
 To the dancing of the flail—
 When her heart no more shall hearken
 To the footfall of the flail.

And the babe shall grow and strengthen,
 Be a maiden, be a wife,
 While the moving shadows lengthen
 Round the dial of their life:
 Theirs the trust of friend and neighbor,

And an age serene and hale,
 When machines shall do the labor
 Of the strong arm and the flail,
 Of the stout heart and the flail—
 Great machines perform the labor
 Of the good old-fashioned flail.

But when, blessed among women,
 And when, honored among men,
 They look round them, can the brimming
 Of their utmost wishes then
 Give them happiness completer?
 And can ease and wealth avail
 To make any music sweeter
 Than the pounding of the flail?
 Oh, the sounding of the flail!
 Never music can be sweeter
 Than the beating of the flail!



"PAST AND FUTURE WHISPER TO HER
 IN THE MUSIC OF THE FLAIL."

RAPE OF THE GAMP.

CHAPTER I.

BOATS AND TEA-CUPS.

THE scene upon which our story opens is a calm, sun-lit reach of the pretty river Peddle, scarcely a mile above the ancient borough of Pedlington. On one side a wood of beech, alder, and willows slopes downward to the water's edge; on the other a few golden blossoms of the water-lily float dreamily beside a glistening rampart of rushes and arrow-headed reeds.

Two fair girls are making a preposterous attempt to propel a large pleasure-boat in the direction of the town. First one poises her light oar slowly on the rowlock, depressing the handle and elevating the blade, as if she were Ida Lewis or Grace Darling rowing in a heavy sea. Then down drops the blade into the smooth water, ever so deep, and up comes the handle to the young lady's forehead. At this inconvenient elevation she gives it a spasmodic twitch (if such a word there be; if not, *tant pis pour les mots*).

No other word will express it). Out into the unresisting air flies the blade, with a great shower of spray, and back the damsel falls, with a pretty cry, between a laugh and a scream. Then this movement is fatuously imitated by the other nymph; but the boat, insensate and unimpressionable, probably on account of its lymphatic antecedents, declines to accelerate its pace. In short, it is stationary, or perversely gyratory. But a fair youth, in charge of the steering apparatus, urges his blushing crew to renewed efforts in idiomatic English.

"Now, then, Janet!" the premature cynic cries; "flop yours in when Nelly's comes out. Bravo, Nelly! Do it again. You'll get there long before Janet. Jump out directly you get to the boat-house, and run home and tell them we're coming. Neyer say die, Janet! If Nelly *does* win the silver oar, you can pay for it, you know."

And so on, just as the fancy takes him. But to understand the latter morsel of encouragement administered to the elder of the



THE ROWING LESSON.

two girls we want to be behind the scenes, and to know that Janet and her elder sister Blanche (now Mrs. George Baily, Jun.) are heiresses. An eccentric old bachelor, their godfather, had summarily disinherited his nephew before quitting this unsatisfactory world, and had bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to his "dear godchildren, Blanche and Janet, second and third daughters of Walter Browne, Esq., solicitor, of Pedlington."

Still there the boat is, stationary, or per-versely gyratory. And there the two young ladies are, one rich, the other poor; both

passing merry, and persisting in their ludicrous attempt.

In the reach above, a pair of long blue-bladed oars are flashing in the sunlight. A keen outrigger boat is coming swiftly down the stream, when the gentleman plying the foremost oar (let us call him "Bow" for the moment) sings out,

"Ea-sy, Bedford! easy, my boy!"

And they both leave off rowing.

"My boy" is a man of Titanic proportions, muscular, bare-armed, bare-headed, with dense auburn locks clustering low down on his forehead and behind his ears.

The boat is gliding along too swiftly with its former impetus. Again Bow (a dark, active, wiry looking gentleman) assumes the command, this time in a lower tone of voice.

"Back water!" he says. "We should spoil their frolic."

His friend also hears the merry laughter of the girls, and obeys at once, so that the boat is stopped, and a bend of the river keeps it out of sight of the boat below.

"Merrily, merrily carol the gales," says Bow, quoting the Laureate. "What sweet, ringing laughter!" Then a shade of sadness comes over his face, which is bright and beaming with intellectual and moral energy, though dark and darkly bearded.

The shade of sadness seems to be in the air, for it falls also upon the face of the gentleman called Bedford, although his back is turned to his friend, in accordance with aquatic propriety. This man leans his dark red curly beard on the handle of his oar and listens moodily. Something more than a shade of sadness, something indescribable, which looks like a spasm of actual pain, flits across his bronzed face, leaving it motionless, colorless, statueque.

Presently he rouses himself, and says, "Phelps, you really must leave off calling me Bedford. I feel, every time you say it, as if that other dreadful word were coming out. You must remember that I have been 'Mr. Lane' for eight or nine years now, in English lips; and until you came to Göttingen the other day I had never heard myself called Bedford since—since—"

But Mr. Lane got no further. At that little word "since" he seemed to encounter an insurmountable barrier, and fairly broke down.

"I will tutor myself into calling you 'Mr. Lane,'" said his friend. "But as yet, whenever I try, *vox faucibus hæsit*. It goes against the grain."

"But we discussed the subject, and you promised," said Mr. Lane.

"You mean," the other amended—"you mean that you proved to be intractable, and I yielded rather than forego your companionship."

"One more boon," Mr. Lane said, presently, as they still rested upon their oars. And it might have been noticed that supplianee and dictation were strangely blended in the tone of his voice and the manner of his speech, as though he were so accustomed to command that he found it difficult to sue, and as though he were at once ashamed of his purpose and resolute to achieve it.

"Well?"

"I want you to treat me merely as a colleague, and not to speak openly about our old alliance."

"Well, yes," Bow assented, with less alacrity than resignation. "Yes, I certainly never made *Mr. Lane's* acquaintance till I

ascended that crazy turret of yours in Göttingen."

As he spoke a faint breeze ruffled the surface of the stream, and then died away, leaving for a few moments an almost audible stillness, out of the very heart of which there presently broke a livid blaze of lightning and a great crash of thunder. The sky was now overcast. Again the preternatural stillness reigned for a few seconds; then large drops of rain fell rapidly, and the whole surface of the water became a tumultuous crowd of bubbles, bursting as soon as formed.

"Are you ready? Row on," cries Mr. Lane, impetuously, catching the turbid water with his eager blade. His companion is no less alert; and in a few seconds the light pair-oar overhauls the lumbering pleasure-boat, and Mr. Lane, extricating a huge umbrella (or rather *umbra*) from under his thwart, hands it to the two young ladies, who are just settling in the stern seat while their brother prepares to row.

A confused interchange of polite words passes between the two boats. Then the pair-oar glides swiftly and noiselessly away in the world of waters.

Rain falls like a cascade, and beats upon the big *umbra* with the sound of rolling drums.

"What a nice, large, funny old gingham umbrella!" shrills Nelly, resting the butt end of the stout yellow stick on the seat between her and Janet, and grasping it midway with both hands, so as to shelter her sister as well as herself.

Janet, pursing up her little mouth, sits mum, looking out into the rain and upon the river with vacant blue eyes.

Nelly, utterly regardless of her silent humor, rattled on gayly: "They must be the Siamese Twins, or the Corsican Brothers, at least. Did I ever see any thing so like!"

Her little joke consisted in the fact that the two gentlemen who had so gallantly come to the rescue were singularly unlike each other, one being dark and slender, the other ruddy and massive.

Still gazing out abstractedly into the falling and mingling waters, Janet answered, with some asperity,

"Nelly, don't be *redic'lous*!"

"Yes, I shall," squeaked Nelly, nodding her head, and protruding the tip of her tongue from her pert little lips. "I *shall* be as ridiculous as I like. And how do you spell '*redic'lous*,' pray? I never saw two such ogres. Did you, Berty? The Wandering Jew in front (if there can be any front and any back to such a spider of a boat)—the Wandering Jew, I say, did condescend to grin through his bristles. And I noticed that his beard was all on one side, too. I don't believe he has half as many bristles on one side as on the other. But as for the hero of this" (tapping the great yellow stick

of the *umbra*), "did I ever see such a ferocious creature! Oh, if I were *his* wife, *shouldn't* I be glad to hear Hop-o'-my-thumb say, 'Ogress, Ogre can not come!'"

At this point Nelly broke out into peals of laughter. Had the elements been propitious, and gallants promenading the grassy margin of the river Peddle, one might have fancied she wished to captivate some swain by the glancing of her eyes and teeth, and the sweet coming and going of her dimples. But the only swain in sight was Hubert, her younger brother, and when did a younger brother experience raptures about a sister's charms? Without bestowing any attention upon her, he devoted his whole mind and body to his task.

Seeing Bertie thus patiently toiling at his oars, and taking no part in the unseemly merriment, Janet relaxed a little.

"Who is he, dear?" she cried.

"Which?" he asked.

"Whichever you like," interposed Nelly. "It's all the same."

"I wish you'd be quiet, Nelly," retorted her sister, "and let me ask a question." Then, raising her voice, "I mean the gentleman who lent us the umbrella, dear."

Hubert left off rowing for a minute, and putting his wet hand to windward of his watery mouth, shouted, in a preternatural bass, "Carrotty one, the Marquis of Westminster; him rowing bow, Baron Rothschild. On a visit at Pool Park!"

As the babble of a stream and the whispering of aspen leaves fall mute in the roar of thunder, so the squeaking of Nelly and the prattle of Janet were hushed by this tremendous lie.

Hubert, rowing on triumphantly, and chuckling at their credulity, conveyed them through the squadron of small river craft which floats on the broad expanse of water at the foot of Pedlington Cliff, thence accompanied them home afoot, and, taking the *umbra* at the door, said to Janet, "It's saved your black silk. What message shall I give the marquis?"

But Janet, spying in the future a cloud of chaff, bounced into the house and up stairs disdainfully, with a great rustling of silken skirts. Nelly, waxing incredulous, turned on the threshold. "Hubert," she said, "you're not going all the way to Pool Park with that horrid old green thing!"

"Ain't I?" replied Hopeful; "and I sha'n't faint if the baron tips me a fiver, or the marquis invites me to Westminster Palace."

His audacity had carried him too far.

"Westminster Palace, indeed!" cried Nelly, on the door-mat. "Why, you poor silly boy, you *don't* think any body lives in Westminster Palace!"

Hubert, being fair-haired, fair-skinned, and *ingenui vultus*, turned and walked rapidly away to hide a blush. Taking the *um-*

bra back to the boat-house, he discovered the address of its owner, and carried it home. But Nelly scampered up stairs after Janet, whom she found, with bonnet and mantle cast aside, sitting on the bed, disconsolate.

Shutting the door, Nelly leaned her back against it, shaking herself and it with shrill laughter, and nothing dismayed by Janet's expression of countenance, which became more and more cross while that young lady reluctantly listened.

"When is she going to leave off cackling?" thought Janet to herself, tearing a kid glove to pieces on her lap.

But Nelly had her laugh out, took off her bonnet, and knelt down in front of Janet, making a little grimace of mock penitence. Thus partially mollified, Janet stroked her sister's soft brown hair affectionately.

"Who is the baron, do you think?" Nelly asked, staring into Janet's eyes.

"I do' know," was the pettish answer.

"Why, the Baron von Habenicht, a poor creature like me, who uses a cotton umbrella because it's cheaper than silk."

This was a touching appeal, because, while Janet was an heiress in a small way, poor Nelly was dependent on their father.

"If you want to know more, dear," she continued, "I believe I have seen him before, only with his coat and hat on; and I think he is the new head-master of the Grammar School."

"But the other one lent us the umbrella," said Janet.

"Oh yes," Nelly rejoined. "My lord marquis, with a rent-roll of nothing a year, and all his tenants in arrears. I shouldn't wonder if he turned out to be Dr. Phelps's friend and second master, Mr. Lane."

"I thought papa said *he* was a German?" suggested Janet.

"No, dear, an Englishman, who has been a professor of something, perhaps of the science of rowing spider boats, at a German university."

Nelly was right in both the conjectures, except as to the subject of Mr. Lane's profession, and in supposing he had actually attained to the professorial chair.

Now, although Janet kissed Nelly, and stroked and patted her head, yet there was a dreamy languor in her large blue eyes, and the corners of her little mouth were resolutely pulled down, spoiling the tiny Cupid's bow; so Nelly understood that her humor was solitary and uncommunicative, and departed to her own room.

Then Janet locked the door after her, kicked off a diminutive pair of boots, took out her hair-pins, shook her head, and a dense shower of amber tresses came waving and streaming down over breast and back and shoulders. So she sat down before her mirror, silent, shrouded, and impenetrable—a mystery to herself, to her family, and to all

who knew her—rich, discontented, pampered, teased, flattered, peculiar Janet Browne.

Yet she can laugh and enjoy laughter; and at such times she likes to be in company, and in company likes funny people who know how to amuse her, but seldom goes beyond liking them; for Janet is not "gushing." Nor is she a flirt. If any combination of malign influences should hereafter make a flirt of her, she will be a dangerous one. Not sparkling on the surface with smiles and flattery, that exquisite delight which a woman can so easily confer upon a man, not defiant of conventionalities, nor given to those pretty imprudences which make a beautiful woman hated by her own sex and adored by men; but a flirt of the silent, prudent, watchful order—an enemy who seldom fires a gun, and never wastes powder. But why should we anticipate such formidable prowess for one who as yet has never fired a shot into the ranks of her admirers? Two or three rash young men have stolen a glance into the sapphire depths of her eyes, and felt unutterable things. One grave man of forty years, who has seen the women of many lands, has pronounced her peerless, and wished himself five-and-twenty for her sweet sake. But Janet is neither lavish of her glances nor fond of praise. If she is vain, hers is a subtle vanity. That affluence of tawny hair, which Edmund Spenser would have woven into a hundred sonnets, droops unheeded over a brow and neck and shoulders as white as swan's-down, cheeks tinted like a rose leaf, and the bust of Clytie. Knowing her beauty, she doubts its power for good or evil, and is neither proud of it nor happy on account of it. She knows that during the latter years of her childhood Blanche was undisputed belle of Pedlington, but that now the empire is at best divided between her and Nelly, while other pretenders are in the field. And why (she thinks) did Captain Lyte disinherit his nephew and leave half a fortune to *her*? It only makes things and people appear to her in a false light. She is never quite sure whether herself or the £12,000 forms the object of attraction. She has some compunctions, too, about that wicked young man. This is a subject of which she dare not speak. His name is forbidden. But did he really run away with poor Eleanor Baily (Blanche's sister-in-law)? Every one said that Captain Lyte had always disliked him because his mother had refused the captain, and married Mr. Lyte, a younger brother. Of this marriage a son had come, and the poor child, soon left an orphan, was sent by his uncle to the Bails, who had brought him up. Eventually he had quarreled with his uncle, and gone away. Soon afterward Eleanor Baily also disappeared; and it was received as proven that she was ruined by him. But the whole affair was wrapped in mystery. Janet had sound-

ed her brother Frank, and could get no evidence; and, strange as it will seem, it is a fact that this girl had a more legal and logical mind than her astute brother, and could not condemn this disinherited gallant at the bar of her own judgment without proof of his guilt. Moreover, two more feminine and romantic considerations induced Janet to entertain a sentiment of blended compassion and admiration for this unhappy man. In the first place, it must be recorded that she entertained a dislike, only qualified by contempt, for her brother-in-law, George Baily, Esq., Jun.; and much concurrent testimony certified her of the fact that when they were school-fellows at Harrow this young Lyte had inflicted upon young George Baily such a severe thrashing that it fell little short of manslaughter. She knew, or thought she knew, that George Baily's unkindness to his sister had been the secret cause of the animosity between Lyte and him; and she strongly suspected that her sister Blanche was not happy with Mr. George, who, she believed, had married her for the sake of her portion under Captain Lyte's will. The next item in her tender compassion for the disinherited man was founded upon this fact: a few months after the disappearance of Miss Baily, Sir Thomas Balbry, an Irish baronet who had paid her conspicuous attentions, died abroad, and a first report that he had encountered an accident while riding had been gradually but surely superseded by a dark rumor that he had received his death-wound in an encounter with young Mr. Lyte. Janet, pondering on these things in her silent way, and believing that every other member of her family was too prejudiced to direct her mind aright, concluded that whether the fault was his or not (and she doubted if it was), still there must have been something noble about the young man who first chastised a brother, and then killed a lover, for the sake of the girl he loved.

However these things might be, Janet was discontented with her lot, with her fortune, with herself. Oh, how she would like to go somewhere, and be of some use in the world—to be a nursery governess, or to found a charitable institution, or to be one of Miss Nightingale's aides-de-camp, or any thing but odious, useless little Janet Browne! But was it quite impossible that life should change for her, should become quite a different thing to her, without a change of place or station? This afternoon a wild thought came into her head, a new feeling into her heart. A sentiment too vague with inexpressible delight filled all the channels of her being for a few blissful moments. And in this gloom and silence of her chamber, only broken by the beating of the rain upon her windows, that feeling lived again, and all the little incidents that heralded and followed it passed and repassed through the

mirage of her mind: the falling of the breeze, the blaze of lightning, and the crash of thunder; a few rain-drops in the river, then more and quicker, till the wild shower thickened round her, in the midst of which a measured pulse of oars unseen came upon her swiftly from the unseen world; then a shock, a space of sweet bewilderment; then the gloom of the umbrella, the loud drumming of the rain upon it, and the plash, plash, drip, drip, drip, drip all around. In this solitude and amazement of the heart came another, an unpleasant shock—Hubert's fatal answer, "The Marquis of Westminster!" How angry she felt, with all the pettiness of every-day life closing around her, and chaff gathering cloud-like on the horizon!

But now the rain beats upon her darkened window, the gloom deepens round her, and the same scene repeats itself: a falling of the breeze, a darkening of the sun, a roll of distant thunder; rain-drops plashing in the water, the rapid swing and beat of oars unseen coming swiftly toward her, the quickening of her pulse, the beating of her heart—

Suddenly a loud knocking at the door interrupts her meditations. "Tea! tea!" shouts Hubert, and hurries away to satisfy the claims of hunger.

Gathering her fulvous fleece together, Janet ties it in a hasty knot at the back of her comely head, sponges her face and hands with cold water, and without lighting a candle or looking in the glass, marches solemnly down to tea.

Joan is presiding at the tray. Joan is permanently "sore" that Captain Lyte should have selected Blanche and Janet, though they were his godchildren, and left her and Nelly out in the cold. She used to be particularly severe on Blanche's faults, and now keeps a watchful eye on Janet. Joan is the eldest sister, five-and-thirty, beak-nosed, thin-lipped, with dark hair primly braided and pinned close to the head. Surveying Janet as she enters, Joan glances round at the company assembled, and smiles sardonically. The story of that green cotton umbrella has already gone the round, and has even received sundry emendations and various readings. The family Vehmgericht have been discussing Janet's temper, her love of solitude and brooding, her peculiarity and impenetrability. Albert, the charitable, has just wound up as follows: "Well, she's a rum girl, and we none of us understand her. That's the long and the short of it." Albert is the eldest son (about thirty), prematurely old, baldheaded, contemplative, and idle.

"A most becoming way of 'doing' your hair, dear!" says sister Joan, handing Janet a cup of tea.

"Really, my dear," Mrs. Browne adds, smiling,

"I think you *might* pay a little more attention to your toilet."

Mr. Browne, who, though presiding, has been a silent member of the Vehmgericht, now looks up from the *Quarterly Review*, smiling also. "The truth is," he says, "you're envious of Janet's golden locks, all of you."

"Golden!" exclaims sister.

"I wish I were as bald as Albert," says Janet, angrily.

"Ahem!" coughs Albert.

Frank, next to whom Janet has seated herself, whispers in her ear, "You'd have to wear a false plait, like Joan, if you were." Frank is the handsome second brother, himself partially bald, satirical, and languid, but keeping a vigilant eye open, and a clear head for business.

The bit of malice about Joan's doubtful tresses puts Janet in good humor. "More tea, please, dear," she says, handing her cup to Joan. *Mais il n'y a pas de rose sans épine*; and Frank, going to the table and cutting a piece of bread, draws out, "Oh, by-the-way, Janet; Hubert took back the parachute, and found the baron with his feet in a tub of hot water, and the Marquis of Westminster drinking a treacle posset."

"The Marquis of Fiddlestick," says Nelly, stamping her little foot on the ground, and then laughing with exquisite *abandon*.

This interruption of Nelly's is a relief to Janet. After all, matters are not so bad as fancy painted them. The umbrella was lent to Nelly as well as to her. The marquis and the baron, as they call them, are evidently not formidable, and if not, why—why—in short, there is no occasion for her to give herself airs and provoke suspicion. So she too laughs and blushes, as any young lady might do, hearing of gentlemen sitting and drinking possets, with their feet in tubs of water.

A stranger would notice that Albert, the charitable, is covertly watching his sister Janet with a curious attention. He has quite a habit of silently watching other people's thoughts and feelings; and unknown to his family is often behind the scenes when they are all in the dress circle. But, being inactive, he seldom makes use of his discoveries, and gains little credit for his penetration. Yet his good nature frequently induces him to create a diversion just at the right moment; and unconsciously his brothers and sisters, and even his parents, have learned to rely upon him for changing a disagreeable subject. Now a general feeling pervades the room that the story of the umbrella has gone far enough. So Albert clears his throat gallantly for a speech, and says, "I'll tell you what it is. If you girls keep going out without an umbrella this showery weather, you'll decimate the aristocracy."

"I wish some benefactor of his species would decimate the Brownes of Pedlington, beginning with the eldest son," draws Frank.

Frank's witticisms are small, but very neat. The Browne family at that time consisted of Mrs. and Mr. Browne, four sons, and four daughters; so that the removal of any one member would exactly "decimate the Brownes of Pedlington."

Again Janet smiles approval. You see there is nothing angelic about our little heroine. But ill-used Albert, on whom the hot tea is having its usual effect, only wipes his bald head with a white cambric handkerchief, and pushes his chair back toward the open door.

CHAPTER II.

HIGH AND DRY.

WALTER BROWNE, Esq., of Pedlington, solicitor, or "Old Browne with the pretty daughters," as the men at the cavalry dépôt and the young gentlemen in the surrounding country used to call him, was high and dry. The younger son of a small country gentleman in an agricultural county, he had been nursed in the very lap of Conservatism—none of your new-fangled philosophical Dizibright Toryism, but "fine old English" church and state Conservatism. After such a training in polite letters as the Pedlington Grammar School could afford, he was articled to an old-fashioned firm of conveyancers and Conservative election agents in that town. From clerk to head of the firm he had worked his way through the grades, and won golden opinions in every grade, from the time when "*omnes omnia bona dicere et laudare fortunam*"—i. e., when every body used to compliment—his father on his ability, till the time when the lord-lieutenant of the county assured him it was with the deepest regret that he was unable to nominate so estimable a gentleman to the clerkship of the peace, as the late lord-lieutenant had promised the nomination several years previously to Mr. Delavine. In the fruitful soil of Pedlington Mr. Browne had struck deep root, weathered storm and sunshine, and spread branches fair to look upon. Winds of doctrine might (and did) vary; ocean currents of opinion might (and did) set in and sway the surges round him; but he bent not to the storm, nor trembled at the mighty sea. Only the lichen of many years coated him over; byssus grew upon his chin; and as all things changed around him, and he remained unchanged, there was a tinge of sadness in his isolation.

Albert, the prematurely baldheaded, contemplative son, saw this. He doted on his father, and revered his opinions, contrasting

them with the more fluctuating and volatile sentiments in vogue, just as a lover of honest port-wine will condemn the vintages of Bordeaux and Johannisberg. Still he saw plainly enough that Bordeaux and Rhine wine were the beverages of the day, and he drew comfort from this consideration, "The good old opinions will last his time and mine: after us let Frank and the young world do their will." He had little faith in his brother's loyalty to the venerable code, though in reality Frank's liberalism never extended beyond the precipitate purchase of a broad-brimmed felt hat and a dozen "turn-down" or Byronic collars. It was a sad thought, that of burying their talents in graves of the past, and leaving no heritage for the future—sorry life work. Possibly it may have been this that saddened Albert's life. Doubtless it imbibed his father's also; but the old man was too proud to show it; his combativeness was in continual though unostentatious play, and that very opposition of opinion which gave the offense warded off melancholy by keeping his energies in active use.

Yet, far from being disputations or given to argument in social intercourse, Mr. Browne was one of those men of whom one does meet a specimen now and then—men who seem independent of sympathy, and who seek no real intercourse out of their family, and little in it. His opinions and sentiments (if he ever admitted so delicate a creature) were classified petrifications, requiring no warm contact of living thought and feeling. If from his professional experience, or from any literary source, he drew and made his own one more opinion, it was petrified and classified at once, so that he rather resembled a geologist's cabinet than the living, moving, sympathetic world of which every man should be a type. In the family circle and in general society, though not seeking it, he was courteous and even cheerful, seldom speaking without a smile which exhibited his whole system of artificial teeth. But what little he said on such occasions was invariably on a subject of mere ephemeral interest, or of none at all. Though politely disguising it with smiles, he would conceive a hearty dislike for any Sir Malaprop who pressed him with conversation on a debatable subject, especially if he was worsted in argument, or his position was regarded with scorn in the hearing of his own wife or children. The latter offense he never could be prevailed upon to forgive. His only friend since boyhood had been his quondam crony and school-fellow, the late Captain Lyte, of the Royal Navy, an eccentric Tory of what was lately called "the Sibthorpe school," in whose society Mr. Browne had doubtless tasted the insidious gratification of being considered a liberal-minded and progressive politician.

Captain Lyte's Toryism, however, had not compelled him to adhere faithfully to the spirit of his father's last will and testament. On the contrary, having been informed by his solicitors, Messrs. Baily, Blythe, and Baily, of London, that the deed in question was faulty, he set it aside on his own authority as heir at law, and made a new disposition of the property, leaving one moiety of it to his sister Philadelphia, and the other to be divided equally between his dear godchildren Blanche and Janet Browne. It must be stated here parenthetically, and in justice to the good Pedlingtonian lawyer, that he was entirely ignorant of this transaction until after the captain's death, and that in drawing the marriage settlement of his daughter Blanche he had made no provision or condition for securing this unexpected treasure.

Walter Browne, Esq., regularly perused the *Quarterly Review*, and daily skimmed the cream of Conservative journalism. But he disliked the modern spasmodic writers, whose style affected his sense of literary propriety much as the jaunty whistling of an errand-boy jars on the cultivated ear of a musician. Hume and Clarendon were his models of English prose, Pope his model poet. His novels were those of Sir Walter Scott. Grave English classics filled the lower shelves of his book-case; nor was his acquaintance with these limited to the titles on their backs.

Such a man was not one to be deficient in will or in the exercise of authority. Absolute master in his own house, he prudently abstained from interference with petty details, but settled all general questions with a decision against which there was no appeal.

To Frank and to Robert (the military brother) there seemed nothing melancholy in the isolation of fixed opinions. They thought it inevitable that radical views should gain ground in a populous borough; but the counties they regarded as strongholds of "fine old English" constitutional policy. The firm of Browne and Son had their stake planted firmly in the county. Its sturdy principal took care that he himself, each of his three adult sons, and each of his four Conservative clerks should be duly qualified and registered voters for the county. The whole firm regarded the Reform Bill of 1832 as the Moors in their gradual expulsion from Spain looked back upon the fall of Granada. But the past was irrevocable: the counties, a score of pocket boroughs, and a forlorn hope of loyal hearts still remained.

As to free trade, what good had it done? Weakened the agricultural interest, and enriched a legion of foreign traders. The country had grown more wealthy, it was said; that is to say, some thousands of hucksters

and cotton spinners had amassed fortunes, and were doing all that unfamiliar wealth and mushroom growth could do to upset the state coach. Free trade had struck at the root of the tree of English grandeur. And if it must be admitted that more land was in the market and conveyancing more brisk than formerly, on the other hand, radical solicitors, men of equivocal integrity and subversive opinions, were springing up in all directions. In short, Peel was a renegade, "Lord John" a crazy demagogue, all recent legislation a nuisance, and modern Solons busybodies who couldn't leave well alone. The County Court, too, was a contemptible little innovation. But the Brownes objected to it "on principle." It scarcely interfered at all with them. The firm were conveyancers and agents for the purple county candidates. W. Browne, Esq., was clerk to the county magistrates, clerk to the Board of Guardians, to the turnpike trust, the county lunatic asylum, and so forth. From such sources a fair professional income was derived, and the Reform Bill could scarcely bear the blame if Mr. Browne chose to bring up his boys and girls as young gentlemen and ladies.

On the whole, legal Frank and military Robert took a cheerful view of matters. It is only your dreamy, speculative Alberts who are melancholy. Robert had fought in India, and "lived to fight another day." Now, being adjutant of his regiment, he had the belts and pipe-clay to look after. Famously he did look after these small matters, too. H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief had complimented him on the field of battle (a sham fight at Chobham), and his corps was the envy of a whole camp. Frank had plenty of office work and "vice work," as he called it, that is, acting for his father in one or other of the clerkships. Besides which, in his favorite character of a gay Lothario, he usually had one (or more) flirtation on hand; he devoted more time to his toilet than Janet did; and, as became a domestic, amiable member of polite society, had no objection to taking his ease in the bosom of his family, finding relaxation in the superintendence of little household broils, and animating the war of persiflage.

In matters connected with religion a strong family likeness prevailed between the four brothers. From Albert the bald to Hubert the fair-haired, one rule was law. In the morning and afternoon of Sundays they went regularly to church, wet or dry; in the morning of Christmas-day and of Good-Friday also; but on no consideration at any other time. For a wedding, indeed, they would repair to the sacred edifice; but in the true spirit of church and state Conservatism they regarded the holy table as a "hymeneal altar," and the whole ceremony as an entertaining performance merely subsid-

ary to the civil contract of marriage. Hitherto they had acquired no experience of the funeral rite. One brother had died of phthisis at the Cape of Good Hope, but the news of his death only came when his burial was a vague legend of the past. During the services of prayer and praise one look of importance reigned on the countenances of the four brothers; a religious silence commanded their tongue and lips. During the sermon they all gazed about the church, relieving the monotony of the occasion by sifting the behavior of their fellow-sufferers, and storing appropriate winnowings of chaff. Albert, Robert, and Hubert throughout service and sermon sat bolt-upright; Frank languished in graceful attitudes.

Between the sisters also a similar family likeness prevailed, especially between the three beauties, Blanche (now Mrs. George Baily, of Russell Square, Bloomsbury), Janet, whose face and fortune divided the Pedlingtonian hearts, and Nelly, whose face was her fortune. On "church days" the whole family used to produce its gala costumes. The girls used to lace extra tight, wear crackling silk dresses, marvelously small boots, and enormous bows of stiff silk ribbon under their little chins and cheeks; so that they had to carry their heads uncomfortably high, and to sit bolt-upright, like the military brother. The tight fit of their lavender kid gloves precluded any possibility of turning over the leaves of their prayer-books, or indeed of allowing their hands to assume any comfortable position. "*O, qu'il faut souffrir pour être belle!*" exclaimed Robert, who in his rare visits behaved with gallantry to these devoted virgins. But Frank ingenuously observed that they sat trussed like a row of chickens on a spit. Owing to the rigidity of this costume, and the absence of any particular interest in what was going on, these victims were tired out before the service was ended, and the endurance of the sermon was the crowning effort of their lives. In the retirement of the family circle it was whispered that Blanche, in the zenith of her glory, had lost the affections of an heir by relaxing this effort on one sultry occasion, and betraying the dreadful secret that a belle may snore.

Browne (*paterfamilias*)—and I beg the reader to observe that we now reach a climax—Mr. Browne himself was sedately splendid at church. He wore a blue swallow-tailed coat, of which the collar covered his whole cerebellum, while the cuffs of the sleeves confined the action of his thumbs. At stated intervals he blew his nose with a voluminous and variegated silk pocket-handkerchief, thus making a superb display of color, and producing a resonant blast, like that of a bugle. This instrument in its period of rest gratified those who worshiped behind Mr. Browne by depending from the tail

of his coat like a flag in calm weather. As Mr. Browne rarely blew his nose except at church and Petty Sessions, the "trumpet performance," as Frank called it, was considered by the family, and justly so, as a very appropriate and imposing part of the ceremony.

The religious duties of the younger Brownes were clearly defined and emphatically laid down by the elder. In his or her fourteenth year each of them was confirmed by the venerable primate of the English Church, as their forefathers had been since the Reformation; for both Mr. Browne's native parish and the borough of Pedlington lay within the limits of the archdiocese of Canterbury. As each succeeding Easter-Sunday came round, all the confirmed Brownes "staid the sacrament," and on no other occasion. The Brownes of Brownleigh and Farfield had done so from time immemorial, and the Brownes of Pedlington would continue the good old custom, let the clergyman of the district for the time being think and say what he would. One had beaten the "pulpit-drum ecclesiastic" for a few years who wanted no one to "stay" but hysterical penitents. Then another came who wanted every one to "stay" always, children and all. Now Mr. Marmaduke was sorely "exercised" on the subject, and didn't know what he wanted, but was more eager and urgent than those who did. It was all one to Mr. Browne. *Fiat* his good old custom, *ruat* parsondom.

In this well-regulated family no nonsense was ever uttered about week-day services, district visiting, Sunday-school teaching, Dorcas meetings, or prayer-meetings. Sermons were tacitly understood to be specimens of pious oratory, and only tolerable as such. A close scrutiny into the religious feelings or experience of any member of the family will scarcely seem to have been possible; yet once or twice, before the primate's visitation, such a thing was attempted by some overzealous curate, who was at once and forever forbidden the house. The temptation to make such a pretty convert must have been quite irresistible. But the requital was justice with a vengeance; for to have access to the Maison Browne was universally considered the blue ribbon of Pedlington society. Many a friend clave unto Frank, many a bottle of Moët Imperial (before the French treaty), and many a choice Cabaña cigar did Albert the contemplative enjoy at the cost of "impassioned youth" for the faint prospect of a smile from his sisters' lips.

So that, "on the whole" (this was a favorite expression with Frank Browne)—"on the whole," the Brownes, without any deep interest in life or any high moral purpose (in short, "without any humbug," as Frank aptly paraphrased it)—the Brownes of Pedlington were "a thoroughly respectable, happy, and united family."

CHAPTER III.

GEMINI.

THE two gentlemen whom Hubert had dubbed with illustrious names and titles would themselves have been slow to acknowledge the honor done to them. Not that they were disaffected to existing social distinctions, but simply that they belonged to the aristocracy of intellect, and appreciated the honors of their own class too highly to covet those of another. They were, indeed, Mr. Phelps (or Dr. Phelps, as the local newspapers called him in virtue of the cabalistic letters LL.D. affixed to his name), and his coadjutor Mr. Lane. The former had recently been appointed to his office by the Mayor and Corporation of Pedlington. He had conferred the inferior dignity of second master on his old friend and school-fellow. The contest for the recently vacant head-mastership had been a brisk one, and some of its details, which had since reached the ears of Mr. Phelps, caused much amusement to the two friends. The *Southeastern Gazette and Pedlington Advertiser* had trumpeted the intentions of the town council to the four corners of the realm. "No longer," it had written, "should the youth of their enlightened and conservative borough have to wander in search of education. A loyal and liberal municipality should cherish as the nucleus of its future greatness an institution in which the revered learning of antiquity and the advanced principles of our age might be inculcated and matured."

Cloudy phrases often obscure a clear purpose. In this case the burghers, who had long groaned under the incubus of an inefficient school-master for their sons, were resolved to have the best one they could get, whatever his politics or religious sentiments might be. Accordingly the town-clerk issued his advertisement, in which the aldermen sternly refused to be canvassed, or to take into consideration any thing but the relative fitness of the several candidates as set forth in their testimonials.

Sixty candidates rushed into the arena, and, as a matter of course, every one of the electors was briskly canvassed. In the little world of British school-masters, among whom such advertisements are discussed, it was broadly stated that effective management would soon draw a hundred boys to the Pedlington Grammar School. The capitation fee was advertised at six guineas for each boy. It was also probable that in such a wealthy and populous town from thirty to fifty boarders might soon drop in, at fifty guineas a year; so that the head-master's income could scarcely fall below £2000 a year. There was also a small endowment both for head and second master's salary, and an excellent house and garden for the former. But the burghers, just and tena-

cious of their purpose, hearkened not to the voice of the canvasser.

One hot morning in the merry month of May they assembled in awful conclave. The town-clerk sorted his papers. To his Worship he delivered sixty pamphlets, to each one of their Dignities sixty pamphlets, declaring each and every one of the said nine hundred treatises to be a true and accurate printed copy of authentic documents then in his keeping.

Every man regarded solemnly the mass of literature before him. SIXTY PAMPHLETS! fifty-nine of which were terrible to behold and bewildering to peruse, each containing many elaborate panegyrics on the character of one of the candidates.

Civic dignitaries are not invariably men of a literary or critical turn of mind. Knowing as these men did the frailty of human nature, it was hard for them to credit mortals with the surpassing excellence attributed to each candidate, impossible to discern between varieties of perfection. Summer was premature. The council-chamber was small and ill ventilated. The thermometer rose to eighty. The wisdom of the councillors was set at naught.

In this extremity, as the worthy men sat mopping their foreheads ruefully, each glancing at his neighbor only to see his own despair imaged in another face, first one, then another, then all, began to inspect the sixtieth pamphlet, that one which had the advantage of brevity. And now the furtive glances revealed a glimmer of hope to those who glanced. This tract contained copies of two documents only, one signed by the authorities of a well-known college in Oxford, the other by my lords of the Privy Council. At length each elector wrote a name on a slip of paper, folded it mysteriously, and passed it on to the town-clerk; and the next morning Henry Phelps, Esq., M.A., LL.D., formerly a fellow of — College, Oxford, and late one of her Majesty's inspectors of schools, received a polite note from that functionary, saying that he had been elected unanimously to the mastership of their old endowed school.

Thus it happened, to the horror and discomfort of many reverend gentlemen who had sought and obtained holy orders as a stepping-stone to scholastic preferment, that a layman was chosen for one of those offices which in England are almost invariably filled by a priest, and the nomination to which rested in the hands of men upright and disinterested, but who usually are slaves to precedent, and tremble at a divergence from the beaten track.

Both Mr. Phelps and his friend looked older than their years, and yet about them both hung a kind of youthfulness, the kind which attracts and fascinates boys, and which is the growth of real vigor united to kindliness

of nature. Each of them had *lived*, and one at least had *loved*. Phelps had been captain of a public school, fellow and classical lecturer of a college, a husband, a father, an inspector. Mr. Lane had been his friend's rival and competitor at school, but had since graduated at two German universities, had become a moderately good linguist, a geologist, and something of a chemist. A rare combination of chances (as we say) had reunited them now. Mr. Phelps, having resigned his fellowship in order to marry, had afterward resigned his office as inspector to give a delicate wife more of his company than he could otherwise have done. To replace the lost occupation he then undertook to write a treatise on the sources and structure of the English language. This soon drove him beyond his modern German, and urged him to acquire some knowledge of the semi-Saxon. About this time a heavy calamity befell him, and he was left a widower and childless at one blow. Partly to carry out his previous intention, and so distract his mind from its proper grief, and partly to get what solace he could in the society of a friend, Phelps then repaired to Germauy, and found Mr. Lane chewing the cud of bitterness over one of those minor evils which supply us with misery in the absence of real woes. For two or three years past he had been acting assistant professor of modern languages at an important centre of education, and his senior being infirm and aged, a large proportion of the work had devolved upon him. Recently the professor had died, and Mr. Lane, who was exceedingly popular with the students, not unnaturally anticipated his election to the vacant chair. The governing body, however, had passed him over in favor of a man whom he thought less qualified, and with less claim upon them. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* In these cases it is only for honor and position that an Englishman competes. The full emolument of that professorship in the oldest university in Europe was pecuniarily of less value than the modest salary which Mr. Phelps offered his friend.

"I'm glad they have served you so badly," said Phelps, when Mr. Lane had poured out the story of his wrongs.

"How so?" asked Lane.

Then Phelps unfolded his project that Mr. Lane should return with him at the end of their vacation, and take a humble desk in the Grammar School. At first Lane thought the scheme wild and chimerical. "It is quite impossible." There were powerful reasons why such a step might prove to have been rash and ill advised, bringing humiliation on himself and injury to Phelps. But the latter assured him that he had weighed the whole matter carefully in his mind, and saw just as powerful reasons in its favor as Mr. Lane saw against it.

"How passing strange it is that fate should

have guided your steps to Pedlington, of all places in the world!" said Mr. Lane, half to Phelps, half musing aloud.

"It is a call for you, Bedford, depend upon it. I am only an agent in the matter. I see events co-operating toward an end. And think what a comfort you will be to me."

"I fear not, my boy. The iron has entered into my soul."

"And not into mine?" asked Phelps.

Then Mr. Lane stood before him, looking at him with the old love-light in his eyes. They clasped hands, and the bargain was thus mutely struck between them. But the facts of the case more than justified all Mr. Lane had said. It did seem impossible to one who knew the secret of his life that he should settle safely in that English town. It was very strange that circumstances should have induced Phelps to take up his abode there. And the iron of grief had entered into Mr. Lane's soul, and rusted there like a blood-stained sword in its scabbard.

The two men had loved each other very dearly as boys. Perhaps their very competition in scholarly pursuits, and the generous rivalry which had existed between them, may have urged them to bestow more affection on each other than boys generally have to bestow. The rivalry between them had been very keen, and in my capacity as chronicler I may express an opinion that if Phelps had lost, the bitter would have drowned the sweet in his feeling toward his friend. But Phelps won, and the other lad, though burdened with a whole load of faults from which Phelps was free, was yet too generous, too massive in heart as in mould, to cherish a spark of malice. I believe he rejoiced in Phelps's triumph as sincerely as if it had been his own. Had he then remained in England and completed his education at Oxford, most likely the two friends would have occupied chambers together after their university course was over, and pursued their studies together or shared a common industry. The severance of their early bond left Mr. Phelps free to love and marry. The earthly close of that union of his had again given scope for the early friendship to revive and resume its functions in his life.

Yet a bond renewed is not a bond which has never been relaxed; and although human truth and constancy rebel at the assertion, it is a fact that marriage relaxes the bond of friendship between man and man. These two men still trusted each other with a singular confidence, and still felt a cordial satisfaction in each other's society; yet they were not the *Gemini* of old times, so named by their school-fellows from the close intimacy which bound them together, rendered more noticeable by their unlikeness in externals. Between them now lay a mysterious gulf, the presence of which both felt, but neither quite understood. Mr. Lane laid

the blame of it on himself, declaring that he had been the first to put that gulf between his friend and him, to divide their life, as it were. Nor was that all. In the first flush of manhood, and in the first blazing out of youthful passion, he had not been true to their ideal standard. This much he admitted to himself only. But he also dimly suspected (and would *not* admit to himself) that his friend was somewhat dwarfed in moral stature by a certain intellectual pride which seemed to grow out of him, and yet to adhere to him and to restrict his nobler parts. Whenever this suspicion took form it was a source of sincere grief to Mr. Lane, who esteemed his friend as the noblest of created beings, and at the same time had seen through the sham dignity of pride, and learned to know that humility is the true touch-stone, the real test, of moral grandeur.

Nor had their intercourse during those long years of separation been close enough for each to feel the pulse of the other's progress in thought and feeling. Upon all questions relating to revealed religion the difference between them, though as yet unspoken, was sure to make itself felt. Mr. Lane, after rebelling against the lessons of his childhood, and passing through various phases of rationalism and unbelief, was returning to a simple faith, and becoming "catholic" in a theological sense of the word. Mr. Phelps, growing more and more dissatisfied with all dogmatic expressions of faith, was advancing rapidly toward the conclusion that no satisfactory key to the mysteries of the spirit world had yet been vouchsafed to the human mind. But Mr. Phelps took the blame to himself, and said that he had never understood his friend's stronger physical organization, with its precipitate impulses, nor appreciated the manful simplicity of his nature. He accused himself of egotism and an excess of refinement, and in his own heart paid a certain homage to his Herculean friend, as one of a grander, more simple type than himself—one whose strength was not as his strength, but who had yet in boyhood pressed him hard upon his own ground; as a man of whom it would be impossible to say what he might *not* do, but safe to predict energetic action in whatever he undertook. That Bedford had sown his wild oats Mr. Phelps was quite sure; further, that the seed had been sown deep in a tenacious soil, and the crop a stiff one. Some clew to the circumstances he held in his hand, but was too generous to use it as long as his friend maintained this unbroken silence respecting an unhappy epoch in his life. Taking him as he found him on the renewal of their personal intercourse, Mr. Phelps concluded philosophically that, whatever his friend's experience had been, it was the fitting complement of his character and the trying position in which he had been placed; that,

with past experience become present wisdom, this man exercised a stronger control over circumstances than they upon him; and that, his heart being sound and his will strong, he would exert a healthy moral influence in a school, and his work would be thoroughly done.

CHAPTER IV.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

If Mr. Phelps had not clearly recognized before he applied for the mastership of the Pedlington school that work, hard work, and plenty of it, was absolutely necessary to prevent him from falling into a desponding lethargy, and that no other drudgery whatever could surpass the ineffable drudgery of an inspectorship, he might have been tempted to complain somewhat in his new set of harness. But having made up his mind on those two cardinal points, he omitted no effort now to enter into the spirit of the task which he had undertaken, and Happiness (of a sedate and sober kind) came to him toiling along the path of duty, as she will not come to those who scour the country undutifully in her quest. The school was not long in establishing such a number of urgent and conflicting appeals to his attention, judgment, and industry that the progress of the literary work during term time was almost entirely suspended. With a sigh he resigned himself to the inexorable machinery which he himself had set in motion, and to regarding his own powers and achievements as a portion of the system whose operation he directed and had the means of estimating. All men of critical faculty delight in any labor which they can test and weigh as it progresses, line by line, and page by page. Perhaps that is one of the fascinations of the "*ars poetica*." I do not mean the poem of that name, nor even the epic art itself, but the art of composing lyrical verses. Every ode or sonnet, every stanza, every line almost, is "something done." How widely different is the gyratory *manège* of school work! The most fiery Pegasus must be curbed, and harnessed to a ponderous hearse, which bears the dead bodies of Fancy and Humor to an untimely grave. Alas! poor innocents! Once they warmed the heart with joy, and sent the goose-quill flying over airy leaves, like a nautilus dancing on sun-lit waves. Now they lie low, smothered by the jealous hands of Duty, who piles upon them concords and quantities, gerunds and supines, genders, moods, and tenses, numbers and persons, till they die; and Pegasus, smeared with ink, spavined, broken-winded, with drooping crest, and a hearse plume tied to his mangy tail, drags their disfigured remains to the cemetery of oblivion.

As long as "the Doctor" (for so parents and boys alike conspired to call him) could fully carry out his preconceived idea of letting the boarders live with him on the paternal or family plan, he was well satisfied, because he was really so fond of young people that it was refreshing to him to be in their company both in their leisure hours and during the evening study, which was not a "regulation" school time. A system apparently rigid and exacting both as to work and behavior was pursued in the normal school hours. Neither the Doctor nor Mr. Lane ever relaxed an inch or took off the weight of one feather. But more regard was held to the quality than to the quantity of work done, and mere priggish decorum was not stuck up to be a model of generous and honorable conduct. The severity of the system "in school" was so tempered by affection and confidence "out of school" that the sensible boys soon learned to like the former, and really found it much easier to put their shoulders to the wheel (intellectually) when every boy in the room was exerting his wits to the utmost, when the very atmosphere was impregnated with classic dust, and a code of rules, simple but emphatic, was being enforced to the letter as to externals. The Doctor had not embraced the modern opinion that corporal punishment disgraces a boy. It was a part of his system, but a subordinate part. A third repetition of any offense on the part of the same boy was visited with the cane, a fourth with the loss of a half-holiday, a fifth with that loss extended to the whole class. This terrible event looming in the distance so enlisted public opinion on behalf of law that a besetting sin was generally resisted in its early stages. The subordination of the cane to a more grave punishment also robbed it of its "shameful" stigma, and avoided making brute force the ultimate appeal, which is undoubtedly demoralizing. Whether good, bad, or indifferent, the method pursued by the Doctor and Mr. Lane gave satisfaction on all hands, and sons of burghers who had been scattered broadcast all over the country were now brought back to their native town, and sent to the Grammar School either as day scholars, day boarders, or boarders. They soon had seventy in school, twenty-two of whom lived with the head-master. Then it became necessary to increase the staff, to which Phelps was very loath. He wished for an intruder neither between him and his saturnine colleague, nor between himself and his little boy family of an evening and in play hours. He confided this to Mr. Lane, who knew it well, and what more was in his mind, but made no suggestion.

"If you would only come now, Bedford," urged the Doctor, who had often expressed the wish before, but not recently. And then again, "If you would only leave that dismal

old abbey and that damp river-side church-yard, and come and pitch your tent with me, we could work it well enough. The senior monitor can take the evening study, and you might have almost as much time to yourself as you have now. Only we could sit together of an evening in the winter, or take a stretch over the hills together in the long summer twilights. I know you keep late hours all alone there. I see those black hollows deepening round your eyes. You are too much alone."

But Mr. Lane declined the proposal, and a third master was engaged, a younger brother of one of Phelps's college friends, who wanted to work for a year or two before matriculating.

A certain portion of the thriving borough of Pedlington has the appearance of a decayed town. It is the southwestern suburb, that most remote from the school, the barracks, the town-hall, banks, and principal shops. It lies on the southern shore of the river Peddle, before it passes the cliff. A church of the latest Gothic period, far too large for modern Protestant usages, yet with an old-world dignity and steadfastness of its own, stands on the brow of the little cliff, overlooking the river. On the opposite side of the river runs the barge path. The Peddle Navigation Company have a lock there, so that the voices of barges and boatmen sometimes break the silence, but the peculiar elegances of their diction are scarcely audible, for a broad weir separates the cliff from the lock.

Except about service times on Sunday, the southern bank is bereaved and silent. Beyond the cliff lies a deep sunk road which terminates abruptly in the river, and doubtless at one time was the abbey moat. Beyond this stand the ruins of an old collegiate building, called "The Abbey," which also looks down upon the river from a gentle elevation of its own. But a window in the old keep gives out across the sunk road on to the slope of the church-yard, which has crept so near the farthest edge of the cliff that many of the tombstones seem to be tottering on the brink. In this old ruin were Mr. Lane's apartments. Here an aged female ministered to his humble wants, assisted by the parish sexton—a functionary still more venerable than herself, still more exclusively belonging to those generations whose bones were mouldering hard by, and equally attached to their young master with the Titanic form and the visage of Barbarossa. The wags of Pedlington told strange stories of Mr. Lane's mediæval abode and following. The attachment existing between him and these strange domestics was singular, and made itself apparent to those who visited him by their readiness to meet his wishes, often before they were expressed, and by the respectful way in which they spoke of him

when absent. During the midsummer vacation at the end of Dr. Phelps's first year at the Grammar School, the Society of Antiquaries paid a visit to Pedlington. The ruined abbey was a centre of attraction. A search was set on foot for Mr. Lane, who was known to have mastered all the historical secrets of his retreat, and said to have opened up one or two secret passages in portions of the thick walls of his dwelling. He was nowhere to be found. The sexton also was absent from his post, and though the ancient woman showed her master's apartments, and even ventured to intimate the regret he would feel on hearing that he had missed the opportunity of enlightening them, she resolutely denied any knowledge of a secret passage. When further pressed, she admitted that Master Graves, the sexton, had turned his talents as an ex-stonemason to account about the premises now and again, but that it had only been to repair the masonry of the windows, and to keep the rain from soaking into the walls. My Lord Pontipool himself, to whom the ruin belonged, called for silence, and asked the gentlemen present whether any one had heard the note of a nightingale, apparently in the dead-wall on the river side of the larger apartment. No one but his lordship had heard the sound. Some one suggested that there must be a concealed defect in the wall, and that the sound came from the terrace walk without, for nightingales were known to build in the shrubs overhanging the river. But most people thought his lordship must have so far partaken of plebeian nature as to have erred in this matter, for July was now far spent, and the melodious bird never sings by night or day after hatching the eggs.

They gave up the riddle and repaired to the church. Some zealous genealogists rubbed the brasses, others descended to the crypt, while a chosen few ascended the tower stairs. Among the latter was Albert Browne.

Recounting the adventures of the day afterward in the peaceful seclusion of his family, he vindicated his character for activity on the score of this perilous ascent.

"But, my dear Albert," pleaded his mamma, "what antiquities *did* you expect to find at the top of the tower?"

"We found *one*, my dear mother," he replied, "who had been missing all the afternoon—old Graves, basking on the leads like a lizard, half awake and half asleep, with a short pipe in his toothless gums."

"What could have taken the antediluvian old thing up there?" asked Janet, who had been listening with affected indifference.

"Well, my dear," continued Albert, glowing with pride at having secured a little interest in his narrative, "I believe he must have risked his life up that narrow, dark, and tortuous staircase in the Oriental ca-

pacity of punkah-badár to his Serene Highness the Nawaub of the abbey."

This was double Dutch to all present.

"Come, you poor dear old pumpkin," said Nelly, "tell us all about it. We don't know who *Punkybadar* is."

"No, my dear, you misunderstand me," resumed the imperturbable. "A *punkah-badár* is the bearer of a *punkah*, or, in this variable climate, let us say an umbrella—a large green gingham umbrella, with a yellow stick, like Magog's club."

"You don't mean to say he had the impudence to take Mr. Lane's umbrella up there?" asked Janet.

"That useful implement," continued Albert, "which, it appears, does duty alternately as a parapluie and a parasol, was planted upright in a box of clay, and under its ample shade sat his Serene Highness the Nawaub—in point of fact, our friend Mr. Lane."

"Like a sparrow on the house-top," added Frank.

"And talking of birds, Frank," Albert resumed, "I noticed that when *we* emerged from the little trap in the beacon turret a great number of daws and crows took wing from the battlements, and flew round and round with a great clamor, as if *we* had disturbed them; from which I gather that they are pretty well acquainted with our friend, and receive *him* sitting."

Then the subject was allowed to drop; but perhaps none of the Brownes afterward, when they saw Mr. Lane, forgot the fanciful picture of the little group on the leads of the tower—Mr. Lane sitting with his book under the shadow of the *umbra*, the old sexton dozing at his feet, and the daws silently perched around them on the battlements.

Something silent and strange about Mr. Lane drew his two faithful dependents toward him with a bond which they would have been puzzled to define. It was really a fellow-feeling. He was not as the other men of his generation were. Something within him kept him much apart from the world. When he had some duty or object to achieve among his fellows, he went among them. When he came home again, or any one left him alone, he would sit still, apparently absorbed and content, little concerned with that which had just occurred, but falling back upon some private interests of his own. He was not a fussy, busy man, as English school-masters generally are. At school he dispatched his work quietly, without energizing; yet, judged of by results, his work was excellent. Certain boys of the upper school competed at the Oxford middle-class examinations, when Mr. Lane's pupils excelled in modern languages and chemistry. Mr. Phelps also, to the astonishment of some and indignation of others, had placed the school under government inspection, the



"HIS SERENE HIGHNESS THE NAWAUB OF THE ABBEY."

lower part of it being, as he said, little more than a commercial academy. Here, again, the inspectors' reports of Mr. Lane's work were records of the highest praise. Still in his own rooms he was seldom found at work, but would sit silently smoking by his fire-side, or in summer on a broad terrace that ran along the former front of the building, and commanded a view of the country beyond the river. The truth was that he was a night toiler, not working even then systematically, but because his mind wanted food and sustenance, whereas by resting in the leisure hours of the day he had more energy for his duties. Outside of these, all

he did was done dreamily and without a definite purpose. Persons who occasionally passed round the angle of the cliff at any hour of the night reported having seen the light in the window of that dismal room, which lay in the shadow of the tombs. The extent of his knowledge was a source of astonishment to many people. When asked to do so he would deliver a lecture at the Mechanics' Institute, leaving the committee to choose their own subject. Sometimes he had forgotten to look at their notice, and came without knowing what subject was allotted him. Then he would plead ignorance, and say he was only there to afford

them an hour's amusement, and would talk quite naturally and freely on the subject, managing to project himself into the position of the audience, and look at it with their eyes, and so would interest them more deeply than a professed lecturer would have done, and yet convey a great deal of information bearing either directly or indirectly on the subject.

One day Mr. Phelps was waiting in his room, and seeing a bill on the table, took it up listlessly and read. It was a bookseller's bill, a very long one, the items being a number of the best and most costly books published during the last year on a great variety of subjects.

"My dear fellow," said the Doctor, as Lane came into the room, "you don't mean to say you buy all these books?"

"Why not?" asked the other.

"But do you read them?" pursued Phelps.

"I believe so," was the answer.

"What on earth do you do with them?" asked Phelps, in astonishment, looking round the room, where many old but no new books were to be seen.

Then Mr. Lane, with a key which hung to his watch-chain, opened a very narrow door, which, being papered like the room, was indistinguishable when closed, and of which the key-hole was concealed by an almanac hanging over it. In the narrow apartment now disclosed stood a stiff upright desk with a book on it, and one end of the room from floor to ceiling was completely lined with books on plain deal shelves. Mr. Phelps had only time to notice that the back of most of these books looked almost new when his attention was drawn from them to a number of birds of various families perched on ramrods, walking-sticks, and joints of fishing-rods, which were stuck across a narrow window and across the corners of the room. They all seemed to watch Mr. Lane with their heads on one side.

"An enchanted aviary!" exclaimed Mr. Phelps, looking from birds to man, then back to the birds.

"They want to sing," said Mr. Lane. "Would you mind their tuning up a little?"

Here one little malefactor set up a shrill piping without leave, and Mr. Lane, taking up the whistle on his chain, blew a blast which immediately silenced him. Then the bully of the perch, a small goldfinch, gave the rebel a severe peck, and turned its back upon him unceremoniously, again cocking its little head sidewise, and fixing its eye on the master.

Mr. Lane now pointed with his finger to a German canary, which at once poured forth a liquid flood of melody, many parts of which were very similar to the nightingale's song.

Presently it died away. Silence ensued. And saying to them, "No, no more singing just now," as if they had been children,

Mr. Lane poured out some rape and hemp seed on the window-ledge, and presently there was a great fluttering and falling to at the delicacy. "Look at that!" he said to Phelps, who, looking, saw the little bird which had been rebuked still sitting disconsolate in the place of its humiliation. "Poor little fellow!" said the master, soothing it. Then, instead of joining in the revelry, the grateful creature flew on to his shoulder, and there plucked up courage and looked as bold as ever. But now a beautiful little English tomtit, with a yellow frill round its neck, fluttered out from the banquet, and kept flitting to and fro in front of Mr. Lane's face, and pretending to peck at his beard, until he gave it a finger, and caressed it with his other hand.

"I thought you left your canaries in Germany," said Phelps.

"So I did," replied Mr. Lane. "But the same sense of solitude which first made me take to them out there came over me here, and I got that old bird with her mate sent over. The mate died, but she had hatched eggs to continue his race, and all the others are men of Kent and women of Kent."

Perhaps he went on to say more, evidently wishing to obscure the acknowledgment of loneliness which had escaped him. But Phelps listened to no word beyond that, and when Mr. Lane ceased, said, "You told me, when I last begged you to join me, that you never felt lonely now."

"Nor do I, *now*," was the reply.

"But," urged Phelps, "you assuredly have been growing melancholy for a year or more."

"I assure you, it is my habit," pleaded Mr. Lane. "Your visit in Germany roused me out of it, and did really soothe me by awakening my deep sympathy for you. But after I had been here a while there came a relapse. Your burden, my boy, is not like mine. You are afflicted. You sorrow, and are chastened by sorrow. Your heart may be lonely, but your soul is not oppressed within you, as mine is. There is so much awful and horrible misery in the world, one must either be melancholy or—"

"Or what?"

"I don't know."

"Or sociable," said Phelps, and coming up to his friend he looked him eagerly in the face with dark splendid hazel eyes lit with the glow of a loving heart. Then added, "Come to me, Bedford, I will find a nook for your birds, and we will read all the new books together."

But Mr. Lane turned half aside, sadly, not caring to return that steady gaze with one less honest, less generous. "I know it must make you mad," he said, "to ask a wretched fellow like me so often to come and be happy, and to be refused. But remember, my dear old boy, you are the prince, I the churl."

"Then you *will* not come?" Phelps rejoined, with ill-concealed chagrin.

"No, I *will* not," returned Mr. Lane. "I tell you, Henry, you are a year older than I, and a century wiser, but you judge wrong in this matter. It would not be well for you or me that we should live together."

So far Lane spoke sincerely. Then by way of carrying conviction to his hearer's mind he became insincere. "Suppose," he said, "after I had become very dependent upon your society and intercourse, you were to marry again!"

At this point in the conversation the little blue tom-tit, which had a most insinuating way of moving its head and eye, and pecking with its tiny beak (looking at its master's eye between each peck), sprang with a flutter of its delicate wings from Mr. Lane's finger to Phelps's wrist, as if by some subtle instinct it knew that he suffered pain at the hand of its master. Lane's fiery black eyes, which contrasted strangely with his dark russet eyebrows and hair, now filled with sudden tears. "Forgive me, my dear boy!" he cried, passionately. Somehow or other he often called his senior a "boy." "I trifle with feelings which ought to be sacred to me above all men. I did not mean that. I am a brute as well as a churl. The truth is, my Henry, I'm—"

Here he paused for a long minute, and Phelps said, gravely, "You are neither brute nor churl, Bedford; but what *are* you, that you hesitate to say?"

"I am beginning—nay, more, I have begun—to believe things which you don't believe. Too close a companionship with you would unsettle what little faith I have. Even as it is I often get a chill from you

which throws me back, and makes things seem incredible which I have resolved to believe."

The little bird jumped, in its pretty, coaxing way, up the fore-arm of Mr. Phelps, and gazed steadfastly into his eye.

That learned and candid gentleman did certainly feel somewhat aggrieved. So he was a radical iconoclast, a disturber of faith, a quencher of smoking flax! He, H. P., M.A., LL.D., late H.M.I. of S., in the confidence of the Privy Council!

But the man who, not having yet attained to "self-knowledge," if he be still unwittingly a Jew, Turk, infidel, or heretic, yet having "self-reverence" and "self-control," will not give place to anger, but will allow the feeling to pass away, and then reason with his traducer.

"Let us go for a stretch on the hills," Mr. Phelps said now. "The fresh air will give us both a tone which this valley robs us of. And I shall meet my boys coming home with their boy-master."

And forth they went, saying no more just then about faith or heresy.

"That was a dear little bird that made those pacific overtures to me," Phelps observed, after they had walked in silence for some time.

"Yes," his friend answered. "My guardian angel inhabits that little form. The bird attached itself to me in the November after we came here, at a time when I was undergoing a fierce though unseen conflict. It was a wild bird then, but lost its mate, and came to live with me of its own free-will. Now it flies into my room every night, and roosts on the rail at the foot of my bed, just under the crucifix."

OBSERVATORIES IN THE UNITED STATES.—II.*

V.—CAMBRIDGE OBSERVATORY.

A LOOK into the earlier annals of the observatory of Harvard repays the inquirer at the outset by revealing the interest in astronomical pursuits which was felt in the old Bay State many years before the founding of an observatory was practicable in this country. In 1761 the *Province* sloop was fitted out at the public expense to convey a Harvard professor, Winthrop, to Newfoundland, to observe the transit of Venus of that year; and in the troublous times of 1780 the old "Board of War" fitted out the *Lincoln* galley to convey Professor Williams and a party of students to Penobscot, to observe a solar eclipse. At so early a day was

New England disposed to encourage scientific observations!

In 1805 Mr. John Lowell, of Boston, was consulting with Delambre, in Paris, on astronomical observatories, and forwarding his information to the Hollis professor, Webber, who even then indulged the hope of seeing an observatory founded. Ten years later a committee of the university, of which the celebrated Bowditch was one, gave Professor W. C. Bond detailed instructions of inquiries to be made on his visit to the Royal Observatory of Greenwich as to buildings and instruments. On Mr. Bond's return a model dome was constructed by him, and other models were obtained from Germany preparatory to establishing an observatory. The necessary funds, however, could not be raised until the year 1839, although the design was revived in 1822, and again the next year, under the urgency of John Quincy Adams,

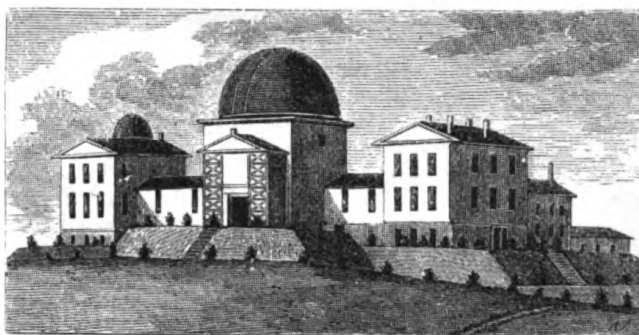
* In this paper it is proposed to sketch the progress of such observatories only as have been enabled to make marked advances in independent research outside of their educational service. For numbers I to IV. see *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1874.

then Secretary of State, who offered conditionally \$1000 toward the object.

In 1839 an observatory was erected on the Dana estate, and the observations which had been authorized by the United States government to be made in connection with Lieutenant Wilkes's exploring expedition were conducted by Professor Bond until the year 1842.

A new issue now arose. The sudden appearance of the splendid comet of 1843 was, happily, the occasion of final success in the founding of the present institution. Cambridge was immediately appealed to for information about this strange comet.* But the observers had no parallactic instruments or micrometers of the least value for its observation. While they were endeavoring to obtain data to compute the comet's orbit, a meeting of citizens was held, under the sanction of the American Academy, to take measures for procuring a first-class equatorial. Lawrence, Pickering, Peirce, Appleton, Eliot, and Bowditch were names sufficient to insure success. Hon. David Sears offered conditionally \$5000 for a tower; and the needed amount of \$20,000 for the instrument was contributed in Boston, Salem, New Bedford, and Nantucket. The equatorial was ordered from Merz and Mähler, of Munich, and Harvard determined to erect a new observatory. The location selected was eighty feet above tide-water and fifty feet above the plain where the soil was found favorable for the stability of piers for the instruments. In 1844 the buildings were occupied, and an equatorial of forty-four inches focal length, and two and a half inches aperture, and a transit instrument loaned by the United States, were temporarily mounted for observations until the arrival of the great refractor. This was placed in position June 24, 1847.

Among the earlier objects on which systematic observations were made with the



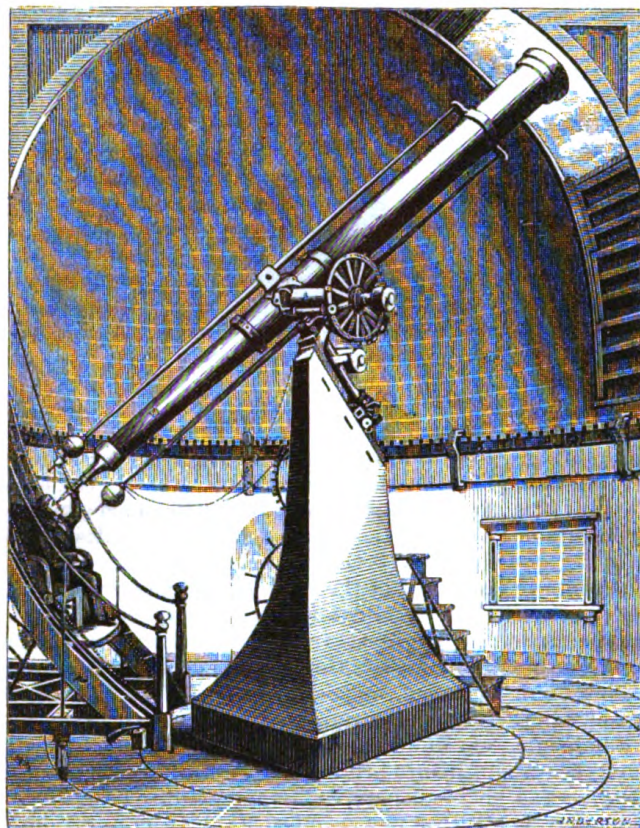
CAMBRIDGE OBSERVATORY.

new instrument were the nebulae of Andromeda and Orion. "These nebulae," said Professor Bond, "were regarded as strongholds of the *nebular theory*; that is, the idea first suggested by the elder Herschel of masses of matter in process of condensation into systems." Orion's nebula had not yielded to either of the Herschels, armed even with their excellent reflectors, nor had it shown the slightest trace of resolvability under Lord Rosse's three-foot reflector. Bond announced, on September 27, 1847, that the Cambridge refractor, set upon the Trapezium under a power of 200, resolved this part of it into bright points of light, with a number of separate stars too great to be counted. With a power of 600, "Struve's Companion" was distinctly separated from its primary, and other stars were seen as double.

Within a few years yet more brilliant discoveries followed. Among them the inner ring of Saturn and its eighth satellite, the coincidence of which latter discovery on the same day (September 19, 1848) at Cambridge and in England in no wise detracted from the honor due each discoverer. It required, in those times, weeks before the discovery, indeed, could be mutually made known.

In 1850 Professor W. C. Bond, with his sons, invented the spring governor, which gave an equable rotary motion to the revolving cylinder of the chronograph. This was the first and most valuable improvement on Mitchell's horizontally revolving disk, the original of which is still to be seen at the Dudley Observatory. The observer at the telescope could now, by means of a break-circuit key in his hand, record his observation instantaneously on the paper covering the cylinder among the second beats of the clock marked on it, so that observations can afterward be easily read within the tenths of a second. The observatory having been placed in 1849 on a permanent endowment by the legacy of \$100,000 from Mr. E. B. Phillips, a young graduate of Harvard, and a fund for printing its results having been also provided by the will of Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jun., the reports of the first systematic zone observations appeared in 1855 as Part II. of Vol. I. of the *Annals*. This zone cat-

* In the wilds of South America the untutored Indian, looking on this same comet, exclaimed to a traveler, "This is the Spirit of the Stars, the dreadful Capishi! famine and pestilence await us." The same celestial visitor astounded the Mohammedans at Constantinople like the fiery spectre which four centuries before struck terror into Mohammedan and Christian. But as the visit of this stranger of 1843 secured to Harvard her observatory, and Encke's comet, the previous year, secured the Naval Observatory at Washington, we may be excused from joining any longer in the latter part of the prayer ordered for us by the Pope in 1456, "Save us from the devil, the Turk, and the comet!" We must not, however, forget that these visits were the occasions only of the good effected; the real causes were the astronomical work previously accomplished and the united influences working at this era of 1842-43 for the progress of astronomy.



CAMBRIDGE EQUATORIAL.

atalogue comprises 5500 stars, situated between the equator and $0^{\circ} 20'$ north declination. The second volume, published in 1857, embraced chiefly observations of the planet Saturn made during a period of ten years; of the measurement of its ball and rings; of the disappearance of its ring; the encroachment of the ball upon it; the discovery of the new ring, and of Hyperion, the eighth satellite. The text is illustrated by ninety-four drawings of the planet, as observed at different dates. The second part of this Vol. II. is a zone catalogue of 4484 more stars in the same zones as those observed before 1854. It was not printed until the year 1867. The splendid Vol. III., published in 1862, is a quarto of 372 pages, with fifty-one plates almost entirely illustrative of the great comet of the Italian astronomer Donati, which appeared in such different forms in this country from those seen in England. These plates were published by individual subscription.

The Great Nebula of Orion was the other chief object of the observatory up to the death, in 1849, of Professor W. C. Bond, the father, and thence to the death of the son, Professor G. P. Bond, in 1865. The observations of this constellation form the latest as yet published volume of the *Annals*, issued, in 1867, under the supervision of Professor T. H. Safford, then director of Dearborn Observatory, but formerly in charge at Har-

vard as assistant in the observatory.

This nebula has been the object of observations by the Earl of Rosse with his two great reflectors for the space of nineteen years—observations the results of which, with handsome drawings, are to be found in the *Transactions of the Royal Society for 1868*. For Mr. G. P. Bond's work on these, and especially for his observations on Donati's comet, he received a gold medal from the Royal Astronomical Society in 1865.*

Since the year 1866, in which the present director, Professor Joseph Winlock, took charge of the observatory, its work has been yet further most successfully extended into new fields of research. Besides what is known as routine work at all observatories, in the observations of the larger planets, comets, double stars, and nebulae, close attention has been given to the extension and completion of the zones, observations of which form part of the general work of determining star places in

the northern hemisphere, a work undertaken by the Astronomical Society of Germany, aided by many leading observatories. Spectroscopic observations of the sun and of stars and nebulae, and the most careful photographs of the sun, have been frequent. Five hundred drawings of the sun were made between January, 1872, and November, 1873, and five hundred careful drawings of solar prominences in the year 1873. To this work is to be added a great deal of labor given to the determination of longitude differences, and the observations, by Professor Winlock, of the solar eclipse of 1869, at Shelbyville, Kentucky, and that of 1870, at Jerez, in Spain. The general reader, as well as the astronomer, can not fail to be interested in the beautiful pictorial representations of these and

* Mr. Bond was the first American, we believe, to be thus honored with the gold medal of a foreign scientific society.

Professor Watson, of Ann Arbor, and more recently Professor Simon Newcomb, of the United States Naval Observatory, have been the recipients of like honors; the former from the Imperial Academy of Paris, the latter, within this year, from the Royal Astronomical Society of London. It will interest our readers to learn the character of the latest medal. It is equal in weight probably to a double eagle. On one face is the head of Newton, the date of the institution of the Royal Astronomical Society, and the Latin words *Nubem pellente Mathest*. On the obverse is Herschel's telescope, the Latin *Quicquid nitet notandum*, and the name Simon Newcomb, 1874.

of other astronomical phenomena which have been issued by subscription recently from Harvard. "Among them are photographs of the groups of sun spots, and of faculae in visible connection with solar prominences; drawings of a remarkable solar spot, visible from March 28 to April 4, 1872; of Jupiter and Saturn; of the lunar craters Torricelli, Agrippa, and others; and of the solar eclipses of 1869 and 1870. All the drawings have been carefully lithographed, the details, especially the lights and shadows of the lunar craters, exhibiting a very natural appearance." The Council of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, in the monthly notices for February, 1874, invite special attention to these in the language just quoted. The drawings are by Mr. L. Trouvelet.

The great equatorial, made in 1847 by Merz and Mähler, of Munich, has an object-glass of fifteen inches diameter, and a focal length of twenty-two feet six inches. The power of its eye-pieces ranges from 100 to 2000; the hour-circle is eighteen inches in diameter. The movable portion of the well-balanced instrument is estimated at three tons. Its original cost was about \$20,000. The sidereal motion given to this telescope is now secured by clock-work from Alvan Clark, which is spoken of by the observers as the only known "driving clock working with perfect steadiness." The telescope rests on a central granite pier, in constructing which five hundred tons of granite were used. It is forty feet high, and rests on a wide foundation of grouting twenty-six feet below the ground surface. Upon the top of the pier is laid a circular cap-stone ten feet in diameter, on which is the granite block, ten feet high, bearing the metallic bed-plate. This instrument is in the central "Sears Tower."

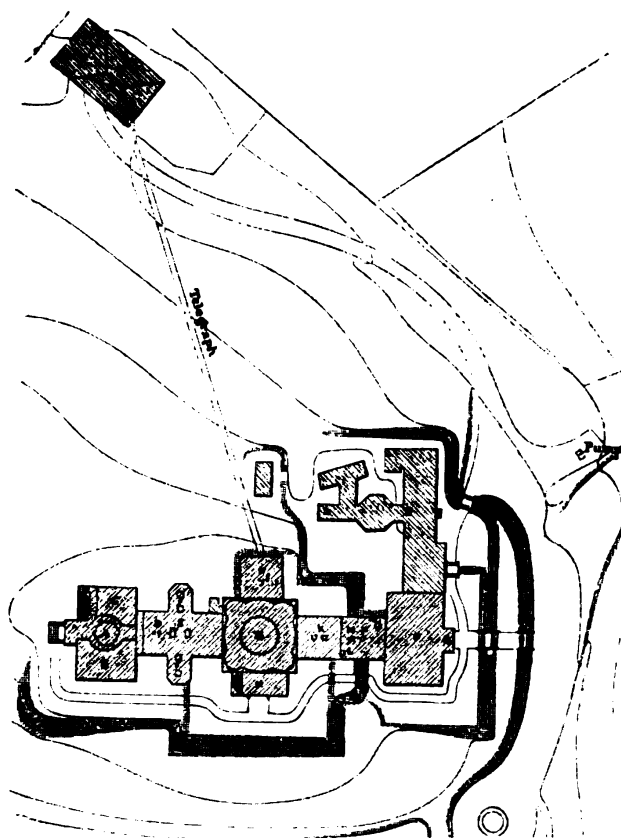
The meridian circle was mounted in the west transit-room in 1870. It has modifications, introduced by Professor Winlock, not usually found in transit instruments, chiefly, that the graduated circles are directly above the piers, the bearings of the pivots being carried by iron standards; the axis friction rollers rest on rods rising from the base of the piers and counterpoised below the floor. The pivot circles and reading microscopes are protected by glass casing; the object-

glasses of the transit and of each of its collimators, made by Clark, are each eight inches.

In the west dome is another Clark equatorial, made in 1870, with an object-glass of five and a half inches. In the east wing is the transit circle made in Professor Bond's directorship by Simms, of London. Its focal length is sixty-five inches, its object-glass four and one-eighth inches; its circles are four feet in diameter, read by eight microscopes to single seconds.

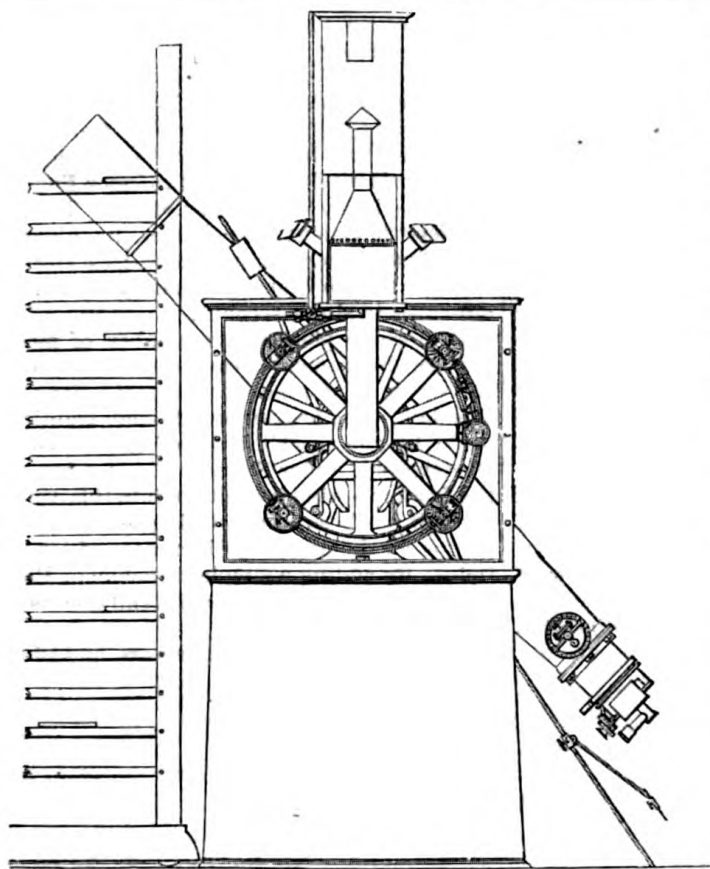
Cambridge possesses a number of more modern instruments, constructed to meet the wants of astronomical investigations at this day. The broken or "Russian transit," made by the mechanician of the Pulkova Observatory, under Struve's directorship, is the first of its kind introduced into this country. It has been in use during several campaigns for determining differences of longitude. By adding a simple attachment Professor Winlock has made it available as a zenith telescope.

The spectroscopes, photometers, and pho-



GROUND-PLAN OF CAMBRIDGE OBSERVATORY.

A, West Equatorial. B, Library. C, Computing-Room. D, West Transit. E, New Piers for new Transit Circle. F, Collimator Piers. G, East Equatorial. H, Grand Entrance and Stairs to East Equatorial. I, Prime Vertical Room and North Clock. K, East Transit. L, South Clock. M, East Clock. N, Chronograph. O, Anemometer Register. P, Director's House. Q, Front-Door. R, Magnetic Observatory. S, Rain-Gauge. T, Anemometer.



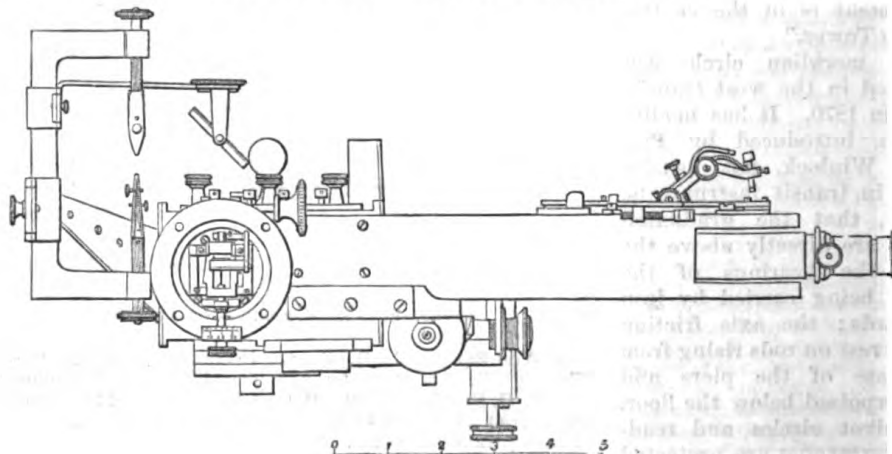
CAMBRIDGE MERIDIAN CIRCLE.

The photometer, or light measurer, made by Zöllner, has been used for three years by Assistant Professor C. S. Peirce. The design is the accurate measurement of the magnitudes of all stars in Argelander's *Uranometria* between 40° and 50° north declination, determining these magnitudes on a scale of uniform ratios of light, so that the probable error of one observation shall not exceed the tenth of a single magnitude. The great object of this is, that throughout Europe and the northern part of the United States there will be constantly enough of accurately determined stars near the zenith to serve as comparisons for any star visible to the naked eye whose magnitude is to be estimated. The secondary object is the prosecution of inquiries with regard to the distribution of the stars in space, their magnitudes and variability.

tographic apparatus are peculiar in form and power. The spectroscope used with the west equatorial in solar observations powerfully disperses the rays of light, which are carried twice through a train of prisms. In photographing the sun a lens of long focus is used, the light being thrown upon it by movable plane mirrors. This plan of Professor Winlock's has been adopted by the astronomers who have gone out under our government to observe the transit of Venus December next.

given from this observatory to the State-house and other places in Boston, and by means of the telegraph lines to the whole of the New England States. It is received directly at noon each day without the intervention of any operator; the various lines being merely switched into the time line, the same click is heard at the same moment over the Eastern States.

Much more, however, than this is done for securing accuracy of time at any hour of the



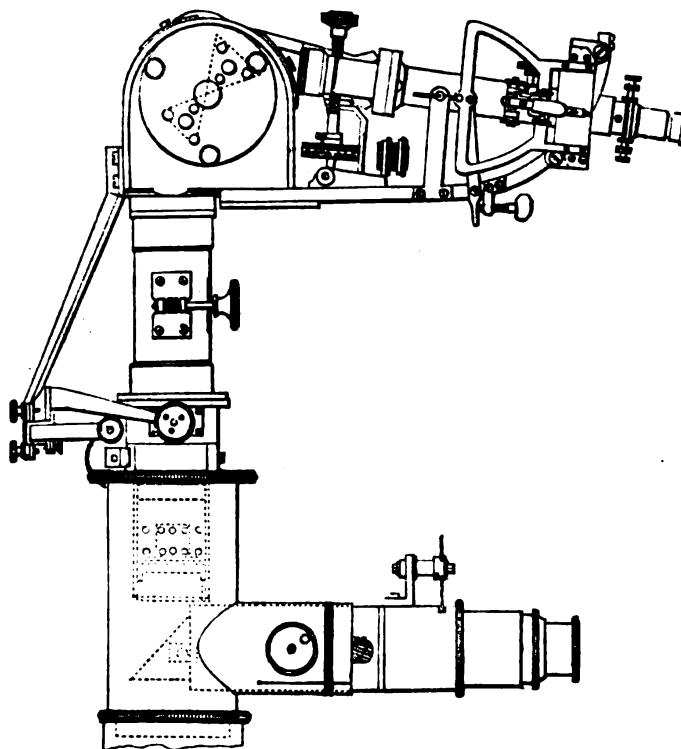
CAMBRIDGE STAR SPECTROSCOPE.

day. If any one wishes to learn not only what the true time is, but whether his own watch is a good time-keeper, he may readily do so by a visit to the State-house in Boston. The arrangement for this, introduced by Professor Winlock, is as follows: The observatory clock is put in circuit at one end of a telegraph line, connected with which, at the State-house and other points, is an ordinary telegraph sounder. When the clock breaks the circuit by every second swing of the pendulum, a click of the armature of the sounder is heard at each of these points. The clock being so arranged that at every fifty-eighth second the break ceases, and at every even five minutes twelve breaks cease (no clicks being then heard), any person can, by listen-

ing to the sounder, compare his own watch with the standard clock. He can tell whether his watch is fast or slow by watching when the sounder ceases, the first click after the short pause being always the beginning of the minute, and the first click after the long pause the beginning of an even five minutes, as shown by the face of the clock in the distant observatory.

This standard motor clock is of course regulated with extreme care. It is customary, for the government of its rate of motion, to use shot of different sizes, which, according to the size, produce a change in the rate of the pendulum varying between 0.05 and 0.10 of a second per day. These are used as the astronomical correction for clock error may require. The time given by the standard clock thus regulated is that of the meridian near the State-house, sixteen seconds east of the observatory. Professor Winlock considers that the use of the telegraph sounder gives a more satisfactory accuracy of time than can be given by other clocks which are put within the circuit and controlled, as is usual, by the standard clock; for in their case a variation in the strength of the electric current introduces an error in the beats of the pendulum, but the telegraph sounders must give the time with entire accuracy.

With so much before one at Cambridge of which interesting note could be made, one can do no more than attempt, in this article, to trace its early and munificent en-

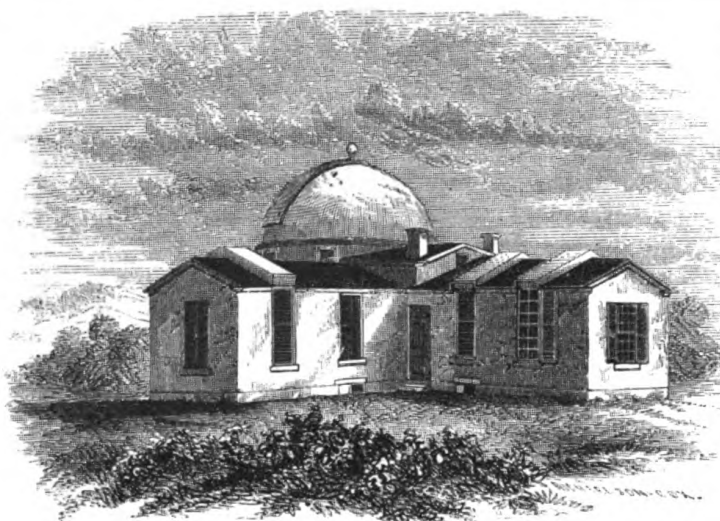


CAMBRIDGE SPECTROSCOPE.

dowment, its earliest discoveries under its first laborers, and the steady and recently very rapid advances not only in the highest objects of an observatory—exactness throughout extended series of observations—but in the exercise of professional skill in the invention and manufacture of the best appliances of the day for carrying on these investigations.

VI.—OBSERVATORY OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

Like most other institutions of a purely scientific character, Dartmouth Observatory owes its existence and progress chiefly to private munificence. Dr. George C. Shattuck, of Boston, in 1852 furnished the means for the erection of the buildings and the purchase of the instruments first used. The site of the building is on an elevation of about seventy feet above the college, from which it is fifty rods separated. It commands a fine view of the Connecticut Valley. The foundations of the building are of solid rock—sienitic gneiss. It was erected in 1853. It has double brick walls of fifteen inches, inclosing a continuous air-chamber of six inches. Care has also been taken to make it fire-proof. The cut shows the central two-story rotunda, twenty feet in diameter, and two of the three one-story wings, the eastern measuring thirty-five feet by sixteen, the north and the south wings each twenty feet by sixteen. To defend the instruments and their field of vision from the heating effects



DARTMOUTH COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

of the sun (producing inequalities of temperature, currents of heated air, and consequent want of clear definition), the outside of the observatory has been recently painted white, while the inside of the dome is painted black, to facilitate the observation of faint portions of the solar spectrum. The present director, Professor C. A. Young, for several years past has made spectroscopic observations a specialty, attaining eminent success in his researches in solar and stellar physics.*

The transit-room, eighteen feet by fourteen, in the east wing, contains the meridian circle, made by Simms, of London. It is thirty inches in diameter, divided on silver to spaces of five minutes, with three reading microscopes. The telescope has a clear aperture of four inches, and a focal length of five feet. It has four positive eye-pieces, and one for collimating by means of a mercurial trough. The granite piers are of the T form, gradually diminishing upward to within ten inches of the top. They are thirty inches apart, rising five feet above the floor, and resting on granite based on the solid rock. The transit-room has a good sidereal clock, with compensation pendulum. It has also an iron-framed zenith sector, by Troughton, loaned to the observatory by the United States Coast Survey.

In the south wing is a complete telegraphic system of wires connecting the observatory with the lines of the Western Union

* The value of these in this day of the advance in spectroscopy prompts the following reference to the chief articles elaborating these researches: *Silliman's Journal*, November, 1869, and November, 1870; May, July, and November, 1871; February, March, and November, 1872; May, 1873. *Journal Franklin Institute*, August, October, December, 1869; July, October, November, 1870; February, November, 1871; October, 1872. *Nature*, March, 1870; February, August, October, 1871; June, November, December, 1872.

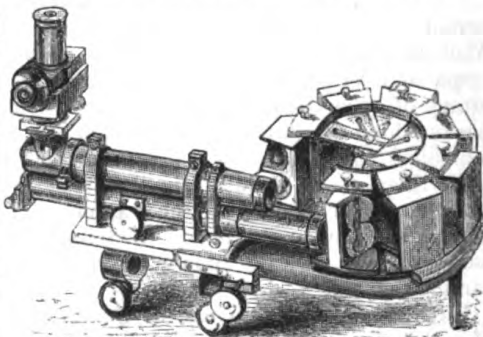
Telegraph Company; a printing barometer, of the kind invented by Professor G. W. Hough, late director of the Dudley Observatory; a good chronograph, by Alvan Clark; and an excellent mean-time clock, by Mähler, which runs a month with one winding.

In the central main building the pier of the equatorial rises through the centre in a square of four feet. It is disconnected from the flooring and ceiling. Its cap is

a cylindrical block of granite six feet in diameter.

The equatorial made by Merz and Sons, of Munich, and originally used by Dartmouth, was replaced in 1871 by one of nine inches and four-tenths aperture and of twelve feet focal length, in place of the six inches aperture and eight feet focus instrument of Merz. The new instrument, by our countryman, Alvan Clark, who has distanced all his foreign rivals, is considered by Professor Young to be unsurpassed in excellence and power by any instrument of equal size, and unequaled by any in regard to handiness and ease of manipulation. It is provided with a fine spectroscope, designed by him. For a full description of this instrument the reader is referred to Lockyer's *Solar Physics*, page 167.

The dome of the equatorial is a hemisphere of eighteen feet in diameter. Its entire weight is about twenty-eight hundred pounds, but the average force necessary to preserve a uniform velocity in rotation is about six pounds only. The dome revolves on six cannon-balls of six inches diameter, running in a circular channel three-eighths



SPECTROSCOPE USED BY PROFESSOR YOUNG, DARTMOUTH.

of an inch deep, grooved in a cast-iron rail three inches wide. The foundation of the dome is of circular segments of planks, bolted to the walls below, and covered by the cast-iron rail just alluded to.

The Dartmouth Observatory has been for years busied with independent astronomical research, notwithstanding the pressure on its director for the routine duties of class instruction. Professor Young took part in the observations of the memorable solar eclipse of August 9, 1869, using for this the observatory comet-seeker and spectro-scope. In the observation of the eclipse of December 22, 1870, he used, at Jerez, Spain, the six-inch telescope and the new spectro-scope. In 1872, under the auspices of the Coast Survey, he planted his new equatorial at Sherman Station, the summit of the Pacific Railroad, testing with great success the advantages which that elevation seemed to offer for observation in a rarity and clearness of atmosphere to be found at the height of 8300 feet.

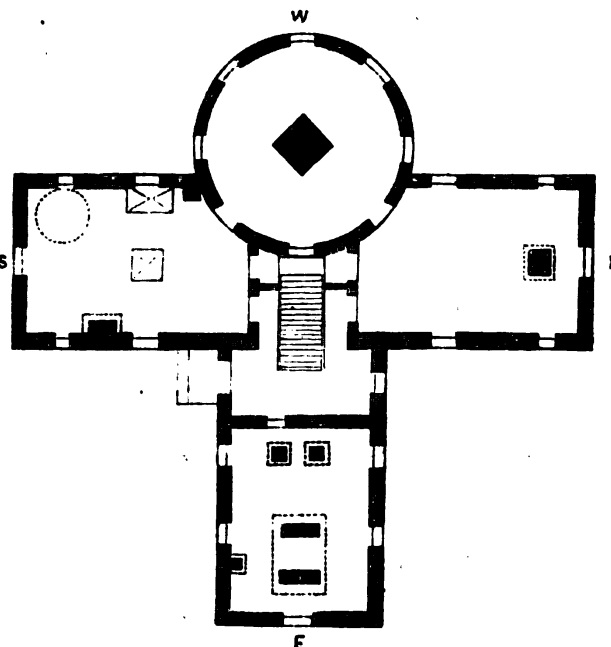
It is pleasant to entertain the hope that this venerable institution of Dartmouth, which has graduated so many sons attaining eminence in the several learned professions, may separate the chair of astronomy from that of physics, and, by securing the endowment of the former, open the way for further success in astronomical research. Will any graduate or friend of Dartmouth take example from Phillips of Harvard?

VII.—DUDLEY OBSERVATORY.

In 1851, Professor O. M. Mitchel having accepted an offer to become the director of an observatory at Albany, the sum of \$25,000 was readily subscribed in the city, and a valuable site within its limits was donated by Stephen Van Rensselaer. An observatory had been first proposed by Dr. J. H. Armsby as one of the departments of a university for Albany.

The building, erected on a spacious and beautiful eminence, is in the form of a cross, eighty-four feet square, with east and west wings, each twenty-three feet square, for meridian instruments, and a north wing forty feet square, for a library, computing-rooms, and magnetic apparatus. There is a separate spacious residence for the director and his assistants.

In the second story the equatorial-room is a circle of twenty-four feet diameter, with revolving tower. Its pier rests on a bed of concrete and rubble of sixteen inches, its base being fifteen feet square, diminished to



GROUND-PLAN OF DARTMOUTH OBSERVATORY.

ten feet square from the level of the cellar; well built and well bedded. The foundations for the instruments are each six feet by eight, and each room is furnished with clock piers. The walls of the observatory are of brick, but the basement, portico, and cornices are of dressed freestone. The structure is an imposing one.

On entering the vestibule the visitor receives very pleasing impressions from its appropriate adornments. Facing the door is a fine marble bust, executed by Palmer, of Albany, with the inscription:

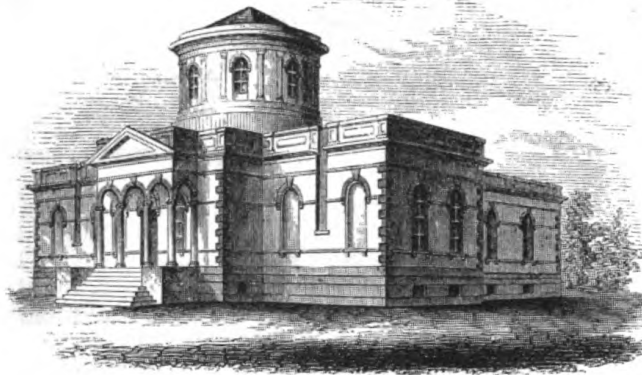
CHARLES E. DUDLEY,
BY BLANDINA, HIS WIFE.
Dedicated to Astronomy.

On the right is a handsome portrait of Professor Mitchel, with the inscription:

O. M. MITCHEL, Director of Dudley Observatory,
Major-General U.S.A.
Died at Beaufort, South Carolina, October 30, 1862.
"Love God, your country, and one another."

On the left of the vestibule is the portrait of the young astronomer, August Sonntag, who went out with Kane's and Hayes's expeditions. Under this are the sad words, "Perished in the ice at Port Foulke, latitude 78° 17' 14" north, December 28, 1860." On the faded United States flag draped above the young man's head you read the words, "From his class in Albany Female Academy, June, 1860;" and you will hear a sad story of one who is believed to have been sacrificed by the selfishness of a companion.*

* His death has been by some attributed to the treachery of the Esquimaux Hans; Dr. Hayes expresses doubts as to Hans's fidelity, but says it would be unjust to accuse him of deserting Sonntag. Hans accompanied the late *Polaris* expedition, under Cap-



DUDLEY OBSERVATORY.

Two marble tablets facing as you enter the library present the names of the chief donors, among whom are Dudley, Olcott, Rathbone, De Witt, Van Rensselaer, Armsby, and twenty-six others, of Albany; of Gerrit Smith; of Thayer and Gould, of Boston; and of Low, Law, Brown, Chauncey, Minturn, and forty-eight others, of New York city.

In the library you face a large painting representing the dedication of the observatory, August 28, 1856. The portraits of the chief donors, and of the State and city authorities who were present on that day, are said to be life-like; chief among them all stands the gifted Everett, delivering one of his finest orations.

In the east wing the meridian circle has an object-glass of eight inches, with a focus of ten feet. Its circles are thirty-six inches in diameter, divided to two seconds, read by eight microscopes to seconds of arc. This instrument is wholly of brass, and is a superior piece of workmanship from Pistor and Martins. Its piers are six feet by two, nine feet in height, each weighing seven and a half tons—among the largest to be found in observatories. By the device of Dr. Gould, they were covered with heavy cloth, and the cloth sheathed with wood, to protect the stone from sudden changes of temperature. The circle was the gift of T. H. Olcott, Esq.

The transit instrument has an object-glass of six inches and three-eighths; its focal length is eight feet. Its piers are seven and a half feet high, weighing each four and a half tons. Attached to this instrument is the star charting instrument, printing the declination and magnitude of the stars observed. The same telegraphic key which registers these, records accurately the right

ascension also on the chronograph. In this way three results are obtained at once with the exactness of a star chart.

tain Hall, and has an excellent name from its survivors. In the month of May, 1878, a party under Dr. Bessels and young Bryan, the astronomer of the expedition, visited Port Foulke, and discovered that the Esquimaux had desecrated Sonntag's grave for the wood of his coffin. They collected and replaced his remains, and renewed his simple epitaph.

The equatorial object-glass has thirteen inches aperture. Its focal distance is fifteen feet. Its mounting is of cast iron. It is supplied with six eye-pieces, the usual micrometers, and a driving clock. The comet-seeker is one of Clark's. Its focus is three and a half feet, and aperture four inches.

The mechanism of one of the astronomical clocks, made by Fasoldt, of Albany, has secured a more constant rate than is usual.

The printing chronograph was the invention of Professor G. W. Hough, until very recently the director of the observatory. It printed the observations on a slip of paper in minutes, seconds, and hundredths of seconds, saving the labor and time usually consumed in measuring up the work of a recording chronograph. In the library is the Schentz calculating machine, presented by Mr. Rathbone, of Albany. It is the first of its kind constructed, and is very useful in certain astronomical calculations. It has been used almost exclusively in producing a new set of refraction tables. From the mean-time clock, with its automatic apparatus by Hough, the time has been daily telegraphed over the lines as far west as Buffalo, and south to New York.

The Dudley Observatory was supplied with meteorological apparatus invented by Hough, and constructed under his supervision.

In 1872 Dr. Armsby, who has so steadily befriended the observatory, urged the propriety of observations in terrestrial magnetism, spectrum analysis, and celestial photography. Liberal subscriptions were again made in Albany, Mr. Olcott subscribing, among others, \$5000. Buildings for this work have been commenced. For observations in terrestrial magnetism an underground room is building, to secure uniformity of temperature. No metals whatever are to be used in this building.

For investigations in celestial photography, Mr. Clarence Sterling, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, an amateur astronomer, who has been for several years spending his time and means at this observatory, has been constructing in a well-furnished laboratory a reflecting telescope of Cassegrainian form, with silvered glass mirror of twenty inches diameter, and of heavy mounting.

The donations made to Dudley Observatory from the date of its establishment have been certainly liberal, exceeding in all \$200,000, Mrs. Dudley's gifts alone amount-

ing to \$105,000. And the observatory has not failed to do good service in its sphere. Recently, in expectancy of extending its usefulness, it has united itself with several professional schools in Albany, as designing to offer a post-graduate course in connection with Union College, Schenectady, under the name of the Union University of New York. It is to be hoped that, however promising such an arrangement may prove for educational and astronomical purposes, the original character and aims of the institution for independent discovery and research will be maintained. The Dudley Observatory was consecrated to these by the donations of its chief founder; the buildings were planned under the direction and supervision of Professor Mitchel; it was inaugurated by the masterly astronomical oration of Everett; and on that day three of the first astronomers in the land, Bache, Peirce, and Gould, extended their co-operation, and pledged their reputation that "scientific success should fill up the measure of the hopes and anticipations of its founders." Its future can not be permitted to disappoint these; it will be liberally sustained and efficiently directed. Plans for this are, we believe, now maturing.

VIII.—LITCHFIELD OBSERVATORY.

The erection of an observatory in connection with Hamilton College, Clinton, New York, grew out of the successful efforts of Professor Charles Avery, who secured in 1852-53 the sum of \$15,000 for a first-class telescope of American manufacture. The observatory was erected in 1854. It consists of a central main building twenty-seven feet square, two stories high, with a tower twenty feet in diameter, revolving on eight cast-iron balls on an iron track, and of two wings each eighteen feet square, one of which contains the transit instrument; the other is the director's office. Two handsome towers are now proposed for new instruments.

In the tower the great equatorial, made by Spencer and Eaton, has an object-glass of 13.5 inches in diameter, and focal length of nearly sixteen feet; it is provided with a full set of positive and negative eye-pieces, by Spencer, Tolles, and the Steinhilfs, and with a ring and a filar micrometer. For solar observations it has a prismatic polarizing eye-piece of original construction, by R. B. Tolles. The declination circle of twenty-four inches reads by means of four verniers to four seconds of arc; the hour-circle of fourteen inches

by the verniers reads to two seconds of time. The instrument is mounted on a granite shaft nine feet in height, resting on a pier of solid masonry. The clock-work, with Bond's escapement and governor, causes the telescope to follow the daily motion of the stars by acting on long arms attached to the equatorial axis.

The portable transit in the west room is of two and a half inches aperture, and has a cast-iron folding stand, invented by Würdeman, of Washington. It was the gift of Hon. A. S. Miller, of Rockford, Illinois. The transit-room has one of Bond's astronomical clocks, regulated for mean time, and provided with a break circuit, a Bond chronograph, a sidereal chronometer, with Hartnup's improved compensation balance, and a Morse telegraph apparatus.

The director of the observatory, Dr. C. H. F. Peters, during his late visit to Europe, procured a fine comet-seeker of five inches aperture, the work of the distinguished optician Mr. Hugo Schröder, of Hamburg. It is mounted on a tripod stand, with setting circles for altitude and azimuth; has powers ranging from 25 to 275, and a ring micrometer. The instrument was exhibited at the last meeting of the German Astronomical Society, and its defining power declared by competent judges to be of a beauty seldom reached in telescopes of so difficult construction as comet-seekers.

Among the astronomical labors of the observatory have been the following important and successful operations: In 1859, by the exchange of star signals with Harvard College Observatory, the longitude of Litchfield Observatory was accurately determined to be 17 minutes 6.46 seconds west of Cambridge. In its turn this observatory already has become the basis of several longitudes in the State, determined under the auspices of the Regents of the University, at Buffalo, Syracuse, Elmira, Ogdensburg; and the longitude of the Detroit Observatory at Ann Arbor, Michigan, which latter formed



OBSERVATORY AT HAMILTON COLLEGE.

the fundamental point for the longitudes of the Lake Survey by the United States, now under charge of General C. B. Comstock, United States Engineers. The longitude of the western boundary of the State of New York also has been determined.

The observatory took its share in the observation of the solar eclipse of August 7, 1869,

by using, at Des Moines, Iowa, a fine portable telescope, made by Steinheil, of Munich, which instrument was the liberal gift of Mr. Edwin C. Litchfield, who also defrayed the cost of the expedition organized for the observation. This telescope has a focal length of five feet, is mounted parallaxically on a solid iron tripod, with setting circles for right ascension and declination. It has two terrestrial and six astronomical eye-pieces, a ring and a scale micrometer, a sliding wedge for moderating the light, and a direct-vision spectroscope. The aperture of its objective is four (French) inches.

To the rapidly increasing number of planetoids discovered within the last ten years Dr. Peters has had the honor of adding the following twenty: in 1861, Feronia; in 1862, Eurydice and Frigga; in 1865, Io; in 1866, Thisbe; in 1867, Undine; in 1868, Ianthe and Miriam; in 1869, Felicitas; in 1870, Ate and Iphigenia; in 1871, Cassandra and Sirona; in 1872, Gerda, Brunhilda, and Alceste; in 1873, Antigone, Electra, and Vala; in 1874, Hertha.

It is pleasant to learn that the Hon. Edwin C. Litchfield, of Brooklyn, an alumnus of Hamilton College, in 1866 placed this observatory, by the gift of a liberal endowment fund, on a permanent footing, whence, by resolution of the trustees, it received its present name. Further improvements are now designed. Two towers are soon to be put upon it, and the building otherwise improved. The munificence of an intelligent benefactor secures the appliances for a brilliant future for Clinton.

IX.—OBSERVATORY OF MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

The erection of an astronomical observatory at Ann Arbor in connection with the University of Michigan is to be credited to the enterprise of Dr. Tappan, its chancellor in 1852, and to the liberality chiefly of citizens of Detroit. The original building was completed in 1854. It was thirty-four feet



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

square, with two wings, each twenty feet by thirty-two, the east wing being designed for a meridian circle, the western for computers' rooms. In the main building a pier of solid masonry, with foundation fifteen feet below the ground surface, and disconnected from the building, rises thirty-five feet through the centre for the support of the equatorial. Its hemispherical dome is twenty-three feet in diameter, and is supported and moved on five cannon-balls. The telescope was constructed in 1857 by the late Henry Fitz, of New York. It is the second equatorial made by Mr. Fitz for Ann Arbor, the first instrument having an objective of somewhat smaller diameter, and being of less stability. The instrument which of late years has done such effective work in the hands of Professor Watson has a clear aperture of twelve inches and five-eighths, and a focal length of seventeen feet. It is provided with an achromatic finder, the usual complement of eye-pieces, positive and negative, a filar micrometer, and driving clock. It has circles larger and more carefully graduated; its polar axis is of bell-metal in place of iron, and it is mounted on a stone pier instead of the mahogany stand of the first equatorial. The director of the observatory, having under a variety of circumstances applied tests of its optical performance, considers it the *chef-d'œuvre* of Mr. Fitz's excellent workmanship. The whole cost has been about \$9500.

The east wing contains a meridian circle, by Pistor and Martins, of Berlin. Its telescope has six and a half inches clear aperture, and nine feet focal length. Its divided circles are thirty-nine inches diameter, divided on inlaid bands of silver to two minutes of arc. They are read by eight microscopes. The instrument is provided with collimators, reversing stand, parasol, and other appliances. The gift of Mr. H. N. Walker, of Detroit, it is considered one of the largest and best of its kind. The sidereal clock is by Tiede, of Berlin, having a

magnetic break circuit for record of observations on the chronograph.

The west wing contains a chronograph, with Bond's isodynamic escapement, for recording by the electro-magnetic method. It has also a four-inch comet-seeker, by Fitz, and a Negus sidereal chronometer.

The observatory is in direct connection with the lines of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and with those of the Michigan Central

Railroad; time signals are transmitted regularly to those companies, and to Detroit, Toledo, Chicago, and other cities.

In 1867 a residence for the director of the observatory was erected as an addition to the west wing, making of the whole a very handsome structure, finely located on an eminence one hundred and fifty feet above the Huron River, and about half a mile from the University Square. The horizon is unobstructed in all directions.

The new building is twenty-eight feet by thirty-six, with a height of three stories, and the whole structure has a front of one hundred and two feet east and west, with an average depth of thirty-four feet. The whole cost of erection of the observatory and residence has been about \$20,000; of the instruments, \$17,000.

The university contributed about one-third of the whole cost; \$2500 were donated by the city of Ann Arbor; and among the liberal contributors, besides Mr. Walker, we find the names of Hon. Lewis Cass, Hon. Z. Chandler, Hon. J. F. Joy, J. W. Brooks; and those of Messrs. Rice, Sheley, Owen, Baldwin, Bull, Litchfield, Waterman, Wight, Smith, and Dwight, and of Mrs. C. H. Jones, citizens of Detroit.

The observatory has had the best services of two eminent professors for its directors. Dr. F. Brünnow, from Berlin, now director of Dunsink Observatory, near Dublin, came over to America to enter on duty at Ann Arbor in 1854. He superintended the mounting of the instruments, and was professor and director from 1854 to 1859, and again from 1860 to 1863, when he returned to Europe. During his connection with the observatory, besides furnishing many valued contributions to the home and foreign astronomical journals, he published an enlarged edition of his *Spherical Astronomy* (*Lehrbuch der Sphärischen Astronomie*), also tables of Flora and Victoria. In 1859 he was associate director of Dudley Observatory, Albany.



OBSERVATORY OF MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

In 1857 James C. Watson, a student who had been assisting Dr. Brünnow, was appointed assistant observer; in 1863 he was made Professor of Astronomy and director. Since that year, besides the usual routine observation work, and that adapted for daily instructing the students of the university and resident graduates, Professor Watson has been eminently successful in his discoveries, resulting from the observations of small stars near the ecliptic.

The object of these observations has been the construction of star catalogues and charts, but in the progress of his work he has discovered of the group between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter the following named asteroids: in 1857, Aglaia; in 1863, Eurynome; in 1865, Io; in 1867, Minerva and Aurora; in 1868, Hecate, Helena, Hera, Clymene, Artemis, and Dione; in 1871, Thyra; in 1872, Althæa, Hermione, and Nemesis; in 1873, Æthra, Cyrene, and a third of twelfth magnitude not yet named. He also discovered two telescopic comets, deserving, as do all such observers, none the less credit for these (or for one or two of his asteroids) because other observers were *afterward* found to have seen them also.

These labors of the professor, besides his observations of the great solar eclipse of 1869 in Iowa, and that of 1870 at Carlentini, Sicily, and his preparation for his students* of the *Theoretical Astronomy* (now adopted as the text-book in several European universities), have given him high rank among American astronomers. For the observations of the transit of Venus, December 8, 1874, he has accepted the position of chief

* An examination of the latest rolls of the flourishing University of Michigan shows us the large number of eighty-eight young women as students in all the classes. The increase is remarkable; the strong commendations of President Angell of the system of their admission not less striking. Will a Somerville in the physical sciences, or a Caroline Herschel, adorn the institution and the professor's instructions?

of the party whose station will be Pekin, China.

X.—OBSERVATORY OF THE SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL, YALE COLLEGE.

The observatory occupies two towers, each sixteen feet square, recently added to Sheffield Hall. In one of these is mounted an equatorial telescope, in the other a meridian circle with a sidereal clock, both telescope and circle being the recent gifts of Mr. Sheffield.

The equatorial telescope, made by Messrs. Alvan Clark and Sons, of Cambridgeport, was mounted in 1866 in the revolving turret at the top of the front tower, eighty feet above the ground, where it commands a good horizon. It is supported by a freestone pier six feet in height, which stands on a massive floor of masonry arched in from the side walls just above the tower clock. The floor of the room, which is of wood, immediately above the stone floor, does not touch the pier.

The object-glass of the telescope has a clear aperture of nine inches, and a focal length of nine feet ten inches; the tube is of pine, ten inches in diameter; it is at once stiff and light. Seven Huygenian eye-pieces give powers ranging from 40 to 620. All but one of these fit a diagonal eye tube con-

taining a prismatic reflector. Another diagonal reflector—the first surface of an acute prism of glass—is used in observing the sun, the greater part of whose light and heat is transmitted, while the image formed by the reflected rays is viewed without inconvenience with the full aperture of the telescope.

The equatorial mounting is the German, or Fraunhofer's, the declination axis carrying a circle of twelve inches diameter, graduated on silver so as to read by two verniers to ten seconds, and the polar axis carrying an hour-circle of nine inches diameter, graduated to minutes of time, and reading by two verniers to five seconds.

Beneath the polar axis, in the curve of the U-shaped iron piece by which that axis is supported, is placed the driving clock. Its going is regulated by a half-second pendulum, and the intermittent motion of the scape-wheel is changed into a smooth and equable motion for the telescope by the simple and ingenious device known as "Bond's spring governor."

The performance of the telescope accords with the reputation of its makers. On favorable nights it shows easily such test objects as δ Cygni, the companion of Sirius, the sixth star in the Trapezium of Orion, and, with more difficulty, ν , Andromedæ.

The revolving turret, resembling in form that of a "Monitor," rests by a circular rail at its base on eight grooved iron wheels nine inches in diameter, the steel journals of which run in boxes of Babbitt's metal. It is turned by a crank, the pinion of which gears into a rack cast on the circular rail. The opening, three feet in width, extends entirely across through the roof and sides from base to base. It is closed or opened by eight hinged shutters with great facility.

The tower of the west wing was erected in 1866 specially for the reception of the meridian circle purchased of the United States government, and formerly used in the United States Naval Observatory. This instrument is mounted on the massive granite piers which came with it, the bases of which are imbedded in the upper part of a shaft of solid masonry thirty-six feet in height, nine feet in diameter at the base, and seven feet at the top. This shaft, rising independently of the building from a foundation ten feet below the ground surface, is surrounded at a few inches distance by a double casing made of tarred felt and matched sheathing boards—an effective protection against sudden changes of temperature.

The meridian circle has a five-foot telescope, with an object-glass of three and four-fifths inches aperture, and fifty-eight inches focal length. It has three Ramsden eye-pieces. At the focus is a system of one horizontal and eleven vertical spider lines,



OBSERVATORY OF SHEFFIELD SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL.

together with a micrometer thread, movable in declination only. The mean equatorial interval of the vertical threads is $14^{\circ} 16' 7''$.

The axis, thirty inches in length, terminates in steel pivots two inches in diameter, and to opposite faces of its central tube are bolted the two conical frusta forming the tube of the telescope. This tube is so constructed at the ends that the object-glass and eye tube are readily interchangeable. On the axis, within the piers, are two circles forty inches in diameter, graduated on silver; the one to read by a vernier to single minutes, the other by six micrometer microscopes to single seconds. Four of the microscopes are mounted at the corners, and two at intermediate points on the opposite sides of a square alidade frame, which is carried by the axis, and held in position by adjusting screws connected with the pier. The thirty-inch circle originally at each extremity of the axis outside of the piers has been replaced by forty-inch circles inside, by William J. Young, of Philadelphia. The original circle is fully described and illustrated in Vols. I. and II. of *Observations of the United States Naval Observatory*. The observatory is under the direction of Professor C. S. Lyman, and is chiefly used as a training school for students in practical astronomy. Some original observations have, however, been made of considerable interest, among which may be specially mentioned observations of the solar protuberances, and some observations of Venus when very near the sun. These researches will be doubtless much further extended on the observatory's coming into full possession of the very liberal endowments now maturing for its benefit.

OBSERVATORY OF THE ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

As far back as 1830 Yale received from Dollond, of London, a telescope of five inches aperture and of ten feet focal length, the gift of Mr. Sheldon Clark. The object-glass was considered to be an uncommonly good one for that period, and the instrument pronounced by its maker to be "such a one as he was pleased to send as a specimen of his powers."

The mounting of this instrument was not equal to its optical character, which was excellent for objects requiring a fine light, as the nebulae and smaller stars; its definition was good. The unfortunate location of the instrument in the steeple of the college, from the low windows of which no object above thirty degrees of altitude could be seen, prevented much of the effective service expected from it.

As early as 1835, however, Halley's comet was observed by this instrument, by Professors Olmsted and Loomis, weeks before any observations of it in Europe were made

known in America. An excellent impulse was given by these observations to the plans already formed at Cambridge and in Philadelphia for obtaining superior instruments and the establishment of observatories.

Mr. William Hillhouse subsequently presented to Yale College a transit instrument of five feet focal length and four inches aperture. We are glad to learn from Professor Elias Loomis, formerly of Hudson Observatory, and now professor at Yale, that a dome similar to that on the observatory of the Sheffield Scientific School has been built on the tower formerly containing the Clark instrument. The elevation of the Clark telescope is now about twenty-five feet higher, and an unobstructed horizon has been secured. The telescope can now be readily pointed to any part of the heavens. Students of Yale in the astronomical course have free access to this observatory. Professor Loomis still keeps a lively interest in the pursuit which he embraced almost forty years ago, when he established one of the earliest observatories in the United States, that of Hudson, Ohio, in 1836.

As the concluding lines of these notices of our chief working observatories are written, notice is received by the *Alta Californian* of June 4 of the very liberal act of a Western gentleman, which proves how strong is the appreciation of scientific pursuits in that new section of our country. Mr. James Lick has made a *bona fide* donation of \$700,000 to endow an "observatory on the summit of the Sierra."

SPANISH SONG.

On lips of blooming youth
There trembles many a sigh,
Which lives to breathe a truth,
Then silently to die.
Thou, who art my desire,
Thy languishing sweet love
In sighs upon thy lips shall oft expire.

I love the sapphire glory
Of those starry depths above,
Where I read the old, old story
Of human hope and love;
I love the shining star,
But when I gaze on thee,
The fire of thine eyes is brighter far.

The fleeting, fleeting hours,
Which ne'er return again,
Leave only faded flowers
And weary days of pain;
Delight recedes from view,
And never more may pass
Sweet words of tenderness between us two.

The gentle breeze which plays
On the water murmuringly,
And the silvery, trembling rays
Of the moon on the midnight sea—
Ay! all have passed away,
Have faded far from me,
Like the love which lasted only one sweet day.



THE PURITAN BLOSSOM.

PROVIDENCE, 1640.

GOOD Master Roger Williams saith
I have a heavenly call:
Methinks if Richard Wilde could know
That Master Williams deemeth so,
Then could I bear it all.

Yea, though my mother, dearest soul,
Now I am like to die,
Doth labor with me day and night
To set mine earthly cares aright,
One care I must pass by.

O bitter-sweetening day of spring!
I shut my heavy eyes,
And see again your gracious bloom,
The mystery of your wildwood gloom,
The glory of your skies.

"Sweet Mistress Loveday, in thy prayers
I prythee give me part!"
O goodly voice that haunts me so,
O dear dark eyes, will ye not go
From out my failing heart!

'Tis many days that for mine end
A-longing I have lain.
My mother weeps and prayeth sore;
The more she prays I hear the more
That kindest voice again.

Our godly guide doth give me hope
That Heaven accepteth me;
Alas! I fain would joy in this,
Yet still one care forbids my bliss
And dims eternity.

I know not if he loveth me,
Yet lives he in my heart;
I can but turn me unto death—
And prayer, remembering what he saith—
Therein I give him part.

Good Master Williams whispers soft,
"She hath a heavenly call:"
Methinks if Richard Wilde could know
That Master Williams deemeth so,
Then could I bear it all.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



Wm Thackeray

GIVEN the books of a man, it is not difficult, I think, to detect therein the personality of the man, and the station in life to which he was born. Genius creates, of course, and sympathizes with what it creates; it invents incidents which have never befallen its possessor, and conceives characters dissimilar to his own; still, when all is done, we are never so far imposed upon as to mistake its fancies for facts. There is something in truth that is not to be found in the most plausible of fictions—an air of genuineness that can never be successfully simulated. We feel what is true in books, as we feel what is true in men. I am not certain, indeed, that we do not feel it more surely, and with more pleasure to ourselves. We never fall out with books, for example; but where is the man who has not fallen out with a friend? I can imagine that I might have fallen out with Thackeray, though I have never fallen out with his books. They will not let me, they are so true, so large, so worldly-wise. They are not only the man Thackeray, but they are the epitome of his period and place—the England of the nineteenth century. Who was he who so faithfully depicted the manners of his countrymen, and what were his antecedents and his life?

He was, to begin with, a gentleman, and the descendant of gentlemen. The Thackerays came originally from Hampsthwaite,

near Knaresborough, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The first member of the family of whom we have any account was Dr. Thomas Thackeray, the great-grandfather of our Thackeray, who was elected from Eton to a scholarship at King's College, Cambridge, in the beginning of the last century, where he took degrees, and reaped honors rapidly. He was a candidate for the provostship of King's in 1744, but was defeated by Dr. George, whose election was promoted by Sir Robert Walpole. Two years later he succeeded to the head-mastership of Harrow, the popularity of which increased under his rule. He is described in a letter of the time as being a great scholar in the Eton way, and a good one every way; and the estimation in which he was held by his superiors is shown by the following anecdote: "The Bishop of Winchester never saw this man in his life, but had heard so much good of him that he resolved to serve him in some way or other if ever he could, but said nothing to

any body. On Friday last he sent for this Dr. Thackeray, and when he came into the room my lord gave him a parchment, and told him he had long heard of his good character, and had long been afraid he should never be able to give him any serviceable proof of the good opinion he had conceived of him; that what he had put into his hands was the Archdeaconry of Surrey, which he hoped would be acceptable to him, as he might perform the duty of it yearly at the time of his leisure in the Easter holidays. Dr. Thackeray was so surprised and overcome with this extraordinary manner of doing him a favor that he was very near fainting as he was giving him institution." Dr. Thackeray seems to have been a prosperous man, for besides being made Archdeacon of Surrey, he was appointed chaplain to Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George the Third, and obtained several livings. He had need of them, without doubt, for he had sixteen children, six sons and ten daughters. The former took to the learned professions, as might have been expected, one being vice-provost and bursar of King's College, another a chaplain at St. Petersburg, while two others became doctors of medicine, and settled at Cambridge and Windsor. Two of the daughters married gentlemen in the service of the East India Company, and it was probably through the interest of their husbands that their young-

gest brother, William Makepeace Thackeray, the grandfather of our Thackeray, obtained an appointment in the same service. He married a Miss Webb, who, Mr. Hannay says, was of the old English family to which the Brigadier Webb of Marlborough's wars belonged, and whose portrait is drawn with something of the geniality of kinsmanship in *Esmond*. He returned to England with a competency, leaving his son Redmond to follow the same career. Redmond obtained a writership in 1797, and afterward officiated as judge and magistrate of Ranghyr, secretary to the board of revenue at Calcutta, and collector of the house tax at Calcutta. Here he married, and here, in 1811, our Thackeray was born. His father dying in 1813, he remained in Calcutta with his widowed mother until his seventh year, when he was sent to England. The ship touched at St. Helena on the passage, and he was taken to Longwood, where he saw the great Napoleon. "I came from India as a child," he wrote, years afterward, "and our ship touched at an island on our way home, where my black servant took me a long walk over rocks and hills, until we reached a garden, where we saw a man walking. 'That is he!' cried the black man; 'that is Bonaparte! He eats three sheep every day, and all the children he can lay hands on!'"

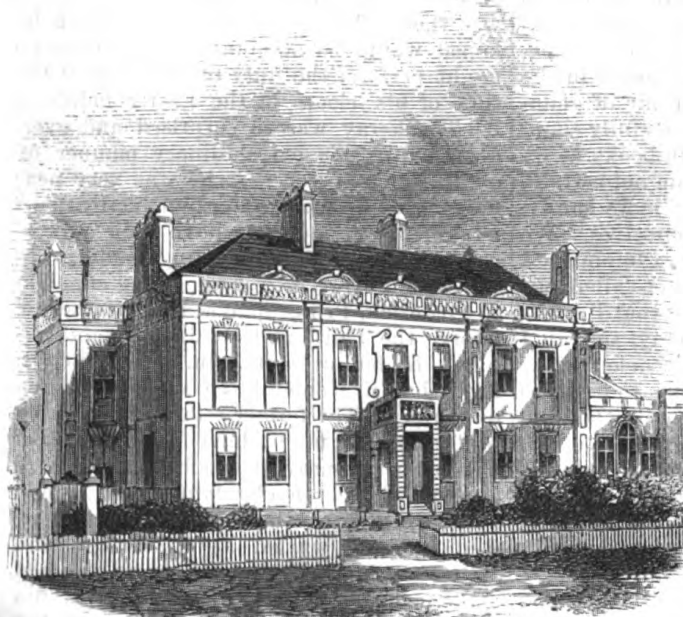
Young Thackeray was taken charge of by his relatives in England, and in his twelfth year was sent to the Charter-house School. It was a famous place long before he entered it, dating back to the fourteenth century, when the ground on which it stood was occupied by a monastery of Carthusians. Sir Thomas More devoted himself to meditation

and prayer in its cloisters; and early in the next century it was purchased by Thomas Sutton, a wealthy merchant of London, who endowed it as the Hospital of King James, "for the support of age and the education of youth." He died before he had perfected his good work, and was buried in the chapel. The anniversary of his death is celebrated every year, on the 12th of December, and an old Carthusian melody is sung, the chorus being given with a will:

"Then blessed be the memory
Of good old Thomas Sutton,
Who gave us lodging, learning,
And gave us beef and mutton."

Great men had been numbered among the scholars of the Charter-house. There was Richard Cradshaw, "poet and saint," as Cowley called him—sweetest of sacred poets; Sir William Blackstone, who was a poet before he became a lawyer; Barrow, the great divine; Tooke, the learned author of *The Pantheon*; and, better than all, Joseph Addison and Richard Steele. The memory of these last two worthies was ardently cherished by the young East Indian, who was never weary of recalling his school life at the Charter-house, which figures in his novels as "Grayfriars." It is a pleasant place, as it is described to us. The large central door is surrounded by stones bearing the names of former Carthusians; there are playgrounds for the "Uppers" and "Unders;" there is a gravel-walk by the wall of the old monastery; the head-master has a garden, with a fountain in it; and there are old cloisters, in which the boys play foot-ball and hockey. Thackeray was an inmate of the Charter-house until 1828, when he

became a day boy, or one who resided with his friends, and a first-form boy and a monitor. He does not appear to have distinguished himself, or not more than young Pendennis, who, he tells us, was in no way remarkable either as a dunce or a school-boy. He never read to improve himself out of school hours, but, on the contrary, devoured all the novels, plays, and poetry on which he could lay his hands. He was a better Latinist than Grecian, if we may trust the same veracious chronicles, and Horace was his favorite poet. "The Odes of Horace he knew intimately," Mr. Hannay informs us, "and there are subtle indications of the knowledge—the smell of Italian violets hidden in the green of his



THACKERAY'S HOUSE AT KENSINGTON.

prose—only to be truly enjoyed by Horatians. A quotation from Horace was one of the favorite forms in which he used to embody his jokes." His Greek slipped from him in after-life, but at this time, like Pendennis, he had galloped through *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*, the tragic playwrights, and the charming, wicked Aristophanes, whom he vowed to be the greatest poet of all.

Thackeray's mother, who had married again, was now in England, and her husband, Major Carmichael Smyth, rented an estate near Ottery St. Mary, where traditions of the young Carthusian still linger. He used to visit the vicar, Dr. Cornish, when he was stopping at home, and borrow books of him, and among those which he is known to have read at this time was Cary's translation of *The Birds* of Aristophanes, which delighted him, and which he returned with three humorous illustrations. The scenery of Clavering St. Mary and Chatteris, in *Pendennis*, is said to correspond in minute particulars with that of Ottery St. Mary and Exeter; and there was a newspaper published in the latter place, the poet's corner of which was occasionally filled with Master Thackeray's verses.

As Pendennis went from "Grayfriars" to Oxbridge after his episode with the Fotheringay, so the future biographer of that sentimental young gentleman went from the Charter-house to Trinity College, Cambridge. Alma Mater could boast then of several children who have since distinguished themselves, chiefest among whom were Arthur Henry Hallam and Charles and Alfred Tennyson. The latter took the prize in 1829 for a poem in blank verse, entitled *Timbuctoo*, which was not a remarkable performance, though considerably better than his friend Hallam's dreary triplets, and the circumstance was celebrated by Thackeray in a burlesque poem on the same theme. It was published in a little humorous sheet, which was christened *The Snob: a Literary and Scientific Journal*, and which purported to be conducted by members of the university, though it was really conducted by Thackeray, who was its editor, and its staff of talented contributors. A vehicle for local squibs and personalities, *The Snob* resembled a hundred similar literary mushrooms, and is only interesting now on account of its editor.

Thackeray kept seven or eight terms at Cambridge, but took no degree. We hear of him next in his nineteenth year, when his man's life may be said to have begun. Understanding himself and his powers as little as any of his heroes, he determined to devote himself to art, and wasted a great deal of time in trying to become a painter. It was an obstinate up-hill struggle, and he persisted in it for years, learning much, accom-

plishing a little, but always falling short of his aims and his knowledge. He traveled where he would, following the phantom that lured him on, and in 1831 found himself at Weimar, with a number of young fellows like himself, whose business just then was pleasure, and with whom he led a jovial, rollicking life. He often recurred to it in after-years, when he was following the fortunes of his imaginary characters, and many an incident which happened to himself was transferred to them, Weimar being transformed into Pumpernickel, and William Makepeace Thackeray into Arthur Pendennis or Clive Newcome. Of literature as a profession he had no thought, but amused himself with drawing caricatures in the albums of the young ladies of Weimar, by whom, grown old and motherly now, they are still preserved with pride.

The delusion which led Thackeray to think that he could become an artist lasted for several years, and as he had a fortune of about £20,000 when he came of age, it was fostered by frequent visits to the art capitals of Europe. He visited Rome, of course, and resided for a considerable time in Paris. His friends used to find him in the Louvre, day after day, copying pictures, with what success we are not told, but probably none to speak of. His talent for drawing, which was undeniable, was never carefully cultivated, and was exercised more for the amusement of his friends than for his own artistic development. One is tempted to regard this period of Thackeray's life as lost time, though no time can be said to be lost that is afterward turned to account, as this certainly was. If it did not make Thackeray an artist, it gave him a keen insight into the nature of artists, and added to the profound studies of character which he was now unconsciously making.

Thackeray seems to have had an idea that literature, after all, might be his profession, for we find him dabbling in it in his twenty-second year, when he became the editor and, it is thought, in some measure, the proprietor of a weekly literary paper, *The National Standard, and Journal of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals, and the Fine Arts*. The title was imposing, but the venture was not prosperous. He wrote largely for it—reviews, letters, criticisms, and verses. One of his friends has exhumed for us a specimen of the latter, which purports to be a sonnet by Wordsworth, and of which the theme is a drawing of a Jew's-harp in the sky, and the figure of Braham, the singer. It is dull and pointless. Thackeray's earliest known attempt at story-writing, "The Devil's Wager," was contributed to this paper, as well as his first mention of a class of men of whom he was the predestined enemy—*Snob*s. It occurs in a copy of verses under a portrait of Louis Phi-



THACKERAY'S STUDY.

lippe as Robert Macaire, which run as follows:

"Like 'the king in the parlor' he's fumbling his money;
Like 'the queen in the kitchen' his speech is all honey,
Except when he talks, like Emperor Nap,
Of his wonderful feats at Fleurus and Jemappe.
But, alas! all his zeal for the multitude's gone,
And of no numbers thinking except Number One!
No huzzas greet his coming, no patriot club licks
The hand of 'the best of created republics';
He stands in Paris, as you see him before ye,
Little more than a snob. There's an end of the story."

The National Standard soon expired, and its young editor became attached to the staff of *Fraser's Magazine*, at the request, it is said, of Dr. Maginn, its editor. He was a brilliant but erratic writer, was Maginn, and he made *Fraser* a power—such a power in England as *Blackwood* was in Scotland. Among his contributors were Coleridge, Southey, Carlyle, Hogg, Galt, Harrison Ainsworth, Barry Cornwall, Allan Cunningham, Theodore Hook, Edward Irving, and a young literary gentleman who insisted on pursuing art at Paris. What the latter wrote that justified his connection with *Fraser* for a considerable time has not been traced. His portrait—the portrait of a tall young gentleman, with juvenile features and a double eyeglass—appeared in the cartoon of *Fraserians* drawn by Maclise, and prefixed to the number for January, 1835; but his contributions are not recognizable until nearly three years later. They consisted probably of art criticisms, which possessed only a temporary value, and were soon forgotten. Thackeray's first book, if it can be called a book, was a small folio, which was published simultaneously at London and Paris, and entitled *Flore*

et Zephyr: Ballet Mythologique. It purported to be par Théophile Wagstaffe, who did not succeed in impressing the French or English mind with his drawings, of which six, illustrative of the pleasures and pains of ballet-dance, were lithographed on this occasion.

The spring of 1836 found Thackeray in London, at the house of his step-father, Major Smyth, who had conceived the not very original project of starting a daily newspaper. The time was thought to be ready for it, as it always is; the people were thought to be hungry for it, as they always are; so the two visionaries formed a joint-stock company, with a capital of £60,000, in shares of £10 each. This company bought *The Public Ledger*, a respectable old-fogy journal, and rechristening it *The Constitutional and Public Ledger*, started it afresh, with new men and new ideas. Lamont Blanchard was appointed editor, Douglas Jerrold dramatic critic, and Thackeray the Paris correspondent. Its programme embraced the freedom of the press, the extension of popular suffrage, vote by ballot, the equality of civil rights, and religious liberty—in short, the good of every body and every thing. It was too good, and it expired accordingly at the ripe age of nine months and a half. It was a costly bantling; for, though nominally supported by a joint-stock company, it was really supported by its original projectors, Major Smyth being the principal one, and Thackeray the most unfortunate one, in that he lost nearly all that remained of his fortune. Before this happened, and while he was still as unknown in art as in literature, he called one day upon a young man who was beginning to attract attention in the world of letters, and proposed to illustrate a work of his, then in

the course of publication. "I can remember," he said, years afterward, at a Royal Academy dinner—"I can remember when Mr. Dickens was a very young man, and had commenced delighting the world with some charming humorous works, in covers which were colored light green, and came out once a month—that this young man wanted an artist to illustrate his writings; and I recollect walking up to his chambers in Furnival's Inn, with two or three drawings in my hand, which, strange to say, he did not find suitable." The first meeting of Dickens and Thackeray—what would their feelings have been if each could have known then what the other was to be! Thackeray always admired Dickens. Did Dickens admire Thackeray?

Shortly after the demise of *The Constitutional*, which happened in the summer of 1837, and probably while he was at Paris, Thackeray married in that city a Miss Shaw, an Irish lady of good family. Before the close of the year he returned to London, and took up his abode in Great Coram Street, where he devoted himself to the only profession by which he was likely to earn his bread. He is said to have written for *The Times*, and for two short-lived periodicals, *The Torch* and *The Parthenon*, and he certainly began to justify his claim to be considered a *Fraserian*.

He set to work seriously, though not at first to serious work. A book which had lately been published was given to him to review. It was entitled *My Book; or, the Anatomy of Conduct*, and was the elaborated throe of the mighty mind of a Mr. John Henry Skelton, a whilom linen-draper of Regent Street, who had given dinners to the best company he could induce to come to them, and had run through his fortune. He was, in his own estimation, a model of deportment, an earnest old Turveydrop, whose perfectly fitting dress-coat, brown wig, dyed whiskers, white cravat (*à la Prince Regent*), and well-polished boots were unimpeachable testimonials to the character of the coffee-house at which he took his humble dinner daily. It was long known among his acquaintances that he was brooding over a great work, a treatise on etiquette, which should cause Chesterfield to hide his diminished wig. This immortal work was at last

Sorrows of Werther.

Werther had a love for Charlotte,

Such as words could never utter,

Would you know how first he met her?

She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,

And a moral man was Werther,

And for all the wealth of Indies

Would do nothing that might hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,

And his passions boiled & bubbled;

Till he blew his silly brains out,

And no more was by them troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body

Botch before her on a shutter;

Like a well-conducted person

Went on cutting bread & butter.

FAC-SIMILE OF THACKERAY'S HANDWRITING.

produced, and placed in the hands of Thackeray, who instinctively perceived that the proper person to review it was a footman, who must be created for the purpose. His shaping imagination at once created Charles Yellowplush, Esq., who dated his review—"Fashionable Fax and Polite Annygoats"—from No. — Grosvenor Square (N.B.—Hairy Bell), and who wrote not as "common writin' creatures," but with the authority of a fashionable footman, who knew whereof he wrote. Yellowplush was a great success, even his spelling, which is inferior, I think, to the spelling of some of Hood's imaginary characters, who, by-the-way, may have helped Thackeray on his way to illiteracy.

The "Yellowplush Correspondence" was commenced in November, 1837, and was continued in monthly installments till August, 1838, when it terminated. It is interesting to read it chronologically, as every thing

written by Thackeray should be read, and to note the growth and change of his mind. His work was not serious yet, but it became serious as it proceeded; for, starting with Skelton, or "Skelton," as Yellowplush would call the unfortunate linen-draper, and the absurd sketch of "Miss Shum's Husband," he shows us next how a pair of sharpers fleeced a flat, and unfolds scene by scene the terrible tragi-comedy of Mr. Deuceace and his amours. It is a curious medley of rascality and grim humor, and the close is singularly tragic. "Deuceace turned round. I see his face now—the face of a devile of hell! First he lookt towards the carriage, and pintoed to it with his maimed arm; then he raised the other, and struck the woman by his side. She fell, screaming. Poor thing! Poor thing!"

Thackeray was not yet convinced that he was not an artist, but his readers were; for the illustrations which he drew for the "Yellowplush Papers" were atrocious. One of the features of *Fraser* was an occasional letter to some author of note, and Yellowplush signalized himself before he laid down his pen by an epistle to Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, apropos to his unsuccessful play, *The Sea-Captain*, which he scored with criticism, remarkable alike for good sense and good humor. He claimed in a previous paper to have met Bulwer, or his counterfeit presentment, Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwig, at the table of his master, the Earl of Crabs, and to have enjoyed the honor of a conversation with him on literary subjects. His description of Bulwig recalls at once the early portraits of him: "The other was slim, with a hook nose, a pail face, a small waist, a pair of falling shoulders, a tight coat, and a catarrack of black satting tumbling out of his bum, and falling into a gilt velvet wesket." There could have been no personal animosity between the young satirist and his distinguished victim, but there must have been an intellectual one, arising from the natures of the two men. They made it up afterward, but I suspect that Thackeray enjoyed his caricature of Bulwer to the last.

Mr. Charles Yellowplush made his exit, and in May, 1839, a new personage appeared upon the scene. It was Mr. Ikey Solomons, Jun., keeper of a sponging-house, perhaps, who was disgusted with the condition of English fiction, and determined to bring it to shame by burlesquing it with realism. It was the period of literate and illiterate thieves and highwaymen which followed the publication of *Paul Clifford* and *Eugene Aram*, of *Rockwood* and *Jack Sheppard*, and, last, of *Oliver Twist*, which Dickens had lately finished. The popularity of these works was as great as their influence was baleful. They were not only read widely, but dramatized, and played to overflowing houses all over England and America. The sound, manly,

moral sense of Thackeray was shocked at the success of such literature as this, and he set to work to counteract it in the person of Ikey Solomons, Jun., who selected for the heroine of a story a heroine of the *Newgate Calendar*, Mrs. Catharine Hayes, a lady of the last century, who possessed most of the frailties that fall to woman, including the propensity to murder her husband, which she carried into effect, and was hanged therefor. The story of *Catharine* was not a success, we are told, but it ought to have been, considering its extraordinary power. As a reproduction of a past age it is as perfect as *Henry Esmond*, and remarkable as showing Thackeray's thorough familiarity, even at this time, with the manners and men in the days of Queen Anne. The *Beggars' Opera* is nothing to it. Farquhar never drew such an accomplished recruiting officer as Corporal Brock, nor such a scamp as Count Galgenstein. A more precious set of rascals than figure in it was never gathered together out of Newgate. They live, move, and have their being in villainy. But how they live and move, and what an air of reality there is about them, and the bustling drama they enact!

Catharine finished, Mr. Ikey Solomons, Jun., disappeared, and was succeeded by another shadow—Michael Angelo Titmarsh. He appeared in *Fraser* for June, 1840, in the rôle of an art critic of the Royal Academy, and a little later with *The Irish Sketch-Book*, which was dedicated to M. Aretz, tailor, 27 Rue Richelieu, Paris, whose generosity in loaning the writer a thousand-franc note when he was temporarily short is handsomely acknowledged. The *Paris Sketch-Book* is interesting as an exhibit of the sort of work that Thackeray was doing outside of *Fraser*, and as an evidence of his thorough knowledge of French life, literature, and art. He was as much at home in Paris as in London, and was often there with his wife. We get a glimpse of her in his charming ballad of Bouillabaisse:

"Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me;
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup."

While Mr. Titmarsh was trying to find readers for his book, he was finding them in *Fraser*, with "A Shabby-Genteel Story." It was a slight comic sketch of lodging-house life at Margate, but the people who animated it are cleverly drawn. The demoralization of the Gann family; the description of Gann, with his bald head, shabby shirt frills, and perpetual smell of gin; the airs of the elder daughters; the simplicity of poor little Caroline, the Cinderella of the house; above all, the dinner that is given to Swigby, are

worthy of Dickens. Brandon is good, Cinquars is better, and Andrea Fitch, with his velvet waistcoats, braided trowsers, and dilapidated Blüchers, his affectation, absurdity, and "hart," is better still. He is Thackeray's first attempt to satirize, good-naturedly, the profession that he loved, and which, perhaps, is more open to satire than most painters are willing to allow. The writing of "A Shabby-Genteel Story" was interrupted at a sad period of Thackeray's life, and was never resumed. "A dark shadow descended upon his household, making all the associations of that time painful to him forever. The terrible truth, long suspected, that the chosen partner of his good and evil fortunes could never participate in the success for which he had toiled became confirmed. The mental disease which had attacked his wife rapidly developed itself, until the hopes which had sustained those to whom she was most dear were wholly extinguished."* If the most pitiable episode in English literary history is the picture of Charles and Mary Lamb on their way to the mad-house together, leading each other and crying bitterly, the most tragic, in my way of thinking, is the picture which rises before me of the great, grave man writing alone in his chamber for his two little motherless girls.

At no period of his busy life was Thackeray more busy than now; for besides the works I have mentioned as contributed to *Fraser*, he wrote for other periodicals, and for newspapers, and certainly for one American journal, *The Corsair*, of which Mr. N. P. Willis was the editor. He went to Paris in December, 1840, and remained until the next summer. While there he saw the remains of Napoleon, brought from St. Helena, conveyed to the Hôtel des Invalides, and turned the event to account by writing a little book about it—or rather Mr. Titmarsh did—in the form of three letters to Miss Smith, of London. It was called *The Second Funeral of Napoleon*, and is chiefly memorable now as containing the most striking of all his poems, "The Chronicle of the Drum."

We owe to this visit to Paris the most charming of all Thackeray's shorter stories, *The History of Mr. Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond*, which was refused by one magazine, and finally accepted for *Fraser*. It was unlike any that he had yet written, its humor being of a purer quality, and its pathos exquisite. Nothing can be more delicious than the interview between Mrs. Titmarsh and Lady Tiptoff. Her ladyship has a young child for whom she desires a nurse, and Mrs. Titmarsh, who has lately lost her child, applies for the situation. "Poor thing!" says my lady, taking Mrs.

T.'s hand, very kind, she seems very young. How old are you, my dear? "Five weeks and two days!" says your wife, sobbing."

The Hoggarty Diamond was a great favorite with Thackeray, but was not particularly well received by the public. He could not find a publisher for it when it was finished, and it remained in the pages of *Fraser* until he was celebrated. He republished it then, with a touching preface, in which he confessed that it was written when he was suffering the severest personal grief and calamity, which might account for a certain sobriety and melancholy in it. "As I read it myself, after a seven years' lapse, I can recall the circumstances under which it was written, and the thoughts, other than those on the paper, which accompanied the author through his work." *The Hoggarty Diamond* had one admirer, if no more—John Stirling, who wrote to his mother concerning it: "I got hold of the first two numbers of *The Hoggarty Diamond*, and read them with extreme delight. What is there better in Fielding or Goldsmith? The man is a true genius, and with quiet and comfort might produce masterpieces that would last as long as any we have, and delight millions of unborn readers. There is more truth and nature in one of these papers than in all —'s novels put together." Stirling wrote to Thackeray a letter which gave him great comfort and pleasure.

The next four years of Thackeray's life were crowded with work. Mr. Titmarsh gave way for a time in *Fraser* to another shadow—George Fitz-Boodle, who commenced his "Confessions" in June, 1842, and continued them at intervals for several months. The most important portion of them is the series entitled "Men's Wives," particularly the story of "The Ravenswing." It is a piece of light comedy, so to say, and is very amusing. The characters are rather caricatured, the most natural being Mrs. Crump, a once-popular actress of the Surrey Theatre, who is married to a well-to-do publican, and who sits behind the bar in a turban reading Cumberland's *British Theatre*. She is the mother of the Ravenswing, whose little ups and downs as Mrs. Walker lead her on the stage. It is, I believe, the first story of Thackeray in which he introduced theatrical and literary people—a class that he made very useful in his future fictions.

"Men's Wives" was followed by "The Luck of Barry Lyndon," which was as different as can well be imagined, and which showed an immense intellectual growth. It was as truly a representative story as *Catharine*, but its power was of a higher order. The villainy in *Catharine* is vulgar beside it, and the worst character there is human as compared with this conscienceless Irish adventurer. It is not pleasant reading, unless we can enjoy the narration of successful wick-

* *Thackeray, the Humorist and the Man of Letters*. Theodore Taylor. London, 1864.

edness, but for just what it is, it is unrivaled. It is superior to *Count Fathom* and *Jonathan Wild*;" and I agree with Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, in thinking that it equals the sarcasm and remorseless irony of Fielding's masterpiece, with a wider range and a more lively interest.

I have mentioned Thackeray's most important contributions to *Fraser*, but by no means all that he wrote for it. He occasionally made a journey to Paris, or elsewhere, and jotted down what he saw, generally as Mr. Titmarsh, who was always ready to state what he knew about art, politics, literature, the drama, and kindred themes. One of his most amusing papers, "Dickens in France," is a description of a translation of *Nicholas Nickleby*, as adapted to the Parisian stage; and there are two others, entitled "Little Travels," a record of travel in Belgium, which are delightful. Mr. Titmarsh was fond of traveling, and while his double, Fitz-Boodile, appeared for him in England, was junketing elsewhere himself. He made a run over to Ireland, for example, and published, in 1843, *The Irish Sketch-Book*. It was dedicated to Lever, and for the first time the mask of Titmarsh was dropped, for the name of W. M. Thackeray was signed to the dedication. The whim of traveling seized Mr. Titmarsh again in the summer of the following year, and he started off on a tour to the East. He was not animated by any grave purpose, but traveled for the amusement of others, who, in this instance, represented a larger class of readers than he had obtained in *Fraser*. The result of this tour was published at Christmas, 1845, as *Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo*. The author of this *jeu d'esprit* was Mr. Titmarsh; the writer was another and bulkier shadow—"The Fat Contributor" of *Punch*.

Precisely when Thackeray commenced his contributions to *Punch* we are not told, but it was when that substantial elderly gentleman with the "slight dorsal irregularity" was young and struggling, and needed just such a pen as Thackeray wielded. If *Fraser* was his first opportunity, *Punch* was his second, and he embraced it. He had not yet discovered where his true strength and greatness lay, but he was "burning," as the children say when their mates are nearing the object hidden. He took a place on the staff of *Punch*, and soon made himself felt, now as "The Fat Contributor," and a little later as Charles Jeames de la Pluche, Esq., whose "Diary" set all England in a roar. It was somewhat in the vein of Mr. De la Pluche's humble relative, Yellowplush, but more amusing, I think, and more effective, in that it helped to break the enormous railway bubbles of Hudson.

Thackeray's next venture in *Punch* not only confirmed the judgment which Stirling passed on *The Hoggarty Diamond*, that the

man was "a true genius," but proclaimed to the world that a great satirist had arisen. "The Book of Snobs" had no prototype in English literature, and can have no successor. No element of good writing in his earlier works is wanting in it, and it contains new elements of strength and sarcasm. Its satire is irresistible and merciless. Thackeray's observation of character is so keen, and his sense of justice so sure, that one almost pities his victims. He is at once detective, judge, and executioner. There is nothing left of a snob when he takes him in hand: he is blasted as if by lightning.

Thackeray's next contribution to *Punch*—I mean of any importance—was "Punch's Prize Novelists." As burlesques they are fair imitations of the popular novelists of the period. They are funny, and they are good-natured—it is impossible not to laugh at them—but one feels all the time that a lesser writer than Thackeray might have written them. Only Thackeray could have written "Mr. Brown's Letters to his Nephew." He is an old man of the world, is Brown—the first of his species that I recall in the writings of Thackeray. We shall meet others of his set before long, but none so genial and so lovable. He is selfish, no doubt, and his advice is selfish advice, but let us not quarrel with it for all that. It will do us no harm, as he puts it, for it teaches us to love and to practice the gracious amenities of life. All women ought to love Brown for the beautiful and tender things that he says about them. One passage in these admirable letters possesses a melancholy interest. Brown the elder takes Brown the younger to the club of which he is a member, and moralizes about some of his old friends. "Where is poor Ned? Where is poor Fred? Dead rhymes with Ned, and Fred too. Their place knows them not. Their names one year appeared at the end of the club list, under the dismal category of 'Members Deceased,' in which you and I shall rank some day. Do you keep that subject steadily in your mind? I do not see why we shouldn't meditate upon death in Pall Mall as well as in a howling wilderness. There is enough to remind one of it at every corner. There is a strange face looking out of Jack's old lodgings in Jermyn Street; somebody else has got the club chair which Tom used to occupy. He has been sent for, and has not come back again. One day Fate will send for us, and we shall not return, and the people will come down to the club as usual, saying, 'Well, and so poor old Brown's gone.' Indeed, a smoking-room on a morning is not a cheerful spot."

I have traced the early literary career of Thackeray at some length, because it is unique in English biography. It is unique, all things considered, because so much of it was apparently wasted in teaching him what

he could do best, and because it was so singularly unsuccessful. The young Dickens, his contemporary, sprang into popularity at a bound; the young Thackeray was ten or twelve years writing himself into notice. It would almost seem as if the gods had conspired to keep him back. But he was not to be discouraged, this brave, hard-working man of genius, for he wrote on, and wrote on,

"With a light and a heavy heart,"

till he became, and was acknowledged to be, one of the most illustrious masters of English fiction.

While writing the papers I have mentioned in *Punch*, Thackeray laid the foundation of his fame. He had sketched some time before several chapters, entitled "Pencil Sketches of English Society," and offered them to Mr. Colburn, the proprietor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, to which he had been an occasional contributor. They were declined. Whether they were offered to *Fraser*, and likewise declined, we are not told. Thackeray soon recast them in the form of a continuous story, and resolved to publish it in monthly numbers, as Mr. Dickens did his stories, and try his luck that way. He hit upon a happy title for the work—*Vanity Fair*—and launched his first monthly installment on the 1st of January, 1847. His friends at once saw its surpassing excellence, but the critical journals received it rather coldly. When eleven numbers had been published, there appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* a thoughtful and well-considered article on *Vanity Fair*, which determined the intellectual status of Thackeray. There was no longer any doubt about the place that he filled. It was second to that of no living writer.

Those who are curious in regard to localities may like to know that *Vanity Fair* was written at No. 13 Young Street, Kensington, where Thackeray resided for some years, and where Mr. James Hannay, one of his biographers, first had the pleasure of meeting him. "*Vanity Fair* was then unfinished," Mr. Hannay says, "but its success was made, and he spoke frankly and genially of his work and his career. *Vanity Fair* always, we think, ranked in his own mind as best in story of his greater books; and he once pointed out to us the very house in Russell Square where his imaginary Sedleys lived—a curious proof of the reality his creations had for his mind."

If I were called upon to name the saddest incident and the most tragic touch in modern fiction, I should select the close of the thirty-second chapter of *Vanity Fair*. "No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. The darkness came down on the field and city, and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his

face, dead, with a bullet through his heart." One would like to know what Thackeray thought as he dropped the pen after writing that. We know, through Mr. Hannay, what he thought of another passage in a later chapter. "When we congratulated him, many years ago, on the touch in *Vanity Fair* in which Becky 'adores' her husband when he is giving Lord Steyne the chastisement which ruins her for life, 'Well,' he said, 'when I wrote the sentence, I slapped my fist on the table, and said, *That is a touch of genius!*'"

It was from Edinburgh that the greatness of Thackeray was first sounded abroad, and it was in Edinburgh that the excellence of his contributions to *Punch* was most widely recognized. Dr. Brown relates a pleasant little incident in connection with this recognition that took the shape of a silver statuette of *Punch*, which one of Thackeray's admirers, probably himself, saw in a jeweler's window in Edina, and which was purchased by eighty Scotchmen, and sent to Thackeray, with a short note telling the story. Thackeray acknowledged the gift in a characteristic and serious way. Such tokens of regard and sympathy, he said, were very precious to a writer like himself, who had some difficulty still in making people understand what they had been good enough to find out in Edinburgh, that under the mask satirical there walked about a sentimental gentleman who meant not unkindly to any mortal person. "I assure you," he added, "these tokens of what I can't help acknowledging as popularity make me humble as well as grateful, and make me feel an almost awful sense of the responsibility which falls upon a man in such a station. Is it deserved or undeserved? Who is this that sets up to preach to mankind, and to laugh at many things which men reverence? I hope I may be able to tell the truth always, and to see it aright, according to the eyes which God Almighty gives me. And if, in the exercise of my calling, I get friends, and find encouragement and sympathy, I need not tell you how much I feel and am thankful for this support. Indeed, I can't reply lightly upon this subject, or feel otherwise than very grave, when people begin to praise me as you do."

Vanity Fair was an impersonal, objective book; *Pendennis*, which speedily followed, was a personal one. It was personal, that is to say, as *Copperfield* was personal; in other words, it was written from the experience of the writer. Thackeray's first and last object, if I understand it, was to draw character, and to paint life as he saw it. Whose character he drew, and what life he painted, was of no consequence, provided they were worthy of his art. He would as soon draw himself as another. The history of Arthur Pendennis was in a certain sense the history

of William Makepeace Thackeray. Had Thackeray's early life been other than it was, we should not have had *Pendennis*—as we have him now. He represents the young literary man, and the life that is depicted in his history is the literary life, of course with episodes of another nature. Thackeray drew his own young face and tall figure in the illustrations which he made for *Pendennis*.

There are three different types of the literary man in *Pendennis*—Warrington, Pendennis, and Shandon. Maginn was said to have been the original of the last, and Thackeray was censured by the friends of this erratic writer for what they called his caricature of him. It was not a caricature, however, as any one may satisfy himself by reading the *Life of Maginn*, but a truthful portrait drawn by a firm but not harsh hand. Pendennis pitied Shandon, but Warrington did not. "A fiddle-stick about men of genius!" he exclaimed. "If a lawyer, or a soldier, or a parson outruns his income, and does not pay his bills, he must go to jail; and an author must go too. If an author fuddles himself, I don't know why he should be let off a headache the next morning; if he orders a coat from the tailor's, why he shouldn't pay for it." I see no harshness in this, especially when I remember that it was written by one who lent—or, as Mr. Hannay puts it, "in plainer English, gave—five hundred pounds to poor old Maginn, when he was beaten in the battle of life, and, like other beaten soldiers, made a prisoner—in the Fleet." Thackeray's own experience in the diverse characters of a reviewer, a correspondent, an editor, and an author is partly reflected in the history of Pendennis, and partly in the history of Warrington. It cost him some thousands of pounds, but it was not dear at the price. *Pendennis* was a larger book than *Vanity Fair*, and while there was no one character in it so sharply drawn as Becky Sharp, there were several that demanded greater skill in the drawing. Blanche Amory was one, and the Fotheringay another. I never heard that Thackeray lost any money by the stage, but if he did, it came back with interest in the conception of the Fotheringay.

One would like to know what Thackeray's contemporaries thought of him, and probably one's children will have that curiosity, if they have it, gratified when the biographies of his contemporaries shall have been written. We know what Charlotte Brontë thought of his genius, the greatness of which she was among the very first to perceive. She was not influenced by any personal feeling, for he was an entire stranger to her when she dedicated the second edition of *Jane Eyre* to him. She must have astonished most of her readers in assigning to him the rank that she did. "Why have I alluded to this man?" she asked. "I have alluded to him, reader,

because I think I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognized; because I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day—as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things; because I think that no commentator on his writings has yet found the comparison that suits him, the terms which rightly characterize his talent. They say he is like Fielding; they talk of his wit, humor, comic powers. He resembles Fielding as an eagle does a vulture; Fielding could stoop on carrion, but Thackeray never does. His wit is bright, his humor attractive, but both bear the same relation to his serious genius that the mere lambent sheet-lightning, playing under the summer cloud, does to the electric death-spark hid in its womb." This was written in January, 1848, before *Vanity Fair* was finished. They met for the first time—the little lady from the Yorkshire parsonage, and the great man of the London clubs—in December of the following year. She was puzzled by him, so much so that she could not decide whether he was speaking in jest or in earnest. "Thackeray is a Titan of mind," she wrote to a friend. "His presence and power impress one deeply in an intellectual sense." She read all that he wrote after her return to Haworth, as her correspondence shows, and remarked in regard to *Pendennis*, which was interrupted by a severe illness, and in which, when it was resumed, she felt that the pen had been guided by a tired hand, "but Thackeray still proves himself greater when he is weary than other writers are when they are fresh."

Thackeray was a great reader, and the literature in which he most delighted was the literature of the eighteenth century, extending, say, from the days of Queen Anne down to the days of the third George. Two noted writers of the earlier period had been Carthusians, and that, we may be sure, did not lessen them in his esteem. "I take off my hat to Joseph Addison," he used to say. There is a canceled scene at the end of the last chapter of *Catharine* in which some of Queen Anne's men would have figured: Barry Lyndon is introduced at the Club to Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and "a Mr. Buswell, of Scotland." I can not begin to remember the allusions to his favorite authors in Thackeray's early writings. His admiration for these old worthies, and for the England of the past, withdrew him for a time from the men and manners of his own day, and impelled him to write a series of lectures upon the English Humorists, and that wonderful reproduction of a by-gone generation, *Henry Esmond*. He delivered these lectures in London with great success. The correspondence of Miss Brontë shows that she was one of his audience. "I came here," she wrote

on the 2d of June, 1851—"I came here on Wednesday, being summoned a day sooner than I expected, in order to be in time for Thackeray's second lecture, which was delivered on Thursday afternoon. This, as you may suppose, was a genuine treat to me, and I was glad not to miss it. It was given in Willis's Rooms, where the Almacks balls are held—a great painted and gilded saloon, with long sofas for benches. The audience was said to be the cream of London society, and it looked so. I did not at all expect the great lecturer would know me or notice me under these circumstances, with admiring duchesses and countesses seated in rows before him; but he met me as I entered—shook hands—took me to his mother, whom I had not before seen, and introduced me. She is a fine, handsome, young-looking old lady, and called with one of her granddaughters next day. Thackeray called too, separately. I had a long talk with him, and I think he knows me now a little better than he did, but of this I can not yet be sure. He is a great and strange man. There is quite a *furor* for his lectures. They are a sort of essays, characterized by his own peculiar originality and power, and delivered with a finished taste and ease, which is felt but can not be described." Thackeray had told some of his friends that she was present, and just before the lecture began Lord Carlisle and Mr. Monckton Milnes came up and introduced themselves, on the plea that they were Yorkshire men. "The lady who accompanied Miss Brontë to the lecture of Thackeray's alluded to," writes Mrs. Gaskell, "says that, soon after they had taken their places, she was aware that he was pointing out her companion to several of his friends, but she hoped that Miss Brontë herself would not perceive it. After some time, however, during which many heads had been turned round, and many glasses had been put up, in order to look at the author of *Jane Eyre*, Miss Brontë said, 'I am afraid Mr. Thackeray has been playing me a trick;' but she soon became too much absorbed in the lecture to notice the attention which was being paid to her, except when it was directly offered, as in the case of Lord Carlisle and Mr. Monckton Milnes. When the lecture was ended, Mr. Thackeray came down from the platform, and, making his way toward her, asked her for her opinion." We may be sure that she gave it frankly—the honest little Yorkshire woman—and that it pleased him.

Henry Esmond, which was given to the world complete, should be read, if possible, at a sitting, when its completeness, as a whole, will, I think, be felt. As a work of art, it is Thackeray's masterpiece; as the reproduction of a past age—as a historical novel—it is unrivaled. There is nothing like it, nothing so perfect, in English fiction. The characters are drawn with surprising

strength and delicacy, and truth to nature. Congreve could not have drawn the Viscount Castlewood better, though he saw his like every day of his life; he could not have drawn him so well, for he could not have given him the little heart that he has. Nobody but Thackeray could have drawn Lady Castlewood and Beatrix. The ladies do not like her ladyship, I believe. Charlotte Brontë did not, and Mrs. Jameson did not. "As usual, he is unjust to women, quite unjust," the former writes. "There is hardly any punishment he does not deserve for making Lady Castlewood peep through a key-hole, listen at a door, and be jealous of a boy and a milkmaid." The latter sums up her ladyship and Thackeray as Jeffrey summed up *The Excursion* and Wordsworth: "Oh, Mr. Thackeray, this will never do! Such women may exist, but to hold them up as examples of excellence, and fit objects of our best sympathies, is a fault, and proves a low standard in ethics and in art." I am sorry to disagree with these good ladies, but I do, for to me Lady Castlewood, with all her faults, is a thoroughly womanly woman—her faults being as much a part of her nature as her beauty and goodness. They don't like her marrying Esmond, I suppose; others do not. One of Thackeray's friends is said to have remonstrated with him for having made Esmond marry his mother-in-law. "I didn't do it," he replied; "they did it themselves." The way in which Thackeray enters into the spirit as well as the letter of the time he describes is wonderful. He never for a moment forgets himself; his allusions, his illustrations, his style, are always in exact keeping. And how delightful his literary personages are!—the thickset, good-humored trooper, Dick Steele, construing Latin, and arguing points of faith with the lad Esmond at Castlewood; St. John bantering simple-minded Mrs. Steele at the dinner-table of Lady Castlewood; the famous Mr. Addison, who invites Esmond to his humble lodging while he is writing *The Campaign*—we know these worthy gentlemen, dead long since, as well as we know our living brothers of the quill, thanks to the loving and life-giving genius of William Makepeace Thackeray.

The success which attended his lectures in England and Scotland led Thackeray to think that we might like to hear them in America, and he accordingly determined to visit us. He arrived in Boston on a frosty evening in November, 1852, and went to the Tremont House, where rooms had been engaged for him. "I remember his delight in getting off the sea," says Mr. James T. Fields,* "and the enthusiasm with which he hailed the announcement that dinner would be ready shortly. A few friends were ready to

* *Yesterdays with Authors.*

sit down with him, and he seemed greatly to enjoy the novelty of an American repast. In London he had been very curious in his inquiries about American oysters, as marvelous stories, which he did not believe, had been told him of their great size. We apologized—although we had taken care that the largest specimens to be procured should startle his unwonted vision when he came to the table—for what we called the extreme *smallness* of the oysters, promising that we would do better next time. Six bloated Falstaffian bivalves lay before him in their shells. I noticed that he gazed at them anxiously with fork upraised; then he whispered to me, with a look of anguish, 'How shall I do it?' I described to him the simple process by which the free-born citizens of America were accustomed to accomplish such a task. He seemed satisfied that the thing was feasible, selected the smallest one of the half dozen (rejecting a large one, 'because,' he said, 'it resembled the high-priest's servant's ear that Peter cut off'), and then bowed his head as if he were saying grace. All eyes were upon him to watch the effect of a new sensation in the person of a great British author. Opening his mouth very wide, he struggled for a moment, and then all was over. I shall never forget the comic look of despair he cast upon the other five over-occupied shells. I broke the perfect stillness by asking him how he felt. 'Profoundly grateful,' he gasped, 'and as if I had swallowed a little baby.' He made a pleasant evening and a late night of it, in spite of the large oysters, and went to bed happy.

The lectures were a success in Boston, and Thackeray was delighted, boisterously so, according to the chatty Boswell just quoted, who assures us that he shouted and danced when he was told that the tickets to his first course of readings were all sold. And the whim seized him—if we may credit the same authority, who rode with him to the lecture-room—to thrust both his long legs out of the carriage window, in deference, as he said, to his magnanimous ticket-holders! If Thackeray does not appear to advantage in gossip like this, it is the fault, I suspect, of the gossip. Nothing is more easily misunderstood than the boyishness of great men, and no one was more easily misunderstood than Thackeray. For whether we study nature or study man, "we receive but what we give."

Thackeray came to New York, and read his lectures before the Mercantile Library Association with great success. That terror of the public man, the interviewer, was not as yet, but his place was partially supplied by the inaccurate biographer and the imaginative word-painter. Every characteristic of Thackeray was noted, and once, at least, he was well described: "As for the man himself who has lectured us, he is a stout,

healthful, broad-shouldered specimen of a man, with cropped grayish hair, and keenish gray eyes, piercing very sharply through a pair of spectacles that have a very satiric focus. He seems to stand strongly on his own feet, as if he would not be easily blown about or upset, either by praise or pugilists; a man of good digestion, who takes the world easy, and scents all shams and humbugs (straightening them between his thumb and forefinger) as he would a pinch of snuff." There was something in Thackeray's reading which no one caught. It defied analysis, and evades memory. His voice, as I recall it, was at once low and deep, with a peculiar and indescribable cadence; his elocution was matchless in its simplicity. His attitude was impressive and tranquil, the only movement of his hands being when he wiped his glasses as he turned over the leaves of his manuscript. He read poetry exquisitely.

Thackeray was more widely read at this time in America than in England, for when it was known that he was coming over to visit us there was a rapid disinterment and republication of his early writings in *Fraser* and *Punch*. His *avant-couriers* were Mr. Yellowplush, Mr. Titmarsh, Mr. George Fitz-Boodle, and that prince of swindlers, Barry Lyndon. He was not consulted with regard to their appearance, for he would doubtless have objected to one or two whom he had not set eyes upon for years. The Yellowplush who had lampooned Bulwer was one. After his arrival in New York, Thackeray wrote a preface to "Mr. Brown's Letters," in which he expressed contrition for these wild performances of his early years, as he called them, and hinted that the retrospect they awakened was any thing but gay. "The old scenes return, the remembrance of the by-gone time, the chamber in which the stories were written, the faces that shone round the table. Some biographers in this country have been pleased to depict that homely apartment after a very strange and romantic fashion; and an author in the direst struggles of poverty, waited upon by a family domestic in 'all the splendor of his menial decorations,' has been circumstantially described to the reader's amusement as well as to the writer's own. I may be permitted to assure the former that the splendor and the want were alike fanciful, and that the meals were not only sufficient, but honestly paid for."

Thackeray was dined and wine until he was more than content with American hospitality. He took naturally to men of his own profession—authors and artists—and in their society was the gayest of the gay. The Century was a favorite place of resort with him in the winter evenings, and he used to say it was the best club in the world. As the creator of Brown the elder and the an-

thor of "The Book of Snobs" was a notable club man, we Centurions were, and still are, inclined to believe that he was correct in his estimate of it. He came and went when he would, and his moods were respected; if he was solitary, he sat down in some unfrequented corner, and nobody molested him; if he was communicative, he pulled his chair up where his friends were conversing, and joined in the conversation. He was a delightful talker, because he never talked for effect; and as the night wore on, and only a few Centurions remained, he would tell stories, and sing songs, and set the table on a roar. Now it was the ditty of the Reverend Dr. Luther that he sang, with its rollicking chorus,

"Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long;"

and now it was his inimitable ballad of *Little Billee*, and his miraculous escape from the cannibalistic hunger of guzzling Jack and gorging Jimmy. The geographical outlook toward the close was immense:

"Billy went up the main-top-gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee;
He scarce had come to the Twelfth Commandment,
When up he jumps—'There's land, I see.

"'Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee;
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B.'"

"So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill, he made him
The captain of a seventy-three."

Thackeray was invited on one occasion to a dinner at the house of a prominent Centurion, who was soon to rank among "Members Deceased." Fitz-Greene Halleck was present, and Hackett the comedian, and *Sparrow-grass* Cozzens, and half a dozen other good fellows of that ilk. The host was aware of Thackeray's curiosity in regard to our oysters (which does not appear to have been allayed by his Boston experience), and he procured from the immortal Dorton, of Fulton Market, some of the largest and fattest ones that he could obtain. A plate of them was, of course, placed before the guest of the evening. "Thackeray, what do you think of our oysters?" asked Cozzens. Thackeray did not reply. "Press that question," said Halleck to his next man, who repeated it, in the words of Cozzens. He smiled, and placing his spectacles on his nose, looked down upon his plate. "Why, they are perfect beasts of oysters!" They were eaten, nevertheless. This anecdote is trivial, no doubt, but it is not more trivial than some of the apocryphal anecdotes of Shakespeare which are handed down to us, and which we are fain to believe, because we think they are characteristic of that myriad-minded man.

Thackeray made many warm friends in

America during his first tour, in the different cities in which he lectured, but none by whom he was more valued than Mr. William B. Read, of Philadelphia, who has collected his reminiscences of this great writer in a charming little monograph. "He seemed to take a fancy to me and mine," writes Mr. Read, "and I naturally loved him dearly. He used to come to my house, not the abode of wealth or luxury, almost every day, and often more than once a day. He talked with my little children, and told them odd fairy tales. And I now see him (this was on his second visit) one day in Walnut Street, walking slowly with my little girl by the hand—the tall, gray-haired, spectacled man with an effort accommodating himself to the toddling child by his side; and then he would bring her home. And one day when we were to have a great dinner at the club given to him, and my wife was ill, and my household disarranged, and the bell rang, and I said to him, 'I must go and carve the boiled mutton for the children, and take for granted you do not care to come,' he got up, and, with a cheery voice, said, 'I love boiled mutton, and children too, and I will dine with them.' And we did; and he was happy, and the children were happy, and our appetite for the dinner was damaged. Such was Thackeray in my house."

I met Thackeray twice when he was in this country, once at a press dinner, which was given to him at the Astor House, and to which he came late, having just arrived from a journey. He was too ill to seat himself, though he entered the room in which the dinner was held, and my remembrance is that he shook hands cheerily with the friends who were nearest him, and was then borne off to bed. He was liable to sudden attacks of severe illness, and his sufferings on these occasions were terrible. We all regretted his absence—none more than myself, for I wanted to see and hear the satirical historian of the Four Georges. (It was during his second visit here, in 1855, I have forgotten to say.) We had a dull evening—at least I did, for I came to be introduced to Thackeray, and the genial, friendly talk of Washington Irving, to whom I was introduced instead, did not console me for my disappointment.

A few days later I was in the editorial rooms of *The Tribune*, where I met my good friend Bayard Taylor, who had been disappointed, like myself, at the press dinner, and he told me that he was going to give Thackeray a breakfast at Delmonico's on the Sunday morning following—Sunday being the only day that was at his disposal—and he asked me to be present. How well I remember that memorable morning, and how little

* "Thackeray in America." *Blackwood's Magazine*, June, 1872.

I brought away from it! It was late in December—a bright, sharp morning, and the walk from my rooms to Delmonico's was inspiring. We met in Delmonico's parlor, some eight or ten of us—the Howadji, I think, was one—and waited until Thackeray, who was stopping at the Clarendon, came. I was introduced to him informally. He gave me the grip of his hearty hand, and we proceeded to the breakfast-room. I forget how we were placed at the table, nor does it matter. It was Thackeray that I came to see—that I wish to remember—not my right or left hand man, who, I have no doubt, was an author or an artist. It was the author of *The Newcomes* that I wished to hear talk. As I am not a gourmand, I can not remember whether the oysters were large or small, nor the order in which the wines were brought on, though I can remember that the proper order was discussed while we were sipping them. Breakfast over—and it was a long one—we lighted our cigars, changed chairs with each other, and chatted in groups of twos or threes. I took an empty chair beside Thackeray, as he motioned me to do, detecting, no doubt, the admiration that I felt for him, and we had a pleasant chat. He had no idea that I hoped to be a man of letters some day, so we talked like men of the world, on whatever topic presented itself. Something that I said about theatricals (I was a dramatic critic at the time) led him to say that he had written a comedy, which he had left in Webster's hands—I think it was Webster's, though it may have been Wigan's—with but small chance of its acceptance. I very honestly told him that I could not understand how he should have a play refused. He said he could, he had had so many things declined—*Vanity Fair*, for example; besides, he added, there might be some defect in the play which would prevent its successful representation. Dumas was mentioned, and I noticed that in speaking of him Thackeray gave his name the Spanish and not the French pronunciation. He had chaffed Dumas; I remembered, in *The Paris Sketch-Book*, but it was for his dramas, not his novels. I asked him what he thought of the latter, especially *Monte Cristo* and *The Three Guardsmen*. No one ever displayed, he thought, such prodigality of invention as Dumas. His novels were vastly entertaining. For himself, he was never weary of reading *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. The exact language in which Thackeray expressed his admiration for Dumas has passed from my recollection, but the substance of it afterward took this form in print: "Of your heroic heroes, I think our friend Monseigneur Athos, Comte de la Fere, is my favorite. I have read about him from sunrise to sunset, with the utmost contentment of mind. I have passed through many volumes—forty! fifty! I wish from my heart

there were a hundred more, and would never tire of him rescuing prisoners, punishing ruffians, and running scoundrels through the midriff with his most graceful rapier. Ah! Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, you are a magnificent trio!" The feeling with which Thackeray inspired me was extravagant, I suppose, but it was very sincere. I felt toward him as he felt toward Shakspeare: "I should like to have been Shakspeare's shoe-black, just to have lived in his house, just to have worshiped him, just to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet, serene face." Somebody interrupted our chat; we separated, shook hands when the company dispersed, and—I never met Thackeray again.

"Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?
And did he stop and speak to you?
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new!"

The closing years of Thackeray's life were as prosperous as they deserved to be, and as crowded with literary work as if he had still his reputation to make. He returned to England in 1856, and after delivering his lectures on the Four Georges in London and Edinburgh, where they were received with some disfavor, on account of their supposed want of loyalty, he sat down to the composition of *The Virginians*. While it was in progress, he, or his publishers, conceived the idea of a new magazine to be edited by him. He matured his plans carefully, and, instead of relying upon his own reputation to sustain the project, as he might well have done, he sought the assistance of two of his younger contemporaries, whose talents he was among the first to detect. These were Mr. Anthony Trollope and Mr. George Augustus Sala. Mr. Trollope had published several novels, which had had a fair degree of success, the best being *Dr. Thorne*; but his was not the name to conjure with then that it is now. Mr. Sala was favorably known by his papers in *Household Words*, but Thackeray believed that he was capable of greater things. With these trusty lieutenants on his staff, one with his novel of "Framley Parsonage," the other with a life of one of Thackeray's favorite worthies, William Hogarth; with his comedy, which, when it was finally declined, he had recast as "Lovel the Widower;" and with the first of a series of half-humorous, half-pathetic, and altogether unique essays, "The Roundabout Papers," he started *The Cornhill Magazine*. Its success was enormous, the first number reaching a sale of one hundred and ten thousand copies.

Thackeray was a good editor, as the first four or five volumes of *The Cornhill* show, but he was too soft-hearted for the position. It was very fine to advertise on the magazine, "Contributions are only to be sent to 65 Cornhill, and not to the editor's private residence;" they found their way to 36 On-

low Square all the same; and with them private notes, stating the distressing situation of these writers, who generally had sick and widowed mothers or motherless children to support; and after they were returned, other private notes of an eleemosynary or insulting character. If he sent a charity check to some poor devil of a scribbler, it was pretty sure to be answered in a month or two by a note roundly abusing him for not inserting that splendid contribution "on which he had paid half the price on account." The annoyances of all sorts to which he was subjected found a good-natured vent in one of the most amusing of his "Roundabout Papers," "Thorns in the Cushion."

Thackeray's contributions to the *Cornhill* while it was under his management consisted of "Lovel the Widower," "The Four Georges," and "The Roundabout Papers;" and after he had quitted it, which he did with an address to contributors and correspondents, dated March 18, 1862, of "The Adventures of Philip," the third novel which may be said to embody his own life and experience, *Pendennis* being the first, and *The Newcomes*—or so much of that story of all stories as relates to the art life of Clive Newcome—the second. The tenacity with which his early characters had laid hold upon him is illustrated in "Philip," Dr. Firmin being the Philip Brandon of "A Shabby-Genteel Story," and the Little Sister the poor girl whom he marries and abandons more than twenty years before.

The materials for a literary biography of Thackeray are abundant, as my readers have doubtless concluded; the materials for a personal biography are scanty enough. He did not live in public, as some writers do, but in the privacy of his own home, as a gentleman should. He had his struggles and his troubles, but the world knew nothing of them; he was as reticent as he was brave, and bore his burdens without a murmur. There were two natures in him, as there were two elements in his books—the one overflowing with animal spirits, the other profoundly serious, and the impression that he made depended upon which was uppermost, and who was by. We are told by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold that he was not loved, and not often liked, by the outer world—by those with whom he came in contact for the first time. His address was as polished as a steel mirror, and as cold. He was beloved by his inferiors, however, and always deeply touched by any kindness or grace shown to him by one beneath him. Mr. George Hodder, who acted as his secretary at one time, intimates that there was a constitutional reserve in his manner, accompanied at times by a cold austerity, which led to some misgivings as to the possibility of his being the pleasant companion that his friends described

him to be. "And yet it is well known to those who saw much of Thackeray in his familiar moments that he could be essentially 'jolly' (a favorite term of his) when the humor suited him, and that he would, on such occasions, open his heart as freely as if the word 'reticence' formed no part of his vocabulary; whereas at other times he would keep himself entirely within himself, and answer a question by a monosyllable, or peradventure by a significant movement of the head. At one moment he would look you full in the face and greet you jauntily; at another he would turn from you with a peculiar waving of the hand, which of course indicated that he had no desire to talk." Mr. Jerrold gives us a characteristic glimpse of Thackeray, whom he and one of his friends met one afternoon in Fleet Street, as he was ambling to Whitefriars on his cob. "He caught sight of us, and my companion was about to grasp his hand, but he just touched his hat with his finger, and, without opening his lips or relaxing the solemn cast of his features, passed on. My companion stamped his foot upon the pavement, and cried, 'Who would think that we were up till four o'clock this morning together, and that he sang his "Reverend Dr. Luther," and was the liveliest of us!'"

Those who knew Thackeray best loved him most, for they knew what a sincere, kind-hearted, generous gentleman he was. To be in need was to find the way to his heart, as many a touching anecdote shows. Here is one which was first related, I believe, by Father Prout: "One morning, on entering Mr. Thackeray's bedroom in Paris, I found him placing some napoleons in a pill-box, on the lid of which was written, 'One to be taken occasionally.' 'What are you doing?' said I. 'Well,' he replied, 'there is an old person here who says she is very ill and in distress, and I strongly suspect that this is the sort of medicine she wants. Dr. Thackeray intends to leave it with her himself. Let us walk out together.'" There may be a little invention in this anecdote, as a similar one is related of Goldsmith; but here is one which is better authenticated, and which is related by Mr. Jerrold. He was one morning at Horace Mayhew's chambers in Regent Street, he says, when Thackeray knocked at the door, and cried from without, "It's no use, Porry Mayhew; open the door." "It's dear old Thackeray," said Mayhew, as he opened the door. "Well, young gentlemen," he said, cheerily, "you'll admit an old foggy." They were glad to admit the old foggy, who was neither old in years nor in feeling. He took up the papers lying about, talked the gossip of the day, and then suddenly said, with his hat in his hand, "I was going away without doing part of the business of my visit. You spoke the other day at the dinner" (the *Punch*

weekly meeting) "of poor George. Somebody—most unaccountably—has returned me a five-pound note I lent him a long time ago. I didn't expect it; so just hand it to George, and tell him, when his pocket will bear it, just to pass it on to some poor fellow of his acquaintance. By-by." A nod, and he was gone.

Thackeray was a constant attendant at the *Punch* dinners, and a weighty member of the council which discussed and decided upon the contents of the forth-coming number, his neighbors at table being Gilbert & Becket and Douglas Jerrold. He and Jerrold, it is hinted, were apt to squabble, but nothing came of it. "There is no use of our quarreling," he would say, "for we must meet again next week." He was understood by the *Punch* people as few men are understood by their contemporaries: he was more to them than the great Genius he was to the world—he was a dear friend whom they loved, and whom they were soon to commemorate in a mourning page. Nor was he less dear to others who saw less of him. "One loved him almost as one loves a woman," says Mr. Anthony Trollope, "tenderly and with thoughtfulness; thinking of him when away from him as a source of joy which can not be analyzed, but is full of comfort. One who loved him loved him thus because his heart was tender as is the heart of a woman."

The figure of Thackeray was as well known in London as that of any public man, especially at the West End, where the clubs are, and the club men congregate. He belonged to several clubs, where he was often to be seen, now sauntering through the hall of the Reform, and now at the Athenæum, making up his mind to find a corner in which to write. He was generally behind-hand with his "copy," which did not come easily, notwithstanding his years of practice. For the most part he had his materials with him, in the shape of certain little sheets of paper, which he covered, when the mood seized him, with his peculiarly neat penmanship. He was rather proud of it, by-the-way, and used to say that if all trades failed, he could earn sixpence by writing the Lord's Prayer and the Creed in the size of one. If he could not write, and was not inclined to talk, he would stare out the club window with a dreamy and often with a sad and weary look. By-and-by, in the afternoon, his tall, commanding form and gray head would be seen in the streets overtopping the passer-by, who turned to look at him as he sailed majestically along, with his hand thrust in his pocket, thinking of the little girls, now women, and one beginning to be famous, who awaited his coming in the house that he had built for himself in Kensington.

It was known that he was writing a story which had been in his mind for years; and

one or two of his friends to whom he had shown a portion of it pronounced it his best story. It was also known that he was quite ill. Indeed, he was often in his doctor's hands now. He would be about, however, and when the anniversary of the death of "good old Thomas Sutton" came round again, on the 12th of December, 1863, he was present, as was his wont, at the Charter-house, in his usual back seat in the quaint old chapel. He attended the oration in the Governor's Room, and as he walked up to the orator with his contribution he was received with hearty applause by his fellow-Carthusians. Four days later he dined at the house of his next neighbor, Baron Marochetti, where he enjoyed himself in a quiet way, and added to the enjoyment of those who were less quiet. In the course of the evening a question arose about a subscription in aid of a distressed artist, and with his usual generosity he offered to increase, if necessary, the sum he had previously promised. We hear of him a few days later at the Athenæum Club, where he met Dickens, to whom he confessed that he had been three days in bed, and that after these attacks of his he was troubled with cold shiverings, "which quite took the power of work out of him." On the 21st of December he attended the funeral of a relative at Kensal Green, and on the following day went to his favorite haunt, the Garrick Club, and asked a seat at the table of two friends, who of course welcomed him. There was a little nook in the dining-room, just off the reading-room, and hanging there was a famous picture of a scene in *The Clandestine Marriage*. He sat opposite this picture—his friends remembered—and took his dinner quietly. Afterward he went into the smoking-room, a place in which he delighted, and in which he imagined Brown the elder when he moralized to his nephew about "Members Deceased." Did he think of it then, I wonder? The next day he was out, though in great suffering, and was seen in Kensington Palace Gardens reading a book. He was no better in the evening, and his servant proposed to sit up with him; but, with the consideration which was a part of his character, he declined, and bade the man "good-night." His mother, who slept overhead, heard him moving about midnight, but was not alarmed, as it was his custom when he was ill. At nine o'clock the next morning the servant entered his chamber as usual, and found him lying on his back, with his arms stretched over the coverlet. As he was accustomed to see him in this position after his attack, he took no further notice of him, but brought a cup of coffee, and set it down beside the bed. It was not until he returned some time afterward, and saw that the cup was untasted, that he discovered he was dead!

The funeral took place on the 30th of De-

cember. The mournful procession started from Kensington at eleven o'clock, and reached Kensal Green Cemetery about noon. The male relatives of the deceased followed in a mourning-coach and in his private carriage, after which came a long line of carriages containing persons of rank and wealth, and numbers of what are considered in England the humble classes—authors, artists, and other intellectual workers. The most distinguished men of letters were there—Dickens, Browning, Anthony Trollope, Tom Taylor, Lewes, Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, the whole *Punch* staff, Millais, Doyle, Cruikshank, authors, artists—there were a thousand mourners. The coffin was borne into the little chapel of the burying-ground, which was at once filled. When the solemn service was over, they proceeded to the grave, which was in a quiet spot, beside the grave of one of his children. It was a beautiful day, one of those days in which December revives the remembrance of June, and which makes us forget, if any thing can, the remembrance of Death. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, but the spirit to God who gave it." They are solemn words; it was a solemn sight. But the saddest sight of all was the spectacle of his two daughters, who advanced in the deepest mourning, and, taking a last sad look at the coffin, turned suddenly away in unspeakable grief. Strong men wept: there was not a dry eye as the earth closed over all that was earthly of England's greatest novelist—William Makepeace Thackeray.

IN THE ABBESS'S PARLOR.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

"IF wishes were fishes, we'd have some fried; if wishes were horses, beggars might ride," crooned little Jem Walters, in a doleful under-tone, which suited admirably the aggravating hopelessness of the old nursery rhyme. She was uncomfortably perched, knees downward, on a chair in the window-seat, her elbows resting upon the sill, her small fingers beating time to her minor-keyed melody. I am sorry to say that every now and then she breathed on the pane, in utter defiance of a strict law devised by her pastors and masters, and afterward, without any interruption in the sort of dirge or dead-march she was beating, the tiniest finger of her right hand would trace across the glass strange hieroglyphics, which assumed astounding shapes to her too vivid fancy. Once she saw an elephant with a howdah on his back—a how-do-you-do was what Jem called it; but no matter. Then she beheld a sphinx, with "a calm, eternal" smile on its countenance, which so irritated Jem that she cut the mystery in twain with one sweep of her thumb nail. Presently she evoked a group of palm-trees, a camel, and

a lost pilgrim dying in the desert sand, with a fountain, which he had no strength to reach, shining before his weary eyes. Then she perceived a face so grotesque that she giggled; then a rhinoceros; then something which looked so like a dreadful kind of antediluvian beast that Jem was half frightened, and rubbed him into nothingness with her elbow.

Then, to her horror, she perceived that in the engrossing interest of her occupation she had smeared four panes of glass in a hopeless manner. No polishing with the corner of her white apron was of the slightest use; yet cleansed the glass must be before Aunt Julia appeared to inquire if that stony-hearted arithmetical puzzle had been solved. Jem once more quavered out, "If fishes were wishes—" stopped to laugh at her blunder, desperate as she was, and by some unguarded movement toppled herself and her chair over, and lay there on the floor beneath it like a melancholy snail that had hired a house much too large for him. She managed at length to rise, discovered that she had upset Aunt Julia's work-basket, which had been placed on an ottoman near, and had torn the gathers of her apron in front.

Then the devil tempted Jem. She should be as severely punished as possible for the transgressions and mishaps which had already occurred; she might as well exhaust her badness now. She gave the basket a vicious kick, and the torn apron a deliberate rent; then she sat down on the carpet and cried a little, but found herself too miserable for tears to be got at easily; so she attempted the impossible task of restoring Aunt Julia's basket to order, and then tried to mend her apron with some blue silk, partly because the color pleased her, and partly because she found a needle already supplied with it, and ingenious as Jem was in many ways, she never could make a thread hit the eye.

Poor little Jem! she was not yet seven years old, and Aunt Julia obliged her to study French verbs, and had pushed her on into fractions, and when Jem, with a horrible precocity, perpetrated a joke and pronounced them "vulgar," Aunt Julia took it for impertinence, and made her spell the names of twelve unpleasant Hebrew kings as a fitting penance.

Poor little motherless Jem, consigned to the mercies of an Aunt Julia who had theories! She meant to be a good woman, and she loved the child; for that very reason felt it a duty to be strict with her, and acted, as so many people do where children are concerned, by the rule of contraries, that is, whatever Jem liked to do must be forbidden, and whatever Jem liked not must be done: this to teach the mite patience, and subdue the evil tendencies of the "natural Adam," reference to which improper personage was frequently upon Aunt Julia's lips.

Jem had been two days in disgrace, a trouble brought about by those horrible fractions and a mud-pie, the latter having been fabricated when she was sent forth to take the air in the garden, had gone down the high-road instead, and after making her pie, had fallen into it head-foremost. With the closing performances of this morning the door of hope had shut, and Jem, unconsciously become a wicked little fatalist, decided that she could no more amend or atone for all that had happened than she could have prevented its occurrence.

Now in spite of the heinous nature of Jem's offenses and my severe reprobation thereof, I must mention one thing in her defense—an excuse which "grown-ups" are always bringing forward to palliate their own errors and short-comings, but which they quite forget can ever have any thing to do with the misdemeanors of children of a lesser growth—Jem's nerves were out of order. Not only had Aunt Julia entirely overdone the matter of French verbs and simple fractions, pushing the creature forward from sheer pride in her precocity, and afraid (being afflicted with religious sentiments of a gloomy nature) that giving way to outward displays of tenderness would lead to the sin of idolatry on her part, but other causes had been at work to upset Jem's mental equilibrium.

The night but one before this day of crime which I am chronicling Jem had slept in Cousin Fanny's bed, and somewhere among the small hours had been awakened by the sound of bitter weeping. She sat up among the pillows, and by the light of the lamp saw Fanny kneeling beside a table, and crying as if her heart would break. Jem spoke to her, but she did not hear; then the child cowered down in bed and cried too, making so much noise about it that Fanny had to stop her own lachrymatory performances and go and soothe her, and Jem promised to do her best to forget what she had seen—at least to tell no living soul, not even Aunt Julia.

Cousin Fanny was also a niece of that sad-voiced relative, but a grown woman, who did just as she pleased, never had any French verbs to learn, was independent of fractions, simple or compound, and it seemed a marvelous thing that she should find any thing to cry about.

So, taking advantage of the morbid state into which all these combined causes had thrown the child, the devil tempted her, and Jem fell, rushing recklessly on from sin to sin, till she reached the climax—kicked Aunt Julia's work-basket and tore her own apron.

It would be better now to die, Jem thought. She had heard Cousin Fanny on that tumultuous night ask why death did not come. Jem felt that in the pass to which fate had brought her not only was the question applicable, but it would be

wise to resort to stern measures and have done with life. She lay down upon the carpet and stretched out her arms, and was dying comfortably, when a bug that had come in at the window on an exploring expedition crawled across her hand and brought her back to existence and an upright position in great haste. A happy thought struck Jem. She had one of Mrs. Sherwood's tales fresh in her mind. She would go and be a nun. She should have two full hours before her for carrying out this design. Fanny and Aunt Julia had gone to see a friend who was soon to depart from the neighborhood, and would not be back till luncheon, so up to that time Jem would have the freedom of the library and the companionship of her vulgar fractions. It seemed only right to inform her relatives of her intention, and Jem spent a long while composing a letter to the younger of the pair:

"DEAR COUSIN FANNY,—I have gone to be a none. I rather do so than fractions. I've tore my Apron and kic Ant Julia baxet so I shall go a none like Ann. I no her name in Mrs. Serwood. Tell Ant Julia I am verry sory and love her until deth which I think is Neere. so know more from your cousin

"JEM NONE.

"P. s. I shall never tel about the other night even to the Abes or the sisters.

"p. S. too. I take Ant Julia black vail because the Abes might not have one convenyent and I would never like to put the convent to Expenche."

Then she went to Aunt Julia's room, and got out the crape veil which her guardian had worn a few months previous when in mourning for some relation.

Jem departed. Through the garden and orchard she took her way. Then came a grove; then the boundary which she had been forbidden ever to pass, because beyond lay old Mr. Milner's estate, and he and Aunt Julia were not friends. Still on Jem went, climbed through a broken gate, and kept her course, weary but determined. Off in the distance, upon a wooded hill, she saw a summer-house, which, by some reasoning perfectly clear to her own mind, she decided to be a convent, and toward that haven of rest she plodded.

It was very warm and Jem very tired by the time she reached her goal—a pretty spot as weary pilgrim could wish to rest in. She pushed open the door and entered. There was nobody present but a red butterfly, which did not seem in the least glad to see her, and began turning somersaults in the air till Jem grew quite dizzy watching him.

"The abbess has gone out," said Jem to herself; "but I shall take the veil and be all ready when she comes back."

So she wrapped the crape about her head, and sat down on a low rustic couch to meditate, and presently, as people usually do when they make up their minds to meditate, fell fast asleep.

When she woke she saw a very handsome

man sitting opposite her, tranquilly smoking a cigar. Jem was not in the least frightened, though he could not possibly be the abbess, and she was inclined to think she must still be asleep. She rubbed her eyes and looked again, but there the vision still was—such a handsome man, with great brown eyes and a silky mustache, and somehow his face was so familiar to Jem, though she did not know him from Saul of Tarsus, that, without stirring, she called out,

"Did I dream you, please?"

"Halloo!" said he, laughing. "What little brown elf are you?"

"Yes, I'm rather brown," replied Jem, dolefully; "but it's not very polite of you to tell me so."

"I only meant I thought you were a kind of fairy called a brownie," he explained.

"Oh," said Jem, quite mollified. "No, I'm not; I'm a nun."

"A what?" he asked.

"A nun. Don't you know? I've taken the black veil, and this is my convent."

"The deuce it is," said he.

"Yes," said Jem, sitting up, and staring at him with round eyes of astonishment. "You're very handsome, ain't you—I mean aren't you? Ain't isn't correct; you mustn't ever say it."

"I won't, you small syntax," he said, laughing, till Jem laughed from sheer sympathy, though she could not imagine what he meant by his merriment.

"So you're a nun," he observed, presently.

"The blackest kind," said Jem, touching her veil. "Haden't you better stay here and be one too?"

"Upon my word, I think I had! Will I be allowed to smoke?"

"Maybe," replied Jem, doubtfully. "Mrs. Sherwood don't tell, I believe."

"Is that the abbess?"

"Oh no; she wrote the story. The rest of her stories are all about decayed gentlewomen; but I think they would be very nasty; don't you?"

"Uncommonly so, I should say. Now what's your name, brown elf?"

"I'm Sister Ann—Annunciata."

"But before you left the world? When you were at home, you know?"

"Oh, Jemima; but I don't like it; I'm Jem."

"I expect you ran away," said he. "What made you?"

"Fractions," answered Jem, promptly; "but they can't get me back, for I've taken the black veil, you see."

He nodded his head, and sat studying her little pale face, and Jem studied him with great earnestness. Suddenly she clapped her hands and cried,

"Why, you're the picture!"

"The dickens I am! Now what are you at?" he asked.

"That's how I knew you; but I couldn't think," returned Jem, nodding her head many times in a satisfied way.

"She's daft!" he exclaimed, looking about with a bewildered air. "Tell me what you mean, this minute!"

"I know you are the picture," persisted Jem. "I saw you in her box. I opened it, and there you were."

"O Lord!" said he. "Well, whose box?"

"Why, Fanny's, of course. That's my cousin, and her other name is Ames. She's very good, and I love her awfully, and—and—why, what's the matter with you?" For he had turned strangely pale, and was gazing at her with such intentness that she grew troubled.

"I hope you ain't angry—aren't, I mean," she faltered, but, with the influence of Aunt Julia's spirit strong upon her, struggling resolutely to be grammatical to the last. "Please don't be angry, you know."

"Angry! No, child, no," he answered, with such a beautiful smile fitting over his white lips that Jem felt perfectly reassured.

He rose and walked to the door, and stood there for a little with his back toward her. He had motioned Jem to keep still, and she did not stir. Presently he returned, sat down on the seat beside her, and drew her close to him.

"So you love Fanny very much," he said.

"She's so good," sighed Jem. "She comes every night after I'm in bed, and kisses me three times on my forehead—here."

He stooped and pressed his lips thrice upon the spot she had touched with her finger.

"Now, Jem," said he, "we are going to be great friends."

"Yes, indeed; we're both nuns, you know."

"Well, we'll talk about that afterward," he replied; "but first I want you to tell me something."

"But it's not fractions?" questioned Jem, rather disturbed by the grave expression of his face.

"No, no; I hate them as much as you do."

"Good," said Jem. "If it's not fractions, I'll tell you any thing in the world! I know a beautiful story about a white mice."

"We'll have that too by-and-by; but about the picture first."

"That's you," said Jem. "Only it was in the box, and you are here. I really thought I dreamed you."

"It was my portrait," said he.

"Of course," returned Jem, somewhat confused. "I meant that all the time, only I saw you so sudden."

"Exactly. Tell me, Jem, did Fanny know you saw it?"

"Yes, but she didn't scold. I opened the wrong box."

"What did she say?"

"Oh, she wasn't a bit angry. I didn't do

it on purpose. I wouldn't be so mean for any thing."

"Of course not. But what did she say about the picture?"

"It had 'Charles' on it," began Jem.

"That's my name."

"Oh, is it? Why, that night when I woke up and she was crying, she said, 'Charley, Charley.'" Then Jem suddenly remembered her promise, and burst into tears, saying, "Oh, I've told, I've told, and I promised not! Oh! oh! And now she'll think I'm bad—"

Here sobs checked her utterance.

"I do think she'll drive me mad!" muttered the young man; but he restrained himself, gathered Jem in his arms, and soothed her with tender words.

"She'll not be angry," he averred; "you did not mean to tell."

"No, no," sobbed Jem; "indeed, indeed I didn't."

"You know we are nuns, and nuns are obliged to confess," continued he, sinfully taking advantage of the cobwebs in her childish brain to turn her morbid fancies to his own use. "You must have read that in Mrs. Sherwood."

"So I did," said Jem, a good deal relieved. "They had to tell every thing to the abbees and the pro—no, the—the—"

"Confessor. Just so."

"I shouldn't break my word for all the professors—I mean con—that ever lived!" cried Jem, proudly.

"I'd like to shake her!" he groaned. "She's as mad as a March hare, and she'll drive me madder than herself."

Jem did not catch the words, but the tone startled her.

"Oh dear, you *are* angry!" she said, with renewed sobs. "Oh, I don't know what I shall do if you're angry!"

"No, no; not a bit. See, I am smiling. I love you dearly, my little Jem, and we are the best friends possible."

"Ah," said Jem, nestling up to him, and leaning her head on his arm with a long sigh of content. "I think I shall like being a nun along with you. I wish Fanny would come and be one too."

"So she cried and spoke my name?" he asked. "Was that when you opened the box?"

"Oh no; that was in the daytime. And she looked very pale, just as you do now, and—"

"Yes—well?"

"She said she wasn't angry. Then she asked me if I knew what a treasure was."

"And you did?"

"Of course—a heap of gold locked up in a chest. But that wasn't what she meant; and then she said there was another sort—"

"Yes; something very precious—something that belonged to a dead friend, or somebody very dear—"

"Why, that's what she said!" interrupted Jem, in delight.

"And did she say the picture was one?"

"To be sure. What was the word—sacred? Her sacred treasure—too precious to talk about—so I was not to tell I had seen it."

"Then what did she do?"

"Oh, she kissed me ever so many times, and she said, 'Jem, you are too little to understand; but you're a great comfort to me, and I don't mind your knowing.'"

"And then?"

"Then she put you back in the box—I mean the picture—and then—oh, something else—I can't forget!"

"You mean you can't remember?"

"Yes; about—how was it?"

"Try and think."

"About a dead friend," said Jem. "But you aren't dead. Why, what made her think you were?"

"Did she say 'a friend dead to me?'"

"That's it!" cried Jem. "I can't think how you know."

Again the young man rose and walked up and down the summer-house, and Jem sat watching him.

"Have you got the megrims?" she asked, suddenly.

"The what?"

"That's what Nurse Robson says she has when she walks up and down. She says her legs crawl; and once she said she had a nest of ants in her knees; but I didn't believe that, and I told her so, and she said I was a hardened little infidel. I'm not very fond of Nurse Robson. When she's cross she combs my hair the wrong way, and pretends she did it by accident; and if I complain, she says I'm a baby; but I'm sure nobody would like it, now would they?"

"No," he answered, rather absently. He came back and sat down again beside her, and she leaned her head on his arm, and gazed admiringly up at him in happy obliviousness that such troubles as fractions and punishments existed.

"You're such a good little thing," said he. "I'm wonderfully fond of you, my pretty Jem."

This young man named Charles was undoubtedly a very designing person; he meant to make use of every sort of art that could entrap the candid little soul into further confidences.

"I'm so glad you like me," cooed Jem. "I suppose we shall stay here always, sha'n't we?"

"Good gracious, yes! We're nuns, you know."

"Of course," said Jem, clapping her hands in ecstasy.

"So after that, after the day you found the picture, you saw Fanny crying, did you?"

"Yes—that's what I wasn't to tell."

"Of course not, except to me. Fanny meant you to tell me."

"No, I don't think she did, because I didn't know you," replied Jem, after a little reflection. "I only knew your portrait."

"It's all the same," assented this unscrupulous Charles; "and, anyway, you have told me."

"But I didn't mean to. Oh, am I very wicked?" questioned Jem, in great distress.

"No, no. You're the dearest, best child that ever lived. What pretty curls you've got, Jem! So Fanny cried!"

"Oh, so hard! and wanted to die. That's what made me think of dying when it all went so wrong this morning."

"Wanted to die?" he repeated, in an unsteady voice. "Did she say why, Jem?"

"Nothing left—nothing—I remember her saying that," said Jem, with her head on one side, like a wise little robin-redbreast.

"Oh, I was so sorry, and I cried too, and asked her not to die; and then she kissed me. Oh dear, wouldn't it be better for her to come here and be a nun along with us?"

"She's shown me the way," said he, in a low tone. Then, aloud, "See here, Jem, you must write a letter to Fanny."

"Oh, I wrote one to say I was gone to be a nun."

"But you must write another to tell her to come and be one too."

"Do you think she would?"

"I know she would."

"But she won't tell Aunt Julia?"

"Not if you tell her to say nothing. Look, here is paper and ink and every thing," he said, opening a drawer of the table.

"I suppose this is the abbess's parlor," observed Jem.

"No doubt. Now write your letter, like a good child."

"I'll say we both want her to come."

"No, no; not a word about any body but yourself."

"Oh," said Jem, rather puzzled.

"Say you like being a nun very much, and want her to come at once and join you."

"Just so," said Jem.

He arranged the writing materials, and Jem began:

"DEAR COUSIN,—"

She broke off to exclaim, "Oh, there's a blot!"

"Take another sheet. Ah, do be quick, Jem."

She began anew:

DEAR COUSIN,—I'm a none you would better be a none too Come At once the Abes is not at Hoam but I took the Black vale."

Charles read the lines over her shoulder as she wrote, an amused smile breaking across the anxiety and trouble of his face.

"That will do admirably," said he.

VOL. XLIX.—No. 292.—37

"But how shall we get it to the post-office?" asked Jem, struck by a sudden perplexity. "Nuns can't go out."

"I can send it," said Charles. "Now finish. Tell her to be sure and mention your letter to no living soul—to come at once."

So Jem added:

"P. S. Tell no Livin sole Secret to the Grave."

"Add, 'More depends on this than you can think,'" said Charles.

Jem put "p. s. too," and wrote what he dictated.

"Go on," he ordered.

"Oh, isn't it done yet?" she asked, somewhat fatigued by such unusual epistolary efforts.

"Not quite. Say, 'Follow the bearer without delay or question, or it will be too late. Come alone with him, or you will not find me.'"

Jem wrote the whole, and signed her name.

"My good Jem!" pronounced Charles, and kissed her as a reward. "Wait here; don't move till I come back."

He hurried out of the summer-house; whistled sharply; a man cutting underbrush in the grove appeared in answer to his summons. After a brief dialogue between the two, the gardener set off down the hill, and that mysterious Charles returned to the abbess's parlor.

"It's all right, Jem," said he. "Tell me what you would like best in the world; for whatever it is, I mean you to have it."

Jem was so bewildered by the magnitude of the promise that she could frame no wish whatever.

"Never mind; we'll think about that later," he added. "By-the-way, are you hungry, Jem?"

"I do believe I am, but I didn't know it."

Charles produced a little covered basket, opened it, took out some cold chicken, a roll, and a cake of chocolate, and spread them upon the table.

"Why, where did it all come from?" asked Jem.

"Oh, the convent cook must have expected you," he asserted. "Eat, and ask no questions—they're not permitted by the abbess's rules, you may be sure."

"Why, then she's as bad as Nurse Robson," sighed Jem, "and I like to ask questions."

"You small Eve!" laughed Charles.

He urged her to eat, but would have nothing himself, though he smoked vigorously instead. He seemed a very excitable young man. He got up and sat down, muttered to himself, gesticulated, and finally disturbed Jem so much when she had finished her luncheon and found time to watch him that she said,

"You don't think of having brain-fever, do you?"

"Jem, Jem!" he cried, catching her in his arms. "I believe, I hope— Oh, Jem, I believe I am a happy man once more, and I owe it all to you, my precious little lamb!"

"Set me down," said Jem, "and then I'll kiss you. How nice it is to be a nun! Shall we have chicken every day?"

But he had rushed to the door again, and was peering through the trees down to the path which led toward the hill.

Jem nibbled a last bit of chocolate she caught sight of on the table, and meditated upon the bliss of always living in this charmed retreat, with her new friend and Fanny beside her, no fractions to trouble her, and no Nurse Robson to comb her hair the wrong way. Then she suddenly remembered Aunt Julia, who as an aunt out of lessons hours was an entirely different person from the Aunt Julia devoted to French verbs.

"Oh dear!" she cried. "Charles—I'd better call you Charles, hadn't I?"

"Of course," said he, stepping back into the room. "Well, what is it, little pigeon?"

"I've been thinking—there's Aunt Julia. Whatever will she do with Fanny and me both gone?"

"Serves her right," muttered Charles.

"What did you say?" demanded Jem.

"I said you were a darling birdie," replied Charles, and darted out of the door again.

"Aunt Julia might be a nun too," mused Jem, "only she really must get over that dreadful habit of liking fractions, for I don't see how there could be any peace in the convent unless she got rid of it."

Just then in rushed Charles, white as a sheet, his eyes shining like two stars.

"She's coming," gasped he.

"The abbess?" cried Jem.

"The dev—" Then remembered to stop and pretend to sneeze. "You're the maddest child I ever saw."

"I'm not," broke in Jem, indignantly; for Jem was by no means an angel, and had a small temper of her own.

"You're a love," vowed Charles. "She's coming—"

"The abbess?" interrupted Jem again.

"Fanny, of course," said he, impatiently.

"Oh, well," returned Jem, rendered somewhat stolid and matter-of-fact by her copious luncheon; "we knew she was coming. You can see her any day. But where's the abbess? That's what I want to know."

"Jem," said Charles, solemnly, "if you disappoint me now, I'll make an auto-da-fe of you on the spot."

"I know what an autograph is," retorted Jem; "but I'm a nun, and I won't be any thing else for any body."

"Here she is! Get out of the way, Jem!" cried that horrible young man, and with the customary base ingratitude of his sex he thrust Jem into a corner, now that he no longer had any use for her.

Up the hill strode the gardener, and after him came the prettiest vision that one could wish to see on a bright summer morning. A young girl—certainly not more than twenty—with lovely golden hair, glorious blue eyes, and a face such as might have suited one of Raphael's Madonnas. This was Fanny Ames.

Fortunately Aunt Julia had decided to spend the day with her friends. Fanny had driven back alone; had gone at once to the library to release Jem, having begged a commutation of her penance. She found Jem's remarkable epistle, and being a sensible young woman, stood still, wondering what it was best to do, instead of rousing the household by a series of hysterical shrieks, as many of her sisters would have considered the most fitting thing to attempt under the circumstances.

Enter a servant.

"A man wants to see you, Miss Fanny."

"Let him come in," said she, with rare presence of mind, jumping at the conclusion that some sort of relief to her perplexity must appear with this unknown person.

She read the note which the unknown handed her, stopped to ask no questions, but in two minutes was following him across the shrubberies and on over the lands of old Milner, which an hour before she would have believed nothing could induce her to pass. Here she was at the door of the abbess's parlor, calling,

"Oh, Jem! you darling, dreadful little Jem!"

In she rushed, and found herself confronted by a handsome young man, who proceeded to fall on his knees and seize her two hands, and cry:

"They told me you were false—that you wanted to be released from your engagement. So I wrote that wicked letter, and ever since have been wandering like Cain over the face of the earth. Oh, Fanny, it was not true—you did care! It has all come out. I know about the picture and every thing. Fanny, Fanny!"

But the last words were only a moan of pain, for without warning she tottered back, and he caught her just in time; and there she lay senseless in his arms, while he raved like a maniac with a man's usual absurdity; and that sensible little Jem—a true woman in embryo—ran out to the brook near the summer-house, soused Aunt Julia's crape veil thoroughly, rushed back, flung it full in Fanny's face, and greeted the astonished Charles with a thoroughly feminine observation:

"What a big fool you are, to be sure!"

Then she began to yell like a bedlamite as Fanny opened her eyes, and did a spasm of nervous agony which would have done credit to a girl of eighteen.

Heaven knows how long the explanations took, though from the instant the lovers

looked in each other's eyes none whatever was necessary; but they never remembered that time existed; and Jem was equally indifferent, and asked questions, and answered for both, and understood the matter perfectly in her own fashion.

An old, old story. Charles Milner and Fanny had been engaged against the will of Milner *père* and Aunt Julia, who had never been friends since the days when Aunt Julia married his intimate friend instead of himself. Charles was obliged to go to Australia to attend to the affairs of an uncle, who had seen fit to die and leave the young man his heir.

Aunt Julia and old Milner, having fought out all the ancient causes for quarrels, proceeded to get up a new one over a right of way. They decided to settle the matter by arbitration, got into a battle before the umpires, and had led on to worse, till finally, in his wrath—for she had hit him hard at every point—old Milner hinted that Fanny's affection for his son was instigated by a regard for the young man's wealth. Aunt Julia was not to be outdone when her temper was up, and she told the old fellow to his beard that her niece might make a better match tomorrow, and would if she did not consider herself bound by a foolish promise to Charles

—a promise which in reality meant nothing.

Old Milner wrote and told Charles this; and Charles, in a frenzy, wrote a cold letter releasing Fanny from her engagement; and she interpreted his stateliness to mean that he wanted his freedom, and gave it him in an equally tragic epistle; and for twelve months she had been mourning at home, and Charles doing the Wandering Jew in any land which chanced to be convenient. He had reached home, called back by his father's illness, only the night before, and that wicked elopement of Jem's had brought about this happy *dénouement*.

"And we sha'n't be nuns after all," said that small personage; "but I don't mind, for Charles has promised to cure Aunt Julia of her love for fractions."

And Charles kept his word, and Aunt Julia was so content to see Fanny look happy once more, and old Milner—he was only forty-six, after all—so content to get his son back, that four weeks after the two danced a quadrille at the young people's wedding, and were married themselves the next autumn, and to this day Jem, now a grown woman, tells me she knows no more about fractions than I know about the lost Pleiad, and cares as little.

THE NEW SOUTH.*

By EDWIN DE LEON.

III.—COMMERCE AND NAVIGATION.

TODAY the commerce and navigation of the Southern States, as compared to those of the Northern, do not show well, owing to the fact of the virtual monopoly of the carrying trade by our enterprising brethren of the North, who have succeeded in controlling the prices of our great staples, as well as the transmission of them at home and abroad.

Direct trade with Europe, for so many years past the cherished vision and hope of the Southern statesmen and more far-sighted commercial men in the Southern sea-ports, has never yet attained any considerable proportions, while even our internal and coasting trade is in Northern hands to a great extent. New Orleans alone can boast of regular direct lines of steamers to European ports, although the other Southern ports send forth occasional or semi-occasional steamers and sailing ships, Savannah recently having taken the lead in these efforts, and Norfolk now boasting of its Allan line of steamers. Still, these are only sufficient exceptions to prove the rule.

Southern commerce depends on its great staples, their handling, exchange, and trans-

mission to the Northern and foreign markets, paying ever a heavy tax to the Northern middle-men, merchants, and ship-owners for their transmission abroad, and also helping materially to enrich the Northern railway kings, who have stretched out their arms into the far South, and *annexed* the chief Southern railroads as feeders to their great trunk lines, and virtually control all the outlets to the cotton, rice, sugar, tobacco, of the South and Southwest. The grangers of the West, who have risen in rebellion against this giant monopoly, have found co-operators throughout the Southern States, where-in granges are springing up with marvelous rapidity. But whether these organizations can effect a different solution to the transportation problem, and permit the producer to reap more of the profits arising from his products, is a question to be solved within a very short time by the present generation.

Southern commerce, as contradistinguished from mere local trade or small shop-keeping, rests on the great staples, and under the present system it can not be denied that the great producing section annually absorbs the smaller portion of the profits accruing from the culture, while the Northern, by the mere transportation and handling of those prod-

* Continued from the February number, page 422.

ucts, pockets the lion's share, reversing Pharaoh's vision of the fat and lean kine, since it is the former which swallows the latter in this instance. The annual reports of commerce and navigation, issued from the bureau at Washington, may be dry reading, but their facts and figures are very instructive; neither can they be gainsaid, giving as they do the inexorable logic of trade returns and shipping lists.

The great centres of Southern trade are her sea-port cities, New Orleans taking the lead, and Norfolk, Savannah, Charleston, Mobile, and Galveston coming next in succession. The great inland mart of the cotton trade is Memphis, which receives the product of the Mississippi Valley, and taps the Southwest. Though an inland town, Memphis is a great river port, its lines of river steamers carrying 20,000 tons, and making trips longer than many sea-voyages. It also is the centre of a perfect web of railways, extending northward and eastward, with projected lines to tap the mineral regions of Alabama, and the ports of Norfolk, Charleston, and Savannah.

As the first in importance as well as in size, let us take a retrospect of the recent trade of New Orleans, the greatest of the Southern ports, and the only one boasting regular direct steam communication with Europe. Since the revival of her commerce, *post bellum*, New Orleans has had her most rapid recovery in the cotton trade. This might be considered a curious circumstance in view of the fact that she is really out of the cotton-producing region by a full geographical degree, and that little if any cotton is grown within a hundred miles of the city. In this respect Charleston, Savannah, and even Mobile have great natural advantages over the Crescent City. Yet this is neutralized by her position on what Mr. Calhoun so aptly called her "great inland sea," the Mississippi, giving her an outlet to the Gulf and the Atlantic Ocean, and opening to the enterprise of her merchants that vast region watered by the great river and its tributaries. New Orleans, through these facilities, now controls about one-third of the crop grown in the Southern States, and the foreign spinners largely fill their orders there, many having special agents or branches domiciled at New Orleans at least for six months in the year. If she has been able to accomplish so much under the very exceptional and abnormal condition of her government (she never yet having been really reconstructed), what may not her future be, when all barriers and impediments are removed, and capital flows in again from abroad to facilitate and increase her commercial operations? Her *ante bellum* export was very large. In 1860-61 the export of cotton from New Orleans reached near 2,000,000 bales. During the war, of course, her trade was paralyzed, even after

the Federal forces had taken the city and raised the blockade.

With peace came a rapid revival of her cotton trade. In 1865-66 her exports were 768,465 bales; in 1869-70 they rose to 1,185,050 bales, of which about half went to Liverpool, about a quarter to Havre, 115,000 to New York, and the rest to Bremen and other manufacturing centres abroad. The returns for 1870-71 are the largest. They rose to 1,541,359 bales. The last, for 1872-73, were almost up to that figure, viz., 1,406,026 bales, of which 733,007 went to Liverpool, 194,088 went to France, and the balance was distributed between the northern states of Europe, south of Europe, coastwise, and Mexico. This, for a city of about 150,000 white men, who have all the trade in their hands (the 60,000 blacks being chiefly laborers or artisans), is certainly doing very well. The Cotton Exchange Board, recently organized in New Orleans, has already exercised a most beneficial influence on the trade. Already, this year, up to the 1st of February, the rush of cotton to this market was unprecedented, more than a million and a quarter of bales having been received up to March 1, 1874.

The next great staple of produce, and once the leading one of Louisiana, sugar, with its satellite molasses, seems to have suffered more from the shock of the war than any other, while its yield in the Mississippi and Red River plantations has decreased four-fifths since the war, and the receipts from other quarters suffer a similar diminution. It must be borne in mind, however, that the sugar trade of New Orleans (unlike its cotton) was ever more local than general, supplying the Western demand only, while the outside supply for the rest of the Union came from Cuba and the West Indies through the Northern ports. But the shrinkage in the local production is a painful fact, as well as an undeniable one, as the tables will prove. The export of sugar and molasses from New Orleans is thus summarily stated in the report of M. Bouchereau, which is accepted as correct by the trade.

He says that the produce of sugar in 1861-62 was near 390,000 hogsheads under the old process of "pawning," and under the "refining" process about 70,000 hogsheads, making in all about 460,000 hogsheads, or 530,000,000 pounds of sugar. In 1869-70 the whole yield did not reach 100,000,000 pounds. For the year 1872-73 the reported yield has been less than 37,000 hogsheads and 32,000 barrels of sugar, and about 133,000 barrels of molasses—a slight improvement on the two preceding years, but a notable falling off from the *ante bellum* stand-point.

The tobacco trade also of New Orleans, to use the emphatic slang of the dealers, is "very sick." It is gaining ground, however, and the dealers have hopes of a

restoration of the trade to even more than its previous proportions. Just before the war the annual receipts of tobacco at New Orleans rose as high as 81,000 hogsheads; in 1868 but 15,000 hogsheads were received; in 1870 they had risen to 20,000 hogsheads only; in 1871-72 there was a further increase to 22,582 hogsheads; and again a relapse in 1872-73 to 20,000 hogsheads. Louisiana herself does not raise much tobacco. She is very proud of her peculiar kind, termed "perrique," which has an exceptional flavor, and is very strong. But her supplies have been chiefly drawn down the river from the States of Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee; and the products of these States seem since the war to have been directed into other channels. Competent judges entertain the opinion that Louisiana could readily rival Cuba in the production of tobacco as well as of sugar were attention turned to it, climate and soil being both auspicious. But the people of the State love not new things, and are disheartened at the progressive decrease in the yield of their old staples and former mainstays; so that the halcyon days of the smoker of the native weed must be delayed for some time, even should they ever arrive in our day and generation. In the mean time the tobacco dealers, both for exportation and domestic consumption, are pushing both branches vigorously, the emigration of Cubans aiding greatly the production of the cigar in New Orleans, where factories and fabrics for that purpose now abound, much of the tobacco used therein also coming from Cuban plantations, the proprietors of which have transferred their laborers and workshops into this safer latitude. The production and consumption of cigars made on the spot is now enormous, the figures attainable in returns not giving a tithe of the actual ones. As far as the figures go, derivable from the tax returns, more unreliable now in the Southern country than they are elsewhere, owing to peculiar circumstances, they show that the United States revenue at New Orleans from this source alone amounts annually to \$100,000, and that nearly, if not quite, 2,000,000 cigars are manufactured on the spot out of Cuban and native tobacco.

Although the direct foreign trade of the South, as indicated by the Custom-house returns, affords a most imperfect idea of the actual consumption of foreign goods by that section, owing to the virtual monopoly of foreign trade in Northern hands, yet the table is valuable as marking a decided increase on the small beginnings the South is making in direct trade. A contrast of the imports (foreign) in 1860 and 1870 will prove this increase, especially in the case of New Orleans, which is remarkable when the war shrinkage is taken into consideration:

Customs Districts.	1860.	1870.
Alexandria, Virginia	\$176,002	\$32,692
Albemarle, N. C.	4,797
Appalachicola, Florida ..	7,841	6,538
Baltimore, Maryland	9,784,788	19,512,468
Brazos, Texas	1,781,698	907,491
Brunswick, Georgia	116,132
Charleston, S. C.	1,569,570	506,699
Corpus Christi, Texas	2,146,566
Delaware	2,001	17,522
Key West, Florida	132,690	228,224
Mobile, Alabama	1,060,810	1,849,483
New Orleans, Louisiana ..	22,922,773	14,993,754
Norfolk, Virginia	901,460	14,451
Paso del Norte, New Mex.	464,408
Pensacola, Florida	104,928	48,510
Richmond, Virginia	908,114	91,777
Saluria, Texas	181,557	220,022
Savannah, Georgia	722,061	1,001,917
St. Johns, Florida	7,094
Texas	533,158	509,267
Wilmington, N. C.	311,344	119,758
Fernandina, Florida	100,973
Total	\$40,476,757	\$42,298,706

The exports from the same ports also show a similar recovery, the total aggregate value of Southern shipments to foreign ports in 1870 amounting to \$208,567,240, against \$207,457,262 in 1860. Add to this the domestic exports of \$500,000,000, and the commercial condition and prospects of the South can by no means be considered discouraging when all the drawbacks are taken into consideration. The wonder is that she makes so good a showing, and has so rapidly recovered lost ground, commercially as well as agriculturally. Did space admit of minute detail in these matters, the rapid development of Southern resources, internal and external, would astonish the "rest of mankind" in and out of the United States.

The position of the Crescent City at the embouchure of the Mississippi River would seem to have given her the keys of the Gulf, and thus made her the great entrepôt and distributing centre for West Indian and South American products. Yet she has lost during and since the war even the small headway she had previously made in this direction; for during the ten years preceding the war she imported three millions and a quarter bags of coffee, equivalent to one-third of all the coffee imported into the United States; and for the four years following the war she received less than one-tenth of that import, and seven-eighths less than her previous receipts. The immense circuit this trade now makes to reach Northern ports shows that immense efforts and extraneous causes alone can effect so unnatural a diversion. Nor is it in her external trade alone that New Orleans has suffered. She re-echoes the complaint of the famous old South Carolina judge of olden time, who declared that he "had been once a great hogshead of law, but that the little lawyers came with their little tin cups, and tapped and drew off a pint at a time, until little was left but the lees." So her active little neighbors, who can not rival her in population, resources, or position individually, have diverted each of them a portion

of her trade—some for export to the North, others, like Columbus, to feed their own factories, while other causes have diminished her dry-goods trade.

Among the many striking changes wrought by the war through the extension of railroad lines, the diversion of trade from old routes is one of the most noticeable throughout the Southern country. The giant young city of St. Louis, and the growing new centres of Kentucky and Tennessee, Louisville and Memphis, have diverted much of the trade of New Orleans by steamboat and railroad lines, tapping the trade of the great river and its tributaries, and competing even for the dry-goods supplies of Texas. Not so severely crippled in credit or cash as the Crescent City, not subjected to the same internal taxation and depreciation of values, these younger rivals have stolen away much of their elder sister's trade, leaving her to depend chiefly on her cotton and other staples. It is believed, however, that when the bar obstructions are removed, or the St. Philip's Canal facilitates the navigation by making a safe and easy outlet to the Gulf, that New Orleans will regain her lost ground, and start on a new career of prosperity.

But the greatest drawbacks on the commerce of New Orleans are the want of capital (or of credit that might command it), and the terrible taxation, Federal and State, under which it staggers. True, she enjoys the benefit of a discriminating tariff in favor of her sugar, which apparently does her no good, while all other articles in which she might trade successfully are heavily weighted. Woolen and cotton goods, the foreign liquor trade, clothing, earthenware, and all articles in common use, thus "protected" against foreign competition, prevent direct trade with Europe for her cheaper fabrics, and restrict the trade, which otherwise would spring up, in exchange for cotton. But the Federal taxation is the lightest of these burdens, and only indirectly felt. Piled up over these are city and State taxation, both indefinite quantities under the existing government, which is making hay while the sun shines. The license duties, the direct taxes on his capital employed in business, on his real estate, on his cash capital unemployed in business, on railway and steamboat stock, together with stamp duties and payment of percentage to the assessors, *who are paid in proportion to the magnitude of the assessment*, leave the trader or the proprietor little if any margin for himself when these exactions have been met. If he does not pay, the process of collection is most summary. On short notice the property is sold at public sale for what it will bring, and inevitably sacrificed in a community where no one has money to invest. The cotton crop, which the world *must have*, is chiefly moved by foreign capital. English, French, German, and New

York banking houses make more money out of exchange at such periods than the planter or his factor can out of his produce. There are in New Orleans but ten or eleven banking houses, whose entire paid-up capital does not reach \$7,500,000, and the total deposits average about double that sum—only a drop in the bucket when the amount necessary to move *one-third* of a cotton crop now averaging 4,000,000 bales annually is considered, not to mention the other staples and articles of internal trade drawn down the river from the vast region above, and by the railroads from the surrounding country made tributary to her trade by the new lines of railway and water communication, executed or in process of execution.

The navigation of New Orleans comprises the ocean steamers and sailing vessels and the river fleet, and cotton is king again over this branch of business. The river trade has fallen off immensely, owing to causes already explained; the ocean trade holds its own, either in direct transit or coastwise to the great Northern ports, where the cotton is transhipped for European ports. From the annual statement of shipping, for the year ending August 3, 1873, it appears that there entered the port of New Orleans during that time:

VESSELS FROM FOREIGN PORTS.

	Number.	Tonnage.
American steamers.....	73	64,433
American sailing vessels.....	196	131,319
Foreign steamers.....	104	163,519
Foreign sailing vessels.....	426	255,843

AMERICAN VESSELS CLEARED FOR FOREIGN PORTS.

	Number.	Tonnage.
Steamers.....	87	39,509
Sailing vessels.....	216	133,340

COASTWISE.

	Number.	Tonnage.
American steamers.....	236	223,980
American sailing vessels.....	98	45,793
Foreign steamers.....	96	163,519
Foreign sailing vessels.....	418	264,641

STATEMENT OF THE NUMBER OF OCEAN AND GULF VESSELS BELONGING TO THE PORT OF NEW ORLEANS.

	Number.	Tonnage.
Steam.....	5	2,592
River steam.....	151	34,730
Sailing.....	809	13,059
Barges.....	7	841
Total.....	532	53,219

There are now in the regular service the following lines of steam-ships: to Liverpool, three regular and two occasional lines; to Bremen, one regular line; to Hamburg, one regular line; to New York, three weekly lines; to Philadelphia, one semi-monthly line; to Baltimore, one semi-monthly line.

An idea of the work done by the Liverpool lines above named, which are in the hands of American, German, and English owners, a few of whom are resident at New Orleans, may be formed from the following brief statement of the business done by the State Line, furnished by its agent from his books:

"The imports by the State Line Steam-

ship Company to this port consist of Scotch and English beer and ale, hardware, caustic, bicarbonate of soda, ammonia, English cheeses, cotton ticks, dry-goods, and salt. From Bordeaux, sardines, wines and brandies, preserved fruits, linen lawns, and cloths. The average length of voyages is eighteen and a half days. This is preferable to Northern routes on account of general pleasant weather during winter months, having also vessels of the finest construction, with careful and experienced officers. We believe it will eventually be the favorite route for travelers of the West. The exports by the same line were, in sixteen voyages to Liverpool, 3150 hides, 191 hogsheads of tobacco, 43,732 bales of cotton, 37,370 skins of oil-cake, 4040 barrels of cotton-seed oil, 35,620 staves, 562 bales of moss, 5923 barrels of flour, 176,865 bushels of corn, \$1,099,450 in specie from Mexico; with 1400 immigrants inward and 400 passengers outward, which will more than double next year.

The Mississippi Valley Transportation Company, running a line of steamers and barges between New Orleans and St. Louis, owns a fleet of seven steamers and fifty huge barges. Forty-nine trips were made during the year, and nearly two hundred barges towed by their steamers. The Southern planters fail to raise their own corn, in their anxiety to lay down a greater breadth of cotton, and the great artery of the West brings down and puts in circulation annually, *via* New Orleans, seven millions of bushels of corn. Of this about one million and a half are shipped to Great Britain, Cuba, and other foreign ports, about as much sent to neighboring Gulf ports, and the balance used for Southern distribution. It will thus be seen what a large tribute the South annually pays the West for an article it could so readily produce at one-fifth of the cost, in connection with its cotton culture. Flour also is sent down in considerable quantities from the great national granary "out West." The total supply sent to New Orleans averages from a million and a quarter to a million and a half of barrels annually, the great bulk of which is for Southern consumption. Thus it will be seen that the "daily bread" of the South (whether wheaten or corn) is supplied in great part by her energetic and enterprising Western neighbors, who furnish "hog" as well as "hominy." Bacon to the value of one million and a half of dollars was received during the past year at New Orleans from the interior. Horse-feed likewise comes down in great quantities.

For the article of oats alone upward of one million and a quarter of dollars find their way out of Southern into Western pockets; and hay from the same quarter, and from the North, extracts another million of dollars merely through the avenue of New Or-

leans. But New Orleans does not deal in solids alone. Irrespective of molasses of native product, she takes yet more of the Western corn and rye in liquid shape, the annual value of her whisky supply rising to the enormous sum of \$3,166,000 for 1871-72, and \$2,172,000 for 1872-73. Thus for these articles of Western produce, in solid and fluid form, New Orleans and the South pay tribute to the West to the tune of \$6,000,000 annually. The consumption of the great growing and thirsty State of Texas, however, is drawn chiefly from New Orleans, though the other Gulf cities also take their share.

The total value of the produce of the interior finding its outlet at New Orleans amounted in 1871-72 to \$169,653,107, against \$184,624,927 for 1872-73, showing an increase of receipts of nearly \$15,000,000 for the last year over its predecessor.

The custom-house statistics show the following items for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1873:

FOREIGN IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

Fiscal Years.	Imports.	Exports.
1869-70.....	\$14,998,756	\$106,080,340
1870-71.....	19,497,238	95,243,744
1871-72.....	18,502,528	90,382,975
1872-73.....	19,916,285	101,994,511

This table shows the quantity of cotton exported from New Orleans for the four years ending August 31, 1873, and the total crop raised for each year:

Years.	Exports. New Orleans. Bales.	Total Crops. Bales.
1870.....	1,185,050	3,114,592
1871.....	1,541,369	4,347,206
1872.....	1,087,453	2,974,351
1873.....	1,406,026	3,930,508

The value of cotton exported for the year ending August 31, 1873 (1,406,206 bales), is estimated to be \$118,700,738.

In a previous article in this Magazine the fact of the increased and increasing culture of rice in Louisiana was commented upon, and the particulars given. Subsequent investigation has confirmed and strengthened the predictions and previsions indulged in, and confirmed the belief that at some day not far distant the old rice fields of South Carolina, now rapidly reverting to jungle and reeds, and the great rice fields of the Egyptian Delta at the mouths of the Rosetta and Damietta branches of the Nile, would find their most dangerous rival in the as yet unreclaimed swamps and bayous of Southern Louisiana. Already many of the sugar plantations have been diverted into the cultivation of this cereal with great success and corresponding profit. The growth of this culture may be judged from the exports, which, in the years succeeding the war, 1865-66, amounted to but 20,900 barrels and sacks, rising in 1870-71 to 52,800, and in 1872-73 amounting to nearly four times the

quantity first mentioned, viz., 74,000 barrels and sacks, by the authenticated returns of the prices current for the year. There are many good reasons why this diversion of production and labor into new channels should continue permanent which it would be out of place in this connection to expatiate upon. Suffice it to say that the probabilities are that the rice region of the future in America will be found in this vicinity and in Florida.

It has been justly remarked by a shrewd English observer, who visited New Orleans three years ago, that "the imperial city of New York during the war, by large and free capital and military and naval power, supplanted New Orleans in her trade, and still continues to hold the new relations thus established by force of its superior monetary resources, and by a pressure on canals and railways carried to the last extreme of stringency, in pursuance of purely local interests, against which New Orleans, by straining her utmost means, can with difficulty, and but partially, recover her lost ground." "Wherever," says this acute witness, "they successfully took up the trade of New Orleans during the war, they have continued more or less to prevail, and from the start thus made are the better able, from their conserved capital and profits, to make fresh incursions and conquests." The magnitude of the business here is seen only in the export of domestic products. In the import of foreign commodities, whether for domestic consumption or re-export, it dwindles into marked disproportion. This is confirmed by a glance at the exports and imports to and from foreign countries from this port, the former reaching over a *hundred millions of dollars in value*, the latter modestly keeping but little over the tens of millions. Hence, in view of this state of things, the British observer somewhat sarcastically remarks: "The great bulk of the customs duties is collected in the modest building in Wall Street, New York. The imposing Maine granite Custom-house of New Orleans must have been designed when New Orleans was both presently and prospectively one of the chief sources of this branch of revenue, which, no doubt, under a wise policy, she might still become. As it is, New Orleans can not be supposed to supply direct the extensive countries from which she draws immense quantities of cotton, sugar, molasses, hides, and other raw products with more than a *tithe* of the foreign merchandise they consume, of which she is the proper and most economical port of entry."

Such is the testimony of a shrewd stranger, who had neither prejudices nor prepossessions to warp his judgment. He adds: "The foreign commodities re-exported from New Orleans, amounting in 1870 to less than half a million of dollars in value, exhibit

strongly at once the maimed condition of trade and the great opportunities which, under better conditions, might present themselves."

The United States official returns of taxation will substantiate the extent of these drawbacks on the commerce of New Orleans, and which bear heavily also on the lesser Southern ports. The internal revenue taxation of the Southern States for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1872, footed up \$16,392,000 on the five items of spirits, tobacco, fermented liquors, and banking capital. Of this Louisiana paid into the United States Treasury the sum of \$1,340,000 for her share, Virginia and Maryland alone exceeding, and North Carolina only equaling her in amount. From Virginia the enormous sum of \$7,350,000 was derived; from Maryland, \$3,750,000. Contrasting the relative prosperity and position of the States named, the unparalleled severity of this imposition on prostrate Louisiana will be seen, while it also gives an evidence of the gigantic efforts she is making and has made to revive her commercial prosperity. The giant States of the Eastern division, with their riotous prosperity and boundless wealth, annually accumulating as a snow-ball does as it rolls along, including New York and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, contribute to the national Treasury only double the amount drawn from the impoverished South.

What New Orleans is to the foreign cotton trade of the South, the young city of Memphis is to the interior commerce in that staple. This new centre is now just half a century old, having obtained her charter in 1824. It reminds one of Sancho Panza's "sea-ports" of Baratania, in as far as proximity to the sea is concerned, yet it has a "direct foreign trade," over sixty per cent. of shipments of cotton thence last year being to foreign countries. Owing to the great scarcity of tonnage at New Orleans last year, and obstructions at the mouth of the river, much of the Memphis cotton was shipped *via* Norfolk and New York, at through rates to Liverpool, Bremen, etc., by rail and steam, doing away with the New York middle-men altogether. The magnitude of these inland operations, and their rapid increase, may be judged by the figures given in their trade report as follows:

	1872-73.	1871-72.	1870-71.	1869-70.
	Bales.	Bales.	Bales.	Bales.
Stock Sept. 1....	1,686	2,176	4,280	94
Receipts to August 31.....	414,965	880,934	511,432	290,737
Total.....	416,641	883,110	515,712	290,831
Shipments to August 31.....	413,136	881,424	513,536	286,551
Balance.....	3,505	1,686	2,176	4,280

Memphis has a population in all of about 50,000 inhabitants. Situated at the point just between the cotton and corn producing districts of the Mississippi Valley, *en route* to

the great Atlantic sea-ports, to which she is bound with iron bands, this little city, of one-fifth the population of New Orleans, threatens to rival her elder sister even in the export of cotton. She expects to handle this year upward of half a million bales of cotton, and her Chamber of Commerce has solemnly resolved that Port Royal—an embryo port in South Carolina, midway between Savannah and Charleston—is the destined “gateway of Memphis to the sea,” to which both the older sea-ports demur, and are competing for that privilege by newly projected lines of railway supplementing those already existing. This keen competition between the Southern ports for the extension of their lines of supply shows the energy and industry with which the Southern merchants are striving to revive and increase their commercial relations with the interior and with foreign countries. The classification of cotton in Memphis is the same as in New Orleans, their sources of supply being the same, but the prevailing basis of transactions is the Liverpool standard. This export trade is but three years old, and is due to the enterprise of a few of her cotton brokers, who, since the war, having tried the experiment of getting direct orders from Liverpool, developed the present system, by which the merchant or spinner abroad can buy in Memphis from the producer, and have the cotton delivered to him in Liverpool within four weeks of the purchase, through bills of lading, with insurance, being effected at reasonable rates, thus saving the handling of the cotton over and over again, and the commission charges incident thereto. Besides these advantages, there is also the additional one that the foreign buyer can, by cable, control and regulate his orders and shipments.

This system the shrewd English and foreign merchants, and branches of foreign houses, have long since adopted; but to see little Memphis coming into the ring against big New Orleans reminds one of the prize-fight for the belt in which little Tom Sayers faced the Benicia Boy, showing how science and pluck can sometimes make up for inferior size and strength. By act of Congress Memphis has been made a port of entry, paying its own import duties on the spot, instead of at New York or Boston. At the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1870, Memphis paid \$41,140 in gold import duties on her direct imports from Europe. Yet Memphis is far north of the centre of the great “Southern cotton belt,” which is always considered to lie between the thirty-fifth and thirty-first degrees of latitude; and it is due to her superior management and energy alone that she takes the trade away from the older cities lying in the very heart of that region, two of which, Savannah and Charleston, are awakening to the necessity

of extraordinary efforts at least to share the new departure with her by means of railroad communications, new water lines, and direct steamers—in which latter movement Norfolk is the successful pioneer.

The series of disasters which has visited Memphis during the last year has crippled her river trade and diminished the tonnage of her river fleet for the time. The epizootic, the cholera, the small-pox, successively visited the apparently doomed city; an ice blockade and late thaw crippled navigation; then followed the financial crash at New York in the very height of the business season, owing to the rebuilding of Chicago and payment of the French indemnity in Europe, all of which operated injuriously on trade. Yet in general trade the little city boasts to have “held its own” the past year, and is hopeful of a bright future. From the causes enumerated, and possibly also from extending railway connections, the river fleet has been reduced. A local authority thus admits the facts: “Three years ago the assessed value of steamers engaged in local river trade was, in round numbers, \$1,000,000, and the next year this valuation was reduced to \$650,000, the vessels carrying freight and passengers enrolled here numbering thirty-five. Now the number is reduced to less than twenty, and their aggregate value will not exceed half a million dollars.”

The banking capital of Memphis was estimated in round numbers at about \$2,000,000.

The other interior cotton ports are Augusta, Columbus, and Macon in Georgia, Montgomery and Selma in Alabama, Nashville in Tennessee, and a few smaller ones. From September 1, 1873, up to November 22 about 100,000 bales had passed through these channels, being about 11,000 more bales than during the corresponding period in 1872.

The towns of Columbia and Camden, in South Carolina, once did a large cotton trade, but with the reduction of the cotton crops since the war, and the extension of the railway lines opening direct communication between the planter and the sea-port, the cotton trade of the interior towns in the Southern States has decreased, and is diminishing.

Mobile was fortunate in escaping the immediate effects of the war, although its subsequent effects on her trade have been more disastrous than to any other city except Charleston. The extension of railroad lines in her case, thus far, has proved injurious to her, especially the opening of the line of 140 miles between her and New Orleans; the latter city having derived almost all the benefit, the former much of the loss, through that connection. When, however, Mobile can carry through her two lines, which are to tap the coal region and connect her with Arkansas and the West, she may recover her losses, and start out on a new career of pro-

perity. Her present prospects are not brilliant. Like most of the Southern ports, her chief activity centres in cotton, although she deals also in naval stores, lumber, and dry-goods. Her river trade is still considerable, though not as heavy as it used to be before the railway lines came into competition with the steamers. Modern experience, both in the North and South, has demonstrated how fatal railway competition is to riparian trade, and how fallacious the contrary of that theory, so long entertained, has proved to be. Harbor and bar improvements are urgently needed at Mobile, and it is hoped that the Congressional commission which lately visited and inspected both will lead to practical results in improving the facilities for the trade of the outlet to this giant young State.

The receipts of cotton for the commercial year ending August 31, 1873, were 332,457 bales, against 288,012 the year previous, an increase of 44,445 bales. The floods of 1872 destroyed not less than 35,000 to 40,000 bales that would have found a market here. The direct foreign shipments were 132,130 bales, weighing 64,368,451 pounds; average weight per bale, 487 pounds; value per bale, \$82 95; and average cost per pound, 17.03 cents. Taking the averages above for the whole receipts, we have the sum of \$27,577,408 15 as the value of cotton received last year.

A very large portion of the cotton sold at Mobile for foreign account was sent to New Orleans for shipment, owing to the lack of tonnage there. Such will not be the case this season, as there is there, and to arrive, a much larger supply than last year. The foreign exports since September 1 are in excess of the same period of last year.

The receipts from September 1 to December 1, inclusive, aggregate 81,814 bales, against an aggregate for the same period of the preceding year of 112,877 bales, showing a net falling off of 31,063 bales. By railroads there is a decrease of 31,453 bales, and by rivers an increase of 390 bales.

Up to March 1, 1873, the "through" cotton to New Orleans footed up about 25,000 bales, and this year only 5466 bales, showing that the falling off is largely in "through" cotton, and not in the amount handled at Mobile, as would appear at the first glance.

The value of foreign merchandise imported into the district for the year ending June 30, 1873, is stated at \$1,099,716, and the total duties thereon at \$44,212 71, these figures not including merchandise brought from other districts in bond.

The value of exports of domestic produce from the port of Mobile for the year ending June 30, 1873, is given in the 1873 report of the Board of Trade, as follows:

Total exported in American vessels...	\$3,880,636
Total exported in foreign vessels.....	8,514,479
Grand total.....	\$12,395,115

Lumber is a growing branch of trade, and bids fair to become of great importance. The supply has at all times been ample, but insufficiency of tonnage has greatly restricted business. Total shipments, 2,627,549 feet, against 1,725,574 last year, not including many cargoes not cleared at the custom-house, in vessels having coasting licenses, and shipments to the interior.

The direct importations of coffee have of late years largely increased, and promise to become at no distant day a very important branch of the city's commerce. The superior inducements which she is enabled to offer in the matter of cheap freights and rapid transit to the West have made the city a most desirable distributing point for the Western trade centres, and have diverted a very considerable amount of the coffee business which formerly sought the markets of the Atlantic sea-board. The imports thus far this season are 17,125 bags, against 23,116 last season.

The new and growing coal interests of Alabama challenge attention, since the South bids fair soon to furnish all her own coal from her own fields. The comparative receipts of coal at Mobile for the past three years are as follows:

	1870-71.	1871-72.	1872-73.
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
Pennsylvania and England..	6404	8359	8069
Alabama	853	1561	1466

The attention of capitalists in the North and in Europe has at last been turned to Alabama, and the astonishing reports which have been sent forth as to her immense richness in minerals have gained credence. The Mobile Board of Trade has done much in disseminating information on this subject, and is entitled to the credit. Numbers of gentlemen from the North and from Europe have visited the State during the past year to see for themselves. Large investments have been made by Pennsylvanians and Englishmen. There are now in operation in Middle Alabama some fourteen blast-furnaces, and a number building and projected; others will follow soon; then we may look for rolling-mills, nail factories, etc. The hardware merchants are now buying nails, bar, square, and round iron, in adjoining States. The tide of traffic in these things is changing, and money which formerly went to England and the North for such goods is now going into the hands of men who live in the South. Rome, in Georgia, and Birmingham, in Alabama, are the chief centres of this new production, some details of which have already been given in a previous article in this Magazine.

The production of turpentine is thus referred to: "In this branch of trade there is constant improvement. Every year new orchards are being opened, and the production increased. The production in the country adjacent for the past year, ending Septem-

ber 1, reached, in spirits of turpentine, 15,000 to 20,000 barrels; resin, 75,000 to 100,000 barrels; pitch and tar, 1000 barrels; estimated value, notwithstanding a much lower range of prices, \$750,000, an increase of fifty per cent. over the year previous." When it is known that this trade is but of two years' growth the increase will not seem so inconsiderable. The field for its development is almost boundless, the demand for the products equally so. North Carolina may anticipate a sharp rivalry from Alabama in coming years in her hitherto unrivaled specialty in tar, turpentine, and resin. The pitch-pine of Alabama is unsurpassed by any in the country, and the pine orchards will yield rich fruit to the enterprise of their workers.

The entrances and clearances at the port of Mobile for the year ending June 30, 1873, are given as follows:

Entries.	Arrivals.			Clearances.		
	Vessels.	Tons.	Crew.	Vessels.	Tons.	Crew.
Foreign...	60	34,187	897	62	36,344	944
American...	30	12,952	312	38	18,954	430
Coastwise...	123	41,305	1398	91	22,757	671
Total...	213	88,444	2607	191	78,055	2045

The city of Charleston, which felt the brunt of the war more than any of her sisters, and whose losses were in every way greater than theirs, with the additional burdens of misgovernment and terrible taxation imposed upon her people, is yet recovering and regaining her lost position as one of the chief centres of Southern commerce. A late report gives the following satisfactory statements:

"Before making any remarks upon the facts which these tables present it may be as well to recall to our minds the condition in which the war left us. A large and valuable portion of our city had been laid in ashes. All the railroads in which the city was interested—and the debt of the city is largely due to subscriptions to railroads—were worn out, and in some instances destroyed. The Blue Ridge Railroad, in which the city had one million of stock—one-fifth of its debt—was thrown aside, and no funds were to be had then, or have been obtained since, to complete it. The rich sea-coast of the State, which furnished, with its cotton and rice plantations, so large an amount of valuable produce for export, and required such large supplies of goods, was ruined. The planters who made their residence in Charleston, who formed a leading class among its citizens, and who spent their incomes among us, were compelled by their fallen fortunes to seek elsewhere cheaper residences than a city affords. Merchants found themselves with their long accumulations gone forever from them, and nothing but their old credit and character left; and a banking capital of \$14,000,000 was almost entirely swept away. Taxes, which in for-

mer years had been levied upon incomes derived from the various pursuits of life as well as upon property, were now, by new laws, made to bear entirely upon the latter, and naturally fell chiefly upon what was visible—real estate. Add to this the disruption of all the former political and social organizations, the forming of a new government in which the late slaves became the rulers, and the flood of extravagance and corruption which has naturally followed, and there will be no wonder that for a long time there was small improvement visible in building again the city, and that its desolate places still remained."

The extent and importance of the trade of Charleston in commercial fertilizers, manufactured from the South Carolina phosphates, are not fully appreciated. It has developed itself with singular rapidity, and the business has been attended with encouraging results. The early companies, selling their fertilizers at extreme prices, made handsome dividends, and were able to improve and increase their power, while laying by a reserve fund to meet contingent expenses. The late companies took advantage of the experience of the pioneers, and avoided many of the expensive mistakes into which their predecessors fell. There are now six factories for making commercial fertilizers in or near the city. They are the Wando Company, the Sulphuric Acid and Superphosphate Company, the Pacific Guano Company, the Atlantic Company, the Stono Company, and I. B. Sardy's Wappoo Mills. The five first-mentioned companies have acid chambers of the largest and most approved patterns, and it is claimed for the Sulphuric Acid and Superphosphate Company that it has the largest single acid chamber in the United States. The combined mining and manufacturing interests, which are mainly centred in this city, have diverted from other investments, since 1868, and accumulated here at least \$4,000,000, represented by mills, machinery, dredges, pumps, steamers, wharf property, etc. The first shipment of the crude phosphate was made in 1867, and from that time up to July 1, 1872, no less than 242,415 tons were shipped, and nearly 90,000 tons of manufactured fertilizers. During the past season the demand was unusually active. The companies have been working to their fullest capacity, and the shipments have been larger than ever before. In addition to this, the manufacture of sulphuric acid has grown to be an extensive business, the five companies which have acid chambers having made since they were built 10,614 tons of acid, worth over \$350,200, and instead of importing it, are now able to fill orders for the trade.

The lumber mills of Charleston are on the most extended scale, affording the greatest facilities for the cutting, handling, and ship-

ping of lumber, while the bold river fronts of the city, with ample ponds, securely protected, where the immense rafts await the shipper, are probably unequalled in any Southern market. There are now at work, or in course of construction, some seven saw-mills, of a capacity of about twenty million feet per annum. Most of them are situated on the western side of the city, and are admirably fitted to receive the arrivals from the great store-house of the Edisto, the source from which most of the timber comes for the supply of this market. This branch of commerce shows increased activity, and promises to largely develop in importance and value. The shipments were 8,389,174 feet in 1865-66, and they reached near 20,000,000 feet in 1871-72.

The land and water connections of Charleston are in a satisfactory condition, although the city urgently needs an independent connection by railroad with the West. Charleston has eight steamers running to New York, and two each to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston. There are also steamers to Savannah and Florida, and to various points on the South Carolina coast.

The banking capital of Charleston was nothing when the war closed, and is now (including the capital of private bankers) about \$3,500,000. The total deposits are \$2,745,990, including \$1,590,000 held by the four savings-banks.

The sea-island cotton culture has not prospered since the war, owing chiefly to the ravages of caterpillars and unfavorable seasons. This has led to diminished planting, and a diminished export compared with what it was before that period. For the three years immediately preceding the war the aggregate production of the three States, South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, was 129,805 bales, of which quantity Charleston exported 80,898 bales, and of which export 54,904 bales were the growth of South Carolina. In 1872 she grew and exported but 23,000 bales.

The receipts of cotton have increased from 111,714 bales in 1865-66, and 165,316 bales in 1866-67, to 282,086 bales in 1871-72, being respectively five per cent., eight per cent., and ten per cent. of the entire crop. The foreign exports of cotton have increased from 54,210 bales in 1865-66, and 80,896 bales in 1866-67, to 111,388 bales in 1871-72.

The receipts of rice, which were only 4019 tierces in 1865-66, and 15,337 tierces in 1866-67, were 42,677 in 1871-72; and the exports have increased from 3120 tierces in 1865-66 to 32,610 tierces in 1871-72.

The lumber business shows a steady improvement, the exports of lumber having increased from 8,389,171 feet in 1865-66 to 18,460,339 in 1871-72.

The naval stores business has developed with surprising rapidity. In 1865-66 the ex-

ports were 32,136 barrels, and in the following year 54,026 barrels. Last year the exports were 147,910 barrels.

The wholesale grocery and jobbing trade is reported to be in a flourishing condition, the business of 1872 being, upon an average, from twenty to twenty-five per cent. greater than in 1871.

The work of rebuilding Charleston has gone on surely, if not as rapidly as could be wished. Last year \$473,800 were spent for new buildings and repairs in the city, and \$177,509 for similar work on Sullivan's Island, making a total expenditure in the year of \$651,309.

Truck farming, a business which has sprung up since the war, now gives active and profitable employment to a capital of \$295,000. On Charleston Neck about three hundred laborers are constantly at work, and last season no less than 216,974 packages of potatoes and other vegetables were shipped to Northern cities.

The greatest obstacle to the use of this port by vessels of heavy draught is the sand bar at the entrance, about five miles, in an air line, below the city. The channels through which vessels pass undergo gradual changes, and those used sixty or seventy years ago have been abandoned, owing to the shallowing of the water. The greatest depth of water on the bar has nearly always been found not immediately opposite to the harbor front, but at a point to the southward, near the end of Morris Island, at which point there is a depth of from sixteen to eighteen feet at high water. The outlet now used by large vessels, known as Pumpkin Hill Channel, has only been serviceable since the sinking of the stone fleet during the war, which obstruction deflected the water from the old ship channel, and threw it across the Pumpkin Hill shoal.

During the war the channel was injured by the sinking of blockade-runners; but the wrecks are now removed, and Major-General Q. A. Gillmore, U.S.A., who has the work in charge, is confident of being able to secure, by changing the jetty and by judicious dredging, a depth of from twenty to twenty-two feet of water. The preliminary work has already begun, and as Congress has made the necessary appropriations, it will be pushed vigorously to its completion.

Charleston, unlike other Southern seaports, is not dependent for her growth and success upon staple productions alone. In addition to her business in cotton, rice, naval stores, and lumber, she has the profitable and well-nigh exclusive trade in commercial fertilizers and phosphates. Beyond these she has a general jobbing business larger in volume than is controlled by any other city on the South Atlantic coast.

With regard to the jobbing trade, definite information can be given. This trade has

steadily increased during the past three years; and the various dealers are now drawing back their old customers in Georgia and Alabama, who, before the war, made all their purchases in Charleston.

The report of the Board of Trade made last year informs us that there are now running between Charleston and New York eight fine steamers, forming a tri-weekly line, capable of carrying 30,000 bales of cotton per month. The steamers have all first-class passenger accommodations, and can carry a large number of passengers. On the Baltimore line there are three steamers, leaving once every five days. These steamers have also passenger accommodations, and a carrying capacity of 4800 bales of cotton per month. To Philadelphia there are two steamers for freight only, carrying 4500 bales per month, and leaving once each week. To Boston there are also two steamers for freight only, capable of carrying 4500 bales of cotton per month.

The management of the steam-ship lines out of this port has, in co-operation with the management of the South Carolina Railroad, been so successful as to attract a large amount of freight to the city, and, as compared with 1860, the increase in steam-ship freight would be perhaps three hundred per cent. Its growth has, however, cut off a large sail tonnage from employment, and the total tonnage named in 1872 is not larger than in 1860.

To Florida, *i. e.*, to Fernandina, Jacksonville, Pilatka, and other points on the St. Johns River, *viz* Savannah, there is a line of two fine steam-ships, making three departures per week. These vessels have first-class passenger accommodations, and ample freight room for the demands of the trade.

Both the coastwise and foreign trade of Charleston has greatly improved in the last two or three years, and the rapid opening of new lines of railroad to the south and west warrants the hope that the day is not far distant when direct lines of steamers between this port and Europe will be paying institutions.

The city of Savannah is one of the few fortunate exceptions to the general rule of ruin and loss wrought by the war on Southern sea-ports. Rather she has gained and thriven by the events which crippled and almost crushed her less fortunate sister and neighbor, Charleston, so sternly visited, and whose loss both of capital and credit for a time diverted her ancient trade into the new channel of the Georgia sea-port. Charleston is rapidly regaining her lost ground, but Savannah still thrives, and her present population and prosperity and trade are greater now than ever before the war. The value of her real estate has also appreciated above the *ante bellum* standard, though below the

inflated valuation it reached a few years after the return of peace. She can boast also of a little direct trade, though the steamers run irregularly between her port and those of England and the Continent. Yet the enterprising houses of Long and Co. and Octavius Cohen and Co. annually send their steamers to Liverpool, and foreign vessels seeking direct trade are not infrequent visitors to her port, whence a considerable portion of her cotton receipts are shipped direct, as well as lumber and other home products. She also has two other regular lines of steamers running weekly to New York, and carrying much freight as well as numerous passengers, especially in the spring and autumn, while her coastwise trade is also considerable.

The rivalry between Savannah and Charleston, which is as old as the two cities, has rather been increased than diminished by their closer connection by railroad, of comparatively recent construction. Nature has certainly done most for Charleston in the matter of her superiority as an open port, and the energy of her merchants is proverbial; but the wounds of the war, and her failure to receive the same contributions of Northern and foreign capital as her rival, have given the latter a temporary advantage and a greater appearance of prosperity. Moreover, Savannah has the control of her affairs in the hands of her own leading citizens. Charleston is still in the hands of a very different class. Mobile has probably suffered more than Charleston by the commercial rivalry of Savannah, whose intersecting lines of railroad now cut off much of the former cotton supply of the Alabama sea-port.

The total exports and imports of Savannah previous to the late war were about \$26,000,000 in value; the tonnage employed previous to the late war, about 500,000 tons.

VALUE OF EXPORTS AND IMPORTS, AND TONNAGE, FROM 1867 TO 1871.

Years.	Value.	Tonnage.
1867.....	\$41,225,488	820,991.00
1868.....	50,256,209
1869.....	49,152,639	1,129,884.84
1870.....	58,850,198	623,028.00
1871.....	64,893,893

The Mayor of Savannah, Hon. Edward C. Anderson, has issued a tabular circular showing the commerce of that city for the year 1873, from which we condense the following:

Total value of imports.....	\$390,664
Total value of exports.....	29,850,375
The latter includes—	
Sea-island cotton, 2945 bales.....	843,533
Uplands, 874,752 bales.....	29,002,733
Total tonnage entered and cleared, 1,180,304 tons	

The number of men employed in manning the vessels engaged in this traffic has averaged about twenty thousand per annum.

Savannah River bar affords one of the

easiest entrances from the sea along the whole Southern coast of the United States. It has a depth of water upon it of nineteen feet at mean low tide, with a rise of seven feet on the flood, making its soundings at high water twenty-six and one-half feet. Vessels of heavy draught can always run for a harbor in stress of weather, and but for the impediments above could proceed without delay to the city. Government aid has been asked and given for the improvement of the channel. The argument for direct trade with Europe is based on the proposition that the tax now paid the North in the shape of additional costs or charges and freights at and from Savannah to New York on each bale of cotton forwarded thence, as compared with the cost of forwarding direct, is at least two dollars per bale. Savannah ships about 500,000 bales per annum to all points.

The city of Galveston, in Texas, is now the fourth cotton centre in the South, and is rapidly growing in importance as well as in the extent of its commercial transactions. Not personally acquainted with Texas as with the rest of the extreme Southern country, the writer is compelled to rely on the meagre details of the trade of Galveston gleaned from its trade report; but even these suffice to show the progress already made, and still increasing in an accelerated ratio. Texas was spared the ravages and the losses of war inflicted on her Southern sisters. In fact, she benefited by the war, and has benefited more since its cessation by the great influx of capital, population, and labor it has given her, while foreign immigration of men with means has poured like a flood tide, and is still pouring in, much of it through Louisiana, by land and sea. The immigrants that come in the German Lloyd's line of steamers to New Orleans are chiefly intended for Texas, wherein large German colonies have already settled, annually reinforced by new recruits from the Vaterland. Good farmers and shrewd traders, this class of immigrants is of immense value to Texas commercially as well as agriculturally, while her railroad communications are stretching out already, like the arms of the devil-fish, in all directions toward the older settled States, especially into their cotton regions.

Galveston has grown very rapidly both in importance and population. A recent census of the city shows about 35,000 inhabitants, an increase of 27,000 since 1866. Few towns, North or South, can show so sudden an expansion. It is claimed that Galveston will receive this year upward of 400,000 bales of cotton. The development of this city and her trade are greatly due to the enterprise of one man—the owner of the Morgan line of steamers, and the railway connecting them with New Orleans.

In the year 1869 Mr. Charles Morgan purchased at the United States marshal's sale the New Orleans, Opelousas, and Great Western Railroad at a cost of \$2,050,000, and has since expended \$2,000,000 in improvements. His plan of cameling cars across the Mississippi River by means of steam ferries and powerful machinery used on both shores is an enterprise that few would have undertaken. Prior to this freights were handled three or four times before loading into cars; the freight is now loaded from drays or floats into cars undisturbed until its destination or the end of the route is reached. Altogether Mr. Morgan owns one hundred miles of railroad, exclusive of switches and side tracks, and is believed to be the only single owner in the country of a railroad of that length. The object of purchase of this road and its improvements at such large cost was for the purpose of facilitating his Texas trade, and it is not amiss to enter here into some of its details. In 1835 Mr. Morgan began his steam-ship business between New Orleans and Galveston, and in the early part lost many vessels on that then unknown coast, and since he began the ship business he has built *one hundred and seven* vessels, sail and steam, exclusive of dredges and tenders. Before his purchase of the railroad his steamers ran down the Mississippi River, making one hundred and seventy-five miles more than the present route from Brashear. To perfect this new line he dredged a steamboat channel six miles long, two hundred feet wide, and ten feet deep. This grand work is now completed, after three years of night-and-day work, at an expense of one and a half millions of dollars, and steamers now ply to and from Texas in fourteen feet of water, where before there were barely two. Fifteen magnificent steamers specially built for that purpose are now engaged in the trade, their whole tonnage 15,150.80, and an average carrying capacity on ten feet of water of 10,000 barrels of freight. The passenger accommodations are first class, and the points they run to are Galveston, Indianola, Lavacca, Rockport, Corpus Christi, Brazos, St. Iago, and Sabine. A Galveston passenger ship carrying the United States mail leaves daily, three ships making two trips each a week, and the other ships once a week each for the ports further west. In the month of January, 1873, 5300 head of cattle were carried on these ships to New Orleans, *via* Brashear. Mr. Charles Morgan was born in 1795 in Clinton, Connecticut, is a resident of New York city, and all his vast business is still under his direction and management.

A few such men would soon make the story of Southern commerce very different from what it now is. And the trade of Texas has received an impulse from this great enterprise impossible to overrate. When the pro-

jected line of railroad in extension of this is carried out, Houston will enter into active rivalry with Galveston. For the present the latter city is the chief entrepôt and outlet for Texas. Her receipts of cotton this year up to February 14, from August 31 of last year, have amounted to near 300,000 bales, putting her fourth on the list—after New Orleans, Savannah, and Charleston, and a little ahead of Mobile.

Wilmington, in North Carolina, very notorious during the war for having been the head-quarters and central focus of the blockade-runners, who woke up the time-honored old resting-place of the Southern Rip Van Winkle, and made it a most busy entrepôt—the starting-point for cotton operations outwardly, and supplies from abroad inwardly—has not been able to retain the supremacy she then enforced, in which Charleston alone rivaled her among Southern ports. But she is a brisk and busy little place even now, and no picture of Southern trade would be complete without a sketch of her present position and prospects.

North Carolina is well known as the tar and turpentine State, she having wisely utilized her immense forests of pitch-pine, both in the shape of lumber and naval supplies, and doing also some cotton business.

Of lumber she sent out in 1872 23,264,000 feet, and in 1873 near 20,000,000 feet (pitch-pine). In 1860 she sent out 250,000 barrels of turpentine, and 150,000 in 1873, with 700,000 barrels of resin, and 100,000 bushels of peanuts—her special product, much loved of American legislators. Her cotton exports do not exceed 48,000 bales. The vicinity of Wilmington to Charleston and Savannah, and the want of a wealthy back country, will doubtless prevent the rapid extension of the commerce of Wilmington, and confine it chiefly to the exportation of her own pine-woods produce.

Situated on the north bank of the Elizabeth River, eight miles from its entrance into Hampton Roads, and twenty miles by water to the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, with water deep enough for vessels drawing thirty feet to lie at its wharves, and a harbor broad enough to contain the navies of the world, while it is so protected that in the roughest weather the smallest sloop may ride at anchor in perfect security, Norfolk has natural advantages that are absolutely unrivaled.

The population of Norfolk is a little over 20,000, while Portsmouth, on the opposite side of the river, and virtually the same city, has 10,000 more. The leading articles of trade are cotton, corn, lumber, early vegetables, pea-nuts, groceries, etc.

The receipts of corn from August 31, 1871, to August 31, 1872, amounted to 700,260 bushels. During the following season, from Sep-

tember 1, 1872, to February 28, 1873, the receipts were 325,000 bushels; and it is estimated that for the whole season they will exceed one million bushels.

Norfolk does a very extensive grocery business, having eleven large wholesale grocery establishments. Other branches of business are represented by large and flourishing wholesale houses, and it is estimated by well-informed men that the entire business of the city has increased fifty per cent. in the past year.

The trucking business of Norfolk has grown to immense proportions, and is increasing rapidly. Beginning in March with kale, spinach, etc., radishes, cabbages, strawberries, pease, cucumbers, corn, tomatoes, Irish potatoes, etc., follow in their season, closing with sweet-potatoes in August and September. Besides supplying the home market and sending large quantities of vegetables to Richmond and other points in Virginia, the truckers load to their utmost capacity a daily steamer to Baltimore, two per week to Philadelphia, three per week to New York, two per week to Boston, and one every week to Providence, Rhode Island; and very frequently the steamers are unable to take half that is brought, and leave the wharves piled up with vegetables that must spoil for want of transportation.

This trucking business gives employment to the steamers at an otherwise dull season, the vicinity being full three weeks earlier than the market gardens near the Northern cities, and when the season is favorable the truckers reap very handsome dividends.

The oyster and fish trade of Norfolk is enormous, and seems capable of almost indefinite expansion. The sales of fresh fish in Norfolk for the season of 1872 amounted to about \$200,000.

The chief inspector of oysters reported that during the year 1869 there were engaged in taking oysters in Virginia waters 5000 small boats and 1000 vessels of over five tons, the total amount taken being 10,530,000 bushels. About one-fourth of these oysters are disposed of in Norfolk.

In regard to the shipping of Norfolk the records of the custom-house show that from November 1, 1871, to October 31, 1872, the foreign tonnage entered was—sailing vessels, 12, with a tonnage of 6776; steamers, 11, with a tonnage of 15,242. Cleared—sailing vessels, 55, with a tonnage of 16,220; steamers, 2, with a tonnage of 3235. This does not include the steamers of the Allan line.

The coastwise tonnage entered was—sailing vessels, 174, with a tonnage of 23,195; steamers, 904, with a tonnage of 1,206,586. Cleared—sailing vessels, 78, with a tonnage of 6540; steamers, 944, with a tonnage of 945,176.

From the official report of the agent of the "Settlers' and Immigrants' Aid Society" of

Norfolk we learn that for the year ending December 31, 1872, there arrived in Norfolk 25 steamers of the Allan line, and that they brought 1368 immigrants, of whom 1170 were English and Scotch, 52 French, 97 German, 11 Swedes, 2 Belgian, 15 Danish, 1 Norwegian, 5 Welsh, 9 Irish, and 6 Canadian. The report states that not one of these immigrants was a pauper, and that only one required medical attention.

The success of this Allan line has been such that since the 1st of January, 1872, the splendid Spanish steamers of Robert M'Andrew and Co.'s London and Havana line have been running in connection with the Allan line, thus giving a steamer from Norfolk to Liverpool every week.

Of the internal trade of the Southern States with each other and with the Northern and Western States it is impossible to obtain fuller statistics than those already given. But it must be obvious how large such trade must be when the Southern habit of producing only great staples and cereals is considered, and the annual exodus of the merchants from South to North to lay in supplies is taken into account. The cattle trade of Texas alone is an immense item, and annually expanding its proportions. Southwestern Texas, it is calculated, ships annually to the East half a million of cattle. These have been heretofore driven North in droves through the Indian Territory and Kansas to some railroad point for shipment to Northern markets. When the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad reached Dennison, that point became the favorite shipping station for the ranch-men; but the International and Great Northern Railway having now crossed the Brazos, threatens to dispute this monopoly, and to bring St. Louis and Chicago into competition for the countless herds of Texas.

The rapidity of growth of these Texas towns is almost incredible. After Dennison was reached by railway, and became the shipping point for Texas cattle, in six months it got 10,000 population, and other towns on the route are springing up with similar marvelous rapidity.

Of the lumber trade of the South general mention, with some special illustrations, has been already made in this Magazine (February number), and it is a great and increasing interest from the coasts of Georgia down to those of Florida (east and west), and the interior of the great pine-growing States, from North Carolina down to Mississippi. Probably one of the largest elements of the future wealth of the South (outside of her boundless mineral resources) is to be found in those vast virgin forests, as yet untouched by the axe or saw, which must be utilized hereafter to the profit of the Southern people, to whom they now are valueless. The chief difficulty thus far, even in those places

where the experiment has been tried, has been the lack of tonnage; but that want can be readily supplied by the enterprising North as soon as the torpor of the American shipping, induced by the war and its consequences, is succeeded by the former activity in the Northern ship-building yards from Maine to New York. The demand never fails to create a supply in a population so eager and energetic as that of the Northern States, and the complaint, now so common at all the Southern sea-ports, of inadequate tonnage for the transport of its produce and lumber, must soon be succeeded by a sufficient supply to meet the new demand that has sprung up in those localities. If this be not so, then Yankee enterprise must be paralyzed indeed. The future of the South commercially depends chiefly on the possibility of her securing direct trade with Europe on a large scale for one or several of her sea-ports. With the exception of New Orleans, as has been shown, this communication is only spasmodic or intermittent, as in the case of Norfolk, Charleston, and Savannah, all of which have a little communication direct, but not enough to create any rivalry with the Northern sea-ports, especially New York, holding as she does at this time and for a long time past almost a virtual monopoly of the carrying trade with Europe, although since the war chiefly in English or other foreign bottoms.

Several of the Southern States, notably Georgia and Alabama, have moved in this matter, but as yet no progress worthy of record has been made. That there will be within a few years seems most likely; but for the present both confidence and cash are wanting in the South for such enterprises, and her depleted State governments dare not offer the necessary subsidies for such experiments, which would involve additional taxation on a people impatient of that already imposed upon them, and clamoring for its reduction.

HIDE-AND-GO-SEEK.

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

HAPPINESS has found me out—

Found me out at last!

Oh, she's dogged me round about;

All my hurrying life she's chased me,

Treading hard and hot she's faced me,

Almost touched me, all but faced me—

Here she is at last!

Wary were you, Happiness!

Patient to the last!

From your thankless business

Laggard Time has come to free you.

Always driven by Fate to flee you,

Never did I think to see you

Track me down at last!

THE RHINE FROM THE ODENWALD.

I look out from the Odenwald to France,
Aerial, peopled, sun-lit, throbbing leagues,
Across the nineteen crowded centuries,
From Caesar vexing Rhine with its first bridge,
And yokeless human streams with piers yet strong,
And built upon by earth's new civil arch,
In spite of Cassius' dagger and Time's tooth:
From Tacitus, with weak, soft, leprous Rome
Ever in eye, praising the chastity
Of German clans, as pure as were the dews
The savage forests shook upon their heads;
Unmelted men, and therefore kings, and sires
Of nations now among the nations kings:
To Charlemagne's mailed hand, with arrow's edge,
From Ebro to the Elbe, the human woods,
Fruitless as yet and wild, but plump with sap,
Grafting with slips from out the aged boughs
Of Greece and Rome, beneath that new-risen sun
His banners bore, whence plenteous fruit at last
On Europe's age-long barren orchard slope:
To billowy, hot, crusading myriads,
The Western human sea, mixed still with slime,
Green ridgy monsters in its crawling depths,
And yet a sea responsive to Christ's name,
As ocean with its tides to sun and moon,
And swirling through this Rhine and Danube gate,
Or past the clangorous Venetian wharves,
To meet great Saladin at Ascalon;
The nobles sold their lands, and so the serf
Grew free; the fiefs of nobles slain became
The king's, and so the king grew free; the towns
The deluge filled, grown rich, bought new strange
rights,

Votes, armies, parliaments, self-government,
And so the world grew free; Christ's grave not free
Made Europe free; His pierced right-hand the vote
Placed in the trembling fingers of the poor;
Fair Venice, threescore Rhine towns joining shields,
Yon blood-washed Netherlands, strong Hansa's league,
The burgher's right wrenched from a feudal world;
False John grew faint at Runnymede, and leaped
In Magna Charta's womb America:
To Greeks driven west from off the cultured shore
Of Bosphorus, when fell Rome's eastern arch,
Constantinople, like another Troy;
Now column, frieze, and pediment,
From under Turkish hoofs snatched tenderly,
Are built aloft afar when exiles found
Rich Florence, Paris, this free Rhine; and hence
New tastes in all the West; the huge fair shafts,
With mystic traceries planned by Plato's eye
And Aristotle's brain, bring Europe's morn,
Reflected from their Attic architraves;
The starry temple to the earth's last verge
Yet copied; Athens so by Greeks in white
Immortal marble set on hills once more:
To streams of Eastern caravans dried up;
And streams of gold in Genoa's mountain ports,
And streams of gold in Venice's liquid streets,
The streams between the utmost East and West,
Fabled far Ind and Albion's poor hoarse coast,
The giant, harvest-dropping, human Nile,
Diverted, not made dry, by the New World
Columbus opened in the sunset gold,
And by the new way past the fearful cape
To shores reached once only by camel ships
Through seas of sand henceforth to sift unheard;
And so fat Spain made great, though rotten soon,
And England great, but rotten not as yet;
And all this Pagan West as central made
Upon the earth as once were Rome's seven hills,
The Applan Way hung on Atlantic deeps,
The transferred Tiber turned into the Rhine:
To Chivalry's and Robbery's throned cliffs,
Browbeating all these castellated shores,
A chafing manacle on Europe's wrist,
Burst suddenly when once the arm had strength,

Vol. XLIX.—No. 292.—38

The gaping, ragged halves not welded yet,
Save by the ivy's pitying thick vells:
To Strasburg and Cologne, and skilled saints there
Lifting majestically to peopled heavens
Awe-struck stone anthems, not unheard of God,
Cathedral enics, voice of man's tall hour:
To eagles of the French, and in their beaks
Fire-brands above this doomed Palatinate,
A thousand smokes sent up from yonder plain:
To Rhine waves red with hottest modern blood,
And Rhine hills tremulous yet in all their vines
With blows of him who made the Rhine a stream
Of France, and with the Rhine lost France: and so
To swiftly struck, far-resonant Sedan.

I look against the sun which saw all this,
And through the rustling air across his face
Ride ghosts in number more than winter's flakes.
My land swims far beyond that settling sun,
Which burns the Voeges now and Niederwald;
These ghosts were not my brothers, yet they wrought
For me, as I for those who follow us.
My eyes were cold and dull were they not wet;
Sightless were they here cold and not elate.
This Rhine plain bore its fruit for even me.

God maketh some sods fat with sweat or blood,
But grows in those spots seeds of preciousness,
Which elsewhere could not root, but blown abroad,
When once quite native in the globe, they touch
Its utmost circuits, follow the rough gales
To the remotest isles, and so all sods
From one sod feed, and fill earth's whole deep lap.
Gutenberg there at Mainz with printer's types;
Luther with his "God help me!" there at Worms;
Spire there elate in spite of ghastly wounds;
This Heidelberg rained on by cannon seven times,
Twice gutted by fierce pillage, thrice by flame—
These wrought for England too, and she for me.

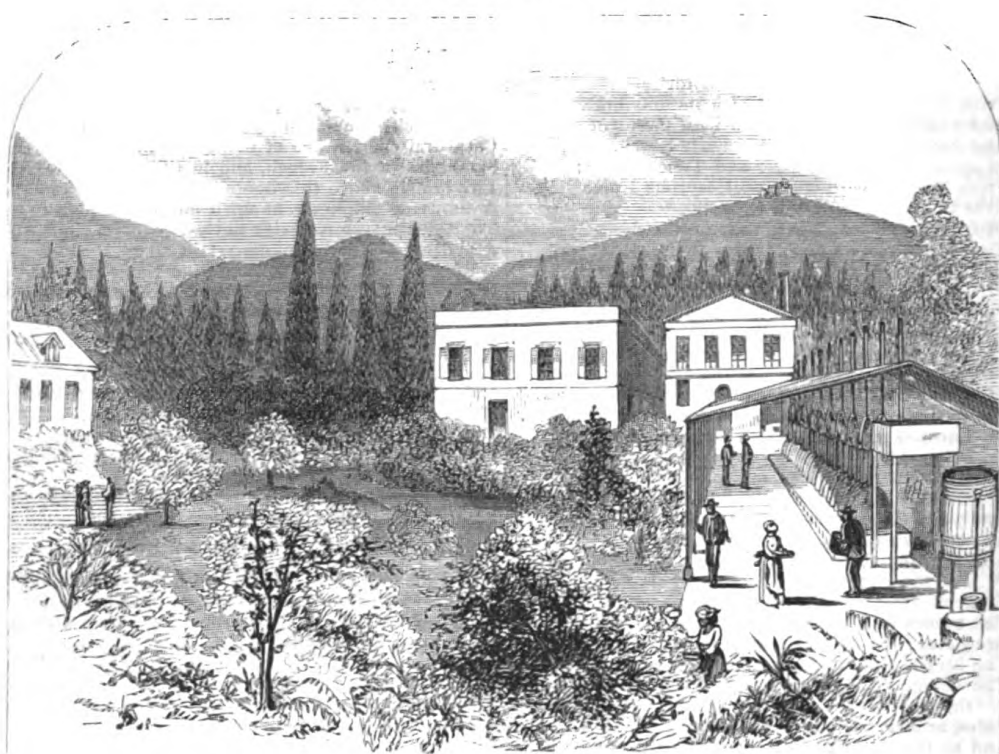
And now America in Europe shines;
The light of White, not Red Democracy,
At rising clear as Washington's own eyes,
Mixed horribly too soon with blue-green flame
From out the atheist throat of the French hell,
And smoke and ashes of a feudal world,
Grows white again unvelled above the bars
Made by the vapors its own shining raised.
Albion Republic all but in the name;
Berlin to-day thatches the peasant's roof.
And swift wheels cleave the plains, and swifter words
All seas. And Peace for once upon the Alps,
In God's name in the shadow of Mont Blanc,
Throttling the precedents of butchery,
At fair Geneva yonder lifts aloft
A white flag yet perhaps in cultured hands
Of Saxon-belted, trade-leagued hemispheres,
To chase from off the dolorous, cheated earth
Barbaric black and outworn red of war:
A white flag on which heaven breathes, so high
It reaches to the steady upper winds
That blow about the globe, untouched by jars
Of local zephyr, breeze, or hurricane.

There are no foreign lands. I yield at last.
No great cause can be only local now.
Here on the brink of nineteen centuries,
And looking from the Odenwald to France,
I cease to be only of my own coasts.
One sea laves every shore: I hear its voice,
Which, lifted from the solemn headlands vast,
Or low sweet coves of time, doth sound in storm
And calm; doth ever sound; did sound when man
Was not; and soundeth in all zones one sound.
I will be citizen of the whole earth.

JOSEPH COOK.

Heights near Heidelberg Castle.

THE ART OF PERFUMERY.



RIMMEL'S FLOWER GARDEN AND PERFUME FACTORY AT NICE.

"Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distilled, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives
sweet."
SHAKESPEARE.

MAN has an innate love for the aroma of spices and the fragrance of flowers, which has from time immemorial suggested and encouraged the art of the perfumer. The most refined nations have always been distinguished for appreciation of sweet odors, and all civilized peoples have ever sought pleasure in the offerings that Nature makes to the sense of smell.

The earliest records show that perfumes were abundantly employed in religious ceremonies by the nations of antiquity, and mention is made of their private use as luxuries at a time almost equally remote. Indeed, it is difficult to determine which use had priority; the one probably succeeded the other so very soon as to leave no marked distinction in this respect. However this may be, it appears certain that the earliest perfumes were in the form of incense. History makes mention of these first in order, and it is reasonable to infer that in the most primitive times the perfumer's store consisted exclusively of aromatic woods and barks and fragrant balsams and resins, such as the

frankincense and myrrh of the Scriptures, and the sandal and aloes wood of later times. These were obtainable with the least possible exercise of skill or invention, and could be made to yield their odors by burning, which liberated and volatilized the constituents to which their fragrance was due. The more convenient applications of perfumes depended on the discovery of methods by which odors could be separated from the plants and flowers in which they existed.

Perfumes held an important place in the religious festivals of the ancient Egyptians. In the temple of Isis and in those of other divinities sweet incense was constantly burned by the attendant priests, and on extraordinary occasions the king himself performed this ceremony. Perfumed ointment was offered, as well as incense, when the oblation was intended to be complete.

No king could be crowned in ancient Egypt unless he had been anointed by the priests, and in this rite also perfumes came into use, and on special occasions the monarch was entitled to receive offerings of incense as an acknowledgment of his supreme exaltation. Spices filled an important part in the embalming of the dead, and fragrant unguents and scented oils were largely consumed by the living as an almost universal adjunct of the bath.

That the Egyptians were skillful in making these preparations is attested by a specimen of ointment now preserved in Alnwick Castle Museum, England, which, although over 3000 years old, still retains a pleasant odor.

The perfumes known to the Jews were of the same general character as those in use among the Egyptians; and the ancient Asiatic nations, as well as the Greeks and Romans, seem to have made but little advance in the art of perfumery. It is true, the Greeks in the time of their splendor appear to have been acquainted with the making of certain essences similar to those of more modern times. A writer quoted by Athenæus says, in a treatise on perfumes: "The iris is best in Elis and at Cyzicus; the perfume made from roses is most excellent at Phaselis, and that made at Naples and Capua is also very fine. That made from crocus (saffron) is in the highest perfection at Soli in Cilicia, and at Rhodes. The essence of spikenard is best at Tarsus, and the extract of vine leaves is made best at Cyprus and Adramyttium. The best perfume from marjoram and from apples comes from Cos. Egypt bears the palm for its essence of cypripedium, and the next best is the Cyprian and Phœnician, and after them comes the Sidonian. The perfume called panathenaicum is made at Athens, and those called metopian and mendesian are prepared with the greatest skill in Egypt. But the metopian is made from oil which is extracted from bitter almonds."

Nothing is here mentioned, however, that indicates a knowledge of distillation—a process on which the perfumer of modern times is largely dependent for his most useful essences. The invention of this process is ascribed to Avicenna, an Arabian doctor who flourished in the tenth century. Previous to his time resins, spices, and oils or ointments scented by contact with fragrant substances were the chief, if not the only, forms of perfume known. To him, it is said, belongs the honor of first separating the aromas of plants and flowers in such a manner that they could be readily applied where greasy unguents and smoking incense were alike unavailable.

To the invention of Avicenna we are indebted for the most durable elements of modern perfumery; but our most fragrant and delicate odors are produced by another process, of much later discovery, which we will attempt to describe in the paragraphs that follow.

The odors of all vegetable matters reside in a principle or constituent known as essential oil, or, more properly, otto. Each indi-

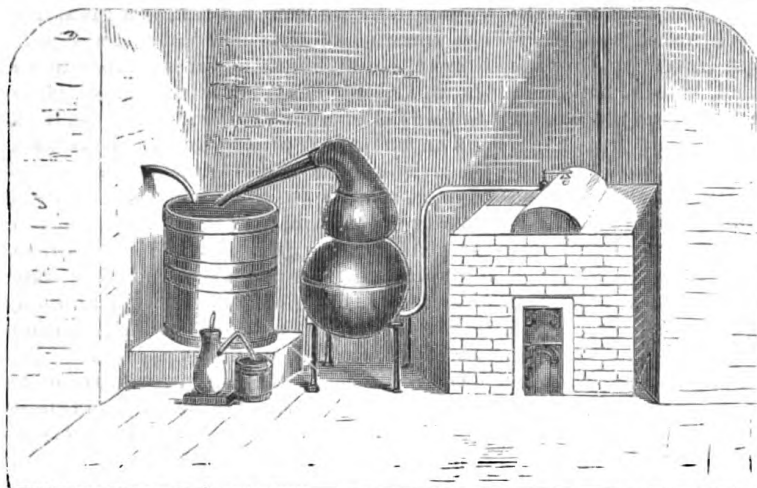
vidual plant or flower contains a greater or less amount of this principle, the separation of which from the parent substance is the initial movement in all the most important of the perfumer's operations. As it exists in but small proportion, we have in it when isolated a remarkable concentration of odor, and its stability when so separated is so great that many varieties can be kept for years unchanged. In the otto we not only possess the fragrance of the flower long after the season of blooming is past, but by its use can impart a favorite odor to a thousand bodies scentless in themselves.

Ottos are all in the liquid form, are of an oily appearance, vary in color from light straw to dark red or brown, and possess, as before stated, the odor of the substances from which they are derived. The yield of this principle from various materials ranges from six per cent. or more down to very minute quantities. Nutmegs, for instance, are very rich in otto; lemon rinds contain it in such abundance that it can be profitably extracted by expression; while roses yield so little that but three tea-spoonfuls are obtained from a hundred pounds of the petals.

The well-known process of distillation is the method most frequently employed to procure these ottos. This process, as almost every one knows, consists essentially in vaporizing a liquid in a closed vessel, and conducting the vapor to a receiver, in which it is condensed by the application of cold water. When a given plant or flower is placed in the still with a proper proportion of water, and heat applied, its otto, being volatile, rises with the steam, and both being condensed together, they readily separate on cooling. When applied to this purpose the process is often conducted by passing steam through the material to be exhausted instead of boiling it in the usual way.



FRANKINCENSE.



THE STILL.

The heat employed in distillation is necessarily injurious to the product, and to preserve the exquisite freshness and delicacy of the odors of flowers another way of proceeding is necessary, namely, *maceration* or *enfleurage*.

Fatty bodies have a strong affinity for all ottos, and at the same time exert little or no solvent power on the other matters with which they are associated. Flowers, aromatics, or balsams infused in oil impart to it their characteristic odors, and if this infusion be repeated a sufficient number of times, a highly scented preparation is obtained, which exhibits a *naturalness* of fragrance not attainable by distillation. The operation of so impregnating grease with odors is conducted as follows:

The flowers, separated from leaves or other extraneous matter, are placed in a suitable vessel, and covered with oil or liquefied suet or lard. A gentle heat is then applied for a period ranging from twelve to forty-eight hours, at the end of which the fat is strained from them, and again digested with fresh ones, which operation is repeated four or five times, or until sufficient perfume is imparted to the grease. This method of extraction is called *maceration*, or, more properly, *digestion*, it being a warm process.

Where the aroma is very delicate it is necessary to avoid heat entirely, and a variation of the foregoing method is employed, which is known as *enfleurage*. In this way of working, the fatty matter, when of solid body, is spread in thin layers on trays or "frames," and its surface covered with flowers, cup downward, which, after being allowed to remain thus for from twelve to seventy-two hours, are removed, and their place supplied by fresh ones, which are again renewed, as in *maceration*, until sufficient odor is imparted to the grease. When oil is used, coarse cloths saturated with it take the place of the lard or suet. These are treat-

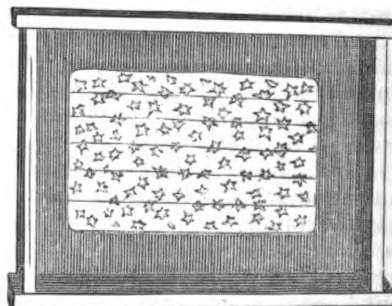
ed precisely as before, and the oil recovered from them by powerful pressure.

The greases used in the foregoing processes must, of course, be as free from odor as possible. Benne and olive oils, when fresh, need no preparation, but lard and suet require thorough and repeated washings with water to render them sufficiently scentless.

The oils and pomades thus produced are in no essential different from those of the ancients, and still another process is needed to render their sweets available for the wants of the modern perfumer. They furnish, it is true, the most elegant hair-dressings, and, by saponification, yield the choicest of toilet soaps, but to make the otto they contain available for other purposes it must be dissolved out by alcohol. This liquid is a ready solvent of ottos, but refuses to combine, to any appreciable extent, with the fats employed in *enfleurage*. So they are robbed in turn of their odor by digestion in alcohol, and dilute essences are thus obtained which represent in great perfection the flowers from which they are derived.

Ottos and alcoholates are the most useful forms of the perfumer's materials; tinctures are next in importance; and, lastly, odorous balsams, herbs, and roots are sometimes employed in substance.

As we have seen, the chief processes of the perfumer's art are distillation and *enfleurage*. The essences thus obtained being at hand, simple dissolvings and compoundings produce the bulk of his wares. Having sufficiently considered the subject of manipulation, we come now to the crude materials themselves, on which the perfumer depends for his essences and ottos.



POMADE FRAME.

The uninitiated may naturally suppose, on looking over the extended catalogue of a manufacturing perfumer of the present day, that quite a large number of flowers and herbs were "distilled" to produce the variety offered, but, on the contrary, the materials actually employed are comparatively limited. The shelves of a well-stocked perfume bazar exhibit "extracts" of almost every flower that possesses a desirable odor, yet the blossoms really used will scarcely reach a dozen in number. The distiller can work profitably with but few materials; it is to the compounder's skill that we are indebted for the majority of our perfumes.

The chief materials used in the manufacture of perfumery are given in the following table:

ty chiefly cultivated for these uses is said to be the "hundred-leaved," *Rosa centifolia*.

The otto of rose is a light yellow or straw-colored liquid, possessing in a high degree of concentration the characteristic odor of the rose bloom, and a diffusiveness and persistency that render it of great service to the perfumer. It is extensively used and almost universally known. As stated elsewhere, the distillation of a hundred pounds of the flowers produces only about three tea-spoonfuls of the otto. This fact necessarily renders it high in price, which is still not so extravagant as the general public supposes. The usual wholesale rate in this country will average about ten dollars per ounce. The first quality is known as Kisanlic, from an Arabian port at which it is

Name.	Source.	Part used.	Preparation employed.
Almond (Bitter)	<i>Amygdalus amara</i>	Kernel of fruit	Otto.
Ambergris	<i>Physeter macrocephalus</i>	Secretion	Tincture.
Benzoin	<i>Styrax benzoin</i>	Inspissated juice	Tincture.
Bergamot	<i>Citrus bergamia</i>	Rind of fruit	Otto.
Cassia	<i>Laurus cassia</i>	Bark	Otto.
Cassia	<i>Acacia farnesiana</i>	Flowers	Alcoholate.
Cedrat	<i>Citrus cedrata</i>	Rind of fruit	Otto.
Cinnamon (True)	<i>Laurus cinnamomum</i>	Bark	Otto.
Citronella	<i>Andropogon citratus</i>	Leaves	Otto.
Civet	<i>Viverra civetta</i>	Secretion	Tincture.
Cloves	<i>Caryophyllus aromaticus</i>	Unopened flower buds	Otto.
Geranium	<i>Pelargonium odoratissimum</i>	Leaves	Otto.
Jasmine	<i>Jasminum odoratissimum</i>	Flowers	Alcoholate.
Lavender	<i>Lavandula vera</i>	Leaves	Otto.
Lemon	<i>Citrus medica</i>	Rind of fruit	Otto.
Lemon-grass	<i>Andropogon schenanthus</i>	Leaves	Otto.
Musk	<i>Moschus moschiferus</i>	Secretion	Tincture.
Neroli	<i>Citrus bigarradia</i>	Flowers	Otto.
Orange flower	<i>Citrus bigarradia</i>	Flowers	Alcoholate.
Orris	<i>Iris florentina</i>	Rhizome	Tincture.
Patchouly	<i>Pogostemon patchouli</i>	Leaves	Otto.
Rose	<i>Rosa centifolia</i>	Flowers	Otto and alcoholate.
Rosemary	<i>Rosmarinus officinalis</i>	Leaves	Otto.
Sandal	<i>Santalum citrinum</i>	Wood	Otto.
Tonka	<i>Dipterix odorata</i>	Beans	Tincture.
Tuberose	<i>Pollanthes tuberosa</i>	Flowers	Alcoholate.
Vanilla	<i>Vanilla planifolia</i>	Beans	Tincture.
Vetiver	<i>Anatherum muricatum</i>	Root	Otto and tincture.
Violet	<i>Viola odorata</i>	Flowers	Alcoholate.
Ylang-ylang	<i>Unona odoratissima</i>	Flowers	Otto.

By including all the material in use by the perfumer the foregoing list might be doubled, but the articles omitted are either without striking characteristics, or furnish odors which are only available in the commoner kinds of toilet soaps, and for similar uses.

We will now briefly describe the articles enumerated above, treating of them in the order of their importance.

The rose (too well known to need description here) is one of the most valuable of the limited series of flowers that are available to the perfumer. When dried it is useful in sachets or scented powders; distilled, it yields rose-water and the well-known otto; and subjected to enfleurage, gives oil, pomade, and alcoholate.

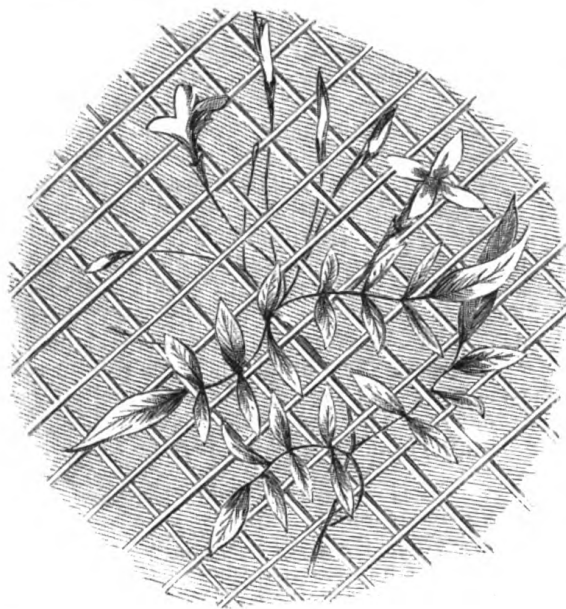
The rose is grown for commercial uses most extensively in Turkey, India, and the south of France. The crop of the East is distilled for the otto; the French flowers are generally applied to the production of "water," "oil," and "pomade." The varie-

supposed to find its exit, and is imported in metal canteens containing about fifty ounces.

The otto of roses, though an excellent representative of their fragrance when exhibited in a properly diluted form, is surpassed by the alcoholate obtained by enfleurage. Both preparations are largely used, both alone and in combination with other scents.

The citrine family, consisting of the two great divisions of lemons and oranges, is also of much importance to the perfumer. Originally a native of India and China, this genus is now introduced into nearly all countries. All its varieties thrive well in the warm latitudes, and in colder climates are readily grown in-doors. Their general form is that of a tree from ten to fifteen feet in height, with smooth shining ovate or oval lanceolate leaves. They bear a white five-petaled flower and an ovoid fruit, the rind of which is more or less fragrant.

The bitter or Seville orange (*Citrus bigarradia*) is the most valuable species to the



JASMINE.

perfumer. Its flowers yield by distillation a highly prized otto, known in commerce as oil of neroli, or néroly, and by enfleurage a pomade and alcoholate of delightful fragrance. The usefulness of this tree does not cease with its flowers. The rind of the ripe fruit contains the "oil of bitter orange peel," and the small unripe berries and leaves give the "oil of petit grain" (literally *little berries*), an essence similar to neroli.

The flowers of the other species of oranges and lemons also yield ottos, but of less desirable character than the foregoing.

From the rind of the common sweet orange (*C. aurantium*) we have an otto possessing the odor and taste of this favorite fruit; from another variety (*C. bergamia*) the well-known "oil of bergamot," which has long done such faithful service in hair oils and "bear's grease." The common lemon (*C. limonum*) gives an essence still more widely known than that of bergamot, and having the double use of perfume and flavor; and from the citron fruit (*C. cedrata*) we obtain the otto of cedrat, a truly delicious essence, resembling that of the ordinary lemon, but much richer, and of peculiar mellowness. These constitute the chief products of this useful family.

The principal plantations of bitter-orange trees are in the south of France, Calabria, and Sicily. Lemons are chiefly supplied by the West Indies, and also by the Mediterranean. France and Italy give us bergamot also, and the delightful cedrat is furnished by the same countries.

The jasmine is largely utilized in the preparation of perfumes. This shrub was introduced from the East, and has been for many years largely cultivated in southern lati-

tudes. Jasmines are rambling or climbing shrubs, bearing white or yellow blossoms, which have an intensely sweet odor. Their otto is extracted by enfleurage alone, it being so delicate and small in quantity that distillation is impracticable. Jasmine flowers grown in very hot climates have been successfully distilled, but the product proved too costly to become an article of commerce. A specimen exhibited at the World's Fair (Tunisian department) held in London in 1851 was valued at nine pounds (forty-five dollars) per ounce.

The most fragrant species of this shrub is the *Jasminum odoratissimum*, a yellow-flowering climber, which in the French flower fields is grafted on the wild jasmine, forming a bush three or four feet high.

The odor of the jasmine is so sweet in its pure state as to be cloying or "sickly" to many persons, but this property gives it great value in

forming compounds with scents of opposite character.

By enfleurage the modest violet yields an odor which is as universally admired for its delicacy and sweetness as is the flower itself for its quiet beauty. Although in great request, the supply is necessarily limited by the difficulty of successful cultivation, a peculiar climate and location being required to bring this floral treasure to perfection.

The chief violet beds are at Nice, France, the variety grown being *Viola odorata*. The plants are bedded in the shade of the orange or acacia groves to secure necessary screening from the noonday sunbeams.

Approximations of the scent of the violet



CASSIA.



TUBEROSE.

are found in the acacia (noticed below), the orris, and in myallwood, a native of Australia.

Cassie flowers are another staple in the perfume trade. They are the product of the *Acacia farnesiana*, a small tree or shrub which

grows only in southern latitudes. Its usual height is from five to six feet; the leaf is fern-like and very graceful; the flowers are of a globular form, about the size of a large pea, of a bright yellow color, and emit an odor similar to that of the violet, but more cloying and jasmine-like in sweetness.

Cassie, like the violet, is treated only by enfleurage. It gives a strong essence, which is used mainly in compounds. Cassie must not be confounded with *cassia*, the common cinnamon, which is of entirely different odor.

The tuberose (*Polianthes tuberosa*) is grown on a large scale for the use of the perfumer, and furnishes a valuable essence. It is a bulbous plant, first noticed by the old writers as the "Indian hyacinth." The stock rises about three feet, bearing flowers at its top, which resemble the hyacinth in form, and have a somewhat similar but more delightful odor. This odor is obtained by enfleurage, and is not only a favorite in the pure state, but enters into the formation of the most *recherché* bouquets.

The tuberose thrives well in France, Italy, and Spain, the first-named country being probably the chief place of production.

Last on this section of our list comes the ylang-ylang, or "flower of flowers," the latest introduced, and consequently least known, of all we have yet described. This blossom is produced by a large tree, native in the islands of the Indian Archipelago. Its native Tagal name is the one we have given (written sometimes *ihlang-ihlang*); the Malays call it *kanonga*, and to botanists it is known as *Unona odoratissima*.

The flowers of the *Unona* are flacculent and drooping, reminding one somewhat of our own familiar locust blossom. Their color is greenish-yellow, and they possess an odor resembling a mixture of jasmine and lilac, yet having a peculiarity that can not be likened to the scent of any other flower. This odor is said to be so powerful that it scents the air for miles around the trees.

The ylang-ylang was first distilled by a chemist at Manilla, who succeeded in drawing its otto, which was exhibited probably for the first time in Europe at the Exposi-

tion of 1867. It is now largely manufactured at Manilla and Singapore.

The otto of ylang-ylang is exceedingly costly, being worth fifty per cent. more than that of roses. Its price at the time of writing may be given in round numbers at fifteen dollars the ounce, or at the rate of two hundred and fifty dollars per pound. It is chiefly used in the manufacture of a handkerchief perfume, either pure or in combination with jasmine.

The odorous herbs furnish many ottos that are valuable for scenting soaps, and some of the more fragrant of these are useful in handkerchief essences and toilet waters. The principal ones of the latter class are lavender, rosemary, and patchouly. The two former are quite well known in this country; the last-named is an Indian plant resembling our garden sage. This herb is known to the natives as *putchapat*, and to botanists as *Pogostemon patchouli*. Both leaves and stems yield an otto of great strength and very peculiar odor, which, although disagreeable to some persons, is generally much admired.

Of the spice series cloves and cinnamon are the only ones that have much use in perfumery, and these are chiefly employed in soaps and the cheaper kinds of pomades.

Cloves are the unexpanded flower buds of the clove-tree (*Caryophyllus aromaticus*), which is largely cultivated in the West Indies, the Malacca Islands, and other similar latitudes.

Cinnamon is the bark of a tree, or trees, rather, for it is of two kinds. The variety generally met with is obtained from the *Laurus cassia*, and is properly known as *cassia* bark. *Laurus cinnamomum* furnishes the true cinnamon, which is in thinner quills of a lighter color, and though closely resembling the former in odor and flavor, is milder or softer, and has a faint touch of muskiness.



YLANG-YLANG.



PATCHOULY.

Cassia comes to us from China; the true cinnamon from Ceylon.

Two odorous grasses, natives of India, furnish ottos of extensive usefulness. One is lemon-grass, having a close resemblance in odor to the leaf of the lemon-verbena. Nearly or quite all our "extract of verbena" and "verbena-water" are made from this otto, which, by

the addition of a little lemon essence, becomes so *au naturel* as to leave little or no room for complaint.

The other otto is citronella, a perfume with which most persons have made acquaintance in the popular so-called "honey soap."

The rose-geranium is largely grown in France and Spain for its leaf, which yields a cheap and useful substitute for the otto of roses.

The wood of the sandal-tree, a native of the East Indies, gives a curious odor, greatly admired in Oriental countries, and much valued by us. It is both used in substance and distilled for its otto. Sandal-wood is very precious in the East. Immense quantities of it are burned before various pagan divinities, and it is worked into a variety of useful and ornamental articles. Most of our



SANDAL-WOOD.

readers have seen ladies' fans the ribs of which were of sandal, and will remember their curious and seemingly inexhaustible odor.

Vetivert, or kus-kus, a thread-like Indian root, furnishes another perfume of the same class as sandal, but sharper and more approaching floral odors. Its virtues are extracted either by tincturation or by the still. Vetivert has a strong and durable odor, which, though seldom liked alone, has in combination given perfumes of great popularity. The famous "mousseline," which, on its first introduction years ago, created quite a *furor*, owes its peculiar character to this substance. The otto of vetivert, like that of ylang-ylang, is very expensive, being much higher in cost than even that of roses.

Bitter almonds, though containing no otto when in their natural state, yield one by the reaction of their constituents in the presence of water. Thus the still furnishes us the



ALMOND.

almond odor, which, while sickening in its pure state, finds a place in minute quantities in many of the finest floral compounds.

As auxiliaries, or odors which are seldom or never used alone, but are valuable as modifiers, and from the property of fixing or giving permanence to the more volatile scents, we may mention orris, tonka, vanilla, and benzoin; and three animal substances, ambergris, civet, and musk.

Orris is the rhizome of the *Iris florentina*, a plant of the flag or lily order. Its scent somewhat resembles that of the violet, to which it is, however, so inferior as scarcely to merit the comparison. It is employed in the form of tincture, and its use is simply to give a body to more ethereal compounds, and lessen their volatility on the handkerchief or elsewhere.

Tonka, the seed of *Dipterix odorata*, a tree of the West Indies and South America, is familiarly known as the "snuff bean," from long use in scenting the "titillating dust." Tonka-beans are ovate, dark brown exter-

nally, very light brown internally, from one to two inches long, and from the shriveling of the dried epidermis have a somewhat bark-like appearance. From a strong resemblance in odor to newly mown hay, they are made the basis of a popular "extract" sold under that name, and also find uses similar to those of orris.

Vanilla is the capsule of *Vanilla planifolia*, a beautiful creeping plant native in Mexico, South America, and other warm countries. It is also derived from several other species of the same genus. The vanilla capsule, or bean, as it is generally termed, is from six to ten inches in length, one-fourth to three-eighths of an inch in diameter, cylindrical in shape, tapering toward either end, and slightly flattened. The color is dark brown. The interior contains a sort of pulp which is filled with little shining black seeds. The flavor of vanilla is well known in confectionery, and universally liked. As a perfume its tincture is valuable in combination both as a modifying ingredient and as a fixing substance.

Benzoin is a gum or gum-resin, the exudation of the benzoin or benjamin tree (*Styrax benzoin*), which is found chiefly in Siam and Java. It has a somewhat vanilla-like odor, and is employed for similar though inferior uses.

Of the animal substances ambergris is perhaps the least used at the present day. Its origin was long a mystery, but it is now known to be a secretion of the spermaceti-whale (*Physeter macrocephalus*), and supposed to form as the result of disease. It is found floating on the surface of the sea in masses which from appearance suggested the name *ambre gris*—gray amber. Its odor is extremely unpleasant when pure or concentrated, but it gives mellowness and permanency to mixtures.

Civet is a dark brown semi-fluid secretion obtained from the civet cat (*Fiverra civetta*), a native of Africa and India. It is found in an external pouch or receptacle peculiar to the animal. Its properties are in general similar to those of ambergris, but its odor



THE MUSK-DEER.

harmonizes more perfectly with floral compounds.

Musk, the last and by far the most important of the animal triad, is also a secretion, and is obtained from the musk-deer (*Moschus moschiferus*), a pretty little animal inhabiting the higher mountain ranges of China, Tonquin, and Thibet. The musk is found in a small pocket or pouch under the belly of the deer. The hunters cut off this pouch, which, becoming dry, preserves its contents, and in this state the best article reaches our markets. Musk, when moderately dry, is an unctuous powder of reddish-brown color. It gives out a powerful odor of a warm, aromatic character and most wonderful persistency. Blending well with almost every other scent, it discovers but little of its own peculiarity in compounds, when used in proper proportion, and yet gives them great permanency. In point of general usefulness to the perfumer it is probably unequalled by any other substance; for, although coarse and undesirable in a pure state, the most popular compounds are those in which it is an ingredient.

Genuine musk is very costly, being worth, when separated from its sac and all extraneous matter, from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars the ounce. Its great strength compensates in a measure for its price. One part of musk, it is said, will scent more than three thousand parts of inodorous powder.

It may seem a little surprising that from the limited list of materials we have given such a variety of perfumes can be made;

but the fact that odors are grouped into a few classes, the individual members of which have a greater or less resemblance to each other, accounts for the accomplishment of this wonder. This general kinship among individual odors suggested the possibility of producing from a few distinct types all those which may be said to belong to the secondary and tertiary classes, as all the colors known as secondary and tertiary are formed from admixtures of the three primaries—red, yellow, and blue; and this hint has been so well acted on that imitative effort often supplies us with scents which, though prepared by nature, are unavailable for the uses of art.

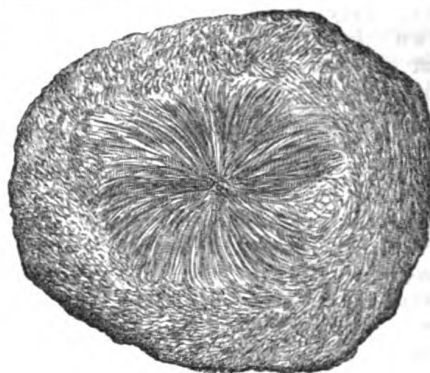
In this department the perfumer's efforts approach those of the artist. The painter reproduces the flower to the eye; the perfumer grasps and preserves its fleeting fragrance. More than this, he even imitates the charms of blossoms which are inaccessible to his hand, or that refuse to yield their sweets to his most careful skill. It is true his efforts are not always successful, but, on the other hand, many artificial essences are wonderfully like the originals they are intended to represent, and if not perfection itself, yet give us perfumes at will which would otherwise be ours for but a few weeks or days of the year.

From intimate connection with this part of our subject we append a few facts concerning the classification of odors. Various attempts have been made in this direction, the most satisfactory of which, as far as our observation goes, is that of Mr. Rimmel, who, in his *Book of Perfumes*, makes the following groupings of those coming within the province of the perfumer:

Classes.	Types.	Odors belonging to same Class.
Rose	Rose	Geranium, Sweet-brier, Rhodium, Rose-wood.
Jasmine	Jasmine	Lily-of-the-valley.
Orange flower... ..	Orange flower... ..	Syringa, Orange leaves.
Tuberose	Tuberose	Lily, Jonquil, Narcissus, Hyacinth.
Violet	Violet	Cassie, Orris root, Mignonette.
Musk	Musk	Civet, Musk seed, Musk plant.
Amber	Ambergris	Oak moss.
Citrine	Lemon	Bergamot, Orange, Cedrat, Limetta.
Balsamic	Vanilla	Balsam of Peru, Tolu, Benzoin, Styrax, Tonka, Heliotrope.
Spice	Cinnamon	Cassia, Nutmeg, Mace, Pimento.
Clove	Clove	Carnation, Clove pink.
Camphor	Camphor	Rosemary, Patchouly.
Sandal	Sandal-wood	Vetiver, Cedar-wood.
Lavender	Lavender	Thyme, Serpolet, Marjoram.
Mint	Peppermint	Spearmint, Balm, Rue, Sage.
Anise	Anise-seed	Badian, Caraway, Dill, Coriander.
Almond	Bitter almonds	Laurel, Peach kernels.

From this table several odors have been omitted which, standing as sole examples of their kind, could not be assigned to any class.

Sweet odors may be classified in a more general way under three headings—the floral, the aromal, and the balsamic. In the first group may be included all those derived from sweet-smelling flowers; in the second, those of all spices, herbs, and roots; and in the third, those of resins, musk, and similar substances.



MUSK-POD.

It may be of interest to show how the study of such classification, and olfactory observations on the peculiarities of odors, have been made practically useful in the manufacture of perfumes.

The delicate heliotrope, for instance, gives a fragrance resembling the aroma of vanilla combined with the sharper scent of bitter almonds. The heliotrope itself is both scarce and unprofitable to the maker of perfumes, while the two latter substances are easily obtainable, and readily yield their odors. Taking advantage of the idea suggested, the manufacturer adds to a tincture of vanilla a small proportion of the otto of bitter almonds, and sufficient rose and orange-flower essences to give sweetness and a floral character to the compound, and thus easily makes what is really an excellent "extract of heliotrope."

The magnolia is too large to be conveniently subjected to maceration, but its odor is desirable, and is furnished by a mixture of orange-flower, rose, tuberose, and violet

essences, which, making a near approach to the body or foundation of the scent, are converted into "extract of magnolia" by a magic touch of cedrat, which adds the peculiar sweetness characteristic of the flower.

The refreshing scent of the scarce lemon-verbena has almost a counterpart in the Indian lemon-grass, which can be had in abundance. From this, in combination with lemon peel, an "extract of verbena" is obtained which leaves little or nothing to be desired.

The perfume of the sweet-brier is so fleeting that no means yet devised can isolate or imprison it. The sweetness of the rose gives the foundation, a few other flowers modify it, and a dash of verbena creates the artificial essence of sweet-brier.

After the same manner the odor of the violet, the pink, the lily, and many other flowers is produced from motives of either economy or convenience.

Inventive art reaches still farther, and creates perfumes by compounding which are unknown in nature. Few persons at all familiar

with perfumery are unacquainted with "Jockey Club," "West End," "Mousseline," "Millefleurs," and a host of others, which have no counterpart in the flower garden or the spice grove. These bouquets are often esteemed as highly as the unmixed natural essences themselves, and some of them have attained a popularity which has perhaps even exceeded that of the simpler odors.

The general reader would scarcely care to pursue further the mysteries of the art of perfumery. We have followed its chief processes from the garden to the tradesman's bazar. Our work is done, and we leave our interesting subject with some brief advice in regard to the artistic use of the essences and extracts whose manufacture we have endeavored to describe. We



MUSK-DEER HUNTING—AFTER A CHINESE PRINT.

quote again from that eminent authority, Mr. Rimmel, who, addressing the sex which shows the greatest appreciation of sweet odors, says: "Above all, avoid coarse, strong perfumes, and remember that, if a woman's temper may be told from her handwriting, her good taste and good-breeding may as easily be ascertained by the perfume she uses. While a *lady* charms us with the delicate ethereal fragrance she sheds around her, aspiring vulgarity will as surely betray itself by a *mouchoir* redolent of common perfumes."

As a rule, floral scents are to be preferred. The pungent exhalations of musk and the sharp aromas of spices all have useful places in the world of odor, but its chief treasures and highest models are the gentle breathings of the fragrant flowers.

DUETS.

"WHAT a desolate day! One might as well live at the north pole. Have you been out, Helena?"

"No; I never go out when the mercury is below twenty."

"You are a hot-house plant, my dear. Now I walked five miles this morning; I love this clear bracing air."

"That is because you are a brunette, Olive. Brunettes both feel and look well in winter. The wind only brightens their eyes and increases their bloom; they laugh, they sparkle, they fairly radiate brilliancy. But blondes in winter look like the ague personified if taken out of their warm rooms; they are exotics, and need a conservatory."

"Nonsense, Helena. I have seen blondes who looked dazzling in winter."

"Only the rare molten-gold type. You never saw an ordinary blonde, with light blue

eyes, flaxen hair, and pale, delicate skin, who did not turn blue and purple, pinched and miserable, in a winter wind."

"But I would change places with blonde Helena in a moment."

"Bones and all? Ah, my hated collar-bones!"

"And ah, my hated apple-cheeks!"

"For my part, I admire flesh in a woman. I don't believe an angel could get into heaven if she were lean and bony."

"Better a lean angel than a fat one! But you are a female Shylock, Helena. Nothing in your eyes can take the place of a pound of flesh."

"I have all the authorities on my side, Olive. Look at the antiques, the paintings of the old masters. What contours! what grand proportions!"

"Yes; each goddess or Madonna weighs

at least two hundred pounds, and number seven or eight would be the proper size for their shoes. I do not admire the antique either in art or literature. What do I care for Agamemnon or pious Æneas? They are associated in my mind with the fearful days when I was learning Latin. For, as Heine says, 'Oh, that Latin! The Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had been obliged first to learn Latin.'

"What a heretic! But I can not believe you are really in earnest, Olive. Have you no desire to go to Rome—to Rome, the former mistress of the world, the store-house of all the treasures of the past?"

"No, Helena, I have not. I am weary of this hue and cry about the everlasting old; and, besides, the word is only comparative. What do we certainly know of the age of the world? Nothing. A mastodon is older than Adam, and a megatherium would laugh them both to scorn."

"But Cicero, Olive?"

"I am more in sympathy with Daniel Webster."

"And Dante?"

"I like Bret Harte better. He, at least, is original, and to me that is every thing. Heigh-ho! It really seems as though in literature there was nothing new under the sun. Take Christmas stories, for instance. Dickens began them, and since then we have had a succession of dreams, angels floating in on clouds, and spirits of Christmas Past knocking at the door, until, like the minstrel song, we cry, 'Stop that knocking, stop that knocking! oh, you'd better stop that knocking at the door!'"

"You are not sufficiently poetical, dear Olive. Now I fairly live in poetry. Take away poetry, and my heart and life go with it."

"No one will ever attempt that, Helena, unless it might be a prosaic husband."

"A prosaic husband I shall never have, Olive. It would be simply impossible for a heart devoid of love for poetry to win mine. I must have a soul-companion, to whom poetry, music, and art are as necessary and dear as they are to me."

"And I must have a strong manly heart, too full of the great questions of the day to dally with your poetry, music, and art, Helena. He must care more for the political condition of the country than for all the old marbles of Italy put together. If a man tries to live in the past, he becomes a useless fossil; if he tries to live in the future, he becomes a useless visionary. The present, the present, is all he has. Let him grasp it, then, with all his strength."

"How practical! Now I live in the past."

"With ghosts, I suppose. I never cared much for ghosts. I would rather be live Olive Dean than dead Cleopatra. To give

you another proof of my practical tendencies—I must have money if I marry."

"Mercenary, Olive? Ah, wealth is nothing compared with true love! To those who love, any lot is happiness so that they are together."

"I do not agree with you. Certainly I shall not waste my life in a hard struggle with poverty. It narrows the mind and crushes the heart. No; I must marry a rich man."

"And I feel sure that if I marry, it will be for love alone."

"I hope you don't think that rich men are incapable of true love? On the whole, however, I do not know that I wish to be married at all. Certainly nothing could induce me to give up my freedom for many long years yet."

"And I, too, feel that I shall always remain unmated. Ah, Olive, memories of the past, sweet and sad, rise like a barrier before the very thought! No; I have lived and loved. The rose can not bloom twice."

"Don't, Helena. That is what I call building grave-yards in the air. Lucius Gray was not worth a tear, much less an eternal tombstone in your heart. He was a most wearing companion, worse than a walking encyclopedia. It was like this: 'Miss Dean, do you know what a hydrometer is?' 'Yes,' I would say, rashly, trying to avert the avalanche; 'curious things, are they not?' But my effort was useless. 'Give me your idea of it, Miss Dean. I shall be interested to hear your explanation of its uses.' Of course then I was caught, and obliged to hear the whole, beginning with, 'a hydrometer is an instrument for determining specific gravity,' and so on to the bitter end. And there was no use trying to escape the closest attention either, for in the most unexpected places he would stop and ask me to repeat his last sentence to show that I had comprehended him. And the next call he would have a review of the whole."

"Do not jest, Olive. Lucius's heart was deep and tender. Perhaps he did not unveil it to you. Ah, I can never forget him!"

"I should think you would be glad to forget him, Helena, especially as he forgot you, and married that German Fräulein. I wonder if she knows what a hydrometer is? By-the-way, how well I remember that lovely moonlight night when I saw you in the arbor with Lucius! If ever there was a time for romance, it was then and there, and you told me yourself that he was giving you sums in mental arithmetic."

"He wished to strengthen my mind, dear. It was a laudable kindness."

"Laudable, perhaps, but wearing. He was constantly setting traps for the unwary. 'How far do you suppose you can see in a perpendicular line, looking upward, Miss Dean?' 'A hundred miles,' I would answer at ran-

dom. 'How blue the sky is!' But I might have said it was green for all the attention he paid to the remark. 'I will prove to you that that is impossible,' he would begin, going back to the hundred miles; 'the powers of vision,' and so on, and so on, until I almost wished I was blind. He was the man, too, who would not play cards, not from any moral objection, but because something was left to chance, and he wished every thing reduced to mathematical certainties."

"In that respect my taste was like his, Olive. I detest games; there is no poetry in them, no sentiment, no imagination. Euchre, for instance, is a complete mystery to me. The cards are dealt out, three rounds are played, and I am straining every nerve to play with the proper discrimination, when suddenly all the others throw down their cards, a general laugh follows, and the game is over before I have realized that it is begun. I played a whole evening in that way once, and I assure you that from beginning to end I had not the faintest idea who was winning or who was beaten. I passed the counters over to my partner, saying, as carelessly as I could, 'that I did not care to keep the account;' but the truth was, I couldn't. But I made a secret vow never to play again, and I never have."

"I would not if I were you. You do not shine in games, my dear, any more than I do in tableaux. My nose is not Grecian, you know. Once, and once only, I was asked to take a part. What joy was mine! What a gorgeous costume I ordered! The whole household was at work, the very air was filled with finery, all Shakspeare's heroines together could not have made more stir. 'What is the tableau, daughter?' asked father, at length, after several days of this confusion. 'From the *Winter's Tale*, papa. Hermione as the statue, and Leontes the king kneeling before her. Oh, it will be perfectly beautiful!' 'And what are you to do in all this finery, Olive?' 'I am to—to hold back the curtain,' I said, slowly. There was a burst of laughter from the assembled household. Some way they had never thought of it in that light. Neither had I! 'Daniel Webster once made a tour through New Hampshire,' said father, 'and a young lawyer of my acquaintance managed to attach himself to the party. Thenceforth it was the glory of his life, and we had to hear the story over and over again—how the great man stood, how he looked, how he moved his arm, and what he said at each town and village. At last one day we asked him, "And what did you do, eh?" "I held his hat," answered the proud youth. From that moment he never could tell the story again; as soon as he began, "When I travelled with Daniel Webster," there was always some one to yell out "Hat! hat!" and so nip the story in the bud.'"

"Is not that last phrase an inappropriate one?"

"Not at all. I have an illustrious example behind me. Don't you know that during an eloquent address in the House of Lords an English peer once created the following sublime simile: 'I smell a rat! I see him floating in the air! But I shall yet be able to nip him in the bud!'"

"Mr. Atkins would not believe that story, Olive. You know how English he is."

"But it is true for all that, John Henry to the contrary notwithstanding. Atkins—Atkins—what a name! Have you ever noticed that plural names in *kin* are invariably plebeian—Simpkins, Haskins, Tompkins, Wilkins, and the like? Not that I care in the least for names; good honest John will do for me. But I know you dote upon elegant high-sounding titles, like Reginald and Ferdinand, or Courtenay and Vavasour."

"Yes, I confess I like a euphonious name. For instance, there is our friend Alexis Peyton St. Clair. By-the-way, what do you think of him?"

"Do you suppose, Helena, that the Grand Duke Alexis had Russia-leather trunks?"

"Of course, else what is the use of being a grand duke? But, seriously, Olive, what do you think of Mr. St. Clair?"

"The dainty, white-handed young artist? Oh, he is of the Hellenic type, and I am an out-and-out Pelasgian. We speak different languages, and can not even comprehend each other. He writes poetry about 'the rain dashing upon the window-pane,' and that sort of thing. I have long detested him from the bottom of my heart; we are totally antagonistic. He ought to go and live with 'Aurora Leigh,' the poetess of the lakes. We went up to the islands last summer, and as soon as we arrived, friend number one told her story. She lived on Lamia Island; her father kept the light-house there; she never saw any man excepting her father until she saw her husband; and she wrote the most beautiful poetry about the lakes—which was all true, and truly remarkable. But even the true and remarkable becomes a torment by repetition. When we had taken the story all in, and discoursed upon it at length, friend number two arrives, and begins: 'You see that island over there? It is called Lamia, and there is a most remarkable story connected with it. The light-house keeper had a daughter—' 'Yes,' we say, hastily; 'very remarkable, is it not? She writes poetry, I hear.' But friend number two is not to be defrauded of his narration in this way; he goes back gravely, not to say sternly, and begins again—'The light-house keeper had a daughter,' and so on, through the whole. We go in to dinner. 'Did you see that island off to the right?' remarks friend number three, as the soup appears. 'It is called Lamia, and there is a

very remarkable story connected with it. The light-house keeper had a daughter—'Yes,' I interrupt, boldly; 'a remarkable story, as you say. She never saw any man except her father until she saw her husband, and she writes the most beautiful poetry about the lakes. Truly remarkable!' But it is of no use. 'The light-house keeper had a daughter,' repeats number three, without noticing my attempt, and the tale lasts through fish, meat, and dessert, only ending with the coffee. This narrator was the slowest of all. We have a chance to compare, for we only hear the story five times more before night. The next day the thing continues, and the next. At last, in desperation, I take it up myself, and issue a new edition, enlarged and beautified. This version I tell to all new-comers, gravely: 'You see that island over there? It is called Rattlesnake, and there is a most remarkable story connected with it. The light-house keeper there had six daughters, who never saw any man except their father until they saw their six husbands. They never ate any thing, they never drank any thing, they never slept, they never spoke. Their clothing consisted principally of shells. They lived continuously upon the top of the light-house, and wrote the most beautiful poetry about the lakes, which the loons carried to shore.' By dint of constantly repeating this version, I flatter myself that I mixed the two stories so well together that hereafter the dazed public will refuse to believe either, and consider them part of the Indian mythology of the lakes."

"Just like you! But, seriously, Olive, I really like 'Aurora Leigh's' poetry. I often see it in the *Jupiter Magazine*."

"So do I like it. She can not help herself; it is her friends who pull her before the public. But she has glory enough in the *Jupiter*, surrounded by the well-established Eastern aristocrats. A clergyman once told me that he had known several estimable young men so far led astray as to become quite profane over the difficulty of getting into the exclusive *Jupiter* columns."

"Oh, Olive, there is Mr. Atkins coming up the walk!"

"Of course he is coming to see you, and as I am only a visitor, I will step into the library and amuse myself with your books until he goes."

"Oh, stay, I entreat you, dear. I do not wish to see him alone."

"Don't you like him, Helena?"

"I can not endure him!"

"Well, I'm sorry; but I must go to the library all the same. Bear it as well as you can. Good-by."

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Atkins. Will you come to the fire? It is a bitter day."

"I like it, Miss Marbury; I like it. There

is something in this cold air that invigorates one and enlivens the circulation. A healthy soul and body ought to enjoy a day like this. American ladies are but a puny set, generally speaking; but I know that you, Miss Marbury, are a beautiful exception."

"I do indeed love such weather of all things. So inspiring!"

"Just what I always say. How would you like a walk, now—say as far as the lake? There is a fine bracing wind from the north that will fill your lungs, and give you an appetite for dinner. Do come. I came on purpose to ask you."

"I shall be delighted to accompany you, Mr. Atkins. Fortunately my wraps are in the hall.".....

"Isn't this fine, now? The wind must be about forty miles an hour, I should say."

"Really delicious! It is like battling with Æolus, the king of the blast."

"Æolus, eh? Some poetical person, I suppose. I never cared much for poetry myself; wouldn't waste my time over it. Poets are but a shiftless set; no heads for business, you know. I suspect a poet's wife has but a hard time of it. Money is necessary to make the world go easy, and people in easy circumstances are always more reputable citizens than the Bohemian brotherhood of poets, musicians, and artists. Give me a man with a fixed income—a man not too young, with good health, and a good temper—a man who knows nothing of poetry and such nonsense; and depend upon it, Miss Marbury, you have the best the world affords."

"Such men are the pillars of society, Mr. Atkins."

"You see it, Miss Helena, of course. But, strange as it may appear to a person of your good sense, there are young ladies who prefer mere boys, with their heads full of philosophy, poetry, rationalism, and the like—fellows of no position, no income, and utterly unable to maintain a household in good style. Talk about love! What love is there in five hundred a year, and not always that? I call it selfishness. I would not ask a woman to give up all the luxuries of life for my sake. I have waited until my position and my fortune were certainties; and now it would be my pleasure to give my wife all reasonable comforts. Don't walk so fast, Miss Helena. Do take my arm. The wind is pretty strong."

"If we should step up on to that porch, Mr. Atkins, we should be partially protected."

"Not on my account. I like the wind, and the full view of the lake. But if you are cold—"

"Not in the least, I assure you; and the view is truly arctic. It is rather difficult, however, to keep one's footing on the icy bank; but the freshness of the atmosphere is absolutely inspiring."

"Isn't it? I knew you would think so."

Hold my arm firmly. Wait, let me take your hand; my fur glove will help keep it warm. There, that's comfortable."

"Ahem—hem! I can not imagine what makes me cough. Ahem! In summer the lake always reminds me of pictures of the Bay of Naples. Have you ever visited Italy?"

"No; nor want to. America is good enough for me. I'll wager that New York Harbor is as good as any thing the Italians can show; and as to the race itself, it seems to produce nothing but opera-singers, organ-grinders, and the little boys who scrape their fiddles upside down. Compare an opera-singer, now, with an American merchant!"

"Our merchants are indeed the bulwark of American prosperity. But I fear I am engrossing your valuable time, Mr. Atkins. Shall we return?"

"My time is yours, Miss Marbury—entirely yours. I would cast aside a good investment for the sake of being with you. Can I say more? I am well able to afford it, however. Let us walk on as far as the hospital; the view is very fine from there. That is, if you are not cold?"

"Not in the least. Ahem—hem! This cough is merely in the throat. How is your dear little niece, Mr. Atkins?"

"Well, quite well, thank you. I caught her reading a new Jo Miller, a kind of poet living on the Rocky Mountains, they say, and I went to her room and confiscated every verse-book there. The whole shelf had to go. I told her there was something else to do in the world besides reading rhymes. That is the only way, Miss Marbury."

"Yes, indeed. Young girls are so romantic."

"Some one sent her Dante's *Inferno*, illustrated by Doré; but I sent it to the right about the very same day. The poetry was trash to begin with, and as for the pictures, they were enough to give any one the nightmare. But I gave her a set of Miss Edgeworth to make up."

"Far better. At that age Miss Edgeworth's works were my constant and cherished companions."

"I can readily believe that, Miss Marbury. I have long admired your good sense and sound judgment. Your ideas of life are sure to correspond with my own, for I think I can safely say that you have no nonsense about you. A good house, a good cook, a little company to make the evening pleasant, ending with a social game of cards—whist or euchre. I always play cards in the evening; it is a habit I inherit from my English ancestors. You play, of course?"

"I—I am not a skillful player, Mr. Atkins."

"Oh, you can learn—you can learn! I know you have a head for games. Euchre, now, will just suit you."

"I know something of euchre; it is a deep-

ly interesting game. But all games of cards are fascinating."

"Just what I say. My neighbors sometimes ask, 'Atkins, must you always play cards in the evening?' And I always answer, 'Yes, Sir; John Henry Atkins must have his game in the evening, just as he must have his cheese at dinner.' Corned beef and cabbage, too, I'm fond of, Miss Marbury; and let me tell you, too, it is not every cook that knows how to cook a cabbage. There is a science in the art. You like cabbage, I hope?"

"I have—I have had but few opportunities to taste it, but I could easily learn to like it, I know."

"Some people object to the odor, but I like it just as I do the odor of onions. An onion of the proper age, cooked in cream, is delicious. I always have what I like on my table, no matter what the fashion may be."

"You have a noble independence in all things, Mr. Atkins."

"I flatter myself so, Miss Marbury. John Henry Atkins is proud of his independence, his nation, and his name. Atkins—it is an old Dorsetshire name; and, Miss Marbury, dearest Helena, permit me to offer it to you!"

"Mr. Atkins, this is so sudden. I really do not know—perhaps I mistake—what do you mean?"

"I mean you to be Mrs. J. H. Atkins. I do not speak under impulse, Helena; I have long felt an esteem for you, my dear, and I know you will suit me."

"Oh, Mr. Atkins!"

"Call me John Henry, dearest."

"Oh, John—John Henry—this is so sudden!"

"Not to me, not to me. I assure you I have thought it all over and looked at it on all sides. I have weighed every consideration, and, on the whole, I think we shall get on admirably. I know just the amount of your property. It is not much, to be sure; but I can double it for you in ten years, and in the mean time you shall share in all the comforts of my home."

"Oh, Mr. Atkins—John Henry—I think I ought to confess that there are memories of the past, sweet, though sad—"

"Some old love affair? That is a matter of course at your age. Girls over twenty-five always have something of the kind to talk about. I have had a dozen such affairs myself. I will tell you about them some time. But I am not afraid of an old memory, my dear, if that is my only rival. To tell the truth, I knew the field was clear; I never make one of a crowd. You will not be likely to have any more offers, you know, and certainly none so advantageous as mine. Come, Helena, I am a plain speaker, but none the less honest for that. I could have no motive but affection, could I, now? Say

yes, my dear; be Mrs. Atkins, and you shall see how comfortable we shall be together."

"A little time for reflection."

"No time like the present. See here, now, my love, I know you're going to say yes at the end, so I'll just take it for granted that it's said, and spare you all the trouble. Now, Mrs. Atkins, shall we go back to the house?"

"Oh, John Henry, you are so impetuous! Who could resist you?"

"Miss Olive, Mr. St. Clair is in the parlor waiting to see you."

"How did he know I was here, Martha?"

"He said he had called upon you, and was told you were at Miss Marbury's; so he came here."

"Mr. Atkins and Miss Marbury are there, I suppose?"

"No, ma'am; they went out for a walk a few minutes ago."

"Very well, I will go to the parlor".....

"Good-afternoon, Mr. St. Clair. This room very warm, I fear."

"A delicious atmosphere, Miss Dean. A soft air balmy with flower fragrance is absolutely necessary to me. I feel like an exile on this bleak lake shore, and this fierce north wind sweeping over miles of ice seems to freeze my very soul. I tried to paint, but the cold palsied my hand and chilled the flow of inspiration; so I came to you, Miss Olive, for warmth and strength and life."

"You flatter me, I fear."

"I could not flatter you; it is not in the power of words. As I came shivering through this inhuman wind, I thought of you, beautiful tropical flower that you are, and fancied you sitting in the glow of the fire in all the bloom and light and radiance of your loveliness, and the picture cheered me on through the arctic streets. Miss Olive, I know your nature is exotic, like mine, that you suffer in this brutal climate, and that you long for the glowing South. There is that delicacy in your face that tells me this, for its changing expressions belong not to this cold, prosaic country."

"Life in the tropics must be very beautiful."

"Oh, to fly with you to the land of the orange and palm! Oh, to roam with you under a sky forever blue! Do you not long to go to Rome, and wander among the monuments of past glory, the treasures of antique art, the rich memories of the golden age of this degenerate earth?"

"I have dreamed of such a pilgrimage for years; it is the desire of my heart, Mr. St. Clair; but how can I bring it into the realms of reality?"

"Let me be the magician, Miss Olive. Oh, why should we stay in this land of ice and snow, when Italy holds out her arms to us? There are the immortal works of the old masters; the ruins whose every stone

is worth more to appreciative hearts than whole cities of modern growth; the graves of Dante and Petrarca, which we could bedew with a humble tear. Our souls are alike. We abhor together the sacrilegious new; we adore together the divine old. America is the land of iconoclasts; its politicians are demagogues, its history a history of mere utility. Go with me, Olive, thou angel of my heart, to a warmer clime!"

"Mr. St. Clair, I beg— Perhaps I misapprehend you."

"Let us unite our hearts and lives in one, Olive. I know that I am not worthy of you—who could be?—but I love you with an ardent eternal affection, and without you I can not live. My very life is in your hands. Oh, look down upon me kneeling at your feet, and do not crush me with your scorn!"

"Alexis—in tears! Can you, do you really love me—poor plain me, without genius or fortune?"

"My darling Olive, this is heaven. I ask nothing more of fate."

"Nor I."

"Together we will face the storms of life, together live—"

"Together die."

"I have long felt, my own love, that we were intended for each other; in every taste, in every idea, we sympathize. But you seemed so far above me—you a queen, and I a slave at your feet! In the day I have thought and in the night I have dreamed of you; or, as I expressed it in one of my late sonnets, written at midnight,

'Abroad the night is wildering on high,
Loud the wind's plaint amid the vengeful sky,
While 'ploring, 'ploring, walls the tortured sea;
But though the weary, weary moaning rain
Drives ceaselessly upon my window-pane,
My heart wells out in arrowed dreams of thee!'

I am obliged to call the lake a sea; it is so much more classical."

"Oh, how beautiful! What genius is yours, Alexis! You must let me see all your poetry; I adore it."

"I have five large manuscript volumes, love, and it shall be my pleasure to read them all aloud to you. My poetry is too sacred for the public. But now that my poor heart is satisfied, perhaps I may think of writing for publication."

"It is an absolute duty, Alexis. Such genius as yours should not be secluded; it is ungenerous to the world."

"You are right, Olive. Henceforth I will let the public share. But we must leave this dull land and fly to Italy—to the Eternal City. True, I am what the world calls poor; indeed, I have only what the powers of poetry and painting may bring to me. But in your love I shall find new inspiration, and ere long you will see my name borne aloft on the banners of fame. In the mean time, dearest, you are not afraid of poverty?"

"In your love I have all the riches of life, Alexis."

"My own, I knew you would answer so!"

"But I wish, for your sake, dear, that I had a fortune. You know I have nothing."

"Yes, and I rejoice thereat. We will go forth together like two wandering birds, and our Mother Earth will not begrudge us the few crumbs we require. What is money compared to love? Dross; dust of the earth!"

"How strange it is that most women are so mercenary! Now I never think of money."

"I know you do not; with you love is all in all. We are young; we love. Let us then enjoy our youth and our mutual affec-

tion, and leave to the sordid and narrow-minded the wearying accumulation of gain."

"We will! we will! Oh, there is Helena coming up the walk with Mr. Atkins. How she will envy me my happiness! Take that chair on the opposite side of the table, dear."

"Atkins? That man is my *bête noire*. A dull, purse-proud plebeian!"

"Hush! they are in the hall."

"Martha says Mr. St. Clair is in the parlor, John Henry."

"What, that good-for-nothing painter?"

"Hush, dear! they might hear you. Dear Olive, how she will envy me my happiness! Let us go in."

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Commencement season this year was notable for some remarkable discourses. There are always good things said at such times, and when Mr. Emerson delivered his college addresses some of the noblest contributions to our literature were made. His Phi Beta Kappa address at Cambridge thirty-seven years ago was one of the most significant and memorable of orations. The lofty and lyrical charm of its style was well fitted to the brave and vigorous thought, and to the inspiring appeal to the American scholar to be himself and not another. The conservative timidity of the traditional college atmosphere was wonderfully startled by this bugle note, and many a vital and ennobling influence in American thought and life can be traced back to the electric words of that summer day at Harvard. Then came the address at the Divinity School in 1838, and the orations at Dartmouth in 1838, and at Waterville in 1841. That at Dartmouth has the famous exhortation to the graduates, which is of a loftier tone than any similar words that we recall—a tone which has been deep and true enough to ring through many a manly and generous life ever since the day it was uttered.

And many other memorable words has Dartmouth heard at her annual festival. There, in 1853, Rufus Choate delivered that eulogy on Webster which, as a work of elaborate and impassioned rhetoric, is as unsurpassed as its estimate of Webster is extravagant. Mr. Choate has left nothing more characteristic or better fitted to justify the fame which in his case, as in that of most renowned lawyers, must be mainly a tradition. The Webster eulogy is the splendid special plea of an advocate, and half of its pathos is derived from the consciousness that it can not affect the judgment of the great tribunal of history to which it is addressed. The greatness of Webster is not a subject of doubt. But his relation to the paramount question of his later years is not truly drawn in the picture of Choate, which was designed as a crushing pendant to that of Theodore Parker. The astute orator summons all his skill, all his professional experience and sagacity, all his daring sophistry and casuistry, for the service of his client, and he dis-

charges at Parker the fires of a long-pent and accumulating wrath; but the reader, full of admiration of the dazzling ingenuity and of the consummate craft of a master advocate, still remembers the remark of the tough old Websterian who heard the fiery discourse in the Music-Hall, and who declared, with an oath, that it was the most outrageous thing he ever heard in his life, and the worst of it was that it was true.

Dartmouth must have recalled the Emerson oration and the Choate eulogy when she seated herself on the loveliest of the late June days to hear Mr. Evarts upon Chief Justice Chase. The oration was not unworthy the day, the place, and all the traditions and associations with which it was surrounded, and it leaves Mr. Chase a very stately and memorable figure in the history of his country. It was his misfortune, however, that while, as Mr. Evarts points out, he was always eminent, always high among the highest, always one of three, there was something which always prevented his being a truly representative figure. Perhaps this was evidence of that wise balance and moderation which marked him especially as a statesman, as a man to be safely trusted, of sure and prompt judgment, of a calmness which should always be the atmosphere of executive political thought. With all his distinction and ability he never touched the popular heart or imagination, and therefore never excited any of that enthusiasm which followed all other eminent Americans of his class. He was doubtless, also, seriously injured in public regard by his too evident passion for the Presidency. It is certainly a worthy ambition for such a man, and his abilities, his training, and his temperament pledged him to a worthy discharge of its great duties. But there seemed to be something excessive in Mr. Chase's desire; probably it suggested a suspicion that he was really overpowered by it, and from the moment of that doubt the prize was lost to him forever.

The sketch which Mr. Evarts drew of Mr. Chase's career was masterly, and it was done with a stately rhetoric which became the theme. But at the very close of the discourse, and with the most generous purpose, the orator spoke of Mr. Webster in a manner which should not pass un-

challenged. He said, in effect, that the judgment of the country was now agreed that Mr. Webster and his friends, who consolidated the Union, did as great a work as those who saved it, and a work not less indispensable. This may be historically correct; certainly we do not here dispute it. But to state it as a vindication of Mr. Webster's later course is to appeal to the argument that whatever is right. Mr. Webster's reply to Hayne was final: as a constitutional argument it was impregnable. But the adverse opinion of his political attitude at the close of his life, and the condemnation under which he fell, are not to be discredited because in the constitutional debate that long preceded the war his arguments upon the principle of nullification were so powerful and conclusive. Mr. Webster was a Whig, but if Mr. Seward and other Whigs had been content to do and say what he did, it is easy to imagine the result. To represent him as entitled equally to admiration with those who, with deeper insight, declined to follow him, is surely to misapprehend history and dangerously to confuse moral distinctions.

But while in listening to Mr. Evarts Dartmouth was delighted to honor a son of Yale, Yale herself was glad to honor another. For on the same day Judge Pierrepont, of New York, a classmate of Mr. Evarts and of Chief Justice Waite, addressed the Law Department of Yale in an oration remarkable for the independence and directness of its opinions. The subject was the relation of morals and politics, and it found in morality the secret of national permanence. "No government can prosperously endure which in the main is not administered by the higher intellect and the higher moral sentiments of the people." The orator then proceeded to show that there was a general forgetfulness of this truth in this country, and that we should fail unless we change, "and sturdy honesty drives out imbecility and corruption." Universal suffrage, he said, is useless without virtue and intelligence. Indeed, the orator thinks that "this voting question" is one which the American people will some day reconsider, and that in all the difficult problems which we must settle the lawyers will be of the greatest prominence. Hence, he urges, the necessity that they be wisely trained. Judge Pierrepont justly appealed to English history for illustrations of the service of lawyers to liberty and progress. Unjust judges there had undoubtedly been—Jeffreys is a by-word—but many of the great leaders of English freedom were lawyers, and in America the names of James Otis and Patrick Henry and John Adams are alone enough to indicate the best fame of the profession.

It is remarkable, also, in connection with this oration of Judge Pierrepont, that an eloquent preacher and moralist, David Swing, of Chicago, in one of the sermons in his remarkable book, *Truths for To-Day*, warmly asserts the religious character of the profession. "The bench and bar of all countries and cities and towns have always been allies of the faith in a God. They have not been sectarians in church always, because their habits of thought and hunger for evidence have been too large to permit them to be narrow in creed or credulous as to a thousand dogmas; but as to the belief in a God of infinite

righteousness, the whole judicial multitude—judge, lawyer, statesman—has been pervaded by the religious element." Judge Pierrepont's address was a forcible sermon upon the text that, as Mr. Sumner used to say, the rule of morality and honor is the same for a state as for an individual; and nothing can be more serviceable to the young men who stand "girt and ready upon the threshold of the college" than to hear from those who are already engaged in the active duties of life those wise counsels which are the result of actual experience.

Still another discourse of the late Commencement season was that of Charles Francis Adams at the opening of the Memorial Hall at Cambridge. It was a temperate and careful address, written apparently with the feeling that a university which hoped to gather pupils from the whole country must choose its words at the dedication of a commons hall erected in memory of those only who took one side in a civil war. The orator naturally looked for some theory of the contest which could properly commend itself to the intelligent approval of the whole country, and he found it in the doctrine that, while the college was consecrated to peace, there was one situation in which the resort to force was justifiable and imperative, and that was when it was necessary to sustain law. Perhaps the fate of the occasion imposed a certain apologetic tone upon the discourse, and we should hesitate to accept the accuracy of the orator's description of the condition of public sentiment just before the war. But no one who knows Cambridge will fear any local or sectional spirit in her shades engendered by the war. Every year she becomes more truly a university, more generous, more comprehensive. It will be interesting to her sons to have a glimpse of their alma mater when she was but about forty years old. In 1680 Jasper Dankers and Peter Sluyter, two Labadists, or followers of Jean de Labadie, a mystic and enthusiast, born in France, and educated as a Jesuit, but who appeared in Holland as a Calvinist religious leader and schismatic during the religious excitements described by Mr. Motley in his *Life of John of Barneveld*, came as missionaries to this country, and went on Tuesday, the 9th of July, 1680, to the seat of the university. In their journal, translated by Henry C. Murphy, there is this interesting record:

"We reached Cambridge about eight o'clock. It is not a large village, and the houses stand very much apart. The college building is the most conspicuous among them. We went to it, expecting to see something curious, as it is the only college or would-be academy of the Protestants in all America, but we found ourselves mistaken. In approaching the house we neither heard or saw any thing mentionable; but going to the other side of the building, we heard noise enough in an upper room to lead my comrade to suppose they were engaged in disputation. We entered, and went up stairs, when a person met us and requested us to walk in, which we did. We found there eight or ten young fellows sitting around smoking tobacco, with the smoke of which the room was so full that you could hardly see; and the whole house smelt so strong of it that when I was going up stairs I said, 'This is certainly a Dutch tavern.' Oh, my prophetic soul, my uncle! What son of Harvard

does not recognize his mother? "We excused ourselves that we could speak English only a little, but understood Dutch or French, which they did not. However, we spoke as well as we could. We inquired how many professors there were, and they replied, not one—that there was no money to support one. We asked how many students there were. They said at first thirty, and then came down to twenty. I afterward understood there are probably not ten. They could hardly speak a word of Latin, so that my comrade could not converse with them. They took us to the library, where there was nothing particular. We looked over it a little. They presented us with a glass of wine. This is all we ascertained there."

Another notable Commencement address was that of Governor Dix at Union University, which was an admirable plea for the study of the Latin language, and for accuracy and exactness in all study. The oration strikingly illustrates its own doctrine. What the Governor said about verifying quotations was especially good. They are seldom made upon reference to the original text, but are repeated and echoed from one writer and speaker to another, so that the possibly slight deflection of the first error expands and increases until the whole citation is awry. Besides the excellence of what the orator said, the occasion was memorable because it was a Governor who said it. It was a pleasant reminiscence of the time when the leaders of the State were men of ample and thorough education as well as of natural ability and sagacity and high character.

THERE has been a great deal of feeling aroused among the American sculptors in Italy and their friends by the letters of Mr. P. W. Healy to a New York paper, which asserted, in substance, that the works of which many American sculptors enjoyed the reputation were really the work of unknown Italian mechanics whom they employed. Mr. Healy, in fact, makes the same observation upon certain noted modern artists that Mr. Motley, in his *Life of John of Barneveld*, makes upon certain modern statesmen: "His was not one of those easy posts, not unknown in the modern administration of great affairs, where the subordinate furnishes the intellect, the industry, the experience, while the bland superior, gratifying the world with his sign-manual, appropriates the applause." Mr. Healy's charges are made in part by name and in part by very comprehensive implication. And they are very serious charges, for they accuse the artists of nothing less than gross and systematic dishonesty. That in certain cases Mr. Healy's assertions are correct we have conclusive evidence in the letter of Mr. Charles Eliot Norton to the *Nation*. Mr. Norton, who is one of the most thoroughly accomplished scholars and critics of art in the country, who has lived long in Italy, who is not blinded by the small arts of speculators in the arts, and who says what he sees and thinks with perfect frankness, describes in the most vivid and amusing manner the "enterprise" of a "sculptor, broker, and banker" in one of the Italian cities, who, with his partners, was resolved to "popularize art in America."

Mr. Norton, calling one day at the consul's office, was accosted by this gentleman—and the whole story is well worth reading:

"'You've been a long time in the city,' said he, 'but you've not favored us with a call. I've been hoping to see you, Sir; for, knowing your interest in matters of art, I thought you'd like to see our gallery of sculpture. We try to make it pleasant for our countrymen.' I was obliged to express my ignorance of the existence of the gallery, and accepted an invitation to walk into it while waiting for the consul. The banker's gallery was worth seeing. It contained perhaps twenty or thirty works, copies of ancient and modern statues, in all the brightness of the freshly worked marble. 'You see, Sir,' said my new acquaintance, the sculptor, broker, and banker, 'we do a large business in statuary. In fact, Sir, we undertake to lay down any statue you choose, ancient or modern, at a lower figure and better quality than you can find it any where else in Italy. We haven't got, you see, the expenses to pay that the artists have; we don't make you pay for what they call 'the artistic education.' We can afford to do the business at a cheaper rate. We keep our workmen at Carrara, where we don't pay such wages as they do here, and we have a foreman who understands his business, and can make any model for us we want. We've engaged in the business of popularizing art in America, and we mean to afford our statues at such a figure as the people demand. You might think the artists wouldn't like it, but they every one say it's the very best thing that ever was undertaken. They say—and they're right about it, Sir—'Popularize art, and it's the way to create a demand for our productions.' Why, we've got at this moment seven statues boxed all ready to go off, and we've got twelve more to be ready next month. The American people, Sir, knows what it wants; it wants the culture of art, and we're going to supply it. If they want a classical statue, why we've got all the photographs of the famous statues, and you just select the one you desire, and we'll obtain the cast, and have an exact facsimile made of it for you. This statue here, you see—you know it; it's the famous statue of the 'Crouching Venus.' Well, Sir, somebody wanted it, and we had it made, and I dare say you remember that in the original the left foot is brought a little too far forward. Well, Sir, we corrected that defect: we undertake to deliver you a perfect work, and when there's any defect in an ancient statue we correct it. We don't let anything go out that ain't perfect. But it isn't every body that wants a classical statue. You've got to understand the taste of the people. Now here's a couple of statues that we got up ourselves, and they're the most popular works in the collection. This one's 'Ruth' and that one's 'Rebecca,' and they're what I call 'Biblical domestic subjects,' just the things for an American home. They are meant for contrasts, types, great moral ideas. We got 'Ruth' up first, and she did very well, but she wasn't as successful as she ought to have been; people wanted a pendant to her. And so, thinking about it, I determined to have a 'Rebecca.' I couldn't see my way to it at first; but you're acquainted, Sir, with the 'Faun' of—oh! Praxiteles, that's it. Here's a photograph of it. Well, I was looking over my photograph-book one day, and it struck me that here was the very thing. So I sent for our foreman, and I showed it to him, and I said to him, 'Now you take this, and you make me a design for 'Rebecca' out of it; it's got to be draped, and it's got to be a woman.' So he took it, and he brought me a sketch, and I didn't like it, and then he made me another, and at last he made me this one; and then we wanted something to show who it was, and so we put in this symbolic well here, and altogether it's just about the most popular work of American art going. You see all our works go into America free of duty—production of American artists.' There was more of the conversation, but at length the consul arrived, and I withdrew to meditate on 'popularizing art in America.'"

It seemed at first that Mr. Healy might have encountered this very gentleman, and, hearing of similar practices elsewhere, that he might have generalized too swiftly and thoughtlessly, and so have made himself responsible for more serious charges than he could sustain against truly eminent men. For he did not spare the most famous and conspicuous of living American sculptors, Mr. Story; and many friends of that gentleman, including James Russell Lowell, his life-long friend, Mr. George P. Marsh, Mr. Bayard Taylor, Mr. Hamilton Wild, and others, have united in a letter asserting that such charges

against Mr. Story are wholly without reason, as, of course, every one who knows him believed when they were made. But Mr. Healy insists upon his charges. He replies to these gentlemen, and asks, what is the value of such testimony as against that of several sculptors who are eye-witnesses to the contrary? What sculptors? We should say that such testimony is worth every thing as against that of any but an equal number of artists who were also of equal character and equally free from the suspicion of any professional or personal object. And when such testimony had been given, we should challenge them to show among Mr. Story's workmen the author of the "African Sibyl," the "Cleopatra," or the "Judge Story." The charge really is that Mr. Story is not the author of his own works. We wish, with a writer in the *Tribune*, that Story's fame had been left undefended except by his character. In attacking him Mr. Healy has destroyed the force of his assault upon the really culpable.

Undoubtedly the truth is, as Mr. Norton says, that painting and sculpture as practiced by many of their American professors in Italy are but a poor adjunct to the work of the upholsterer and decorator, and that there are many "artistic" sharpers who prey upon the easily deluded Yankee public upon its travels. To insist, as Mr. Healy does, upon classing William Story with these people is a gross and unpardonable wrong. Most of our readers are aware that the real work of the sculptor, that which shows his imagination, his idea, his creative power, is the sketch which he models in clay. Having done that, if he died before touching the marble in which it is mechanically and precisely copied, he would justly have all the renown of the work. But of course every great sculptor, after the marble copy of his original model has been exactly made, goes over it with his own informing and inspiring hand. Mr. Healy's accusation virtually is that Mr. Story neither makes the sketch nor touches the marble, and that the fame which he enjoys justly belongs to his workmen. There is not one of the sculptor's intimate friends who is not a conclusive witness against such a charge. Since those who chanced to be in Rome have thought fit to repel it, the Easy Chair, an old and intimate friend, will join them. It has seen Story at his work, and it knows that he is as much the author of his own statues as Kensett was of his own pictures. Just now it hears from Rome: "Story has cast his last work, which we consider his best. It is Alcestis returned from the other world, with its atmosphere still around her—a walking figure, with great deep eyes, a tall, noble form, beautifully draped—a grand, modest, lovely woman..... You will see his 'Semiramis' in New York, for it is soon to be sent to Mr. Blodgett, and you will admire its lofty beauty, its grace, and ease."

Like the late Mr. Powers, Mr. Story has lived so long in Italy, and his chief works were so immediately secured by Englishmen, that he has hardly had his just fame in his native country, where he has been so little known. But there has been no American sculptor of loftier imagination, of more originality and accomplishment. And if the result of this extraordinary attack shall be to introduce so distinguished an artist more widely and favorably to his countrymen,

his friends, after the natural indignation has passed, will not regret it.

THE disposition to believe our own time the worst of all times, and public manners and morals more hopeless than ever before, our contemporaries pigmies and our ancestors giants, and to look to the future as the paradise of hope and the golden age, is as old as civilized man. In this country we are inclined to believe that the epoch that followed the Revolution was one of the utmost purity and simplicity. But it was one of the "fathers" who said to a friend upon the adjournment of the first Congress, "Do you suppose such a set of rascals will ever assemble again?" And in his diary John Adams appeals to the calmer mind and juster judgment of the coming age—meaning that in which we live, and from which we look wistfully back to old John Adams's cocked hat and knee-breeches as the symbols of a nobler time. Then there is Fisher Ames, one of the most famous orators and conspicuous leaders of the beginning of the century, who, studying his country at the time to which we recur as the age of high purpose and lofty men, bewails the sordidness, selfishness, and degradation around him. "Of course," he says, seventy years ago, "the single passion that engrosses us, the only avenue to consideration and importance in our society, is the accumulation of property: our inclinations cling to gold, and are bedded in it as deeply as that precious ore in the mine..... As experience evinces that popularity—in other words, consideration and power—is to be procured by the meanest of mankind, the meanest in spirit and understanding, and in the worst of ways, it is obvious that at present the incitement to genius is next to nothing."

We might suppose that we were listening to a contemporary cynic; and whoever reads the history of the politics of that time will find that "the better days of the republic" were very like the days in which we deplore their disappearance. When Mr. Ames died, Mr. John Quincy Adams wrote a review of his works, in which, with the mild equanimity and sweet moderation of the golden age, he remarks, "It is a melancholy contemplation of human nature to see a mind so highly cultivated and so richly gifted as that of Mr. Ames soured and exasperated into the very ravings of a bedlamite." He then proceeds to speak of those who, without believing Mr. Ames's "absurd and inconsistent political creed," are selfishly eager for its propagation, being "choice spirits, amounting to at most six hundred" (which their name was the Essex Junto!), and who hold that "the porcelain must rule over the earthenware, the blind and sordid multitude must put themselves, bound hand and foot, into the custody of the lynx-eyed, seraphic souls of the six hundred, and then all together must go and *squat* for protection under the hundred hands of the British Briareus." To this gentle strain Mr. John Lowell replied in a similar vein, beginning by speaking of the malignity of Mr. Adams's sarcasm, and of his following Mr. Ames to the grave with crocodile tears, informing him that he had no need to assail Mr. Ames's friends with all the venom of an infuriated partisan, because he had already obtained his reward for "ratting" from the Federalists, and this act of gratitude to his benefactors was unnecessary. Mr. Lowell ends

his reply by saying that in the course of a short political life Mr. Adams had received more than seventy thousand dollars from the public, and that while no man pitied Mr. Ames, "Mr. Adams is an object of sincere commiseration with many a man of high and honorable feelings, while it is to be doubted whether he is the object of envy to any man on earth."

These are glimpses of the golden age, of that "better day" of the republic with which our own is so often and so injuriously contrasted. Indeed, there is no finer cordial for despondency than a glance at the paradise that hovers behind our retreating steps. The mountain traveler turns and sees a lovely vision floating in the sky.

"How faintly flushed, how phantom-fair,
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there—
A thousand shadowy-pencil'd valleys,
And snowy dells in a golden air."

Good luck! he cries, are those the crags and precipices along which I slid and stumbled in terror of my life? The hanging gardens of the past, the halcyon epoch of our history, the lost paradise of our fathers, are all crags and precipices along which the race and our country have stumbled and slid. If any man is disposed to think that he has fallen upon evil times, let him open his history. It is a marvelous tonic. Does he think republics ungrateful? Look at Mr. Motley's vivid portrait of John of Barneveld. When he was seventy-two years old he writes from his prison to his wife and family: "I receive at this moment the very heavy and sorrowful tidings that I, an old man, for all my services done well and faithfully to the fatherland for so many years.....must prepare myself to die to-morrow." Does he think irreligion undermining society? Look into Smiles's *Huguenots in France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes*. For attending Huguenot meetings men were captured by soldiers and sentenced to the galleys, mostly for life. They were chained by the neck with murderers and other criminals, and were quartered in Paris in the dungeon of the Château de la Tourneille. Thick iron collars were attached by iron chains to the beams. The collar was closed around the prisoner's neck, and riveted with blows of a hammer upon an anvil. Twenty men in pairs were chained to each beam. They could not sleep lying; they could not sleep sitting or standing up straight, for the beam was too high for the one and too low for the other. This was done in the name of religion. Irreligion, in the true sense, is a curse; but let us not forget that all the great influences of civilization, all that promotes human welfare and happiness, has always been denounced by priestcraft as irreligious. The age of Louis the Fourteenth is thought to be one of the great epochs of the world. It was an age in which the king's mistress persuaded him to slaughter and banish hundreds of thousands of his subjects because of their religious faith, and the great preachers of his church applauded, and the Holy Father approved, and even Madame De Sévigné, whose letters some young ladies at Newport and Saratoga are diligently reading, and sighing for the good old witty times in which she lived, wrote of the most innocent and most devoted men: "Hanging is quite a refreshment to me. They have just taken twenty-four or thirty of these men, and are going to throw them off."

The golden age is not yesterday or to-morrow, but to-day. It is the age in which we live, not that in which somebody else lived. The trouble, vexation, corruption, weakness, selfishness, meanness, which dismay us and tempt us to despair are the old lions that have always beset the path. No man is born out of time; and what man living to-day, who is not pinched with poverty or disease, would have lived a thousand years ago? If our politics seem mean and our men small, how does Alfred's time seem, or the glory of Athens, or the court of Louis the Fourteenth, or Luther's Germany? What did Jefferson think of Hamilton, or the *Aurora* say of Washington? Nearly forty years ago the wisest of Americans said to the young scholars of his time, and may the young Americans of to-day lay his words to heart:

"In the sighing of these woods—in the quiet of these gray fields—in the cool breeze that sings out of these Northern mountains—in the workmen, the boys, the maidens, you meet—in the hopes of the morning, the ennui of noon, and sauntering of the afternoon—in the disquieting comparisons—in the regrets at want of vigor—in the great idea and the puny execution, behold Charles the Fifth's day, another, yet the same; behold Chatham's, Hampden's, Bayard's, Alfred's, Scipio's, Pericles's day—day of all that are born of woman."

FIERCE and consuming war was declared in the early summer upon the dogs, and there were sad stories of suffering and death by hydrophobia. In New York the authorities agreed to pay fifty cents for every friendless cur that was brought in to the public pound, and the street Arabs, stimulated by the reward, instantly vowed that every dog they could lay hold of, foully or fairly, was a friendless cur. The poor animals were then slaughtered in the most cruel manner, as if to show that governments, although they aspire to control telegraphs and to absorb all kinds of power, can not even kill dogs decently. The details of the massacres in New York were another disgrace to the much-disgraced government of that city, and Mr. Bergh, for all whose offenses of whatever kind the recording angel will surely have obliterating tears of pity, promptly sued the offending officer. A few years since the humanity of Mr. Bergh seemed to many persons excessive and eccentric, but if dumb animals could speak, how they would bless him! The suffering that he has prevented, and the crimes against the innocent and defenseless that he has caused to be punished, can be estimated only by reflecting that not an angry driver raises his whip or foot against his faithful brute servant without a restraining fear of the avenging justice of Bergh. Macaulay says that Saracen mothers hushed their refractory infants with the terrible name of the Cœur de Lion, and so the very thought of Bergh keeps the peace toward the domestic animals in New York.

The doctors have been in high debate upon the question of hydrophobia; and one thing at least seems to be settled, that dogs are not more liable to the "madness" in summer than in any other season. Indeed our gross ignorance and the dull and universal acceptance of groundless traditions are strikingly illustrated by the simple facts now made public, and long familiar to sci-

ence, that most of the hapless dogs who have been done to death as mad, and therefore supposed to be frenziedly avoiding water, were consumed with thirst and passionately seeking water; but with their mouths open, panting and perspiring through their tongues, were objects of terror, and, chased by boys and men as mad, were practically made so by the madness and ignorance of their persecutors. The terror which the tradition of hydrophobia may produce was shown in the case of Entwistle, who was, however, according to the account of one of the chief papers, already the victim of shattered nerves, if not of delirium tremens. The poor man seems to have died of the fear that he should die.

The excitement also produced a very various and decided expression of feeling in regard to dogs. One gentleman wrote to the newspaper that the dogs consume every year enough to feed all the poor, and that they should be exterminated. He declared that he wished he owned the last pair in existence, and he would at once take order that their tails should be cut off just behind their ears. He ventured to surmise also that as there is apparently no use for dogs in this world, they must have been created for another sphere, into which all good people will help them to enter as fast as possible. This stirred the heart and wrath of some friend of Tray. It was, he said, a poor and cruel intelligence that could speak in such a strain, and so flippantly discourse of the God who graciously permitted such an enemy of dogs to live. How would he like to have some being as superior to him as he fancies himself to be superior to a dog (!) amputate his physical frame in the manner he suggests for the foul murder of the noble dog? Indeed, the tone of indignant injury in which the friends of the victim and maligned race resented every aspersion and insinuation showed that the street Arabs are not likely to dispose of all the dogs this year.

One timid soul, thinking probably that a letter addressed to the Easy Chair would be a weapon discharged at long and safe range, wrote as follows:

"DEAR EASY CHAIR,—Is there no way of persuading people who keep dogs that it is not pleasant to have your ankles and shins, unprotected by the low summer shoes suitable to the season, gnawed and tasted by those animals? My wife, who has many brothers who use tobacco in the form of cigars and in short pipes, says that they can not believe and do

not believe that any body really dislikes the smoke of the weed. They insist that such an idea is ridiculous; it is mere affectation; for it is well known that it is always spoken of in poetry as the 'fragrant' smoke, and nothing is more unquestionable than that Milton, who sang of Paradise lost, also smoked a pipe. It is mere nonsense, therefore, contend my wife's brothers, to assert that the smoke and smell of tobacco are unpleasant. What can there be unpleasant about it? they ask, in the most conclusive manner.

"It seems to me that our good friends who own dogs indulge in the same strain of reasoning. Near the lodgings where I am passing the summer, and where I read every morning in the paper the ghastly column of hydrophobic intelligence, and the names and residences of the victims of the day before—near my lodgings, I say, dwells my friend Anubis, in his charming rural cottage. My friend has two dogs, and their manners are of different schools. One of them receives me when I go—or, more truly, received me, for I confess that I now confine myself to chats with Anubis over the fence—with a series of rushes at my legs, and a sharp yelping and continuous snapping at my ankles, during which I said, very energetically, 'Poor fellow! poor old doggy!' and Anubis remarked, 'He's a playful fellow, and full of life. You ought to have seen him go for a tramp this morning.' The other dog was not demonstrative. He appeared when I opened the gate, and followed silently, close at my heels. There was something extremely unpleasant in his taciturnity, and when, one day, I asked Anubis if the dog had lost his bark, he said, lightly, 'Oh, he is of the bull species.' Soon afterward I discontinued my visits. Anubis asked me why I never came, and I told him frankly. 'Why, my dear fellow,' he replied, 'those dogs of mine never hurt anybody.' 'Very probably,' I said, 'but they annoy me. It is not agreeable to have a cur yelping and snapping at my shins, nor to have him escorting me in awful silence. Nor does it become agreeable when it is called playfulness and life. You do not permit your child to fret and scream in the room where visitors are calling upon you, and I don't see why your dog should be allowed to bark at them in your grounds. In fact, my dear Anubis, it is an utter and intolerable selfishness. You have no more right to expect me to like your dogs, and their barking and snapping, and leaping and following, than my wife's brothers have to expect her to like their tobacco-smoke.' And thereupon I told him the story. 'They are quite right,' said he; 'what is there unpleasant about tobacco-smoke?' It isn't the dogs that's complained of, dear Mr. Easy Chair, it is their masters, who try to hide their own selfishness by laughing at other people's cowardice.

"Yours respectfully,
"CAVE CANEM."

If any of Mrs. Canem's brothers, or any of the Anubis family, should chance to see these words, may they inwardly digest them! May they also remember what Mrs. Dangle says to Mr. Dangle in Sheridan's *Critic*, "Why can't you ride your hobby-horse without desiring to place me on a pillion behind you, Mr. Dangle?" Mr. Canem will not then have written in vain.

Editor's Literary Record.

HISTORY.

TWO works of value to the student, not only of history, but also of philosophy and human nature, are EDWARD B. TYLOR's *Primitive Culture* (Henry Holt and Co.) and EDWARD FREEMAN's *Comparative Politics* (Macmillan and Co.), the latter taking up the thread of philosophic thought where the former drops it. A book which within three years after its publication is translated into the German and the Russian languages, and is reprinted in America, may safely be assumed to be a work of unusual merit, and one has not to read far in Mr. Tylor's two volumes to come to the conclusion that they merit the honor which has been paid to them. The

origin of things appears now to have a greater interest to the student than almost any other problem; and it must be confessed that he who has succeeded in learning where the cradle of the race was situated, and what was the course of education by which it has attained its present growth, has contributed much toward the solution of the other problem, namely, the necessary conditions of growth in the future. The degradation and the progression theories Mr. Tylor sets in sharp contrast in his second chapter. He recognizes apparently both progression and degradation in the history of the human race, yet regards its starting-point to be savagery. "Progression is primary, and degradation is second-

ary; culture must be gained before it can be lost." And the method of this progress he also indicates in a single sentence: "History within its proper field, and ethnography over a wider range, combine to show that the institutions which can best hold their own in the world generally supersede the less fit ones, and that this incessant conflict determines the general resultant course of culture." We are justified, then, in defining his book as an attempt to apply the evolution theory in tracing the history of culture, using that word in its largest sense, as nearly equivalent to civilization, including, however, the mental and moral course of which civilization is at once the product and the expression. Leaving it to the philosophers to discuss the value of Mr. Tylor's theories, it must suffice for us here to say that alike those that accept and those that reject them will find his book one of unusual interest and value. As a collocation of interesting and often significant facts it has the unusual merit which has rendered the writings of Darwin so effective and so valuable. His reading has been simply omnivorous; and the principal defect of his treatise is this, that he crowds his pages so full of facts that it is impossible for an ordinary mind to remember them, and not easy even to apply them. They possess the greater value that they are not gathered, apparently, in the interest of any particular theory; on the contrary, facts which accord with and facts which militate against the progression theory are given with impartiality. Thus, for example, the believer in an original revelation of God to the human soul at creation will find here a statement of facts which confirms the oft-repeated but sometimes denied declaration that there is no race of men so low as to be absolutely without a religious idea. It is this patient and impartial accumulation of facts which has given the evolutionists their hold upon the thinking world; and they will not be answered, if ever, until they shall find an opponent as studious of life and as unflinching in reporting its testimonies as are Darwin, Lyell, Lubbock, and Tylor.

Essential to the progression theory, in its application to social and political life, is the idea of law, and of the human race as one under law. In direct antagonism to it is the hero-worship doctrine of life, which explains its progress by imputing it to special forces in special men. Possibly the final result of scientific study will be a harmonization of these two now seemingly conflicting conceptions. Mr. Freeman's *Comparative Politics* is based upon the former idea. He claims "for political institutions a right to a scientific treatment of exactly the same kind as that which has been applied to language, to mythology, and to the progress of culture." Exactly the same kind of scientific treatment can not be applied, unless the laws are as exact and undeviating in the one case as in the other—a premise which may be true, but which ought not to be assumed. But without accepting this premise, the student of history will find a real and substantial value in Mr. Freeman's successful attempt "to point out and bring together the many analogies which are to be seen between the political institutions of times and centuries most remote from one another;" and he can hardly doubt, as the result, that there are certain general laws under and in accord-

ance with which the life of nations is worked out, and of which the hero-worshippers, who have been our most popular historians in the past, make little or no account; and to this conclusion he will come, though, with us, he thinks that Mr. Freeman errs in denying the possibility of a division of history into epochs, and in demanding of the student that he "cast away all distinctions of ancient and modern, of dead and living." These distinctions, like those which in time divide the months, are somewhat artificial, and epoch merges into epoch as season into season, but there is a veritable distinction between summer and fall, none the less that no man can say when one ends and the other begins; and for convenience of study there is a real advantage in considering the successive growths of the human race, though one merges into its successor, and each epoch, like each event in life, "is always the son of another, and we must not forget the parentage."

BIOGRAPHY.

JUDGE WARDEN, in his *Life of Salmon P. Chase* (Wiltach, Baldwin, and Co), intimates that the most serious fault of one whom he persistently calls, after the manner of the romancers, "our hero," was his inability to form correct judgments of men. This criticism the critic himself illustrates and exemplifies in a most striking manner, for the Chief Justice made a most unfortunate selection in choosing Judge Warden to be his biographer. He possesses neither moral discrimination nor literary taste. His egotism, his personal piques and political prejudices, his moral incapacity to comprehend the nature of the man whose life he was chosen to write, and his total inability to measure the relative value of the various material intrusted to him, render him singularly unfitted for the work which, unhappily for the reputation of Chief Justice Chase, has fallen into his hands.

But the volume is largely autobiographic; and the material furnished by Chief Justice Chase, though neither wisely selected nor wisely arranged by the editor, affords valuable matter, out of which an assiduous and patient reader can construct for himself what will be of very considerable value, both as a biography and as a contribution to American history. Studying these materials, we arise from their revelations with our previous respect for Chief Justice Chase deepened into reverence. There are very few public men who could with safety to their reputations admit us so unreservedly to their confidential correspondence and their secret thoughts.

Conservative in method but radical in principle, he was throughout his life a worthy representative of that unformed but not impotent party which contends, in the words of Mr. George William Curtis, "for conscience, intelligence, and morality as the supreme power in our politics and the sole salvation of America." This consecration to conscience is the most marked characteristic of his private life; impartial history will declare it manifested in his public services. "I don't know what the effect may be on me personally, but I believe I have done right:" this sentence, though in various forms, appears again and again in diary and in private letters. In 1841, when the temperance movement was without present impetus or future promise, he

openly declared his "resolution to vote for no more licenses to sell intoxicating drinks, whether to taverns or other houses." In 1844, when antislaveryism in the West was as unpopular as it has since become popular throughout the Union, he wrote and publicly signed a paper in which he maintained the right of freedom for all, founded upon "the great cardinal principle of true democracy and of true Christianity, the brotherhood of the human family," and proclaimed war "against slave-holding as the direst form of oppression, and then against every other species of tyranny and injustice." Throughout the administration of which he was a member he appears to have been the foremost in urging a policy of emancipation, and the draft of the final Emancipation Proclamation, with its eloquent invocation at the close, came from his hand. He was not a specialist in reform; he perceived from afar the dangers that have now overtaken the nation. Himself organizing, in time of war, our national currency, he yielded, but reluctantly, to what seemed to be the necessity of the hour, an irredeemable paper money; insisted, from the beginning to the end of his administration of the Treasury Department, that Congress should increase taxation and diminish expenses; and with almost prophetic insight wrote, in 1868, "If any thing will reconcile the American people to repudiation, direct or indirect, it will be perpetuity or apparent perpetuity of debt." Finally, in 1864, he resigned his office of Secretary of the Treasury because his protests against the system of parceling out executive patronage to members of Congress were unavailing, and, despite his endeavors, the appointments were made, or at least appeared to him to be made, upon the principle of reward for party fealty, not upon that of securing for the nation the highest and best attainable service. That his judgment was always correct his best friends will not claim. That his motives were pure and his purposes noble, and his patriotism, if not absolutely unselfish, at least unwarped by selfishness, can hardly be doubted by any one who reads with care the record of his inner life furnished by his letters and diaries, and who puts any faith at all in human nature.

TRAVELS.

Coomassie and Magdala: the Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa, by H. M. STANLEY (Harper and Brothers), is a volume full of the romance of geographical exploration, travel in a wild country, and war with a savage race. Coomassie was the capital of the Ashantees. How Sir Garnet Wolseley conducted a campaign against the Ashantee king, and burned his capital and brought him to surrender, has been so recently told in our daily papers that the outlines of the campaign need not be described here. Yet most readers of the newspaper get from its daily descriptions of current events but a fragmentary and confused idea of such a campaign. Here the story is told in detail, with graphic pictures of the country—the wild ride through the surf at every landing, the frightful fever, the tropical river with its dense and dangerous vegetation, the camp and its singular accoutrements, the battle with the ambuscading savages, and the final and decisive victory—and it is these details which give reality to the story.

Magdala was the final battle-ground in the Abyssinian campaign against King Theodore, of six years ago. It "was a town planted on the top of a mountain about ten thousand feet above the sea-level, amidst gigantic mountains, piled one upon another, grouped together in immense gatherings, profound abysses lying between, two thousand, three thousand, and even four thousand feet deep—a region of indescribable wildness and grandeur. It was an almost impregnable stronghold, situate four hundred miles from the point of embarkation; a strange, weird country, full of peaks and mountains and ruggedness, lay between it and the sea. The scenes which flanked the march bristled with rocks and crags, but they possessed the charm of novelty and picturesqueness, and the country was one of the most healthy countries on the face of the earth. The march was one full of interesting incidents." This passage from the preface we quote, because the description in the volume of the march and battle fully justifies it, and because in its style it indicates the graphic character of the narrative. We know of no better book with which to supplant the boys' story-book of the period, and to feed with healthy diet the appetite for the sensational, than this most romantic story of two African campaigns.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

PROFESSOR JAMES H. DANA's *Manual of Geology* (Iverson, Blakeman, and Phinney) has been before the American public for some twelve years. It now appears in not only a new form, but with such additions and improvements as make it essentially a new book. Its size is greatly increased. Its illustrations are much more numerous. In the present edition they are exceptionally fine; indeed, we do not now recall any scientific text-book which surpasses it in this respect. We observe, too, a very considerable improvement in classification. We notice especially that much matter which in the previous edition was in fine type—the dread and abhorrence of college students—is taken out of the category of notes, and is included in the body of the work, and under the general classification. The treatise is thoroughly American; indeed, if we were to criticise it at all, it would be upon the ground that it is too purely American in its character. But this defect, if indeed it be one, the student can easily correct for himself by comparing with its pages those of Lyell. Since 1862, the date of the first edition, there has been a great increase in geological knowledge in this country. The results of United States surveys in the Rocky Mountain region and in some of the Eastern and Southern States, of paleontological investigations recorded in numerous State reports, and of investigations by individual scientists, are all incorporated in the present work.

By geology Professor Dana means what that word signifies in its etymological sense, viz., the science which treats of the structure, constitution, and physical features of the globe. He therefore begins his treatise with a consideration of physiographic geology, that is, with those subjects which relate to the physical features of the globe, its general contour, its system of bas-reliefs, and the system of oceanic and atmospheric movements which have combined to make it what it is. This division of his subject is briefly

but comprehensively treated. He next takes up lithological geology—the constitution of the materials which compose the earth's surface, and their arrangement or condition. As the former division leads to some consideration of physical geography, so this one requires a brief treatment of mineralogy, the former science being the outcome and the latter the foundation of geology. The third and principal portion of the work treats of historical geology, that is, the true succession or chronological order of the rocks, which itself requires and includes a study of the forms of extinct life found in the rock strata. And it is in illustrating these that the wood-cuts are the most valuable and the most numerous. A fourth book treats of dynamical geology, or the causes of events in the earth's geological progress. The concise style which admirably adapts the volume for the uses of the student renders it less interesting to the reader than the analogous works of Lyell.

Of "Putnam's Advanced Science Series" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) three volumes are before us—*Animal Physiology*, *Inorganic Chemistry*, and *Physical Geography*. They are republications from the English. They are compendiums, will serve the student a useful purpose, and are so compact in expression and arrangement as to be peculiarly useful as books of reference; but they are not written in such a style as to attract the general reader.—Of *The Annual Record of Science and Industry for 1873* (Harper and Brothers) it is hardly necessary to do more than announce the fact of its publication, for its place has already been allotted to it by universal consent. By far the most complete and comprehensive, it is also by far the most trustworthy, work of the kind which has ever issued from the American press, while its copious and admirably arranged table of contents and index render it very easy to find readily any subject which is treated of in the volume.

NOVELS.

Tempest-Tossed (Sheldon and Co.) is the title of Mr. THEODORE TILTON's first venture in the field of romance. Mr. Tilton is nothing if not sensational. As a lecturer, a platform speaker, an editor, he has been making sensations all his life, and we are not surprised to find his novel of the sensational school. We should have been surprised if it were not. But it is a well-wrought specimen of that school. He has studied, and not without advantage, the writings of Victor Hugo, who is, among all the modern sensationalists, without a superior. The fruits of this study are seen not in the style—a defect which Mr. Tilton has not imitated—but in the structure of the story, and still more in the careful study which has evidently preceded and prepared for a part of his work, especially the descriptive portions. His pictures are painted with a painstaking which belongs to the conscientious and true artist. As illustrations of this the reader will note the author's description of a tempest, and his careful narrative of the ship's stores. As an artist he is a pre-Raphaelite. As a painter he is with the pen what Holman Hunt is with the brush. Of the plot we can only say that it is so impossible that no realism of description can make the story seem other than a perfectly wild romance.

The Living Link (Harper and Brothers) is also

a sensational novel, but of a very different type. In the natural history of novels the general class sensational may be divided into various species, somewhat as follows: the metaphysical sensational, in which the author delights to delineate morbid and extraordinary experiences of fear, hope, love, and hate; the melodramatic sensational, which depends for its interest on thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes; the scenic sensational, a kind of pantomime in romance, in which the reader is bewildered by the rapidity with which scenic changes and magic transformations succeed each other; and the mysterious sensational, in which the opening chapter propounds a conundrum at which the reader expends his ingenuity till it is solved for him at the end of the volume. *The Living Link* belongs to the latter species, of which Wilkie Collins is pre-eminently the master. The novel in structure and method reminds us of Wilkie Collins, and is not inferior to some of his, though not equal to his best. For the professional critic, accustomed to such romantic mysteries, imagines from the beginning that the mysterious Wiggins is Edith's father; and he will be puzzled to conceive any adequate reason for the long and useless concealment of the fact from his own daughter. If we are not greatly mistaken in English law, Mr. DE MILLE has done it injustice in representing as possible the second arrest of Edith after her first acquittal; and the private madhouse was an accessory which is quite too stale for a story so thoroughly original in its essential features. But, despite these defects, we are inclined to rank *The Living Link* as the best of De Mille's novels, and one among the best of its class. The plot is ingeniously conceived; the situations are certainly possible, and their improbability no more impairs their interest than did the improbability of the one thousand and one tales with which the Princess Scheherezade kept alive the curiosity of her cruel master.

The avidity with which Mr. BAKER's last book, *Mose Evans* (Hurd and Houghton), is devoured is an indication of the appetite for American fiction. For *Mose Evans* is thoroughly American. Only an American could have written it. There is nothing in style or structure or incident to indicate that the author ever so much as read an English novel. The staple of the model novel is all wanting. Indeed, it can hardly be called a novel. It is without plot; almost without incident. It is not a story; it is a picture, a realistic picture of Southwestern life. If we call it a novel, and measure it by critical standards, it is defective. The pivot on which it turns, the marvelous transformation wrought by love on Mose Evans, tasks our credulity to its utmost. That any woman should entertain such a jealousy of her husband's books as to bring her son up in an ignorance so great that he knows not even how to read is not likely. That a man possessing Mose Evans's capacities for culture and his strong determination should reach maturity and never learn to read is improbable. That a man so educated till past the age of twenty-one should, by dint of a few years' travel, even when inspired by the noblest love, become the prince in society which he becomes, is not plausible. The style is faulty. The endeavor on the part of the author to maintain his assumed character of land-agent is

not successful. It even seems at times like an affectation; it may be an unconscious affectation. But nationality, like charity, hides a multitude of sins. And *Mose Evans* is unmistakably an American book. The author has copied every thing from nature, nothing from models. He has written out of his own experience and observation, not from materials furnished by others. So many novels are mere compilations! This is a true original, an indigenous story, and the characters are consequently drawn with rare fidelity to nature, yet with a poetic idealism which prevents them from becoming abhorrent or disgusting. In this respect Mr. Baker is more truly an artist than Mr. Eggleston. We endure the characters of the latter, we are drawn to those of the former. Odd Archer, the drunken lawyer, is none the less true to life that the revolting features of his character are subdued by the kindly spirit of the painter. Over against this type stands another, an ideal, but a true ideal, of the Southern gentleman, General Throop. Even Mose Evans, impossible as we conceive the character and life to be, is real to the imagination, if not to the fact, a veritable hero, not a stage representation of one. The thoughts of the book are noble. Often the author embodies a grand truth in an aphoristic expression that almost deserves to become a proverb. Its ideals are high, sometimes impossibly high, it is true, but always elevating, never degrading. Its love is pure, chaste, inspiring—the love of true, noble, womanly, and manly souls. The piety of the book—for a religious sentiment pervades it—is simple, earnest, heartfelt—free from cant, free from art. It is not put into the book by an artist to give to it warmth and color; it belongs to the book, because it is in the heart of the author. And so, with its superficial artistic defects overborne by its greater moral and intellectual virtues, we welcome *Mose Evans* as a true and valuable addition to American romance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Prophetic Voices concerning America, by CHARLES SUMNER (Lee and Shepard), is a cabinet filled with rare specimens. The specimens are selected from what numerous men, renowned in widely various departments of literature and life, and speaking from widely intervalled stand-points in history, have left of prophetic utterance touching our country—its discovery, settlement, struggles, independence, glory, and destiny. These museum relics, in themselves the golden utterances of many of the most deservedly famous litterateurs, diplomatists, economists, philosophers, statesmen, bards, and orators, of six tongues and thrice as many centuries, are brought into prominent relief upon a background of biographical sketches, interfused with personal reflections by the author. The book, aside from the melancholy interest which now attaches to every thing that Charles Sumner may have touched in his lifetime, is otherwise well worth possession. In it the author's artistic penchant for the curious and rare is very quaintly apparent. Poets from Seneca to Burns, prose authors from Strabo to De Tocqueville, are here assembled at the great scholar's call. In this merely literary sense the book ranks equally with the well-known work of the elder Dis-

raeli, among "the curiosities of literature." In a moral sense it is more than a curiosity, however—an inspiration. It is a true monograph of its author's life, in whom the Delphic spirit worked prophetic intimations, pointing forever onward to a golden realization of his one idea, "the true grandeur of nations."

The first volume of the "Bric-à-Brac Series" (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) makes us wish for more. The purpose of this series is to furnish in successive volumes gossiping reminiscences of famous *litterati* of various classes. The editor, R. H. STODDARD, is a man admirably well adapted to the task. The first volume contains sketchy and anecdotal fragments concerning Chorley, a journalist and critic, Planché, a dramatist, and Young, an actor. These names are, indeed, but little known to American readers; but the journalist and critic carefully keeps himself concealed, since the less his personality is known the better he can do his work; the dramatist is applauded for the moment, but his fame dies with the death of his local comedy; and the actor is forgotten when the curtain falls. These men were of note in their day, and these autobiographical reminiscences introduce us to the London literary and artistic society of the last half century. We are strongly impressed with the intellectual brilliance of that society, and with a conviction that, if this volume gives, as it appears to do, a fair picture of the literary and social life of that epoch and locality, then conversation must be numbered with the lost arts.—No inconsiderable proportion of the matter of this little volume was taken, we suspect, from the *Autobiography and Memoirs of H. F. Chorley*, of which a condensation is published by Henry Holt, entitled *Recent Art and Society*. The title very well describes the volume, which possesses the additional interest of revealing what few understand—the interior life of a journalist and critic.—Mr. CHARLES B. STETSON's little treatise on *Technical Education* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) is itself too technical to serve its purpose. It opens with an earnest and well-written plea for a public-school education that shall be less exclusively literary, and shall, by a larger infusion of natural science, and especially of drawing, make a more adequate provision for the demands which modern life makes on the farmer and the artisan. But this is followed with elaborate extracts from European governmental reports, which, in the present apathetic state of the public mind on this subject, we fear will not be read. If the author had studied and digested these reports, and had embodied the lessons they convey in his own clear and forcible language, he would have made a work which would have done the service which we fear this unreadable compilation from official reports will never do.—Nature has a *life* which the mere scientist who studies it as a mechanism, but ignores its personality, never discovers. It is the acquaintance with this *life* of nature which gives a peculiar charm to *Under the Trees*, by SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME—"Irenæus" (Harper and Brothers). These essays are pleasant descriptions of what a careful observer can see "under the trees" on a summer afternoon; they are genial and devout musings upon nature, sometimes with a vein of true poetry in them. But they are more than this. They are revelations of the mysterious life principle

that animates nature, and makes her dear to those that see the soul in the body, the mystical something which led the ancients to personify nature and her various operations, which leads the pantheist to worship nature as the only divinity, the great All, and which leads the Christian to see in nature the presence of a God who is over all and in all, but who is infinitely more than all that eye sees or ear hears. Of these musings, revealing the spiritual side of nature, the greater portion of the book is made. There are some other essays that have not this peculiar flavor, but it is this which gives aroma to the whole book.—Dr. HOVER, in his *Religion and the State* (Estes and Lauriat), argues forcibly and vigorously for a complete separation of church and state, the taxation of churches, the abolition

of governmental chaplains, and the substitution of chaplains voluntarily supported, the enforcement of Sabbath laws only on secular grounds, and within the limits which that principle would allow, and the reading of the Bible in the schools only as a voluntary act, and with the approval of the parents of the scholars.—LANGE's Commentary on the New Testament is completed by the volume on *The Revelation of John* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.). The volume is his own personal work. The translator would have served her purpose better by converting German into English idioms: "New Testamentalness" is not English. A Greek index and a topical English index to the entire ten volumes which constitute the New Testament Commentary are appended to this volume.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

MAKING our Summary as complete as possible to the beginning of July, we have, under the head of *Astronomy*, to record that during the month of June the group of asteroids has been increased by the addition of one (No. 138 in the series), discovered at Toulouse on the 19th by Perrotin.

The most interesting feature in the heavens this month has undoubtedly been the rapid growth of the fine comet discovered by Coggia in April. The nucleus of this body will, about the 20th of July, be directly between the earth and sun, and in a day or two thereafter will at its nearest approach to the earth be distant therefrom about one-third of the distance of the sun. At that time throughout the night, although the nucleus will be hidden below the horizon, the tail will be seen extending upward toward the north pole. The earth will undoubtedly approach nearer to this comet's tail than is often the case, but there seems no ground for anticipating that it will come in contact therewith. Spectroscopic observations of this body have been made by Rayet at Paris, and by Lockyer in London. Rayet finds for the nucleus a continuous spectrum, and for the tail the three ordinary cometary bands. Lockyer notices that the continuous spectrum of the nucleus is deficient in blue rays, and that it sparkles as if many short bright lines were superposed upon it.

In reference to the other bodies of the solar system, we note that the reflecting power of Mercury has been investigated by Zöllner by means of his invaluable photometer, an instrument which, if directed to the investigation of Coggia's comet, would probably yield important results.

The question of the possible existence of a satellite to the planet Venus has been considered by Lohse and Klein, who conclude that the question is still an open one, and that considerable weight must be given to the very numerous observations that have been made by eminent astronomers upon the visibility of that side of the planet which is turned away from the sun.

One of the most interesting cases of the appearance of a large meteor occurred a year ago

in Germany, and numerous accurate observations of this body have been collected by Galle, who has deduced therefrom the position of the orbit which was being described by this body at the time it came in contact with the earth's atmosphere. He concludes its path to have been a hyperbola—a result similar to that determined on several previous occasions for other meteors.

The organization of the various parties for the observation of the approaching transit of Venus has been so far completed that most of the gentlemen who are to make the observations have already left their respective homes in America, England, Russia, Germany, and France in order to reach their stations in season. The astronomers of the latter government will occupy five stations, and will make use of the daguerreotype instead of the collodion process. The solar photographs taken by them will be about one inch in diameter, and the subsequent measurements to be made upon them will be performed with the assistance of powerful microscopes.

In connection with astronomical photography Cornu announces a mode of constructing a lens whose focal length shall be the same for both chemical and visual rays; the method adopted by him is but little different from that long ago tried by Rutherford, of New York, to effect this object, and consists simply in separating by the space of an inch, more or less, the two lenses that form the objective of an ordinary achromatic telescope.

While astronomy in America appears to partially languish, if we may judge from the condition of the observatories at Albany, Chicago, Cincinnati, and elsewhere, it is refreshing to be able to refer to the new ones that are being built on the most approved plans in Vienna and Strasbourg, and the magnificent physical laboratory established at Oxford, which will undoubtedly exert a powerful influence on the progress of astronomical spectroscopy.

Meteorological literature has lately received several valuable additions. In the fundamental matter of securing continuous registers of the condition of the atmosphere, Wild, of St. Petersburg, has published the results of some years' observations with his self-recording balance barom-

eter, and he states that its indications are to be relied upon as implicitly as those of any but the most expert observers.

Weilemann has made an interesting study of some questions relating to the temperature of the atmosphere; among other results he announces that the protection afforded by the clouds against the radiation of the heat of the earth into space is three times that afforded by the average quantity of moisture that is present in the atmosphere in ordinary clear weather. The effect of moisture in its invisible state having been well established by the experiments of Tyndall, it would seem that the results obtained by Weilemann must suffice to convince those who have doubted whether Tyndall's results were applicable to the problems of meteorology.

The interesting question of the difference of temperature in the country and the city has been investigated by Fines, and his results will explain many of the discrepancies that exist in meteorological records. Fines concludes, among other things, that the maximum summer temperature of the city is greater than the maximum temperature of the country in the summer; the maximum temperature of the city in the winter-time is, on the other hand, less than the corresponding country temperature; the radiation during clear nights is, according to him, less in the city than in the country. Breitenlohner, in deducing numerous curious relations between the winds and the temperature of fresh-fallen rain-water, concludes that at least in Austria there is no such thing as a warm rain-storm; the coldest rains, according to him, come with northerly winds.

The progress eastward in Europe of the areas of extreme cold weather in winter-time has been studied by Dove with his customary care, and the examination by him of the mean temperatures of a large number of places shows that about two days' time is required to complete the transit eastward over the whole of Europe of extensive areas of low temperature.

In the development of the mathematical theory of the movements of the winds in accordance with the laws of mechanics, Ferrel has supplied an important formula by which he connects together the barometric gradient on the one hand and the force and direction of the wind on the other.

A balloon voyage of very considerable interest is reported as having been made by Brunelle at Charkow, in Russia. This voyage lasted for eight hours, during which time the aeronaut was carried several hundred miles. The most remarkable feature of the voyage consisted in the fact that the lower strata of air were colder than those above; and even at night-time the former were found to be rushing along the earth's surface with great rapidity, while the upper currents of the atmosphere were in comparative quiet. These atmospheric conditions appear to have been precisely the reverse of those that obtained during most of Glaisher's voyages. It is greatly to be hoped that the aeronauts of America will favor meteorological students with some details, published in a commodious form, of their own wide experiences in this important field of research. The science of meteorology will certainly profit greatly by the execution of the programme that Mr. Barnum has announced for the present season.

The intimate connection between meteorology and forestry justifies our mentioning in this place the experiments made by Baranetzky on the periodical flow of sap in trees. He finds that the ascent of sap is only quite indirectly dependent on the changes of temperature.

In *Practical Geodesy* much interest will attach to the work of Mr. Gardner, geographer to the survey of the Western Territories, who has just concluded a most laborious study of the bewildering mass of contradictory figures relating to the altitudes of points in the interior of America. Mr. Gardner finds that the published profiles of our railroads are quite unreliable for any exact purpose, and has only brought his studies to a successful conclusion after discovering numerous errors in the computations relative to what have hitherto been considered the best-established lines of leveling; fortunately he is able to show that the original observations are generally quite good, and that the errors are mostly of a clerical nature. In connection with this subject, and of very fundamental importance in reference to geodetical works, we notice the investigation, just published by Balyer, of Berlin, into the effect of so-called local attractions on the results of all leveling operations. The examples calculated by General Balyer in illustration of his formulæ show that in the Hartz Mountains a line of leveling running to the summit of the Brocken, and less than three miles long, is in error to the extent of six inches from this cause alone. To what extent similar errors may affect leveling operations that extend from our Atlantic sea-coast westward to Denver we can only surmise.

In *Electrical Science* Boltzmann has published an investigation into dielectric absorption. His experiments confirm most of Faraday's well-known ideas, and have shown that in all probability the molecules of electrized bodies are themselves polarized, that is to say, are arranged with positive and negative poles respectively in the same directions. In pursuance of a similar train of thought, Streintz, in studying the effect of electricity on its conducting wire, concludes that the latter expands lengthwise more than is due to its heat, and attributes the surplus to the polarization of the particles composing the wire; the elasticity of the wire is, he finds, unchanged; the effect of the electricity on the length of the wire is manifested gradually, like that of heat.

In reference to the effect of heat on the strength of materials, Professor Thurston, of Hoboken, and Commander L. A. Beardslee, U.S.N., have continued their valuable observations on the exaltation of the limit of strength; and Neissen has shown that the elastic reaction of torsion also increases with the duration of the experiment. The two independent series of observations are thus seen to be remarkably confirmatory of each other.

To the *Chemist* the month has been rather a dull one. Dr. H. Beins in the *Chemical News* has a somewhat curious paper upon "The Successor of Steam." He claims that upon heating in a closed space either the bicarbonate of sodium or of potassium, carbonic acid gas is given off, which readily condenses to the liquid form in another portion of that space. Thus, he says, large quantities of liquefied carbonic acid, which he names "carbolem," can be obtained at tem-

peratures ranging from 300° to 400° C. The expansive force of this liquid he proposes to use, instead of steam, as a motive power.

Mallet has reinvestigated the alleged fact that cast iron and lead, like water, expand in solidification from the fused state. He admits that through some peculiar force the solid metal will float upon the melted metal, but shows that in reality the latter has far the lower specific gravity. He therefore concludes that these metals do not expand when they solidify, nor contract when they fuse.

Amorphous phosphorus still continues to be an object of study. Schrötter has recently shown that it can be obtained from ordinary phosphorus by the action of electricity upon the latter, and has proved that the transformation is due entirely to the electricity, and not to the heat or light accompanying it.

In the organic kingdom the most interesting achievement is perhaps that of Tiemann and Haarman, who have artificially produced the flavoring substance of vanilla. These chemists, examining the sap of the cambium layer of various pines, fir, and larches, obtained a white crystalline body containing carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, to which they gave the name of coniferine. From this substance, by a peculiar process, vanillin was obtained, identical in its properties with that made from the natural vanilla.

As bearing upon the progress of *Ethnology* since our last report, we may refer to a communication by Rev. Mr. Swayne from Formosa, giving an account of a mode of sepulture which connects itself with the hut burials described by Nilsson and Lubbock. When a man dies the hearth-stones are removed from the centre of the hut, and a pit is dug about four feet deep. The body is placed therein, together with food and his dress and implements. The hole is then filled up, the earth is packed down, the hearth-stones are replaced, and every thing goes on as formerly.

Referring to Mr. Charles Ran's article in the last Smithsonian Report upon "Ancient Aboriginal Trade in North America," we have from Mr. Schlagintweit an account of a probable European prehistoric traffic. It has long been known that the jade and other minerals of which the axes, chisels, scrapers, etc., of the drift and cave periods were made do not exist in sufficient quantity and purity in Europe to justify the opinion that these implements were manufactured by the men who used them, and with whose bones they lie buried. Mr. Schlagintweit has discovered in the Caucasus and in Northern Armenia, near the great highways of trade from the earliest times, abundant deposits of jade, etc., a fact which goes to confirm the opinion that in early times caravan commerce existed between Western Europe and Asia.

Professor Busk figures and describes a new chorometer in Vol. III. of the Journal of the Anthropological Institute. A discussion upon the best material for testing the cubical contents of skulls accompanies the report.

In the same journal Lieutenant Swinton C. Holland, R.N., gives an exceedingly interesting paper upon the Ainos, or the supposed aborigines of Yesso, Saghalien, Kunashir, and the most of the Kurile Islands. Although in utter subju-

gation to the Japanese, they are a distinct race in form, language, clothing, building, navigation, feasts, and superstitions. The men are of middle stature; they carefully cultivate the beard and mustache, never using knife or scissors upon them. Their bodies are also covered with coarse hair, growing profusely on the breast, arms, and legs, and in some cases even over the backbone.

Their only method of computing time is by great events, as, for example, the time of the great snow-storm, the catching of the big fish, etc. They preserve a rough record of their ancient history in songs and tales. The mode of saluting among the men is to rub the hands together, raise them to the forehead, palms up, and then to stroke the beard. Among the women the custom is to draw the first finger of the right hand between the first finger and the thumb of the left; then to raise both hands to the forehead, palms up; then to rub the upper lip under the nose with the first finger of the right hand. When a man has been traveling and returns home, he and his friend lay their heads on each other's shoulders; the elder of the two then places his hands upon the head of the younger, and strokes it down, gradually drawing his hands over the shoulders, down the arms, and to the very tips of the fingers of the younger; until this is done neither speaks a word.

When a person dies all mention of him ceases; his house is either burned or deserted, and his utensils, however coveted or desired by his surviving neighbors, are left untouched.

They worship the spirits of their ancestors, of the elements, and of natural objects. The most sacred animal seems to be the bear, the young of which are caught and suckled by women. When weaned they are kept in sacred cages, and fed for two or three years. They are then killed and eaten with great ceremony, while their skulls go to adorn the tops of the posts of the sacred stockade.

Since our last summary the most important work on ethnology announced is the *Völkerkunde*, by Oscar Peschel. (Leipsic: Duncker and Humblot, 1874.)

Under the head of *Zoology* we have to report the discovery by Dr. E. Bessel, of the *Polaris* expedition, of a new *Moner*, belonging to the lowest division of *Protozoa*, being even simpler than the *Amœba*, as it has no nucleus. It is closely allied to the *Bathybius* discovered by the English deep-sea expedition. It has been named *Protobathybius robesonii*. *Bathybius* has been regarded by some as not being a true organism, but only a sort of slime made up of decomposing animals; but Bessel's discovery puts the matter beyond all doubt. Ascending to the sponges, of which some rare and new forms have been discovered by the United States Fish Commission, under Professor Baird's direction, we note the discovery on Cashe's Ledge, by Messrs. Packard and Cooke, of a remarkable sponge, described by Professor Verrill in the *American Journal of Science and Arts* under the name of *Dorvillia echinata*. It is four inches in diameter, and supported on a broad, stout, but short peduncle, forming one-half of the total height. Other species discovered at great depths in the North Atlantic by the British exploring expeditions have been found in 70 to 100 fathoms off the coast of Maine.

M. Alfred Giard finds a curious assemblage of parasites on the compound ascidians of the coast of France. He observed that a shell (*Lamellaria perspicua*) imitates the appearance of certain *Didemna*, *Leptochina*, etc. "The more," he says, "the eye is trained to discover these singular disguises, the more are we astonished at their frequency and their admirable perfection." He then asks, "What is the result of this disguising on the part of the *Lamellaria*? Evidently to protect them against their enemies." A naked mollusk (*Goniadoris*) also imitates the ascidians on which it feeds. A flat worm (*Planaria schlosseri*) affords a remarkable example of mimicry. It so closely resembles an individual *Botryllus* as to require much close observation to distinguish it, the illusion is so perfect; and the resemblance even extends to the internal anatomy of the worm, which is analogous to that of the individual *Botryllus*. A sponge (*Halisarca mimosa*) extends itself, like *Botrylloides rubrum*, in quite thin layers over a plane surface of brick-red varied with yellow-orange. The oscules are of the same diameter as the common cloacal openings of the *Botryllus*, and around the oscules we see series of orange lines arranged like the radial lines of the ascidians. Giard also finds that certain compound ascidians mimic simple ones. The account in full, with plates, may be found in Lacaze-Duthiers's *Archives de Zoologie expérimentale et générale*.

A fossil *Cicada* has been found in the miocene-tertiary formation of Europe by M. Laporta. It is the first fossil *Cicada* which has been found, and belongs to a genus now confined to Southern Africa. It is to be remembered that miocene Europe supported also the African type of rhinoceros, giraffes, and antelopes, thus affording ground for the hypothesis of a union between Southern Europe and Africa during the miocene period.

Some interesting remarks on hybridism among ducks have been made by Dr. Brewer at a late meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History. In a large proportion of remarkable cases, where the evidences of the parentage on both sides are well marked, the common mallard duck figures as one of the parents. The specimens described by Audubon as *Anas breweri*, the like of which has never since been obtained, is presumed to have been a cross between the wild mallard and the gadwall or gray duck. A cross between a male canvas-back and a female tame mallard existed for several generations, preserving with a remarkable degree of uniformity the markings of their origin. The so-called Cayuga Lake duck had the characteristic peculiarities of the male mallard and the female Muscovy. The race of hybrids between the canvas-back and the mallard was nearly twice the size of either parent; and this is equally true of the Cayuga hybrid.

The squirrels of North America have been undergoing revision by Mr. J. A. Allen. Professor Baird, in a monograph of the group published in 1857, reduced the number of species of the genus *Sciurus* alone from twenty-four—the number recognized by Audubon and Bachman in 1854—to ten well-established species and two doubtful ones. Now Mr. Allen finds so much variation in the group as to be obliged to reduce the specific forms to five, "recognizing, however, seven

geographical varieties in addition, making the whole number of recognized forms twelve." He enumerates twenty-five species of *Sciuridae* in all. It seems that Southern squirrels are more highly colored than Northern ones; Western specimens from the dry plains are paler, more faded out, than Eastern examples; Southern specimens are also smaller than the Northern, darker forms. He then divides the continent into five more or less well marked areas, characterized by certain peculiarities of color variations in birds and mammals.

Among the *Agricultural* investigations of which our foreign journals bring us accounts are some experiments performed at the station at Hohenheim, in Germany, under the direction of Dr. Von Wolff, on the digestibility of bean hay and aftermath when fed alone and when mixed with turnips. Sheep were fed during a certain period with bean hay or aftermath alone, and during another period with these mixed with turnips or beets, and in each case the amounts of the food ingredients were determined.

It was found that the woody fibre of the young succulent bean hay was more digestible than that of the aftermath, and that the digestibility of each decreased while it was kept stored during the winter, the proportions of organic substance of the bean hay digested in November being 64.9 per cent., and in the following April 62.3. The amounts of the aftermath digested at the same times were 67.1 and 62.7 per cent. When mixed with turnips, from 2.5 to 5.5 per cent. less of the organic substance of the bean hay and aftermath was digested than when the latter were fed alone. The decrease in digestion of the albuminoids under the influence of the turnips was less with the bean hay than with the aftermath. The results of these experiments, like those of others made at Hohenheim and elsewhere, indicate that when materials poor in nitrogen (albuminoids) are added to rations of hay and like materials, the digestion of the albuminoids of the latter is decreased, and that this decrease is greater in materials containing little than in those containing much nitrogen.

In the department of *Engineering* a number of items of interest are worthy of record. At home we note the fact that the tunnel which forms part of the western approaches of the Illinois and St. Louis Bridge is advancing rapidly to completion. The bridge was opened for the passage of wagons June 4, and the formal opening for railway traffic took place with much ceremony on July 4. Upon the great suspension-bridge across the East River, between Brooklyn and New York, the work which was for a time suspended is now resumed. The Brooklyn tower has reached an elevation of 222 feet, and the New York tower 123 feet above high-water mark. The anchorage on the Brooklyn side is six feet high, and contains 8334 cubic feet of masonry. No work on the New York anchorage, or on the approaches, has yet been begun. The immediate cause of the resumption of this important work is doubtless the recent signing by the Governor of a bill providing for the raising of the money needed for its completion.

The massive and elegant iron bridge over the Schuylkill, at Girard Avenue, was formally transferred to the authorities of the city of Philadelphia on the 4th of July by the contractors,

Clarke, Reeves, and Co. It has five spans, four piers, and two abutments, and is 1000 feet long by 100 feet wide.

Of projected enterprises perhaps the most important is the Fort St. Philip Canal, a scheme which provides for a canal 200 feet wide at bottom and twenty-five feet deep, to form a permanent highway from the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. The work, it is proposed, shall be constructed by the United States, and when completed is to be free to all nations, and to cost about eight millions of dollars. Three years are required for its construction. The proposed canal is to extend a distance of six and a half miles, from the left bank of the Mississippi below Fort St. Philip to a point four miles south of Breton Island. Its advocates claim that the construction of such a canal would realize the great desideratum of keeping open the channels of the great river. In this connection it is of interest to note that the plan presented to Congress by Colonel Eads for the same purpose has been rejected. This proposes the building of jetties upon each side of the stream, and thus, by narrowing the channel, to cause a swifter current, by which the stream would be compelled to carry its silt farther out to sea, as well as to remove some of that already deposited, and thus deepen itself.

Of foreign news the following official statistics concerning the Suez Canal will be found of interest. It is now four and a half years since the canal was opened, and during that time the traffic has been as follows: In 1870, 486 vessels, 435,000 tons; in 1871, 765 ships, 761,000 tons; in 1872, 1082 ships, 1,060,000 tons; in 1873, 1173 ships, 1,380,000 tons. During the first three months of this year the number of ships was somewhat lower than for the corresponding period of last year, but the tonnage was increased by twelve per cent.

Of foreign projected enterprises none are of more interest to the engineer than the announcement that General Chanzy, the Governor of Algeria, has ordered preliminary surveys of a work which proposes the creation of an artificial sea on the plains of Northern Africa, in the Desert of Sahara. The length of the projected sea would be about two hundred and fifty miles, by forty-five in width. Much interest attaches to the scheme, which, it is claimed by its advocates, will have an incalculably favorable influence on the climate, commerce, and productions of the neighboring portions of Africa, and even upon the more remote countries of Italy and Spain.

The steam-ship *Faraday*, whose departure from Gravesend with the new Atlantic cable we chronicled in our last monthly summary, has successfully accomplished a portion of her mission. The work, however, will not be completed before September next. A new cable between Newfoundland and Ireland is shortly to be laid by the Anglo-American Company. The cable itself is completed. The *Great Eastern*, it is reported, will commence the work on the 27th of July.

Since our last summary the annual sessions of several important bodies have taken place. The American Society of Civil Engineers held its sixth annual convention in New York about the middle of June. On the first day a number of papers were read, and the second was given to a recep-

tion by the Stevens Institute, including a visit to the famous Stevens Battery, the Brooklyn tower of the East River Bridge, the Hell Gate improvements, and the track-sinking in Fourth Avenue. The latter work, report says, is progressing favorably, in spite of the rebuff which the railroad company has lately received from the city government in the threatened refusal to pay one-half the costs of the improvement. From the Harlem River to One Hundred and Fifteenth Street the track will be sunk, with iron bridges at the street crossings. From One Hundred and Fifteenth to One Hundredth Street is the stone viaduct, which, it is believed, will be finished within two months. From One Hundredth to Eighty-sixth Street are the three tunnels, two of them new and nearly ready. The engineer, Mr. Buckhout, thinks the work can be completed by January next.

Among the papers of most interest we note that by Colonel Eads on upright arched bridges—a defense of the famous structure built under his direction across the Mississippi at St. Louis. The report of the committee to investigate the Mill River disaster was made by James B. Francis, and condemns the specifications for the work and its character in strong terms. Mr. Coryell described the fires in the Wilkesbarre coal mine, and the measures that had been tried to stop them. Steam and water thus far had proven unsuccessful.

The American Institute of Mining Engineers likewise held an interesting session at St. Louis, from the published reports of which it appears that some twenty papers were presented and read, and numerous places of interest visited. The excursions of the institute included a visit to the famous mine La Motte, an inspection of the deposits of Iron Mountain and Pilot Knob, the zinc and iron works at Carondelet, and a visit to the block coal fields of Indiana, which was marked by an inspection of the operation of the Monitor coal-cutting machine at the mines of the Messrs. Niblack, Zimmerman, and Alexander.

The passage of the bill providing for a geological survey of the State of Pennsylvania was noted in our last month's summary. We can supplement that announcement now with the agreeable information that its direction has been confided by the commissioners to Professor J. P. Lesley, the veteran geologist, whose eminent fitness for the position is acknowledged by all. The work may now be looked upon as fairly begun, and great results may be expected to accrue from it.

The United States Commission appointed to investigate the causes of steam-boiler explosions, and of whose operations during the past fall we gave an account, is preparing to resume its work. It is reported that the commission will continue for two years to come, and will make no report until its labors are ended. The experimental trials will be resumed about the beginning of August.

The following railroad statistics, just published, are worthy of recording. The aggregate of railways in the various countries of Europe in 1873 was as follows: Germany, 12,207 miles; Austria, 5865; France, 10,833; Russia, 7044; Great Britain, 15,814; Belgium, 1801; Netherlands, 886; Switzerland, 820; Italy, 3667;

Denmark, 420; Spain, 8401; Portugal, 458; Sweden and Norway, 1049; Greece, 100.

	Miles.	Population.
Railroads in Europe in 1873.....	65,360..	282,456,742
Railroads in United States in 1873..	70,650..	40,281,000

In *Technology* we note the process of Hirzel for manufacturing illuminating gas. His invention consists in passing hydrogen gas heated to redness into a retort likewise heated to redness, and causing it there to act upon the vapors and gases obtained from tarry products and certain oils, by which it is claimed a permanent gas of great illuminating power is obtained.

In nickel plating Messrs. Martin and Delamotte have patented the use of organic acids with the salts of nickel instead of the mineral acids heretofore employed. They instance citric acid. In this connection it may be well to note that Mr. G. W. Beardslee has devised a process of electroplating with cobalt, which, it is said, forms a thick and useful covering, which will very thoroughly protect the plated surface from the action of the elements, and will form likewise a plating exceedingly white and hard, very durable, tenaciously adherent, and not liable to tarnish.

In our *Mechanical* department we record the fact that the fireless locomotive, before described in these pages, is meeting with considerable success. Eighteen of these engines are now running. Its latest introduction is in Brooklyn, New York, where it is now employed on the East New York and Canarsie Railroad.

The proposition to establish a mechanical laboratory, which was broached lately by Professor Thurston, is likely to be realized, inasmuch as the trustees of the Stevens Institute have, with much wisdom, given the requisite authorization for the foundation of such an adjunct to that progressive institution, and seconded this action by a liberal donation of apparatus to furnish it.

A power-supplying company, which carries on no manufactures, but rents its buildings to others, supplying them with power, is one of the novelties of Rochester. The company has 1500 horsepower to dispose of, obtained from several immense water-wheels.

THE CONSTITUTION OF COMETS.

Dr. Vogel has reviewed the results of the spectrum analysis of the light of the comets that have appeared since 1864. None of these have been remarkable for their brilliancy, and in most of them the difficulty of attaining exact measurements has been almost insurmountable, because of the faintness of the objects. The spectrum of the second comet of 1868 seemed to Huggins to give with some certainty a coincidence of the three bright bands with the three bands of olefiant gas, and it has been somewhat rashly inferred that the hydrocarbons were generally present in the cometary substance. This opinion, however, Vogel combats with considerable force, showing that of nine comets examined within ten years there is as yet only one for which two reliable observers agreed in asserting a probability of coincidence of the lines in its spectrum with those of hydrocarbons, and Vogel thinks we should content ourselves with the deduction that a portion of the light is emitted by the comet itself, very probably from glowing gas, and is

in addition to that portion which is reflected from the comet's surface. In regard to the various statements that nitrogen, aqueous vapor, and other bodies have been identified in these comets, they can not be accepted as firmly established. These are merely hypotheses that should have a stimulating influence on the progress of scientific research.

LIFE IN DEATH.

At the meeting of the Swiss Scientific Association, in August, 1873, Professor Karsten stated that the development and increase of embryonic cells contained in the cell fluid continues for a longer or shorter time after the death of the organism, unless suppressed by great dryness, extremes of temperature, want of oxygen, or chronic agents that interfere with assimilation. He considered the bacteria, vibriones, etc., present in closed cells of the tissues of diseased or dead organs, and regarded as the carriers of contagion, to be in reality pathological cell forms, as of pus, yeast, etc. These, in consequence, do not represent distinct organic varieties, and should not be looked upon as complete organic species, since no act of reproduction, eggs, nor seeds can be recognized, while the active movements of the vibriones are no indication of an independent nature. There is nothing left but to regard these objects, long since named pseudophytes by Müller, as pathological products, since careful observation will satisfy any one that they originate within the cells of plants and animals, and are not introduced into them like parasites. Again, the bacteria, vibriones, etc., developing within the diseased organ, and contributing to its rapid disorganization, may become free, and induce to some extent the same disease in healthy individuals, as is known with certainty of the cells of different kinds of lymph, pus, bacteria, and micrococci.

ROTATION OF THE PLANETS.

Professor Peirce has attempted to deduce from the nebular hypothesis an explanation of the actual rotation of the planets on their axes, and reasoning especially with regard to Jupiter and Saturn, he shows that the inner portion of the ring thrown off from the rotating central body must have a less velocity than the outer portion, and consequently there must be a breaking up of the ring, and the formation of planetary bodies. He demonstrates by a mathematical analysis of the movements of the particles constituting the liquid ring that the velocity of the resulting rotation must be such as is actually observed.

CAUSE OF PHOSPHORESCENCE OF DECAYING WOOD.

It is stated that the attempt to account for the phosphorescence of decaying wood by the assumption of a peculiar process of combustion accompanying decay has lately been rendered unnecessary by the discovery of the presence on such wood of a fungus which emits light, as a result of vital processes, and which, without destruction of this power, can be scraped off and transferred to other wood; even animal matter may be rendered phosphorescent by it. High temperature or gases that destroy life, as well as the withdrawal of the requisite degree of moisture, cause instant cessation of the light.

Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record is closed on the 21st of July.—The Democratic State Convention of Vermont, at Montpelier, June 25, nominated the Hon. W. H. Bingham for Governor.

The regular appropriation bills passed during the recent session of Congress and the sums appropriated were as follows:

Military Academy Bill	\$883,115 00
Navy Bill.....	16,723,274 30
Fortifications Bill.....	624,000 00
Consular and Diplomatic Bill.....	3,962,404 00
River and Harbor Bill.....	5,906,000 00
Pension Bill.....	29,500,000 00
The Indian Bill.....	4,908,487 18
The Deficiency Bill.....	2,983,762 76
Extraordinary expenses of the naval service.....	4,000,000 00
The Army Bill.....	27,788,500 00
Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Bill.....	20,496,234 80
Sundry Civil Expenses Bill.....	26,895,645 31
The Post-office Bill.....	41,253,933 00
Total.....	\$184,784,346 25

The Democratic State Convention of Indiana met at Indianapolis June 15. Governor Hendricks presided. Its platform of resolutions arraigns the administration for usurpation and corruption; favors the redemption of five-twenties in greenbacks, the repeal of the National Banking law, the substitution of greenbacks for national bank currency, and the return to specie payments "as soon as the business interests of the country will permit;" advocates such legislation from time to time as will adjust the volume of the currency to the commercial and industrial wants of the country; recommends a liberal system of education for colored as well as white children, but opposes the "mixture of the white and black races" in our public schools or educational institutions; demands that the issue involved in the Civil Rights Bill shall be decided at the ballot-box; and closes with the usual tribute to the Union soldiers. The Convention nominated J. E. Neff for Secretary of State.

The Republican State Convention of Iowa, at Des Moines, July 1, renominated Josiah L. Young for Secretary of State, and William Christy for Treasurer.

Postmaster-General John A. J. Creswell tendered his resignation June 24. The Hon. Marshall Jewell has been appointed in his place.

The last South Carolina Legislature, after making appropriations largely in excess of the amount realized by taxation, passed an act authorizing the issue of certificates of indebtedness to the amount of \$340,000. The State Treasurer has refused to pay these, and the case has been brought before the Supreme Court of the State.

On the 8th of July Governor Davis, of Minnesota, sent the following message to the Secretary of War:

"A terrible calamity has befallen the people of the several counties in the northwestern part of this State. The locusts have devoured every kind of crop, and left the country for miles perfectly bare. They did the same thing last year in the same area. Many thousands are now suffering for food, and I am using every public and private source that I can lawfully command to send immediate supplies of food. This State is entitled to two years' quota of arms, estimated at \$8160. I respectfully request that the Subsistence Department be ordered to turn over to me in lieu of these arms a quantity equivalent in value of rations, or such

parts of a ration as I may require. I should not make this request but for the gravest reasons, and to prevent immediate starvation I have used every resource which the State has given."

On June 25 there was an exchange of congratulatory messages between our President and the Emperor Dom Pedro on account of the telegraphic connection of the United States with Brazil.

Michel Domingue has been elected by the National Assembly of Hayti President of that republic.

The French government has prohibited the distribution in France of photographs of the Prince Imperial.

The Count of Montalivet, who was minister under Louis Philippe, has written to M. Casimir-Perier declaring that the salvation of France imperatively requires the loyal acceptance of the republic.

The Comte de Chambord early in July issued a manifesto to the French people, proclaiming that France has need of royalty, and that birth has made him their king. He advocates limited monarchy, which admits of the existence of two Chambers, one nominated by the king, and the other elected by the nation. *L'Union*, which first published the manifesto, was suspended from publication for two weeks.

The Legitimists in the Assembly threatened an interpellation in regard to the suspension of *L'Union*. On the 8th a motion of regret for this suspension was rejected by a vote of 80 yeas to 379 nays—the Left not voting. Then M. Paris, of the Right Centre, moved that the Assembly, resolving to uphold the septennial powers conferred upon Marshal M'Mahon, President of the Republic, and reserving the questions submitted to the constitutional committee, "passes to the order of the day." The government identified itself with this motion, which was defeated by a vote of 331 yeas to 368 nays. The motion of the order of the day pure and simple was then adopted, 339 to 315. Thus the situation for the ministry remained uncertain. They tendered their resignations, but President M'Mahon peremptorily refused to accept them.

On the 9th President M'Mahon sent a message to the Assembly declaring that the powers conferred upon him by the law of November 20, 1873, devolved upon him duties which he could not evade. He said: "Your confidence rendered my powers irrevocable for a fixed term in forestalling votes on constitutional bills. In according them you yourselves enchain your sovereignty. I shall employ the means with which I am armed by the laws to defend my power." He then proceeded to urge the Assembly to complete the law of November 20, and fulfill its engagements. "The country demands the organization of the public powers, and questions which are reserved must be settled. Further delays will depress trade and hamper the prosperity of the country."

A motion for the dissolution of the Assembly after having voted upon the financial bills, the bill on military organization, and the bill providing for a general election on October 23, followed the reading of the message. The demand

for "urgency," however, was not supported, and the motion was referred to the Committee on Parliamentary Initiative, in which the Left predominates.

The report of the Committee of Thirty was read in the Assembly July 15. The committee recognizes the irrevocability of President M'Mahon's powers, and substitutes for M. Casimir-Perier's bill one of its own, with six clauses. The first maintains the title of President of the Republic. The second establishes ministerial responsibility. The third confers the legislative power upon two Chambers, the appointment of members of the Upper House, or Senate, to be the subject of a future bill. The fourth provides that the President alone is authorized to dissolve the Lower House, or Chamber of Deputies. The fifth prescribes that a congress of both Chambers shall provide for the continuance of the government in case Marshal M'Mahon dies, resigns, or reaches the end of his term of office. The sixth declares no modification of the constitutional laws is to be allowed unless first proposed to the President.

M. De Fourtrev, Minister of the Interior, resigned July 17. This was followed by a ministerial crisis, and the Duc de Broglie proceeded to constitute a cabinet based on the old majority in the Assembly. The crisis was terminated July 20, when General De Cissey, Minister of War and Vice-President of the Council, announced in the Assembly that Baron de Chabaud-Latour had been made Minister of the Interior, and M. Mathieu Bodet Minister of Finance. The cabinet as re-organized has no Bonapartist member. The debate on the bill presented by the Committee of Thirty was postponed till the 23d.

The Spanish troops under General Concha surprised three of the positions occupied by the Carlists defending Estella, June 27. The next day General Concha was killed in an attack on the Carlist position at Muro, near Estella. General Zaballa, President of the Council and Minister of War, succeeded to the command. Thereupon Señor Cotoner became Minister of War, and Señor Sagasta President of the Council. Estella is defended by a Carlist army of 25,000 men. The attacking army numbers 30,000 men. The entire strength of the Spanish army in the field is estimated at 150,000. The entire Carlist force is probably between 50,000 and 60,000. Decrees have been issued by the Spanish government declaring all Spain in a state of siege, sequestrating the property of Carlists, and creating a special reserve of 125,000 men.

In an address at the banquet given by the Merchant Tailors' Company, June 24, Mr. Disraeli claimed for English Conservatism that it had solved the three great political problems. "We have," he said, "combined religious equality with a national Church; we have maintained the authority of monarchical and aristocratical institutions with a large distribution of political power among the people; and we have made a free exchange of commodities consistent with the existence of a prosperous, because untaxed, native industry."

In the British House of Commons, June 24, Mr. Plimsoll's bill requiring an official survey of merchant ships before sailing was rejected by a vote of 170 yeas to 173 nays.—On the 30th Dr. Butt, in the House, moved his resolve in favor

of home rule in Ireland. On July 3 the vote was taken—61 yeas to 458 nays.

While Prince Bismarck was driving in the country near Kissingen, July 13, he was fired at by a young man named Kullmann, who calls himself a good Catholic. The prince was wounded in the wrist.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The college regatta on Saratoga Lake, July 18, resulted in the victory of the Columbia crew. Time, 16.42¼. The Wesleyan crew came second, Harvard third, and Williams fourth.

On the 1st of June there were in the United States 19,492 subordinate granges. This would make the number of patrons who are voters about one million.

The official reports relating to the Bengal famine at the close of May were very encouraging, and indicated that the Indian government had put forth masterly and efficient efforts to such an extent that relief had prevailed over famine. The official system of relief resembles the complex operations of an army. About three millions of people were being fed by the government. The number of deaths was estimated at 2000. In 1866 Orissa lost by famine one-tenth of her population before the end of May.

DISASTERS.

July 4.—Destructive fire in Alleghany City, Pennsylvania. Over one hundred houses burned.

July 6.—At Stony Creek, eleven miles from New Haven, Connecticut, a train of six cars on the Shore Line road was, owing to the neglect of a switchman, thrown from the track. Superintendent Wilcox was killed, and a large number of passengers were injured.

July 10.—Off Atlantic City, New Jersey, a pleasure yacht was capsized, and five persons drowned.—Great fire at the Weehawken Docks, New Jersey. An electric spark ignited an oil tank. Oil to the value of \$250,000 consumed.

July 14.—Another great fire in Chicago. The burned area covers fifteen squares. Loss to insurance companies two and one-half millions of dollars. Three hundred and forty-six buildings destroyed. Entire loss over \$4,000,000.

July 18.—Collision of two express trains on the Erie Railroad near Canasara. One man killed and ten injured.

OBITUARY.

June 20.—At South Manchester, Connecticut, Charles Cheney, of the firm of Cheney Brothers, extensive silk manufacturers, aged seventy-seven years.

June 30.—In New York city, Henry Grinnell, the well-known patron of arctic exploration, aged seventy-five years.

July 3.—In Branford, Connecticut, Theodore N. Parmelee, a prominent journalist of the last generation, and author of "Recollections of an Old Stager," which have appeared from time to time in this magazine, aged seventy years.

June 26.—In England, Howard Staunton, a celebrated chess-player, aged sixty-four years.

July 4.—In France, M. De Goulard, an eminent French statesman, and member of the present Assembly, aged sixty-two years.

July 15.—In England, Agnes Strickland, the well-known authoress, aged sixty-eight years.

Editor's Drawer.

WILL CARLETON, whose fine poems have had so large a reading in this country in the exquisitely illustrated volume published by Harper and Brothers, was recently invited to deliver a second lecture in Hudson, Ohio, and duly arrived in that classic bailiwick in good order. The first thing that met his eye on entering "the Athens of the Western Reserve" was a small body of men making excavations in an antique pile of ruins, in which the reading must be delivered unless a large percentage of the door money was pledged to the missionary cause, in which case it could be given in the college chapel. Mr. Carleton was disposed to do his share for "Greenland's icy mountains" and "towns' round," but when it came to asking a Christian audience to the shabbiest, filthiest house in town because the heathen had not been first provided for, he relucted, paid the committee their advertising bills, and withdrew from the presence without giving any lecture at all. "If I had read in Hudson," he says, "I should have expected, as a display of the leading industries of the place, 'a pyramid,' not 'of solid cheese,' but of the heads of that estimable vegetable of which the Germans make sourkrout. And my peroration would have been:

"I've walked where eastern sunbeams glow
New England's rock across,
And seen the peasant twist the hoe
Around his garden sauce;

"I've cashed the loud mosquitoes' bills,
Ere they had time to draw,
Upon the sandy green-clad hills
Of far-famed Saginaw;

"I've sat, ere dinner half was done,
With napkin on my knees,
And smiled to see the last-born son
Make havoc with the pease;

"I've lounged in prairie Illinois,
Where Sucker babes be born,
And watched the stocky farmer-boy
Trip lightly through the corn;

"But for a pure and cheerful green,
When all is done and said,
Give me, for all I've ever seen,
A Hudson cabbage-head."

In the Rev. Dr. Samuel Ireneus Prime's charming book, *Under the Trees*, recently published by Harper and Brothers, is a chapter on "Dogs," that is one of the pleasantest in the book. Dr. Prime himself, as every one knows who knows him, is one of the cleverest and most delightful men the country has produced. This is from his chapter on "Dogs:"

"The Rev. Dr. Wickham, of Manchester, Vermont, has told me of a dog which belonged to a good deacon of that place.

"At the stroke of the bell each Sabbath morning, unless forcibly restrained, this dog would hasten with all speed to the church, and take his position on the broad step of the stairs ascending to the pulpit, and there recline at his ease, remaining quiet during the public service. By the kind sufferance of the minister who then occupied the pulpit, he was never disturbed. But on the accession of another to the pastorate, to whom the proximity of this animal was unwelcome, he was once and again dislodged by a kick from his

position as the minister ascended the pulpit stairs. Upon the repetition of this indignity he came no more, but regularly as the Sabbath returned passed by the door of the church he had attended to another of a different denomination, nearly two miles distant from the former. He continued to do this for the space of nearly three years. At the end of that time, on the accession of a new minister, he was seen in his old position on the pulpit stairs. Being undisturbed, though his church-going habit remained, he went no more to the distant church, but for the residue of his short life punctually attended where he had done before, and where his owner and family were stated worshippers."

A GENTLEMAN who thinks it high time that the "little Johnny" poetry should give place to something neater and more fully charged with sentiment sends us the following as largely combining both:

Oh, bury Bartholomew out in the woods,
In a beautiful hole in the ground,
Where the bumble-bees buzz and the woodpeckers
sing
And the straddle-bugs tumble around;
So that, in winter, when the snow and the slush
Have covered his last little bed,
His brother Artemus can go out with Jane
And visit the place with his sled.

WE are indebted to the author of *Old Times in West Tennessee* for reminiscences of pioneer life and sketches of the early emigrant settlers in the Big Hatchie country—a volume that must have decided interest for the people of that region, and which has much of interest and anecdote for the general reader.

Among the men who were notable in the early times was the Rev. Arthur Davis, one of the pioneer preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. "Few men knew better how to take the 'bull by the horns,' or win to the Master's kingdom a sinner's soul." He gloried in being called to preach in the wilderness. At one of the places where he had made an appointment lived a band of outlaws, who, seeing the notice sticking up in the neighborhood, gave out that "no ——— Methodist preacher should preach in that house," and if Mr. D. attempted to fill the appointment they would give him a sound drubbing. He paid no attention to the threat, but opened service and preached, and announced that on a certain day he would preach there again. He then invited the congregation to attend him out in the grove. Passing out and stopping at a stump, he took off his hat and coat, and, turning to those present, asked if any of them belonged to any church. A gentleman stepped forward and replied that he had been a Presbyterian. "That will do, Sir; thank you," said Mr. Davis. "I have a wife and one child. Her name is Drusilla. I want you to promise, by the vow you took when you joined the church, that if any thing should happen to Arthur Davis to-day by which he should never see her again, you will tell her all about it, and how it happened. Now, Mr. Regulators," turning to a party of men who were standing apart from the crowd, "I am ready for you. Come one at a

time, and I'll show you who Art Davis is." They looked at one another, and then at the preacher. "Don't keep me waiting," said he. "You have made your threats that no Methodist preacher should preach in that house. I am a Methodist preacher, and have preached in it according to appointment. I am now ready to meet you according to *your* appointment, one at a time, and you will make the acquaintance of Art Davis." The leader of the band threw down his club, walked up to the brave-hearted man, and said, "Mr. Davis, you are my sort of man; I like you, Sir. You shall preach here whenever it may please you to do so, and I will see that you do it in peace. You are the preacher for me." With that the neighborhood gathered around him, introducing one another, until he made the personal acquaintance of every one present. He was ever after that a welcome preacher in the neighborhood.

The boldness with which Mr. Davis asserted his right to talk to sinners was illustrated at a camp-meeting held near Brownsville. The good work was going on swimmingly; the mourners' bench was filled, and gave promise of the conversion of many. Mr. Davis, in passing along, administering to their troubled souls, came to an old and hardened sinner, a gentleman of his acquaintance. He saw that he was "under conviction." Laying his heavy hand upon his shoulder, he said, in a loud and strong voice, "Pray! Pray hard! Pray with all your mind, might, and soul! You are a moving, breathing mass of putrefaction. Pray with all your mind and strength, for you are the very butt-cut of sin!" The power and force of his language struck the old sinner with such terror as to his situation that he slid from the bench into the straw, and wrestled with the devil until he triumphed.

CHILDREN are very observing, and sometimes have (for others) inconveniently good memories.

It is said that a mother was talking to her children on subjects connected with the catechism, and among other questions asked, "Can either of you mention some act of returning good for evil?"

One of the younger children said, "Maybe I do not remember that, but I know of once when, I think, somebody returned *evil for good*."

"When was that, dear?" said her mother.

"Why, when papa kissed Mary" (the waiter girl), "she slapped his face—but not very hard, mamma!"

The happy family gathering was just then somewhat disturbed.

ONE morning not long since we were standing in the railroad station at Morristown, New Jersey, waiting for the train, when we had evidence once more of the utter ignorance of a certain class who travel in Europe. On the platform, also waiting for the train, was a young couple, apparently not long married. They had with them a large Saratoga trunk, plastered nearly all over with Continental railroad marks, showing that some one had made an extended tour in Europe. In order that I might understand how they came there, and with the vanity of a young wife to show off her husband, the following took place, solely for my benefit. The bride,

walking up to the trunk and looking intently at it, her eye was attracted by a particularly large card printed in large letters, "Via chemin de fer," and nothing else on it. Spelling this out in full, and giving it a free English pronunciation, she looked up into her husband's face and said, very sweetly, "Darling, were you there?"

To which he replied, confidently, "Oh yes; that is one of those German towns where I staid overnight."

Those who are familiar with French will perceive the point and appreciate it.

JUSTICE MORGAN, one of the new police justices of this city, had before him a witness the other day, of whom he asked, "What do you know of the character of this man?"

"What do I know of his character? I know it to be perfectly unbleachable, your honor," he replied, with emphasis.

THE *Chicago Tribune* has detailed one of its staff to illuminate the people on the virgin topic of "Man as a Processionist." The task has been accomplished with much fidelity and some fun. Truly doth the writer say: "The effect of the procession upon the individual hardly has a parallel among natural phenomena. Your butcher or your shoe-maker may be, and probably is, a very ordinary man; not blessed with wealth or beauty; having no soul-cravings or yearning desires for the good, the true, and the beautiful; the owner of a brood of rather dirty and promiscuous children; with an intellect capable of the scientific carving of a sheep or skillful cobbling of a boot. There is nothing majestic or awful about him. You would not invite him to your soirée as a paragon. Indeed, in his morning call at your house your servant receives him, and they gossip together in a friendly way. But once array your butcher in a plug hat and white apron, throw an emblazoned crimson scarf about his muscular shoulders, put a boiled shirt on him and stick a rose in his button-hole, hang two or three tinsel crosses and other ornaments on his manly breast, and, if he be a large butcher, let him carry a banner stuck in a pouch, looking as if it were rooted in his ample corpus, and he becomes metamorphosed into another creature. As he marches along in his stately manner, keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme, to the tintinnabulation of the band, he is an awful and majestic being, who towers above you as you stand upon the curbstone, and looks down upon you as one of the *sans culottes*. Yesterday he would have taken off his hat to you; to-day, if he sees you at all, he only sees you as an atom: one of a thousand, admiring him as a magnificent being, only equalled by a royal potentate, and possibly surpassed by a Sultan, in the grandeur of his bearing and the gorgeousness of his apparel. As you retire to your chamber at night with the confused pictures of flags, banners, crosses, swords, aprons, horse-collars, trombones, and guns fitting before you, the vision of this majestic creature appears, looming up like Mont Blanc among lesser hills. You regret now that only yesterday you vexed his great soul with complaints about tough beef; that you had threatened to discharge this awe-inspiring creature and employ another. You regret your dullness in not recognizing the

possibilities lying dormant in him, and you mentally resolve to make your respects to him, the Thrice Illustrious Prince, or Most Eminent Grand Seigneur, or High and Top-Lofty Baron, commanding the Most Stunning Knights of Pythagoras, and request the pleasure of eating tough steak hereafter."

All of which is true and deftly said.

The Drawer remembers to have witnessed in a country village some years ago a procession which had its humorous side. The undertaker of the place had been requested to send to the house of a respectable mechanic a small coffin, suitable for a child two days old. On the morning of the interment, desiring that every thing should be done decently and in order, the undertaker directed an employé, a colored boy of twelve, to put on proper apparel, put the little coffin under his arm—it was but little larger than a cigar-box—and take it to the house designated. The boy of color, in discharging his duty, passed by a group of little white boys, one of whom said, with the levity of his class: "Oh, look at that darky! I say, Pomp, what's under your wing?"

The boy of color strode onward, maintaining the gravity of the mission on which he was bent, and exclaiming with a disdainful tone, "Go 'way, white boys! go 'way! *I's a funeral!*"

We have from Paris an anecdote of a reporter on one of the well-known journals of that city, who is famed for his dislike of the traditional note-book of his order, and has hit upon a method of taking notes unobserved by those around him. He wears large white linen cuffs to his shirt, and nonchalantly jots his impressions on these with the most microscopic of pencils. At first his laundress was greatly puzzled with the hieroglyphics, but afterward learned to make them out, and thus gathered the news of the week while pursuing her avocation. One day she astonished the man by saying,

"Your last washing was very interesting, only you don't give us enough political news."

A MISSIONARY of the American Sunday-school Union in Kentucky was canvassing a certain neighborhood for a Sunday-school, when a man said: "Mister, thar ain't a feller in this beat fiten fur foreman of this thing; they're all gourd-heads abouten here; thar ain't but three men in this beat that can write their names; they needs it bad; but I don't see how you can skeer it up."

The missionary asked, "Can I get up a Sunday-school at Dry Crane's?"

"Wa'al, maybe, and maybe not; but you needn't go any lower down, fur Sunday never comes below the mouth of Crane Creek. They pitch quakes, and fish, and run horse-races all day of Sundays."

But the missionary went and organized the first school planted in all that region, supplying all destitute families with Bibles, and thence on to another very destitute settlement, where he gathered a hundred children into a school; and so on to a third very rough and needy place, forming still another; thus in one day establishing three schools. At one place he asked a young man, "Who was the first man?"

After studying over it a while he replied, "I think his name was Sam."

Few people are aware of the magnitude of

the work that has been accomplished by the American Sunday-school Union. During the fifty years of its existence—1824 to 1874—it has organized 61,299 schools, containing 404,242 teachers, and 2,650,317 scholars. The amount it has expended in missionary operations is \$2,133,264 13, of which \$517,000 were for books, papers, etc., granted to Sunday-schools, while the value of books, papers, etc., circulated by sale and grants is over \$6,000,000. There is nothing very funny in that, but what a vast amount of good!

THE hydrophobic season has nearly closed, and, curiously enough, the only dog-gerel it has produced has been one epic by "Jean Paul," and the following from the pen of that pungent gentleman, Donn Piatt:

Mr. William Goepfel bought a dog at great expense,
And tied him with an iron chain to Henry Meyer's fence.

This dog he was a playful pup, and led a canine choir,
Which his singing of these moonlight nights disturbed the same H. Meyer.

And while his sleepless evenings thinned him to a skeleton,
The dog kept up his concert, and rather liked the fun.

When M. had used his boot-jacks up and flung his final brick,
He said, "I'll dose that poodle with a pound of arsenic."
Which he did, and then the canine grew very deadly sick.

When Mrs. Goepfel saw the state of her dear Newfoundland,
She started off a-hopping and she called for her husband,
Who says, "That dog is poisoned, or if not, may I be hanged!"

So he got a pail of water and began at once to soak it,
But the canine scorned the temperance draught and coldly kicked the bucket!

Then Mr. G. walked down the street to the court of Justice Shea's,
And filed a bill of trespass, hundred dollars damages,
Which occasioned the same Meyer for to rise right up and sneeze.

The honest justice weighed the case and pondered for a while,
And then dismissed the parties with a calm, luxurious smile;

Both of which affected Mr. G. and aci-fied his bile!

And when he saw proceedings for the present time were busted,
He got up with a sickly smile, which showed he was disgusted,
And without a why or wherefore he turned right round and dusted.

A FRIEND in Oskya, Mississippi, sends us the following:

Half a century or so past polemical divinity was rampant in this section of the moral vineyard, the Baptists backing Calvinism, the Methodists *contra*. Hardly a sermon was preached on either side that was not of a belligerent cast. They called it doctrinal preaching, and so antagonistic was the attitude of the above-named sects toward each other that each seemed to think its existence depended on the overthrow of its adversary. Prominent among the Methodist itinerants was Miles Harper, one of the pioneers, a man of wit, sagacity, and force, combative as a Modoc, and, figuratively speaking, always on the war-path. He was never so

much in his glory as when taking scalps in a foray on the tents of the reformer of Geneva. Nathan Morris was the Baptist champion, who, though inferior to Harper in education and capacity, was equally warlike, and excelled him in bigotry and sectarian exclusiveness. Of course two such "braves" could not occupy the same field without frequent conflicts, any more than two stars could keep their motion in one sphere, or one England brook a double reign, etc. One day they met by previous appointment to discuss the question, "Can a regenerate soul fall from grace?" Large numbers of partisans on both sides were in attendance, and Harper opened with a bold splurge on the affirmative. Morris, rising to reply, proposed to sing a hymn, and taking up Harper's "Methodist hymns," opened at random, and selecting a hymn, without looking into its "doctrinal" features, read:

Ab, Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace.

Harper, who, Napoleon-like, was always ready to take advantage of a blunder in the tactics of his enemy, as quick as thought sprang to his feet, slapped his hands, and bellowed out with the voice of a stentor, "Thank God, Brother Morris, for that confession!" at the same time offering him the right hand of fellowship. To say that "Brother" Morris was thunderstruck would be to put it mildly. For some seconds all his faculties seemed paralyzed; but recovering himself at last he threw down the book in high dudgeon, denounced it as the work of the devil, and solemnly avowed that he confessed no such thing. The gravity of the audience being completely upset by the ludicrous aspect of the thing, and Harper putting on the grandiloquent air of a conqueror, Morris saw the day was lost, so threw up the metaphorical sponge and quitted the field.

Harper was as bald as Mont Blanc, and when giving the details of what he called his bloodless Waterloo, he would laugh to the back of his neck. Nor could he ever induce Morris to meet him in debate any more, to such an extent was he demoralized by his overwhelming defeat.

FROM Galesburg, Illinois, comes this:

One of our deacons last Christmas, I believe, brought home to his youngest son a new pair of skates. After the young folks had retired, leaving their stockings prepared to receive the gifts of Santa Claus, the skates and a new comforter were put in and near I——'s stockings. Of course next morning he was in a great hurry to try his skates. After breakfast, as usual, the good deacon read the Scriptures, and explained as he read, somewhat lengthily, at least I—— thought so, while looking wistfully at his skates and comforter on the next chair. When prayers were over, and the father had just uttered Amen, what was his astonishment to hear that young hopeful, as he burst out of the room with skates and comforter in one hand and cap in the other, sing out, as only a boy can, "Bully for the Amen!"

"THE Dream of Pilate's Wife," Doré's last picture, is said to be the most brilliant of all his works. Why he came to select that subject it is difficult to imagine, for of all the disreputable fellows mentioned in the New Testament Pilate was one of the meanest. In fact, he was a first-class

fraud. He was some such man as in our day struts in the Southern States or in some of the Territories as Governor—a cunning, ignorant, selfish, dissipated fellow, given to cheap "feeds," probably, a frequenter of the saloon or corner grocery of the period, and a "big Indian" among the strikers and pot-house politicians of that day. In Abbott's *Dictionary of Religious Knowledge*, now in press by Harper and Brothers, the character and career of the fellow are sketched as follows:

"Pilate (Pontius) was the Roman procurator, or resident governor, of Judea during the period of Christ's public ministry and death. Of his life before he became procurator nothing is known, except that his name indicates a probability that he was a freedman, or the descendant of a freedman, connected with the Pontian house. He succeeded Valerius Gratus as procurator of Judea and Samaria about the year 26 A.D., and he held the appointment for a period of ten years. Secular history shows him to have been unscrupulous in the exercise of his authority, and instances are recorded by Josephus of his contempt of the Jews. His behavior was equally tyrannical toward the Samaritans, and on their complaint to Vitellius, president or prefect of Syria, Pilate was ordered to go to Rome to answer for his conduct before the emperor. His deposition must have occurred in A.D. 36, most probably prior to the Passover. Before he arrived in Rome, however, Tiberius was dead. Pilate is said to have been banished by Caligula to Vienne, in Gaul; according to Eusebius, he put an end to his own existence. Our chief knowledge of Pilate, however, is derived from the gospels, and it is only his connection with the trial, condemnation, and execution of Jesus of Nazareth that has given him an unhappy fame. From this account it is evident that he was a tool in the hands of stronger men. He had no inclination to yield to the Jewish priesthood, but he had still less to occasion a mob in the Holy City, and to bring upon himself the charge of not being Cæsar's friend. He tried to save the innocent life before him, but resorted for this purpose to a series of compromises and subterfuges. He had no moral courage. His crime was the crime of cowardice."

GOOD.—A Detroit paper, noticing the fact that a man fell down dead while combing his hair, says, "And yet there are people who will persist in that dangerous habit!"

WE had been without a pastor for some months (writes a friend in Massachusetts), and had the pulpit supplied by such ministers as we could get, especially those who, we thought, might satisfy our people, and finally succeeded in procuring one.

While visiting the Sunday-school, a few Sabbaths since, he stopped to talk with a class of elderly ladies. After the usual salutations, one of the ladies said,

"Well, I am glad we've got somebody; we've been having every body."

"Yes," said the pastor, "I suppose you have had the cream of the ministers among your supplies."

"Well," said the lady, "I am farmer's wife enough to know, if you want good cream, you

must let the milk set still, and not keep a-stirring it up all the time."

YOUR anecdote of Platt Evans (writes our correspondent C. C. H.) will doubtless remind those who knew the stuttering joker of others. Here is a good one. Platt lived in Cincinnati as long ago as the time when it was considered a capital joke to send a countryman from store to store inquiring for things he would be certain *not* to find at the places to which he was sent. One day a country fellow came, as he had been directed, to Platt's store to *buy a Jew's-harp*. Platt was a merchant tailor, and kept men's furnishing goods. He was busy with a customer as the man appeared, but observing that several of the "boys" had dropped in at the door, just to see what Platt would do, he "took" at once, and responded to the inquiry for the musical instrument, "W-w-wait a minute!" Having served his customer, he picked up a pair of glove-stretchers and approached the rural melodist with, "L-l-let me m-m-measure your m-m-mouth," and introducing the stretchers, gave them such a grip as transformed the astonished aperture into a horizontal yawn awful to see, and capacious enough to hold half a peck of Jew's-harps. Removing the apparatus, he examined it carefully and deliberately as one might scrutinize a thermometer or pocket-compass, and then dismissed the unsuccessful searcher for Jew's-harps, as he said, in a tone of well-feigned disappointment, "W-w-we hain't g-g-got any your s-s-size!"

THE following epitaph, copied from a gravestone in Pembroke, Massachusetts, is almost a century old, and is now for the first time in print:

Here rests a poor woman
Who always was tired,
For she lived in a house
Where Help was not hired.
Her last words were, Friends,
Fare ye well; I am going
To a place where there's nothing
Of washing or sewing.
Then weep not, my friends,
When death shall us sever;
For I'll have a nice time
In doing nothing forever,
For every thing there
Is exact to my wishes,
Since where they don't eat
There's no washing of dishes.
The courts with sweet music
Are constantly ringing;
But having no voice,
I shall get clear of singing.
She folded her hands
With her latest endeavor,
And whispered sweet nothing,
Oh, nothing, forever.

WE estimate that any one would have laughed at the scene described in the following as having occurred in Eddyville, Kentucky, and communicated to us by an old reader of the Drawer in that place:

A few weeks ago our Circuit Court met, presided over by our dignified Judge G—. The weather was very warm, the very flies had a lazy hum as they flew around the court-house, and every thing and every body seemed wilted. As it happened, an election for town officers was going on at the same time in the clerk's office adjoining the court-house. Suddenly a negro man walked in, with a business look on his face,

and never stopped till he stood right in front of Judge G—, hauled out a greasy dilapidated pocket-book, and extracting an election ticket therefrom, handed it over to him. The judge had been sitting, with a perplexed countenance, observing the action of the negro, but on glancing at the ticket a grin slowly relaxed his features as he called on the sheriff to show the colored individual the proper voting place. In the mean time the audience had taken in the situation at a glance, and poor Sambo left the court-house with a mortified look, amidst the laughter of the audience.

MRS. H.

BY E. ALMA GUNDEL

An ancient dame was Mistress H.,
Whose life showed many a streak:
When age of charms despoiled her face,
She fell back on her cheek.

So huge a shock of hair made up
Her capillary stock,
Kind-hearted Mother Nature, sure,
Ne'er gave her such a shock.

Their faults long since had doomed her teeth
To rot in dentists' vaults;
And yet, as soon as they were out,
She filled her mouth with false.

At last she died—consumption's prey,
The doctors did aver;
She fell to coughing, died, and then
A coffin fell to her.

But those who saw her fearful end
Forbore to jeer or scoff,
And took to taking on as soon
As she was taken off.

COLONEL CONGREVE, the celebrated inventor of the destructive Congreve rocket, was a musical amateur, and one day accompanied Madame Vestris, the great singer, to view a monument that had been erected to the memory of Purcell, the composer. The colonel read aloud the epitaph with good emphasis and modulation: "He is gone to *that* place where alone his *harmony* can be exceeded."

Vestris immediately cried out, "La, colonel, the same epitaph will serve for you by merely altering *one word*, thus, 'He is gone to *that* place where alone his *fire-works* can be exceeded.'"

OUR esteemed friend, the editor of the New York Observer, has so fine an appreciation of humor that we were not surprised to see in a recent number of his paper the following neat bit by a brother clergyman, under the head of "Christian Work in the South:"

"The other day a lame man accosted me in the street with, 'Won't you give me a Bible, Sir? I am not able to buy one; I have none, and am poor, and a cripple at that.'"

"How came you a cripple?" I inquired.

"In the war, Sir," he answered. "I fought against you as hard as I could."

"You fought against me, and now you ask me to give you a Bible!"

"I was forced into it," he replied.

"Well, take this Bible," placing one in his hand, "and may it prove to you a source of blessing and joy."

"Not without emotion he received it, and thanked me for the precious gift."

"Time has already softened down the asperi-

ties of the past. I find some who look back upon their past sufferings and deprivations complacently and even good-humoredly. Said a veteran Confederate, placing his hand behind his ear, and leaning forward, 'Speak a little louder, Sir; I can not hear very well.'

"Have you been long deaf?"

"Only a few years, Sir. I will tell you how it happened. During the little unpleasantness that occurred between the North and South I enlisted as a private. One day, when on guard, I saw a Yankee picket stalking along, and I knew his gun was unloaded, because I saw him fire it off. I reckoned I'd do a smart thing; so I ran up behind him, and yelled out, 'Surrender!' But I think he must have misunderstood me, for he turned round and hit me such a thundering whack on the side of my head with the butt-end of his musket that I did not know any thing for about ten hours, and have not been able to hear very well since."

A FRIEND sends us the following. It reminds one of Casabianca, but two points of difference may be noticed: Casabianca would not take water, but the Washington youngster did; Casabianca got "blowed up," this one did not.

There is nowadays a good deal of complaint about the want of obedience to parental authority on the part of the rising generation, especially on the part of the boys. We heard of a case the other day which proves that there are noble exceptions to the average "boy of the period." A young son of one of the principal examiners in the Patent-office at Washington went to pass his school vacation at an uncle's in Kentucky, near the Ohio River. There was but one restriction on the scope of the boy's amusements. Horses, dogs, rifles, shot-guns, etc., etc., were freely allowed as companions of his amusements; but as his cousins were as fond of the water as so many ducks, he was requested to shun the boat which the cousins were wont to use in their aquatic excursions. He promised faithfully, like the dutiful lad he is, and departed rejoicing. A recent letter to his father graphically describes various excursions and the "good times" he had enjoyed, among the very last one in which the cousins had desired to visit the Ohio shore. "They went over in the boat," writes the boy, "but I remembered your wishes in that respect, and so swam the river!" It is understood that the next mail announced to the youngster that the embargo upon the boat had been removed.

At a caucus held recently in one of the lower wards of Troy one John O'Brien was nominated for some minor position on the ward ticket to be voted for at the charter election. A gentleman present asked another O'Brien who John O'Brien was; he had lived some time in the neighborhood, but could call no such name to mind.

"He's me brother," said Pat; "he's not arrived in the country yet, but he tuk ship Winsday, an' 'll be here in time for 'laction."

At a similar meeting held in another ward a gentleman arose and said, "Mr. Prisdint, I nominates Jerry Maloney for one o' thim."

"One of what?" asked the prisdint.

"One o' thim ye're makin'."

Jerry was 'lacted, and Johnny too. Such is the vivacity of the American character!

THE following from the St. Louis *Globe* is so suggestive, embodying in its way a volume of criticism, that we give it a place:

MOLL 'N' HER LAMB.

(Boston, 1874.)

AFTER BRET HARTE.

	I.	Hyar, ye darned skunk, Hev ye hearn tell All about Moll 'N' her fo'-legged doll? Ye haven't? Hi—ll!
Mary	II.	Why, the yarn's hank.
had a little lamb, with fleece as white as snow, and	III.	'Twas a pup ram— Wa'al, call it lamb— I don't care a—bit. Its fleece were—white? Sonny, ye're right, White was just it.
ev'ry where that Mary went the lamb was sure to go.	IV.	This animlle So juvinille, So help me! whar- Ever Moll war, In-door or out, He war just thar Or tharabout.
It followed her to school one day,	V.	Wa'al, Mary once She went to school; She wan't no dunce, And that lamb—shoo! Went to school too, Like a durn fool.
which was against the rule; it made the children laugh and play to see a lamb at school; and so the mis- tress turned it out,	VI.	Now sheep in thar Wan't 'cordin' to Hoyle, No way you fix it; So the kids star, And the schoolma'am roila And out she kicked it.
but still it lingered near, and	VII.	Did the lamb get? Scarcely, you bet, Thar he did keep, Bold as a sheep, Firm as an anchor Or Caseyblanker.
waited patiently about till	VIII.	He loafed around; He felt in clover; He keeled a hive over And pawed up the ground, And the schoolma'am's green yerbs He sorter disturbs, And caves in the fence Of her residence.
Mary did appear, and then he ran to her	IX.	But when he see Moll re-appear, He got up on his ear And scooted to she.
and	X.	Wasn't he cute? Cute ain't no word. He had inferred (For the schoolma'am she knew it, And, in short, see him do it) He'd get bust in the snoot.
laid his head upon her arm, as if to say, I'm not afraid; she'll shield me from all harm.	XI.	So under Moll's arm His bowsprit he runs (As they say on the seas); And beneath Mary's guns, Feeling safe from all harm, He observed, "B-a, ba!" As much as to say, Mary'll settle for these.
"What makes the lamb love Mary so?" the little chil- dren cry. "Be- cause Mary loves the lamb, you know?" the teach- er did reply.	XII.	"Why is he so blamed sweet Upon Moll?" said young Pete. "Because the young limb," Replied the schoolma'am, "The son of a ram, Knows Moll's sweet upon him."

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXCIII.—OCTOBER, 1874.—Vol. XLIX.

THE EMIGRANT'S STORY.



FRIEND, have a pipe, and a seat on the log
here under the pine-tree:
Here in the cool of the day we'll smoke, and
I'll tell you the story.

First—do you notice the girl? the slim one
helping her mother—
Tough little tow-head, spry as a catamount,
freckled as birch-bark!
Nannie her name is: it happened the sum-
mer when she was a baby.

Times were hard in the States. We lived
on the farm with the old folks:
There all our dear little tots had been born,
and their mother before them.
But the old hive wouldn't grow with the
fresh young life that was buzzing
In and out of its doors; and, after much
tribulation—

Many a sleepless night I talked it over with Molly—
We had concluded to swarm—go West, and find us a new hive.

Well, it was settled at last; and, packing our pots and our kettles,
Clothing and bedding, and bags of Indian meal and potatoes,
Hen-coop, cradle—the few indispensable things to a poor man—
Into a regular broad-beamed ark-on-wheels of a wagon,
Canvas-covered, drawn by two yoke of oxen, we started—
Crowing cockerel, dog and cat, and chickens and children.

Father and mother and grandmother stood and watched from the door-yard—
Two generations that staid saw two generations departing.
Molly just smothered her babies, and sobbed, and never looked back once—
Woman all over! but I (though I broke down trying to cheer her)
Turned at the top of the hill, and gave a good stare at the old house,
Well-sweep, orchard, barn, the smoke from the chimney, and still one
Handkerchief feebly fluttering, with the great sunrise behind all.
That is the picture I saw, and see again at this minute
Plain as if this were the hill, and down by the creek there the homestead.
Then it dropped into the past, with the life we had lived, and a new world
Lay before us. I tell you, 'twas hard on the woman! But, stranger,
Look at her now, with her grown and half-grown daughters about her,
Smart as the best of them, setting the table and getting our supper,
Hopeful, resolute, light of heart and of hand—and, believe me,
That's just the way she has been ever since: after having her cry out
Over her young ones that morning, she turned a face like the sunrise
Westward—never a tear from that time, nor a word of repining!

Novelty tickles the young; and the children, seeing the world move
Slowly and leisurely past, through the rolled-up sides of the canvas,
Shouted and laughed, and thought there was nothing but fun in a journey.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. XLIX.—No. 293.—41



"THOUGHT THERE WAS NOTHING BUT FUN IN A JOURNEY."

Tired of that, they walked, or romped with the dog by the road-side,
 Racing, gathering flowers, and picking and stringing the berries;
 Tired of that, sometimes they rode on the backs of the oxen;
 Tired of every thing else, they fell asleep in the wagon,
 Spite of the jolts: what wouldn't we give to sleep as a boy sleeps?
 Then they had something to do when we camped at noon or at night-fall,
 Fetching sticks for the fire, while I looked after the oxen.

So we journeyed day after day, and night after night slept
 Under our canvas, or lay on the ground rolled up in our blankets;
 Leaving the cities behind us, pushing on into the backwoods,
 Past the scattered settlements, fording the streams; then the timber
 Dwindled and disappeared; and on the great prairies the sun rose
 Over the stern of our wagon and set on the horns of the oxen,
 Morning and night; then forests once more; and the trail that we followed
 Brought us into these woods. We meant to have gone on and settled
 Over on Big Buck Branch, where one of our neighbors, John Osmond,
 Going before, had fenced his claim and rigged up a saw-mill.
 Here we camped at night, and here what Molly calls God's hand
 Interfered with our plans in the way I am going to tell you.
 After a close and sultry day in September, the night came
 Breathless and hot. We had halted here in the gathering twilight,
 Choosing our camping ground where fuel and water were plenty;
 Woods, great woods all about us, only on one side the creek there
 Flowed through the grassy bottom much as you see it at present.
 I had unyoked and watered the poor lolling cattle, and left them

Deep in the wild grass, tethered, feeding, and fighting mosquitoes.
 Then in the woods rang the sound of an axe, and I was the chopper,
 Slashing away at the tops of a whitewood fallen in the forest,
 Throwing off sticks and chips which the two boys caught up and ran with.
 Molly, intent on her housekeeping, minding the baby, arranging
 Every thing for our comfort, was in and out of the wagon;
 Robbie already had run with a pail and brought water to cook with;
 Then in the darkening woods shot up the blaze of our camp-fire,
 Cheerful and bright; and soon the savory smell of our cooking
 Made us deliciously hungry—steaming coffee and stewing
 Prairie chickens: I shot them that afternoon from our wagon.

After supper the little ones said their prayers to their mother,
 Kneeling under the great gaunt trees, in the gleam of the fire-light.
 Molly then (she is one of the pious sort, did I tell you?)
 Prayed for us all—a short prayer that we might be kept until morning.
 Little the poor girl knew where the morning would find us! It makes me—
 Well, yes, soft is the word, when I think of that prayer and what followed.

This is the very spot. Here (fill your pipe again, stranger),
 After making our bed—that is, just spreading our blankets
 On the dry ground—we stood, the mother and I, for a long while
 Hand in hand, that night, and looked at our six little shavers,
 All asleep in their nests, either in or under the wagon—
 Robbie, and Johnny, and Jane, and Tommy, and Bess, and the baby—
 None of your puny sort—cheeks brown and handsome as russets:
 Here in the great still woods we watched them, with curious feelings,
 Asking ourselves again and again if we had done wisely
 Making this journey, and wasn't it all a fool-hardy adventure?
 Each knew well enough what the other was thinking: then Molly—
 "God will take care of them and of us," says she, "if we trust Him."
 'Twasn't for me to dispute her; but somehow I have a notion,
 Praying our best is doing our best for ourselves and each other;
 Trust in God is believing that, after we have done our part,
 He will look out for the rest; anyhow, it is useless to worry,



"AFTER SUPPER THE LITTLE ONES SAID THEIR PRAYERS TO THEIR MOTHER."

Whether He does or He doesn't; and so I reasoned and acted.
 Though, after all's been said, there's certainly something or other,
 Call it the finger of God, Fate, Providence, what you've a mind to—
 Something that packs the cards in this game of life we are playing,
 So that, shuffle and cut and deal as we may, things do turn out—
 Well, to say the least, curiously. That's my sentiment, stranger.
 After what happened that night, I'm not the man to deny it.

I had been maybe three hours asleep, when the crow of our cooped-up
 Rooster, along about midnight, awoke me; and well I remember
 What a strange night it was—how quiet and ghostly and lonesome!
 Dark as Egypt all round our little traveling household,
 In the small, shadowy space half lit by our flickering night-fire.
 Not a leaf rustled; no breath, no sound, except the incessant,
 Teasing noise of the vixenish katydids contradicting.
 Then there was all at once a commotion: the branches above us
 Swayed and clashed, and all the woods seemed to rock for a moment.
 Then it passed off in a roar like the sea, and again there was silence;
 Even the katydids had stopped their scolding to listen.
 Nature seemed to be holding her breath and waiting for something.

"Can't you sleep, Thomas?" says Molly. "Are you awake too?" I said. "Yes, dear.
 I haven't slept for an hour; my mind is full of forebodings.
 What can it mean? I feel there's something dreadful impending!
 Twice to-night I have dreamed that a limb from one of the trees fell
 Right where we are! Each time I woke with a scream—did you hear me?—
 Just as 'twas falling on you. Sleep again I can not and dare not,
 For if I do I am sure I shall dream the same dream for a third time.
 Hark!" said she; "what is that?"

A singular noise in the southwest;
 Not like the roar we had heard when the wind died away in the distance—
 Sharper and stronger than that; and, instead of dying, increasing,
 Coming toward us—a terrible rushing and howling and crashing;
 Louder and louder, as if all the trees in the forest were falling;
 Nearer and nearer, a deafening, thundering roar! Then I started;
 "Molly!" I shrieked, "the tornado!" and made a dash at the children,
 Snatched them out of their beds, all dazed and frightened and stupid,
 Half in the dark, in the awfulest din and confusion.

Poor Molly
 Didn't know which way to turn, but flung herself on them, to shield them.
 "Run!" I yelled; "to the creek!" In a moment the crash would be on us.
 "Run! for your lives! Oh Heavens! not that way!" Nobody heard me.
 Catching my arms full—one by the wrist—the mother beside me
 Bearing her part—Heaven only knows how, we carried, we dragged them
 Down the dark slope, in the roar of a hundred Niagaras plunging,
 Blackness ahead, and the big trees screeching and breaking and crashing
 Close at our heels, all about us—the tops of one whipped us in falling!
 Then the wind took us, and—

Well, the next minute I found myself lying
 Down in the grass there, clinging, and holding on to the small fry,
 In a mad storm of leaves and broken branches and hail-stones—
 Howling darkness, and jaws of lightning that showed us the world all
 Rushing and streaming one way. I can't say how long it lasted,
 Maybe ten minutes, not more; then all of a sudden the lull came.

Counting heads, I found that three of the children were with me,
 Cuddled close; but where all the while were the rest, and their mother?
 Never a one to be seen, as I looked by the quivering flashes—
 Only the grass blown flat, ironed down, all along by the creek shore.
 Soon as the wind would permit, I rose to my feet, braced against it,
 Shouted, and listened; when out of the dire confusion of noises
 Came a long, dismal bellow from one of my poor frightened oxen.
 Then a child cried near by. Then her voice, "Are you all safe there?"



"BLACKNESS AHEAD, AND THE BIG TREES SCREECHING AND BREAKING AND CRASHING."

"Yes. Where are you?" I cried. "Here! under the bank, by the water, Tommy and Jennie—nobody hurt—just where the wind dropped us. Oh, what a merciful Providence! Did you say—did you say *all* safe? Baby and all?"

"The baby!" I said. "Haven't you got the baby?" That brought her up from the creek with a shriek—shall I ever forget it? That, or the look she gave, as she rushed out before me, her long black hair flying wild in the wind, face white, in a sheet of white lightning! "Oh, my baby!" she said; "you had it—I felt its bed empty!" "Yes, I remember—I took it, I gave it to some one—to Jennie! Then I put both in your arms."

"Oh, father!" says Jennie, "you gave me something wrapped up in a blanket. I hugged it tight, but it squirmed so—I was so frightened—it scratched and jumped from my arms—and, oh, father! 'Twasn't the baby, I know!" And that was the way of it: I had thrust my hand into the wagon, and caught up something I found there under the blanket. Consider the horrible uproar and hubbub, darkness and fright, and then maybe you'll understand how a man can make such a blunder: the baby had rolled from its place, and the blanket dropped on the cat, I suppose, when I took up the last of the children.

Well, there we were, and it's easy to think of pleasanter places one might prefer to be in, if he had his choice in the matter: young ones shivering, crying, mother almost distracted, none of us more than half dressed, just the clothes on which we had slept in; dark as Egypt again, not even the lightning to guide us into the terrible windfall in search of our camp and the baby; weather grown suddenly cold, and five hours yet until daylight!

All was quiet again, very much as if nothing had happened—only occasional flurries of wind and spatters of cold rain; then I looked up, and, behold! the stars were shining; I saw them glance through flying clouds, and the twisted and intricate branches, where I was struggling so fiercely to find a way back to the wagon.

I had paused for the twentieth time to hear if a child cried,
 Hoping still against fate, when they shone out, oh, so serenely!
 Over my head, those stars, looking down on my rage and impatience.
 Something entered my soul with their beams—I could never explain it;
 'Twasn't just what you might call a pious notion that took me—
 But from that time I was calm, under all my outward excitement;
 Calm deep down in my heart, and prepared for whatever might happen.

Still it was frightful business—tearing my way through the tree-tops,
 Climbing about on the huge crossed trunks and limbs, till a glimmer
 Caught my eye through the brush—a blinking brand of our camp-fire,
 Scattered, but not quite extinguished, for all the rain and the whirlwind.
 All this time I had kept up a frequent hallooing to Molly,
 Brooding her half-naked young ones just outside of the windfall,
 Waiting in terror and cold to hear the worst. Only Robbie,
 Stout little fellow, was with me; wherever I clambered, he followed.
 "Father!" he cried, "see the light!" and forward we scrambled to reach it—
 Scraped together what sticks and leaves we could feel with our fingers.
 Every thing, though, was so damp that, with all our puffing and blowing,
 Never a blaze would start (our matches were left in the wagon)—
 Till, all at once, a flash! I looked, and there was the rogue, Sir,
 Tearing his shirt into strips of cotton to kindle the fire with!
 "Mother won't care," says he. "What's a shirt, if we only find baby?"

On went branches and bark. There, in the still light, all around us
 Lay the tremendous tangle—timber scattered like jack-straws;
 Shaggy and shadowy masses starting out of the darkness;
 Upright roots, with their cart-loads of earth—all the work of a minute!
 Still no sign of a wagon; no cry in the terrible silence—
 Only the hiss of the flames, and the hiss and crackle of green stuff
 Where they streamed into the hair of a giant pine-tree, and lit up
 All that part of the windfall. Near by, on a bough, a small bird sat,
 Dazed: you might almost have caught it. Just then I saw something white gleam,
 Rushed for it, tore through the brush; and there, Sir, if you'll believe me,
 In a rough pen of trees slung about in the carelessst fashion,



"TEARING HIS SHIRT INTO STRIPS OF COTTON TO KINDLE THE FIRE WITH."



"AND THERE, AS I LIVE, WAS THE BABY."

Safe in the midst of 'em, only the tongue smashed up and the canvas
 Damaged a trifle— Excuse me, I never could get through the story,
 Just along here, without being a little mite womanish!—Well, Sir,
 There, as I said, was the wagon, and there, as I live, was the baby,
 Keeled over into a basket, sleeping, peaceful as could be!
 That was the wonder—to think how she had refused to be quiet
 Many a night, to sleep at last through a tearing tornado!
 Strange, too, the moment I saw her she woke, and, as if she was bound to
 Make up for time she had lost, set up such a musical screeching
 In the wild woods as I guess never went to the heart of a gladder
 Mother than Molly. No need for Robbie to yell, "We have found her!"

Soon, by the help of the light, I had brought the whole tribe through the windfall.
 But, after all, the thing did look mighty bad to me, stranger!
 There was our poor dog killed by a tree that had crashed on our camp-fire;
 Dinner-pot smashed; likewise the hen-coop beside it demolished;
 Wagon disabled; and that and all our earthly possessions
 Fast in a snarl of big logs which I never expected to cut through:
 Fifteen miles to Buck Branch, and not a hand nearer to help us!

Well, I was blue! The woman of course went into hysterics,
 Hugging her baby, at first; then came to me with her comfort.
 "Don't be down-hearted!" she said. "Oh dear! do look at that hen-coop!
 Pull off the branch, why don't ye? maybe the poor things are alive yet."
 So I took off the rubbish; three pullets quite stiff; but the rooster
 Fluttered a little, got up, looked about him, and shook out his feathers,
 Saw his three wives lying dead at his feet, his house all in ruins,
 Hopped to a stump, where he flapped his red wings full in the fire-light,
 Stretched up his neck, and crowed! superb, courageous, defiant,
 Flinging his note of cheer out into the night, till the echoes
 Crowed in the distance. The frightened, huddling, and shivering children
 Heard it, laughed, and took heart; and I said, "If that cockerel, after
 All that has happened to him, has pluck enough left him to crow with,
 What am I, to despair, with my wife and children around me,
 Safe, and with hands to shape our future out of this chaos?"



"STRETCHED UP HIS NECK, AND CROWED!"

Daylight came, and showed the work that was laid out before me.
There was the windfall—a gap in the woods far off in the southwest,
Skipping the creek, and then stretching as far away in the northeast—
Just a big swath through the timber, as if a giant had mowed it!
What did I do? Went out and looked up my cattle, the first thing;
Then set to work with my axe, getting poles and bark for a cabin;
Drove to Buck Branch with a drag, sold one yoke of oxen, and brought back
Things that we needed the most; cut grass for the cattle, come winter—
Settled, in short, where we were, because we couldn't well help it.

Watching my chance, by degrees I burned off and logged off the windfall,

Turning it into a wheat lot that hasn't its beat in the country.
Taken together, the woodland, and bottom, and prairie beyond there
Make the best kind of a farm. And soon we began to have neighbors.
Table and chairs took the place of blocks and slabs in our cabin;
Cabin itself gave way in a couple of years to a log-house;
Log-house at last to a framed house—this is the article, stranger;
Not the most elegant mansion—snug, though, and much at your service.
School-house and meeting-house followed. And then came the row with the redskins.
Fearful times! We escaped—and that's a strange part of my story.
Over on Big Buck Branch, where we had intended to settle,
Every man, woman, and child—except our old neighbor, John Osmond,
He was with us at the time—was murdered, or driven for refuge
Into the woods (it was winter), and all their houses and barns burned—
Grist-mill, saw-mill, store, there wasn't a building left standing.
We on the creek took in the poor wretches, and often that winter,
Not for ourselves alone, had reason to bless the tornado—
Yes, and Him who sent it, and with a twirl of His finger
Tied us up here in the woods, in the mighty hard knot of a windfall.

That's the story. Beg pardon! your pipe is out. But there's Nannie—
Baby worth saving, you think?—just coming to call us to supper.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.



"BABY WORTH SAVING, YOU THINK?"



DECORATIVE ART AND ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.

BY M. D. CONWAY.

[First Paper.]

MICHAEL ANGELO was once commissioned to lead in the destruction of the beautiful villas around Florence. He of all men! The expelled Medici, now of papal dignity, were menacing the city. The first thought of the great artist was to save the Campanile, and he covered that noble work of Giotto with protecting wool-sacks. But the suburban villas must not stand to give aid to the enemy, and at word of command he started out, and for once the track of the great artist was indicated in the destruction instead of in the creation of beautiful things. But he came upon one house whose wall was covered with a beautiful fresco, and he had not the heart to destroy it; the soul of the artist held back the hand of the patriot, and in the field of desolation one mansion remained standing alone—saved by the protecting genius of Beauty.

It is but one incident in the long history of the career of Use and Beauty through the world, hand in hand, undivorceable. All our science is engaged in spelling out their story. Every spot of color on bird or insect it finds to be the trace of a utility. What weary struggles carried on through ages to mimic blossom and leaf, and so hide from pursuing foes! The same force works on when the art of man enters the arena for new creation. The thin and feeble blossom of the brier passes through all the phases of culture until it becomes the full rose of the horticulturist, like unto some little maiden's face for size and lustre, all by merest mercenary influence. Our fairest flowers have migrated from East to West, cherished and preserved for highest use as oracles and symbols of successive goddesses and saints, transplanted from temple courts to flourish under the holier chrisom of convent gardens. Despite his proverb, man has painted the lily and adorned the rose, until we may almost say with the Persian Nizâmi, "Every flower growing in the many-colored garden of the earth is a drop of blood from the heart of a man." Out of a dry and hard necessity comes still the beauty of the world. Behind

our tinted Salviati glass, our painted Sèvres china and Minton majolica and shining silver plate, are the long rows of pallid faces inhaling poison in stifling rooms, breathing death that they may live. Sad experience is the prelude to each charming symphony. The noblest statues and paintings which the world cherishes were wrought in a "sad sincerity;" in the divine depths of sorrow were found the quarries from which emerged the Apollo Belvidere and the Laocoön; the blood of great hearts supplied the chief pigment of the Dresden Madonna and the Transfiguration; and the magnificent frescoes of Italian churches were born of the hopes and fears of millions, for whom they meant not picturesque beauty, but a world's redemption. Man in his best epochs of art has thus carried on the ancient creative power of Nature, giving her potential germs and forms a new blossoming under the heat of his never-ending battle of life. And where it is not thus impelled by nor surrendered to this utilitarian, this most real, force, what does Art amount to? Mere copying of works which denote that force in the past; mere Art Ritualism, crying to other ages, Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out!

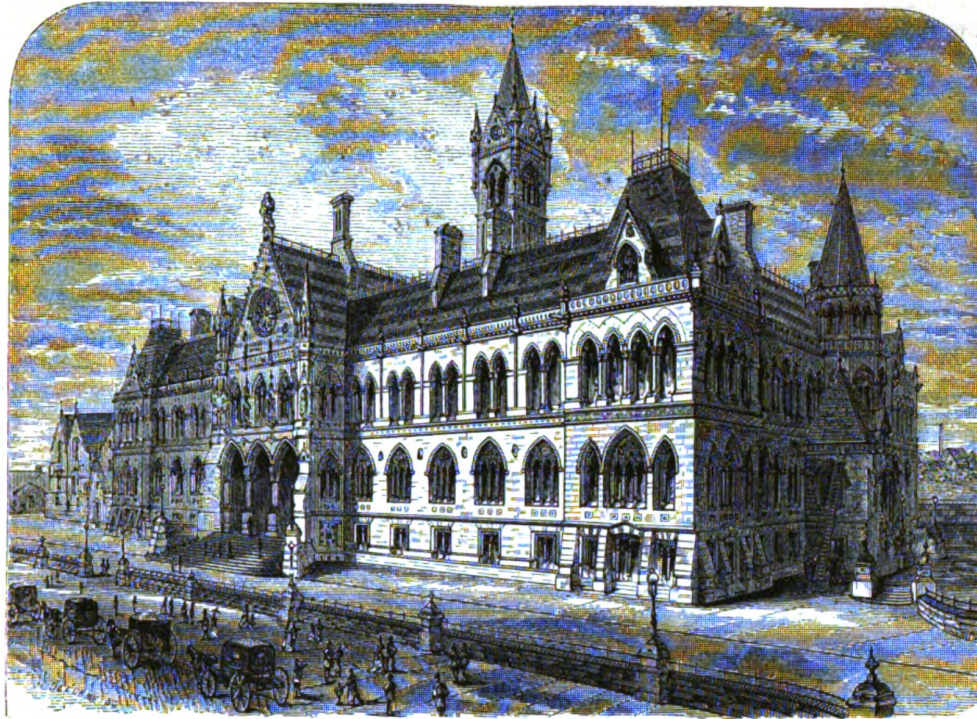
If Michael Angelo could to-day be set on a work of general demolition in London, one may fear it would hardly require patriotism to encourage his zeal. Would he, in what the London *Times* once called "this our ugly but not altogether uncomfortable metropolis," have reached a single building which would have made him pause? Here and there he might meet one of those ancient mansions whose bricks have hardened into one solid stone that will stand, as Carlyle once said, "till Gabriel's trump blows it down;" but of the miles of modern houses in which—to remember the Chelsea sage again—"every brick is a lie," one may fancy that but few would be saved by any genius of Beauty.

And yet this is, after all, not so certain. That an artist filled with iconoclastic rage might quickly dispatch most of the man-

sious and many of the churches of English suburbs, erected specially for beauty and effect, is quite probable; but there are a number of buildings built without reference to beauty which might perhaps have made Michael Angelo pause with a feeling not unrelated to admiration. If any one will stand beside the Thames River near Charing Cross and gaze for a while on the tremendous sections of the railway bridge there, at its huge iron supports and girders—if he will then go up on it and realize its vast breadth, see four trains passing each other, with room enough between, and room enough for the men and women moving to and fro on their own side-path—he will surely bear away an impression of grandeur. Nay, there will blend with it an impression of beauty also: there is no arch, no slightest foliation or other prettiness, not even a relief to the iron hue save the gilded heads of certain enormous rivets and the gilded monograms of the railway company fixed on the supports of the triple gas-lamps; the bridge is not even straight; and yet beauty there is, and it arises from two sources. The first is the beauty of adequacy for a purpose, involving at once strength and proportion, suggesting what the Greeks may have meant when, in their myth, they wedded Aphrodite to Vulcan. The second is a moral beauty, almost indescribable in physical terms, but resembling the simplicity which expresses character—the subtle charm playing unconsciously through eye and voice of even a homely man, who in word and act is content with the simple truth. In fact, the beauty of this Charing Cross bridge, which has least aimed at architectural effect among those spanning the Thames, is closely related to its ugliness. If any one find this assertion paradoxical, he shall at least find it not doubtful if he can and will do three things—read Oersted's chapter on "Ugliness in Nature," observe carefully Turner's "Rain, Wind, and Speed" (a railway train thundering over a viaduct through English rain and fog), and finally give twenty minutes to the bridge in question, especially taking care to pass beneath it on one of the small iron steamers (water omnibuses) that ply the river. When afterward he shall see the many ornaments of the present copied from the utilities of the past—the towers, steeples, cupolas, crenelles—and remember that they were constructed originally for landmarks, cross-bows, and the watches of war, he will acquire an imaginative respect for this unpretending product of the Iron Age. To my own mind it appears by no means inconceivable (except that the structure looks as if built for eternity) that when Macaulay's artistic New Zealander comes he may sit upon a broken column of St. Paul's to sketch the ruins of Charing Cross bridge!

He who explores the cities of England to

discover that kind of beauty in architecture which is familiar in other lands will not find it. In a late satire on the royal family published in London, *The Silliad*, the Queen is represented as reproaching her eldest son with not taking more after his father, and interesting himself in the industrial affairs of the country. The poor Prince of Wales can only reply, "I've not a model-farming soul." And a somewhat similar answer is all that England can return to the immeasurable scoldings poured out upon her because she can not do the work of the old Italian and Dutch masters. But the time was when England had a reputation such as no other country possessed for just one thing—genuineness of work. It was almost proverbial in Europe to say that you could get pretty things in every capital on the Continent, but if you wanted a thing which would do what it professed to do—the knife that would cut, the carriage that would bear and wear—you must go to England for it. Nay, I remember in my boyhood in Virginia that the belief in the solid character of every thing English was such that even articles which could by no possible means have come from England were yet called "English" to enhance their value; not merely watches made in New England, but I have known American fanciers commend a bird unknown to England by calling it the "English mocking-bird!" All this was a droll re-appearance of the reputation which Eastern gold once had in England, the word "sterling" being a relic of "Easterling," as applied to the British pound of silver when represented in gold. But the most enthusiastic Briton must admit that the virtue of the "English" label has followed that of the "Easterling," and is now a mere survival. The absence of prettiness remains, but the old compensation of genuineness can no longer be claimed, or certainly not in the same general way. The genuine and thorough thing is now exceptional enough to strike one as almost ornamental. But still the word "solidity" has a meaning in this country, and whenever Englishmen undertake to have any thing done, their first effort is to have it substantial and useful. They may not get it, but that is what they pay for, and a real demand is likely in the long-run to overtake its real supply. It has already to some extent overtaken it, and that not alone in the great viaducts and railway bridges which the age of steam has called about it. An age of municipal and civic development has found for the buildings it requires a representative architect in Mr. Waterhouse, who has erected most of the magnificent town-halls and court-houses of the great provincial cities. These vast, and in a certain sense beautiful, buildings are the only ones that can compare with the old cathedrals and castles of England, built with



ASSIZE COURT, MANCHESTER.

as serious a purpose as theirs, and with as physiognomical a relation to the age that produced them. Mr. Waterhouse takes the Gothic style for his basis, just as a pomologist might take a russet as the basis of the apple he means to produce, and, like him, modifies only in obedience to the fundamental law of the style he has selected. His Gothic building has in it nothing capricious or eccentric. So genuinely as, under change of conditions and needs, the bent and bound boughs were copied in the first pointed stone arch, even so, by lawful adaptation, may the window point become more obtuse or the lancets more luminous; but the lesson of this style, which, above all others, has no part or trait not traceable to a use, is never lost, and the Gothic of Mr. Waterhouse is the natural evolution of that found in Westminster Abbey. In one of his buildings, and one of the best structures in the world, the Manchester Assize Court, I could discover but two things which appeared to me without special use or meaning. These were two small figures, a snail and a frog, carved in granite, sitting in the angles of a wall on each side of the main doorway. Of course these may not be mere *jeux*; they may have some connection with a previous bit of eccentricity in an older building (such as it is often desirable to copy and preserve for archaeological reasons; but these two forms, each about as large as one's two fists, were the only things in the vast building which appeared "not to the point." In going over this building I speedily found that

it would not do to pass any thing, as the most casual-seeming bit of ornament was apt to possess a root in history. Thus the superstructure of the great portico at the entrance is supported by detached shafts of solid granite two feet in diameter, which stretch out into foliage as they meet the low roof; but on examination it is discovered that framed in this foliage are finely carved and most appropriate representations of ancient modes of punishment—persons undergoing the pillory or some ordeal, broken on the wheel, wearing the mask, or bridle for scolds, and the rest. On the outside wall the decoration of the upper edge of a large corbel is twined about the words, "He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment." Over a gate leading to the judges' residence the tympanum of the gable is adorned with a fine mezzorilievo of the judgment of Solomon. On each side of the grand entrance are carved two chained dogs, imposing enough to be mythologically descended from Cerberus and Orthros themselves. There are but two figures on the outer walls, one of "Justice," another of "Mercy." The building is a parallelogram in form, with a frontage of 335 feet. Within is a grand hall 100 feet long, 50 feet wide, 75 feet high, with an open timber roof of eight carved bays, the principals having moulded brackets and ribs forming pointed arches, and the spandrels filled in with elegant tracery. Carved figures hold the chandeliers. Around this hall, which is for state receptions and banquets, run in ancient let-



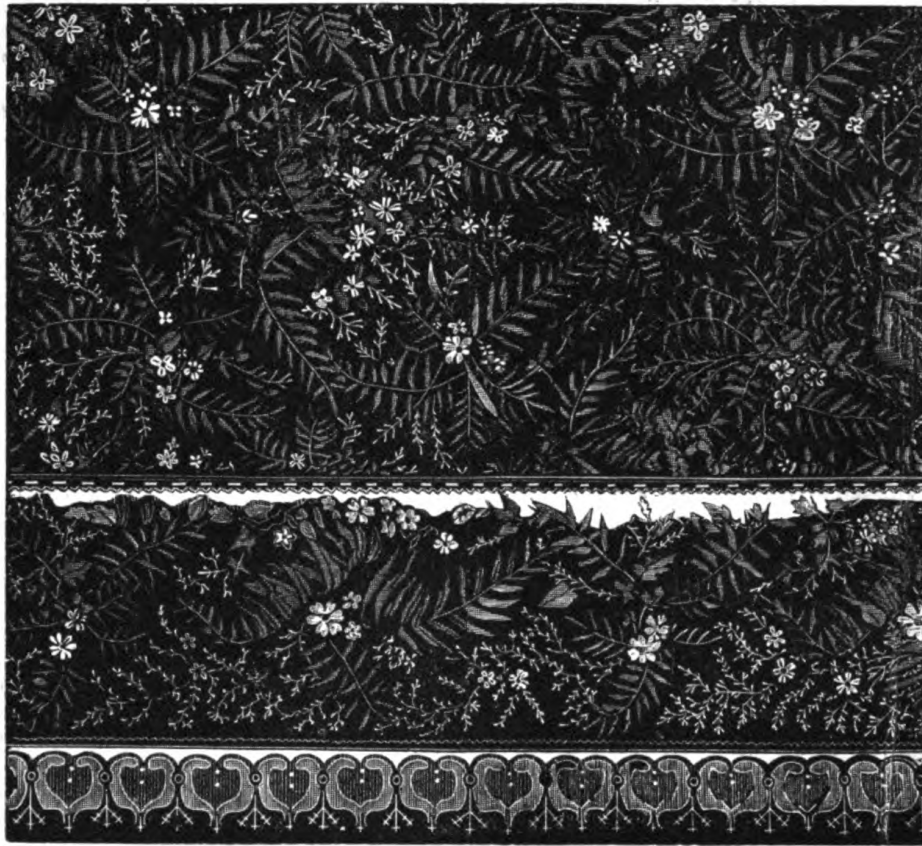
MINTON TILE.

ters the words of the Great Charter: "Nullus liber homo capiatur vel imprisonetur aut disseisiatur de aliquo libero tenemento suo vel libertatibus vel liberis consuetudinibus suis, aut utlagetur aut exulet aut aliquo modo destruat, nec super eum ibimus nec super eum mittimus, nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum vel per legem terræ. Nulli vendemus nulli negabimus aut differemus rectum vel iudiciam." This makes about as beautiful a cornice edging as can well be imagined. The last sentence is repeated on a stained window at the end of the hall:

To none will we sell
 To none will we deny
 To none will we delay
 Right or Justice.

The subject of the window illustrates the history of the Great Charter—King John in the centre, and Archbishop Langton and Chief Baron Robert Fitzwalter on either side. There are three miles of corridors, all with a dado of tiles more than a yard deep, of a rich brown tint, and capped with a scroll made of lighter colors. On the whole, I can hardly express adequately my admiration of this superb building, the total cost of which was £130,000. In the centre of Manchester the same architect has nearly completed the outer structure of a larger building, a town-hall, which will cost £1,000,000. Rich and admirable as it is, it can never, on account of the crowding of houses around it, and the irregularity of the ground upon which it is built, be so effective in appearance as the Assize Court. When I went through it there was as yet no decoration, but instead, the rather sombre sight of its workmen on strike, holding a meeting in one of the rooms; but I was impressed by the beautiful variety of color secured by a careful mingling of English, Scotch, and Irish granites grouped as double stems in the balustrade of a spiral stairway. The Irish granite is a bluish-gray, the Scotch has a faint red tint, and the English Shapfels has salmon-colored spars, which are large as raisins. They all take a beautiful polish, and I could not help thinking that for a large public building the effect was better than if they had been marble.

One other of the immense buildings which have become so characteristic of the populous centres of England I must mention, namely, the new Midland Railway Station at St. Pancras, in London. This is unquestionably the finest railway station in the world, and it is the chief work of Sir Gilbert Scott. It is a vast pile, of which every outward detail is graceful and substantial, its turrets and clock-tower superb. The great tower included in its plan has stopped only a little way above the roof, but whether its reasons for ascending no further just now are financial or architectural I can not say. I must say, however, that this immense building conveys an unpleasant impression of being out of place. It implies a park, or at least a larger and more picturesque space than the irregular and ugly one at King's Cross, to secure the perspective needed for any sight of it as a whole. Entering, we find ourselves beneath a vast span of iron and glass, which is almost like a sky; but the comparatively little work that as yet goes on beneath, and the paucity of trains, make this enormous space appear desolate. The front part of the building is a hotel. It has been decorated by Robert Sang, and furnished by Gillow, in the most expensive style, and certainly presents some rich interiors. The reading-room has green cloth-paper, and a ceiling gay with huge leaf frescoes; it is divided by a double arch with gilded architraves. The mantel-pieces are of dark marble, with two small pillars of yellow marble set



KIDDERMINSTER CARPET—FERN DESIGN.

on either side. The coffee-room has a general tone of drab, with touches of gold in the paper, and a sort of sarcophagus chimney-piece surmounted by an antique mirror of beveled glass. The sitting-room has red floral paper, and an imitation mosaic ceiling. One of the bedrooms which I visited had deep green paper (somewhat too suggestive of prussic acid), with gold lines and spots, and bed-curtains somewhat similar. The furniture was of heavy oak, tastefully carved. The halls and corridors have a dado of fine dark brown tiles, and bright fleur-de-lis paper above. All of which was rich, costly, and, with slight exceptions, by no means gaudy. Yet I could not altogether like it, or think the decorations entirely appropriate for a hotel. It looked as if there had been more exercise of ingenuity to find things costly than to find things beautiful. The salon, the reading-room, may naturally be made gorgeous, but the bedroom ought to be more quiet. One does not desire to sleep amidst purple and gold. The traveler who needs rest may well spare these things, which, however, he knows will not spare him; for if there is gold paper on the wall, there will be gold paper in the bill.

For its purpose it would be difficult to fancy, impossible to find, a more complete structure than "The Criterion," which the great

London caterers, Messrs. Spiers and Pond, have erected at Piccadilly Circus. This building includes social and private dining-rooms, room for *table d'hôte*, hall for public banquets and balls, restaurant, and buffet; and beneath all these a theatre large enough to entertain a thousand people. The architect, Mr. Thomas Verity, plainly had it in his mind to raise a great gastronomic temple, and when one enters the door what he sees on every side is the apotheosis of eating. Through an archway we enter, and find ourselves amidst the French Renaissance. The façade outside, and the doorway, with its glazed framing and superb bronze columns, make one feel that he is about to dine superbly. Whether he does so I know not. I fear that the French Renaissance hardly extends to the culinary art of the establishment, for that would imply a revolution in the Briton's constitution. Mr. Wyon has placed some fair sculptures, the Seasons, etc., in the niches and on spandrels of the wall outside, but the inside decorations of Mr. Simpson are truly, in the words of Messrs. Spiers and Pond, "upon a scale which has hitherto never been attempted." The grand hall rises squarely through three stories to a light Mansard-roof, from which sun-burners blaze down at night, and outside of which is a promenade commanding a fine view of



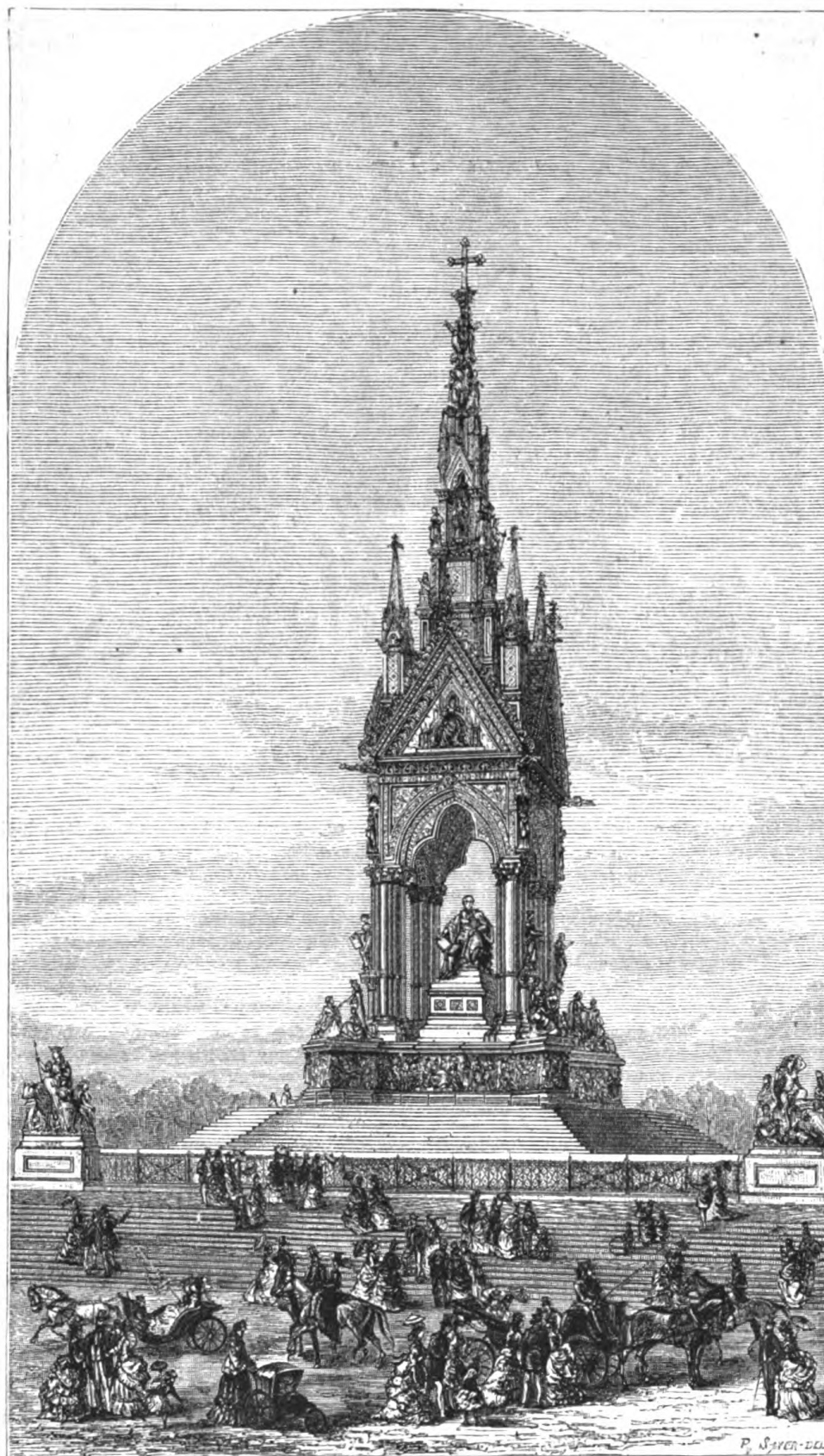
• MINTON TILES FOR MANTEL

London. All of the sides of this grand and lofty hall are of tiles made for this establishment, and combining to form large pictures, the subjects of which were designed and painted by A. W. Coke. Over the right-hand door, leading to the restaurant, is a semi-classical scene of youth and maid by the sea-side gathering in fish; on the opposite side, over the door opening into the buffet, is a picture of two girls in a wheat field, where there is an apple-tree, the one attending to the sheaves, the other to the apples; around the lower hall are—still in tile mosaic—large figures of Euterpe and Terpsichore (for there will be music and dancing above), Pomona, Flora, Bacchus, and, of course, Diana, goddess of venison. The floor of the hall is as fine as any mosaic in London, and is adorned at the edges with the monograms of the firm. In the restaurant there are all manner of allegorical figures on the walls, the Seasons, and the genii which dig and delve and hunt, all with the object that humanity shall be fed. In the buffet there are charming tile pictures representing chubby boys and girls; one party up the tree gathering fruits, the other beneath

catching the same and putting them into baskets; in each picture a different tree and fruit. On one side of the main stairway is the figure of a boy stealing up to a bird's nest, over which a bird hovers; opposite, the boy has the nest, the bird flies away. This device is not immoral; it means that plovers' eggs are on the bill of fare. One of the finest things in this staircase is an ebony hand-railing, three inches in diameter, with plated silver mountings. Also a very fine effect has been produced by framing the doorways in white majolica, although greater simplicity in the designs than human faces festooned with flowers would, I suspect, have been better. I must not omit to mention that the cornice inside the grand hall, at the top of the first and here floorless story, has the unique ornament of sentences from Shakspeare running all around the walls with picturesque lettering:

"None here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people."

"A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all."



ALBERT MEMORIAL, HYDE PARK.



ALBERT MEMORIAL—EUROPE.

So it is that money enough enables common folk now to dine in palaces and enjoy banquets quite as royally served and surrounded as Bluff Harry offered to Cardinal Wolsey and the lords and ladies at the Presence Chamber in York Place. But even that monarch could not have entertained his guests so luxuriously in one particular as Messrs. Spiers and Pond theirs; for these, having dined, may pass through a door and descend by a stairway adorned with Muses and mirrors, and rich with floral clusters, to a theatre all glorious in blue and gold, cushioned chairs, boxes with curtains of yellow satin and lace, and a good drab background to set them off, and pass the rest of the evening in enjoyment of such real entertainments as are pretty sure to be secured where Artemus Ward's old friend Hingston is the dramatic caterer.

So far as most of the hotels and restaurants of London are concerned, one may with satisfaction follow the advice of the Duke of Gloster to Anne in the first act of *Richard III.*:

"Leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place."

For the old Gothic palace in the city, which Sir John Crosby built on a piece of land with

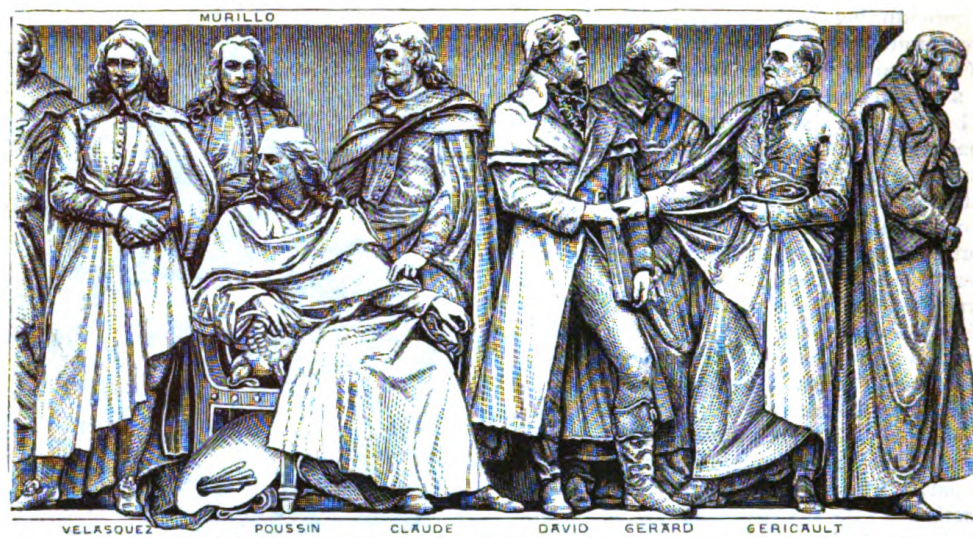
one hundred and ten feet frontage, for which he paid a little over eleven pounds, which his widow sold to the duke who afterward became Richard III., and which in Shakspeare's time had fallen to the richest of Lord Mayors (Sir John Spencer), has now followed the course of so many royal buildings, and become the banqueting hall of the public. Crosby Hall is haunted by memories of the great. It gives flavor to every thing one eats in it to know that it has been celebrated by Shakspeare, that from the year in which it was built (1466) it was associated with whatever has been most romantic in the history of London. Here Sir John Rest was installed as Lord Mayor in the days (1516) when the Lord Mayor's show meant something. The civic procession which accompanied him contained four giants, one unicorn, one dromedary, one camel, one ass, one dragon, six hobby-horses, and sixteen naked boys. Here resided Sir Thomas More, Under-Treasurer and Lord High Chancellor of England. Here he wrote his best works, and received the visits of Henry VIII. Here Erasmus visited the author of *Utopia*, whose domestic life he described: "With him you might imagine yourself in the academy of Plato; but I should do injustice to his house by comparing it to the academy of Plato,

where numbers and geometrical figures, and sometimes moral virtues, were the subjects of discussion; it would be more just to call it a school and an exercise of the Christian religion. All its inhabitants, male and female, applied their leisure to liberal studies and profitable reading, although piety was their first care. No wrangling, no idle word, was heard in it; every one did his duty with alacrity, and not without a temperate cheerfulness." In 1672 the hall was arranged for Non-conformist meetings. For ninety-seven years it was devoted to this purpose, and among those who preached here was Thomas Watson, who wrote the famous tract (*Heaven taken by Storm*) which converted Colonel Gardiner. It is not wonderful that its old splendors then began to depart. The *Mercury* of May 23, 1678, advertises a sale at Crosby Hall, where would be disposed of, among other things, "tapestry hangings, a good chariot, and a black girl about fifteen years of age." Then it became the office of the old East India Company; next a literary and scientific institute; next a wholesale wine warehouse; and at length came into the hands of its present proprietors, who have restored it to its original purpose by making it a banqueting-hall. They have preserved it, and stained its windows with portraits and pictures representing all its history. The decorations are in perfect keeping with the beautiful Gothic style of the building, and the colors seem to have expanded on it as a flower on its stem. One seems to be dining here in an older Guild-hall and at a daily Lord Mayor's banquet, with ancient Shakspearean characters for company. It is particularly entertaining to observe what a rich frieze can be secured for a hall in England by a skillful arrangement of the historic shields and coats of arms which belong to the country; while if some beautiful central figure on wall or glass is desired, it may be obtained in any one of the suggestive and mystical devices which are associated with the olden time—the boar, the lamb with its flag, and so on.

But neither the Criterion nor Crosby Hall furnishes, as I think, the same degree of beauty appropriate to dining-halls as may be found at the South Kensington Museum. Here one of the rooms was intrusted for decoration to the distinguished Professor of Fine Art at University College, Mr. Poynter. He has made exquisite designs for the tiles of which the walls are altogether composed. The simple blue and white colors, and the purely decorative character of the figures thus made, make one almost regret that these figures are not Chinese instead of classic or allegorical, in which case one might eat with a feeling of comfortable seclusion in a china dish. The regular dining-room

VOL. XLIX.—No. 293.—42





ALBERT MEMORIAL—CONTINUATION OF EAST FRONT—PAINTERS.

in the Museum was intrusted to Morris and Co., who have placed on the upper part of the walls a rich floral decoration of embossed plaster, colored (gray-green) by hand. The lower part of the wall, extending over two yards from the floor, consists of panels, on each of which is painted, on a gold ground, some allegorical figure. These figures represent the sun, the moon, and signs of the zodiac; they were designed by the famous pre-Raphaelist Burn Jones, and bear too much of that mystical light and expression which invest all forms and faces which come from his pencil to be gastronomically suggestive. In this respect neither Burn Jones nor the young artist (Murray) who painted his designs could rival the decorator of the Criterion; but one may dine at South Kensington amidst one of the pleasantest little picture-galleries in existence. When Ralph Waldo Emerson was last in London, a poet who wished to give him a dinner conceived the

happy thought of bringing him here, and the sage of Concord no doubt approximated his friend Alcott's ideal of "dining magnificently;" even the "bowls of sunshine" with which A. would replace wine were supplied by the rich stained windows of Morris, and by the brilliant white and gold of the restaurant which separates the two rooms that have been so exquisitely decorated.

There is no doubt that the barbaric element in English taste received a fresh accession of vigor with the advent of the Georges to England. What it was capable of, and what it found pleasing to the aristocratic butterflies who flitted around him whom they adored as "the first gentleman in Europe," may be discovered in the Pavilion at Brighton. That building may be regarded as the physiognomical monument of George IV. It is his interior projected into stone and decoration. The secret stairways and passages leading up to fictitious wardrobes,

really doorways to rooms which his majesty desired to visit, represent the prince who sent horsemen to trample down laborers at Peterloo whose only guilt was to discuss their wrongs; the bizarre carvings, which make fine stone look like terra cotta, illustrate the fop who had come to prefer figment to fact. The interior decorations do not represent so well the monarch whom Thackeray analyzed, and found in his hands only a heap of pad, paint, gold-lace, but no man at all. Those frescoes were made during the first furor which occurred in England about Chinese and Japanese art; and, though ludicrously gorgeous, they are not without a certain interest, arising from the boundless freedom of their design and colors. How this can be it will be difficult for my reader to imagine, when he is told that the walls are covered with large dragons (life size, one might say, if dragons existed), serpents, wild cormorant-like birds, all having a grand field-day amidst ladies and pleasure-grounds. The pillars are like barbers' poles, with the archæological serpent twined around each instead of the red stripe. The Pavilion is said to have found in Mr. P. T. Barnum its only admirer. English critics have been rather hard upon it. Sydney Smith said that the structure looked "as if the dome of St. Paul's had come down to Brighton and pupped." William Cobbett thought that "a good idea of the building might be formed by placing the pointed half of a large turnip upon the middle of a board, with four smaller ones at the corners." The main intent of the building is to imitate a Chinese pagoda, and it was with that aim that the Prince of Wales (for he seems to have been mainly his own architect) committed this enormity. Two years ago the British Association for the Advancement of Science gathered for its charming summer séances at Brighton, and the rooms of the Royal Pavilion were placed at their service. Never were the sessions of the association so well housed, but it was amusing to witness the difficulty which even eminent savants had in the rivalry between the attractions on the walls and those of their papers. On the whole, it is to be feared that the grotesque ornaments left by the Regent carried the day. On one occasion when a discussion occurred in the anthropological section on serpent-worshippers, the dragons and serpents on the wall were so appropriate that the room had the appearance of being frescoed for the archæological purposes of the society. But the ordinary contrast between the severe disquisitions of the scientific men and the luxuriant and barbaric colors and forms of the place was not so great as I witnessed recently in the same place. In the room which above all the rest might be regarded as the temple of vanity, a hundred ritualistic gentlemen and



ALBERT MEMORIAL—SOUTH FRONT—FIGURES AND METEOROL.



ALBERT MEMORIAL—CONTINUATION OF SOUTH FRONT—MUSICIANS.

ladies had gathered to hold a prayer-meeting! In the evening there was a ball in the same room, and then it appeared plainly what had been the final cause of the Brighton Pavilion. I may add that the large building which George IV. erected for his stable, and whose roof is a vast dome, is now the chief concert-room of Brighton, and that another outlying building of the place is occupied by a fair picture-gallery, a good museum, and a capital library. Huish, in his *Memoirs of George IV.*, says "Nothing could exceed the indignation of the people when the civil list came before Parliament, in May, 1816, and £50,000 were found to have been expended in furniture at Brighton, immediately after £534,000 had been voted for covering the excess of the civil list, occasioned entirely by the reckless extravagance of the Prince Regent, whose morning levees were not attended by men of science and of genius, who could have in-

stilled into his mind wholesome notions of practical economy; but the tailor, the upholsterer, the jeweler, and the shoe-maker were the regular attendants of his morning recreations." These mechanics were no doubt the worthiest folk who frequented the building they had made so fine, and probably most of them had to take their pay in royal smiles; but it would have relieved the indignant minds of the middle classes who chiefly had to supply the exorbitant civil list if they could have foreseen that their money was destined in the end to supply their favorite watering-place with its most agreeable, instructive, and useful institution.

When the English people look now upon the Royal Albert Hall they are quite warranted in drawing pleasant conclusions as to the change which has come over the spirit of royalty since the Pavilion was erected. Here we have the real monument of the late Prince

Consort, who, however he may be overrated, certainly did have the ambition to be associated with the progress of science and art in England. Since the erection of the Coliseum in Rome no building so stupendous and noble has been built as this. It is a pile worthy of Rome in its palmiest days; and, with its superb oval form, and external frieze and cornice moulded after the Elgin marbles, devoted to international industrial and art exhibitions and to music, it stands as grandly amidst the European civilization of to-day as the Parthenon stood in Greece. This palace of art, and the Albert monument in the park opposite, make the beauty-spot of London. The latter is beyond question the finest monumental structure in the world. This afternoon, while the golden sunset of a balmy spring day was glorifying the sky, I walked to it, passing by the old Kensington Palace, where the little girl was informed that she was Queen of England who has since had her name associated with her country's longest period of peace and prosperity, passing beneath the ancient patriarchal trees and through the gardens beautified by flowers and plants from every region of the world, until at length I saw the spire of the monument shining like flame through the boughs. There against the clear orange-tinted sky the monument stood forth, with its grand marbles at the four corners—Asia, with its genius mounted on a camel, America on her buffalo, Europe on her bull, Africa on her elephant, and each the centre of a representative group—and its noble reliefs and frescoes rising up to the winged angels at the top; and it appeared to me that every one of the 169 life-size portrait figures—the painters from Cimabue to Turner, the architects from Cheops to Gilbert Scott, who designed this monument, the sculptors from Chares to Thorwaldsen, nay, the very composers and poets from St. Ambrose to Rossini, from Homer to Goethe—had done something to raise this triumphal pile, about which their forms seem to move in stately procession. The architects and sculptors are the work of Philip; the poets, composers, and painters by Armstead; and while both have done admirably, it must be said that the reliefs by the latter can not be surpassed by any modern sculpture. The group of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci, the kneeling form of Fra Angelico, are works such as can only be ascribed to that fine degree where intellect passes beyond ordinary analysis, and is called genius.

I have already intimated one deduction that must be made from this monument. It only awaits now its central figure, that of Prince Albert; and when that form is placed under the grand canopy, it must stand as a type of the England of to-day that its highest and costliest homage is paid not to any great Englishman—not to Shakspeare, not

to Turner—but to a German, of whom it is certain that had he not been a prince, he could never have excited so much attention as a thousand others of his countrymen. But there is another side to this. The inscription runs: "Queen Victoria and her people to the memory of Albert, Prince Consort, as a tribute of their gratitude for a life devoted to the public good." Mediocre though he was, he will sit there surrounded by the allegorical representations of art, commerce, and the various types of peaceful civilization, to which he did unquestionably devote himself. And it will remain that the noblest monument in Europe has been raised not to any brilliant, devastator of human homes, not to any royal oppressor or scheming diplomatist, but to an ordinary man who used the position and means intrusted to him for the refinement and moral well-being of the country that adopted him. While the legend of one section of Europe is Napoleonic, there is some significance in the fact that Albert should have transmitted that of another section; and the essential—the moral—beauty of every admirable monument is thus not wanting to that which graces the largest and wealthiest city of the civilized world.

There is some reason why the English artists should have done their best work upon the monument of Prince Albert. He may be regarded as the first man to teach this country that money might well be largely expended for the encouragement of fine art, and that it had artists capable of the best work, if the means were adequately supplied to them. He was the means of employing scores of fine brains that had otherwise been unable to make their mark on the country, and he extorted from a grumbling shop-keeping public the splendors which now render the South Kensington Museum and its surrounding institutions an art university for the world. Very different have been the resources and rewards of the artists who have built and adorned the structures I have been mentioning from those which were alone available when the frescoes were placed in the corridors of the Houses of Parliament. Nevertheless, the Prince Consort himself had to be taught by a German artist to look around him for the ability which was needed for English work. When he was appointed the commissioner for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament (1841) he made overtures to Cornelius to come over and do the work. The German artist replied, "Why should you come to me when you have the man by your side—Dyce?" Dyce, who had studied at Rome with Cornelius and Overbeck, was then professor in the School of Design at Somerset House; but he was little known as an artist, and had not competed when designs for the decoration of Westminster Hall had been invited. The Prince Consort at once suggested to

him that he should send in a design, and having too little notice to make a new one he sent in a study he had made for a fresco for the archbishop's palace at Lambeth. It was severely criticised as too German, too papistical, etc.; but it was selected; and the result is the beautiful frescoes of the Baptism of Ethelbert in the House of Lords, and of the Mort d'Arthur in the Queen's robing-room. How slowly the ability of Dyce was recognized in England may be estimated by the fact that one of his most admired works—"Paul preaching to the Gentiles"—now in the South Kensington Museum, was employed at an art exhibition in Manchester as background to an umbrella stand!

But Prince Albert does not appear to have required a hint from Germany to appreciate the Scotch artist—son of a shoe-maker—whose superior genius overshadowed that of his wealthy Irish brother. Already, while Dyce was as yet undiscovered, Maclise had been appointed to set about those grand works which adorn the passage to the House of Commons. But the poor sums which were paid to both of these artists, and the grudging way in which they were dealt with, are now remembered only as a scandal. Dyce was sharply censured because he would not promise exact dates for the completion of his seven frescoes whose payment had been fixed by the Treasury at stated periods. Being rich, he offered to refund, but the Treasury, knowing that this would arouse some indignation, found it convenient to reply that "no precedent" could be found justifying its acceptance of his offer! Any one who looks upon Maclise's two pictures—"Trafalgar" and "Waterloo," the latter with three hundred figures, each perfect in line and expression—can only feel scandalized that Parliament proposed to pay him only £2000. Goaded by the outcry among the artists, it at length raised the sum to £10,000, but then grew sulky and cut off many of the commissions. Mr. Madox Brown, the eminent artist, recently declared in a lecture at Birmingham that Maclise paid £30,000 for the honor of making those pictures. He gave the whole of four years to them at a time when his regular work never brought him less than £10,000 a year. When Cornelius passed through a South German town the ovation was such as no prince could command. When Maclise had completed his frescoes the artists of London presented him with a gold chalk-holder. The Prince Consort did all he could to raise an enthusiasm for decorative art in this country, and to raise the wages and the position of the artist and of the artisan, and he succeeded measurably; but time has sadly shown that he must have imported the climate of Italy rather than its schools to make this a country of beautiful frescoes. Al-

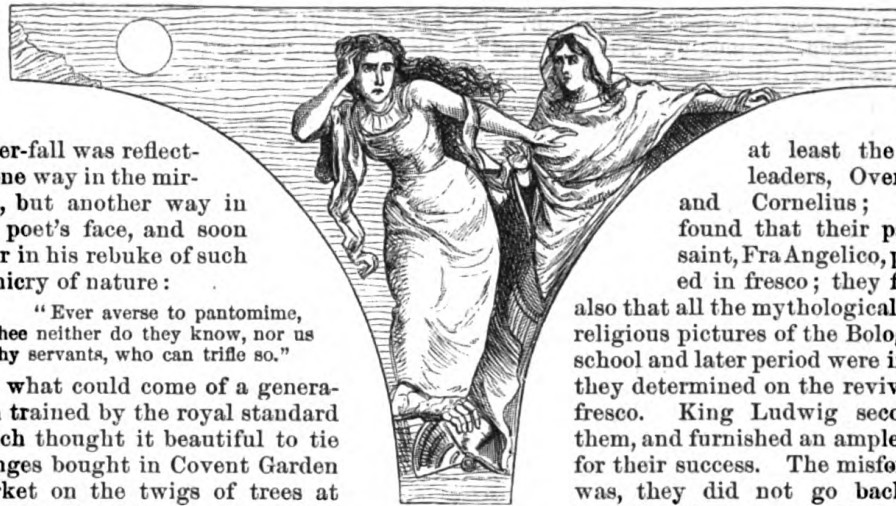
though Cornelius magnanimously declined the overtures made to him, as above stated, in favor of Dyce, he consented to come to London and give advice concerning the proposed works. It was owing to him that frescoes were determined upon. He had seen the glory of the great frescoes of Munich; he could not see that in a few years they would be peeling off (as they are now) even there. Fortunately Maclise resolved to put on his frescoes in silica, and they are yet fairly preserved; but all the pictures in the Houses of Parliament have had to be retouched from time to time, and the silica has such an attraction for the atmospheric moisture that the effect of the colors is frequently diminished. While it is thus manifest that the corroding damp of the English climate is hostile to mural ornamentation, and fatal to external frescoes, there is a steady increase of the desire for such things. This has been especially manifested among the English nobility, who have every thing in the wide world that their hearts can desire excepting only the climate that might comport with luxury and beauty.

That barbaric element in the English aristocracy, of which I have before spoken, which Mr. Matthew Arnold half likes while he impales its eccentricities, is constantly revealed in the contrasts between the baronial halls of England and the majority of the homes of the wealthy middle class. One may take as a specimen of the taste of the latter any one of the fine club buildings on or near Pall Mall. Here one feels that he is stepping on floors which the Pompeians would have thought somewhat sombre, but still enjoyed, and amidst walls and arches which they would have recognized as familiar, though strangely gloomy. The halls are large and spacious, rather costly than rich, built of purest granites and marbles of various hue; the reading, dining, and smoking rooms are comparatively quiet, and built with a view to comfort alone. The clubs represent the desire of gentlemen of means to pass their hours of leisure in palaces, and these are secured at an expenditure of less than a hundred pounds each per annum, even in the best of such institutions. But when one visits the castles of the nobility, such as are still inhabited, the fondness for color and romance is at once manifest. They love their rooms now blue, now green, and again rose-colored. They love classical frescoes—nude Muses, Graces, and Cupids chiefly—on the ceilings, and gay tints on the walls even of sleeping-rooms. In a word, my lords were sensational, and in some cases descended to the most vulgar tricks, as in the case which Wordsworth rebuked so sternly. On the occasion of a visit to Dunkeld the poet was taken into a room lined with mirrors, and where an artificial water-fall was set going by a spring being touched. The

water-fall was reflected one way in the mirrors, but another way in the poet's face, and soon after in his rebuke of such mimicry of nature:

"Ever averse to pantomime,
Thee neither do they know, nor us
Thy servants, who can trifle so."

But what could come of a generation trained by the royal standard which thought it beautiful to tie oranges bought in Covent Garden Market on the twigs of trees at Hampton Court for a garden party? The mansions of the nobility are still really the most tawdry and inartistic in their decorations of any class that have attempted decorations—mere blazings of white and gold; but there is an increasing number of exceptions, represented especially by some ancient families which have manifested a laudable desire to have their halls painted with pictures of legends or historical events connected with their neighborhood or their ancestors. Mr. William B. Scott, artist and poet, who has done the best mural work of this character, has, I believe, fairly persuaded both the aristocracy and the artists of England that they can not have Italian frescoes in this country, and must depend upon mural painting. In exhibiting specimens of his own excellent mural painting before the Institute of British Architects, Mr. Scott made some interesting remarks on fresco. "In Italy," he said, "the reign of fresco was a little more than a century in length. All the earlier works remaining are in tempera. Not many years ago it was not unusual to hear people talk of all early Italian wall paintings as fresco, but it is quite certain no such thing exists; the earlier frescoes, such as Mantegna's works in the Eremitani Chapel, in Milan, are miserable ruins, while the tempera pictures of Giotto, a century and a half older, in the Arena Chapel, in Padua, for example, are perfect. How, then, did it come about that fresco, which died out in Italy very shortly after Michael Angelo finished the Capella Sistina, had a revival in this nineteenth century in Munich and London? A very short narrative of the circumstances attending this revival will, I think, be enough. The associated body of young German students assembled in Rome in the beginning of this century aspired to better things than they found existing in the lifeless art about them. They reverted to the study of earlier art, to the actual reproduction of former art. They were also pietists,



SPANDREL PICTURE.

at least the two leaders, Overbeck and Cornelius; they found that their patron saint, Fra Angelico, painted in fresco; they found also that all the mythological anti-religious pictures of the Bolognese school and later period were in oil: they determined on the revival of fresco. King Ludwig seconded them, and furnished an ample field for their success. The misfortune was, they did not go back far enough; they were self-denying men, and even the hardships and

difficulties of fresco had attractions for them. It was like a revival of Tudor in mistake for a revival of the best period of pointed architecture. Several English artists living in Rome, after the great success of the first very able works of these revivalists, my brother, David Scott, of Edinburgh, and William Dyce, for example, were smitten with the same feeling."

Some eight years ago I had the pleasure of seeing the mural paintings with which Mr. W. B. Scott has decorated Sir Walter Trevelyan's house at Wallington, in Northumberland. No person could have been more appropriately selected for the work than Mr. Scott, who passed much of his early life in that region, and has written such beautiful poems upon its ancient legends. The first (ground-floor) series of paintings is on panels inclosed between pilasters supporting arches, and a second is on the spandrels above the arches in a corridor leading to the bedrooms on the upper floor. The mansion is near the ancient Scottish Border, so haunted by romance, and near it may be still seen the remains of the ancient Roman wall. In four of the panels the subjects are (1) the building of the Roman wall; (2) King Egfrid offering the bishopric of Hexham to Cuthbert, hermit on Farne Island; (3) a descent of the Danes on the coast; (4) death of the Venerable Bede. On the opposite side are later subjects, but equally related to the same region of country: (1) "The Spur in the Dish"—the sign to the moss-trooper that the larder is empty; (2) Bernard Gilpin taking down the gage of battle in Rothbury Church; (3) Grace Darling and her father saving the shipwrecked crew; (4) "Iron and Coal"—the industry of the Tyne. The pilasters and the arcaded ends are also slightly decorated with foliage. The pictures on the spandrels are a series of eighteen on the old Border ballad of *Chevy Chase*. They are full

of spirit, and their rich colors are like bursts of sunset along the ancient corridor. So much, indeed, depends on this color that it is impossible to illustrate the artist's idea of mural painting in a magazine. Nevertheless I must confide to the imagination of my reader (page 631) one characteristic design, "Women looking out for their Husbands and Brothers after the Battle of Chevy Chase."

For his decoration of Penkill Castle, Ayrshire, Mr. Scott appropriately selected the old Scottish poem of *The King's Quair* or book (*cahier*, or quire of paper), said to have been written by James of Scotland when a prisoner at Windsor, in 1420, on his love for Jane, granddaughter of John of Gaunt. The first picture shows the king in prison, turning from his reading for his pen. According to the canto in which the king describes his rising with the matin bell, there is pictured the bell, the warder, the night-watch going home, etc. In the second picture he looks from his window and sees the fairest of womankind listening to the birds in the terraced garden. She has with her two maids and a little dog. Cupid—the Cupid of early art, who is a pretty youth—shoots the king from behind a hedge. The third picture represents the royal poet's dream, in which Master Cupid descends from the starry sphere to carry him away to the court of Venus to obtain her assistance. These three pictures run along a flight of stairs, and the series is taken up with the next flight. In the fourth picture the poet finds all the lovers of history at the shrine of Venus. James prays on his knees to her, but she sends him to Dame Minerva's court of wisdom for advice. Then we have the poet at the court of Minerva; next Lady Jane sending off the carrier-pigeon; and finally the royal poet receiving it. It requires but little reflection for any one to realize that to an ancient baronial castle such a series of paintings as this would be as the breathing of a soul beneath its gray ribs of rock. It must be mainly for the want of such pictures in them that servant-maids and children so often find ghosts rustling along old corridors and haunting antique stairways.

The castle of the Earl of Durham is graced by a fine stained window, illustrating the legend belonging to it of the slaying of the great worm or dragon by the Knight of Lambton; and the similar legend of Moore Hall is finely told in that mansion by the art of Mr. Poynter. The last, however, is simply on canvas, and appeared as a large framed painting at the Royal Academy. It is, of course, necessary that a house should be very large and stately to stand mural paintings. The painting of panels is, indeed, becoming common in old houses which are well wainscoted, but as a general thing it is confined to the doors of more modern dwellings. However, a very fine effect has been

produced in the dining-room of Mr. Birkett Foster, at Witley, in Surrey, by inserting in the wall around the room a pre-Raphaelite work representing the legend of St. George and the Dragon. The stained glass which Morris and Co. have placed in the landing of the staircase in the same beautiful residence shows also that even a cottage-mansion of moderate size admits of a great deal more decorative color than is ordinarily supposed.

AN OLD TOWN BY THE SEA.

By T. B. ALDRICH.



I. CALL it an old town, but it is only comparatively old. When one reflects on the countless centuries that have gone to the formation of this crust of earth on which we live, the most ancient of cities on its surface seem merely things of the week before last. It was only the other day, then—that is to say, in the month of June, 1603—that one Martin Pring, in the ship *Speedwell*, an enormous ship of nearly fifty tons burden, from Bristol, England, sailed up the Piscataqua River. The *Speedwell*, numbering thirtymen, officers and crew, had for consort the *Discoverer*, of twenty-six tons and thirteen men. After following the windings of "the brave river" for twelve miles or more, the two vessels turned back and put to sea again, having failed in the chief object of the expedition, which was to obtain the medicinal Sasfras-tree, from the bark of which, as was well known to our ancestors, could be distilled the Elixir of Life.

It was at some point on the left bank of the Piscataqua, three or four miles from the mouth of the river, that worthy Master Pring probably effected one of his several landings. The beautiful stream widens suddenly at this place, and the then green banks, covered with a net-work of strawberry-vines, and sloping invitingly to the lip of the water, must have won the tired mariners. The



PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

explorers found themselves on the edge of a vast forest of oak, hemlock, maple, and pine; but they saw no sassafras-trees to speak of, nor did they encounter—what would have been infinitely less to their taste—any red men. Here and there were discoverable the scattered ashes of fires where the Indians had encamped earlier in the spring; they were absent now, at the falls, higher up the streams, where fish abounded at that season. The balmy June breeze, laden with the delicate breath of wild flowers and the pungent odors of spruce and pine, ruffled the blue sky reflected in the water; the new leaves lisped pleasantly in the tree-tops, and the birds were singing “in full-throated ease.” No ruder sound or movement of life disturbed the solitude. Master Pring would scarcely recognize the spot if he were to land there to-day.

Nine years afterward a much cleverer man than the commander of the *Speedwell* dropped anchor in the Piscataqua—Captain John Smith of famous memory. After slaying Turks in hand-to-hand combats, and doing all sorts of doughty deeds in various parts of the globe, he had come with two vessels to the fisheries on the coast of Maine, when curiosity, or perhaps a deeper motive, led him to examine the neighboring shore lines.* With eight of his men in a small boat, a ship's yawl, he skirted the coast

from Penobscot Bay to Cape Cod, keeping his eye open. This keeping his eye open was a peculiarity of the little captain's. It was Smith who really discovered the Isles of Shoals, exploring in person those masses of bleached rock—those “*isles asses hautes*,” of which the French navigator Pierre de Guast, Sieur de Monts, had caught a vague glimpse through the twilight in 1605. Captain Smith christened the group “Smith Isles,” a title which posterity, with singular persistence of ingratitude, has ignored. It was a tardy sense of justice that expressed itself a few years ago in erecting on Star Island a simple marble shaft to the memory of John Smith, the greatest, though by no means the only one, of the name.

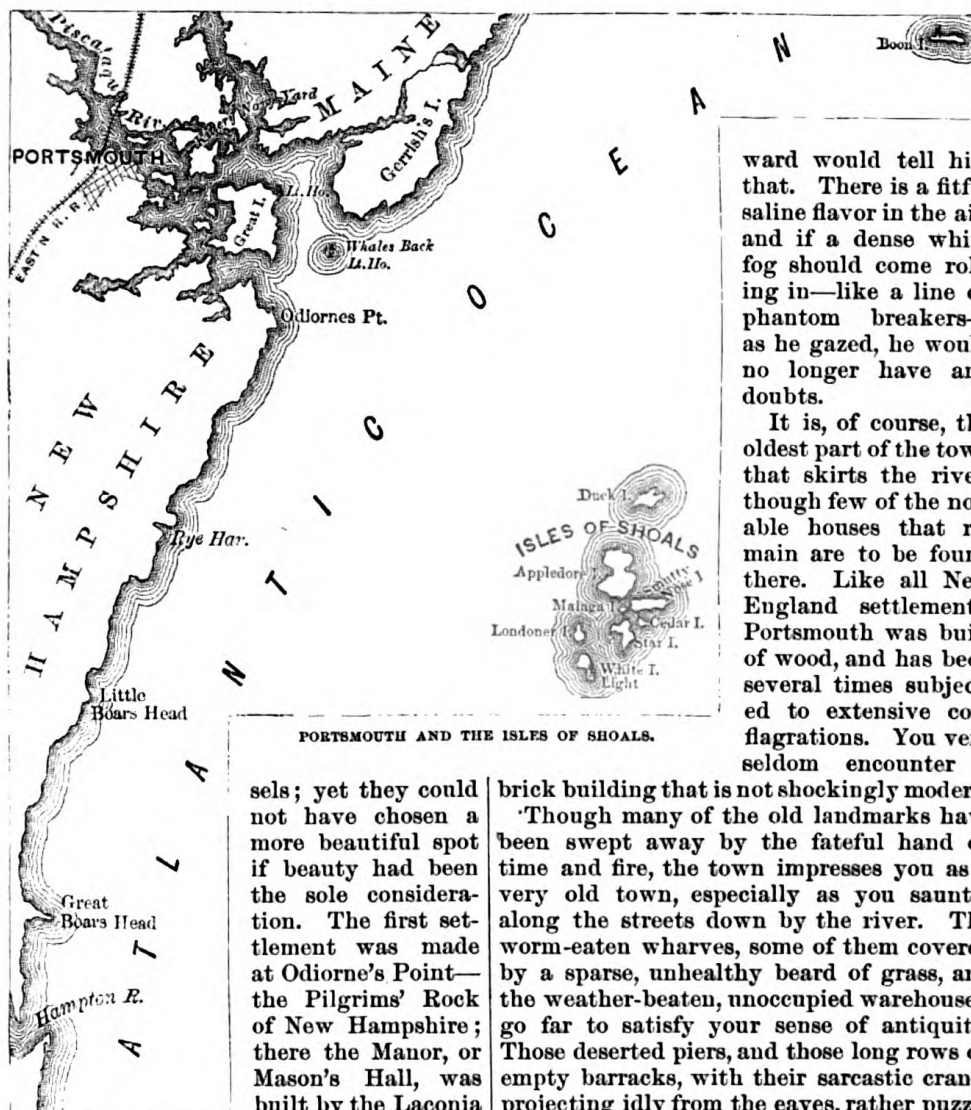
It was doubtless owing to Captain John Smith's representations, on his return to England, that the Laconia Company selected the banks of the Piscataqua for their plantation. Smith was an intimate friend of Sir Ferdinand Gorges, who, five years subsequently, made a tour of inspection along the New England coast, in company with John Mason, then Governor of Newfoundland. One of the results of this summer cruise is the town of Portsmouth, among whose leafy streets, and into some of whose old-fashioned houses, I propose to take the reader, if he has an idle hour on his hands.

II.

It is not supposable that the early settlers selected the site of their plantation on account of its picturesqueness. They were influenced entirely by the lay of the land, its nearness and easy access to the sea, and the secure harbor it offered to their fishing ves-

* “Smith drew the first map of our coast, and on presenting it to Prince Charles, with a request that he would give the country a name, it was for the first time by him called New England.”—*Brewster's Rambles about Portsmouth*, First Series, p. 11.

In Smith's map the locality of Portsmouth is called *Hull*; to Kittery and York he gave the name of *Boston*.



PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

sels; yet they could not have chosen a more beautiful spot if beauty had been the sole consideration. The first settlement was made at Odiorne's Point—the Pilgrims' Rock of New Hampshire; there the Manor, or Mason's Hall, was built by the Laconia Company in 1623. It

was not until 1631 that the "Great House" was erected by Humphrey Chadborn on Strawberry Bank. Mr. Chadborn, consciously or unconsciously, sowed a seed from which a city has sprung.

The town of Portsmouth stretches along the south bank of the Piscataqua, about two miles from the sea, as the crow flies—three miles, following the serpentine course of the river. The stream, as has been stated, broadens suddenly at this point, and, at flood tide, lying without a ripple in a basin formed by the interlocked islands and the main-land, it looks more like an inland lake than a river. To the unaccustomed eye there is no outlet visible. Standing on one of the wharves at the foot of State or Court street, a stranger would scarcely suspect the contiguity of the ocean. A little observation, however, would show him that he was in a sea-port. The rich red rust on the gables and roofs of ancient buildings looking sea-

ward would tell him that. There is a fitful saline flavor in the air, and if a dense white fog should come rolling in—like a line of phantom breakers—as he gazed, he would no longer have any doubts.

It is, of course, the oldest part of the town that skirts the river, though few of the notable houses that remain are to be found there. Like all New England settlements, Portsmouth was built of wood, and has been several times subjected to extensive conflagrations. You very seldom encounter a

brick building that is not shockingly modern.

Though many of the old landmarks have been swept away by the fateful hand of time and fire, the town impresses you as a very old town, especially as you saunter along the streets down by the river. The worm-eaten wharves, some of them covered by a sparse, unhealthy beard of grass, and the weather-beaten, unoccupied warehouses, go far to satisfy your sense of antiquity. Those deserted piers, and those long rows of empty barracks, with their sarcastic cranes projecting idly from the eaves, rather puzzle the stranger. Why this great preparation for a commercial activity that does not exist, and evidently has not existed for years? There are no ships lying at the pier heads; there are no gangs of men staggering under heavy cases of merchandise; here and there is a barge laden down to the bulwarks with coal, and here and there a square-rigged schooner from Maine smothered with planks and clapboards; an imported citizen is fishing at the end of a wharf, a ruminative, freckled son of Cork, and own brother to the lazy sunshine that seems to be sole proprietor of these crumbling piers and ridiculous store-houses, from which even the ghost of commerce has fled.

Once upon a time, however, Portsmouth carried on an extensive trade with the West Indies, threatening as a maritime port to eclipse both Boston and New York. At the windows of those old counting-rooms which overlook the river near Spring Market used to stand portly merchants, in knee-breeches

and silver shoe-buckles and plum-colored coats with ruffles at the wrist, waiting for their ships to come in; the cries of stevedores and the chants of sailors at the windlass used to echo along the shore where all is silence now. For reasons not worth setting forth, the trade with the Indies suddenly ceased, having ruined as well as enriched many a Portsmouth merchant. This explains the empty warehouses and the unused wharves. I fancy that few fortunes are either made or lost in Portsmouth nowadays. Formerly it turned out the best ships, as it still does the ablest ship captains, in the world; but the building of ships has declined there. Portsmouth has one or two large cotton factories, and several thriving breweries; it is a wealthy old town, with a liking for first mortgages; but its warmest lover will not claim for Portsmouth the distinction of being a great mercantile centre. The majority of her young men are forced to seek other fields* of enterprise, and almost every city in the Union, and many a city across the sea, can point to some prominent merchant, or lawyer, or what not, as "a Portsmouth boy." Portsmouth even furnished a late King of the Sandwich Islands, Kekuanaoa, with his Prime Minister. He may not, to be sure, according to Mark Twain,† have been a Richelieu; but then the nankeen monarch himself was not of a first-class line of goods.

To come back to the wharves. I do not know of any spot with such a fascinating air of dreams and idleness about it as the old wharf at the end of Court Street. The very fact that it was once a noisy, busy place, crowded with sailors and soldiers—in the war of 1812—gives an enchanting emphasis to the quiet that broods over it to-day.‡ The loungee who sits of a summer afternoon on a rusty anchor fluke in the shadow of one of the silent warehouses, and looks on the lonely river as it goes murmuring past the town, can not be too grateful to the India trade for having taken itself off elsewhere.

What a slumberous, delightful, lazy place

* The affection which the exiles cherish for their native place is worthy of remark. On two occasions—in 1852 and in 1873, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Strawberry Bank—the sons of Portsmouth abroad were seized with an impulse to return home. Simultaneously, and almost without concert, the lines of pilgrims took up their march from every quarter of the globe, and swept down with music and banners on the motherly old town.

† Vide *Roughing It*, by Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens), p. 487.

‡ Portsmouth did a very neat little business in the privateering way in the war of 1812, sending out a large fleet of the saniciest small craft on record. Some of them came to grief, among others the *Harlequin*, Captain Brown. The *Harlequin* gave chase one day to a noble-looking ship, and got it into close quarters, when suddenly the shy stranger threw open her ports, and proved to be H.M.S. *Bulwark*—seventy-four guns!

it is! The sunshine seems to lie a foot deep on the planks of the dusty wharf, which yields up to the warmth a vague perfume of the cargoes of rum, molasses, and spice that used to be piled upon it. The river is as blue as the inside of a harebell. The opposite shore, in the strangely shifting magic lights of sky and water, stretches along like the silvery coast of fairy-land. Directly opposite you is the Navy-yard, with its neat officers' quarters and workshops and arsenals, and its vast ship-houses, in which the keel of many a famous frigate has been laid. Those monster buildings on the water's edge, with their roofs pierced with innumerable little windows, which blink like eyes in the sunlight, are the ship-houses. On your right lies a cluster of small islands—there are a dozen or more in the harbor—on the most prominent of which you see the fading-away remains of some earth-works thrown up in 1812. Between this—Trepethren's Island—and Peirce's Island lie the Narrows. Perhaps a bark or a sloop of war is making up to town; the hulk is hidden among the islands, and the topmasts have the effect of sweeping across the dry land. On your left is a long bridge, more than a quarter of a mile in length, set upon piles where the water is twenty or thirty feet deep, leading to the Navy-yard and Kittery—the Kittery so often mentioned in Whittier's verse.

This is a mere outline of the landscape that spreads before you. Its protean beauty of form and color, with the summer clouds floating over it, is not to be painted in words. I know of many a place where the scenery is more varied and striking; but there is a mandragora quality in the atmosphere here that holds you to the spot, and makes the half hours seem like minutes. Except for family ties—which include breakfast, dinner, and tea—I could fancy a man sitting on the end of that old wharf very contentedly for two or three years, provided it could be always June.

Perhaps, too, one would desire it to be always high water. The tide falls from eight to twelve feet, and when the water makes out between the wharves some of the picturesqueness makes out also. A corroded section of stove-pipe mailed in barnacles, or the pathetic skeleton of a hoop-skirt protruding from the tide mud like the remains of some old-time wreck, is apt to break the enchantment.

I fear I have given the reader an exaggerated idea of the solitude that reigns along the river-side. Sometimes there is society here of an unconventional kind, if you care to seek it. Aside from the foreign gentleman before mentioned, you are likely to encounter, farther down the shore toward the Point of Graves (a burial-place of the colonial period), a battered and aged native fisherman boiling lobsters on a little gravel-



NAVY-YARD, KITTERY, MAINE.

ly beach, where the river whispers and lisps among the pebbles as the tide creeps in. It is a weather-beaten ex-skipper or ex-pilot, with strands of coarse hair, like sea-weed, falling about a face that has the expression of a half-open clam. He is always ready to talk with you, this amphibious person; and if he is not the most entertaining of gossips—as weather-wise as Old Probabilities, and as full of incident as one of the best of Captain Marryat's naval novels—then he is not the ancient mariner I used to see a few months ago on the strip of beach just beyond Liberty Bridge, building his drift-wood fire under a great tin boiler, and making it rather lively for a lot of reluctant lobsters.

I imagine that very little change has taken place in this immediate locality, known prosaically as "Puddle Dock," during the past fifty or sixty years. The accompanying view, looking across Liberty Bridge, Water Street, is probably the same in every respect that presented itself to the eyes of the rambler a century ago. The flag-staff on the right is the representative of the old "standard of liberty" which the Sons planted on this spot in January, 1766, signaling their opposition to the enforcement of the Stamp Act. On the same occasion the patriots called at the house of Mr. George Meserve, the agent for distributing the stamps in New Hampshire, and relieved him of his stamp-master's commission, which document they carried on the point of a sword through the town to Liberty Bridge (then Swing Bridge), where they erected the staff, with the motto, "Liberty, Property, and no Stamp!"

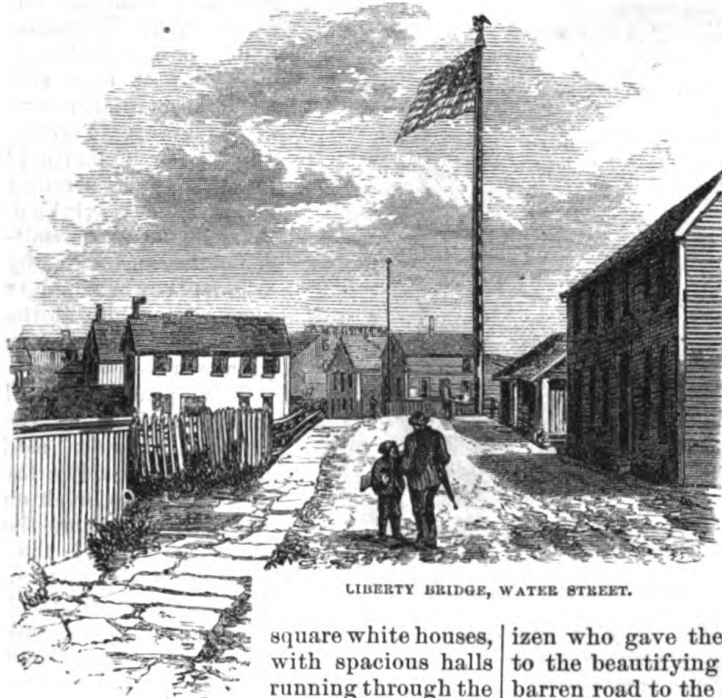
Turning down a lane on your left, a few rods beyond the bridge, you reach a spot known as the Point of Graves, chiefly interesting as showing what a grave-yard may come to if it last long enough. In 1671 one Captain John Pickering ceded to the town a

piece of ground on this neck for burial purposes. It is an odd-shaped lot, comprising about half an acre, inclosed by a crumbling red brick wall two or three feet high, with wood capping. The place is overgrown with thistles, rank grass, and fungi; the black slate head-stones have mostly fallen over; those that still make a pretense of standing slant to every point of the compass, and look as if they were being blown this way and that by a mysterious gale which leaves every thing else untouched; the mounds have sunk to the common level, and the old underground tombs have collapsed. Here and there among the moss and weeds you can pick out some name that shines in the history of the early settlement; hundreds of the flower of the colony lie here, but the known and the unknown, gentle and simple, mingle their dust on a perfect equality now. The marble that once bore a haughty coat of arms is as smooth as the humblest slate stone guiltless of heraldry. The lion and the unicorn, wherever they appear on some cracked slab, are very much tamed by time. The once fat-faced cherubs, with wing at either cheek, are the merest skeletons now. Pride, pomp, grief, and remembrance are all at an end. No reverent feet come here, no tears fall here; the old grave-yard itself is dead! A more dismal, uncanny spot than this at twilight would be hard to find. It is noticed that when the boys pass it after night-fall, they always go by whistling with a gayety that is perfectly hollow.

Let us get into some cheerfuler neighborhood!

III.

As you leave the river behind you, and pass "up town," the streets grow wider, and the architecture more imposing—streets fringed with beautiful old trees and lined with commodious private dwellings, mostly



LIBERTY BRIDGE, WATER STREET.

square white houses, with spacious halls running through the centre. Many of the

residences stand back from the brick or flag-stone sidewalk, and have pretty gardens at the side or in the rear. If you chance to live in a city where the City Fathers can not rest in their beds until they have hacked down every precious tree within their blighting reach, you will be especially charmed by the beauty of the streets of Portsmouth. In some parts of the town, when the chestnuts are in blossom, you would fancy yourself in the midst of a garden in fairy-land. In spring, summer, and autumn the foliage is the glory of the fair town—her luxuriant green and golden tresses! Nothing could seem more like the work of enchantment than the spectacle which certain streets in Portsmouth present in midwinter after a heavy snow-storm. You may walk for miles under wonderful silvery arches formed by the overhanging and interlaced boughs of the trees, festooned with a drapery even more graceful and dazzling

than spring-time gives them. The numerous elms and maples which shade the principal thoroughfares are not the result of chance, but the ample reward of the loving care that is taken to preserve the trees. There is a society in Portsmouth devoted to this work. It is not unusual there for people to leave legacies to be expended in setting out shade and ornamental trees along some favorite walk. Richards Avenue, a long, unbuilt street leading from Middle Street to the South Burying-ground, perpetuates the name of a public-spirited citizen who gave the labor of his own hands to the beautifying of that wind-swept and barren road to the cemetery.

In the business section of the town trees are necessarily few. The chief business streets are Congress and Market. Market Street is the stronghold of the dry-goods shops. There are seasons, I suppose, when these shops are crowded, but I have never happened to be in Portsmouth at the time. I never pass through the narrow cobb-



POINT OF GRAVES.



BOW STREET.

paved street without wondering where the customers are that must keep all these flourishing little establishments going. Congress Street—a more elegant thoroughfare than Market—is the Tremont Street, the Broadway, the Boulevard des Italiens, of Portsmouth. Among the noticeable buildings is the Athenæum, containing a reading-room and library. From the high roof of this building the stroller will do well to take a glimpse of the surrounding country. He will naturally turn seaward for the more picturesque aspects. If the day is clear, he will see the famous Isles of Shoals, lying nine miles away—Appledore, Smutty-Nose, Star Island, White Island, etc.; there are nine of them in all. On Appledore is Loughton's Hotel, and near it the summer cottage of Celia Thaxter, the poet laureate of the Isles. On the northern end of Star Island is the quaint little town of Gosport, with a tiny stone church perched like a sea-gull on its highest rock. A mile

southwest from Star Island lies White Island, on which is a light-house. Mrs. Thaxter calls this the most picturesque of the group. Perilous neighbors, O mariner! in any but the serenest weather, these wrinkled, scarred, and storm-smitten old rocks, flanked by wicked supken ledges that grow white at the lip with rage when the great winds blow!

How peaceful it all looks off there, on the smooth emerald sea! and how softly the waves seem to break on yonder point where the unfinished fort is! That is the ancient town of Newcastle, to reach which from Portsmouth you have to cross three bridges, with the loveliest scenery in New Hampshire lying on

either hand. Opposite Newcastle is Kittery Point, a romantic spot, where Sir William Pepperell (the first and only American baronet) once lived, and where his tomb now is, in his orchard, across the road, a few hundred yards from the "goodly mansion" he built. The knight's tomb, and the old Pep-



MARKET STREET, FROM MARKET SQUARE.



OLD TOWER, NEWCASTLE.

perell House, which has been somewhat curtailed of its fair proportions, are the objects of frequent pilgrimages to Kittery Point, where there is, I believe, an excellent summer boarding-house.

From this elevation (the roof of the Athenæum) the Navy-yard, the river with its bridges and islands, the clustered gables of Kittery and Newcastle, and the illimitable ocean beyond make a picture worth climbing four or five flights of stairs to gaze upon. Glancing down on the town nestled in the foliage, it seems like a town dropped by chance in the midst of a forest. Among the prominent objects which lift themselves above the tree-tops are the belfries of the various churches, the white façade of the Custom-house, and the Mansard and chimneys of the Rockingham, the leading hotel. The pilgrim will be surprised to find in Portsmouth one of the most elegantly appointed hotels in the United States. The antiquarian may lament the demolition of the old Bell Tavern, and think regretfully of the good cheer once furnished the wayfarer by Master Stavers "at the sign of the Earl of Halifax," but the ordinary traveler will thank his stars, and confess that his lines have fallen in pleasant places, when he finds himself among the frescoes of the Rockingham.

Speaking of public buildings, you will observe looming up on your left, among the green fields one or two miles away, a large structure of red brick. That is the almshouse, on the town farm. I call attention to it, not to compare its accommodations with those of the Rockingham, but in order to say that in Portsmouth was built probably the first pauper work-house ever erected in this or any other country. The building was occupied in 1716, though completed several years previous to that date. It was not until seven years later (1723) that an act was passed in England authorizing the establishment of parish work-houses.

Obliquely opposite the door-step of the Athenæum—we are supposed to be on terra firma again—stands the Old North Church (orthodox), a substantial wooden building, handsomely set on what is called "The Parade," a large open space formed by the junction of Congress, Market, Daniel, and Pleasant streets. Here in happier days, innocent of water-works, stood the town pump.

The churches of Portsmouth are more remarkable for their number than their architecture. With the exception of the Stone Church (Unitarian) they are constructed of wood or plain brick in the simplest style. St. John's Church is the only one likely to attract the eye of a stranger. It is magnificently situated on the crest of Church Hill, overlooking the ever-beautiful river. The present edifice was built in 1808 on the site of what was known as Queen's Chapel, erect-



PEPPERELL HOUSE, KITTERY POINT.



OLD NORTH CHURCH.

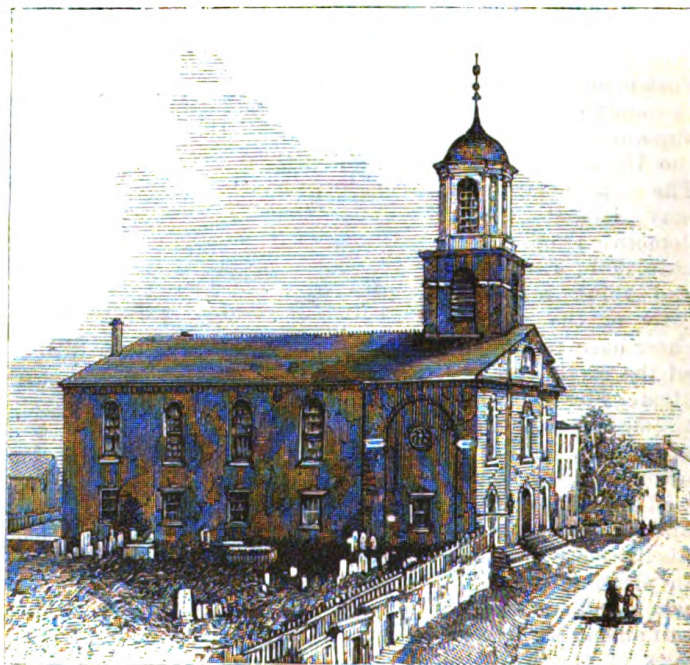
ed in 1732, and destroyed by fire December 24, 1806. The chapel was named in honor of Queen Caroline, who furnished the books for the altar and pulpit, the plate, and two elegant mahogany chairs, which are still in use in St. John's. Within the chancel rail is a curious marble font, taken by Colonel John Tufton Mason at the capture of Senegal from the French in 1758, and presented to the Episcopal Society in 1761. The peculiarly sweet-toned bell which calls the parishioners of St. John's together every Sabbath is, I believe, the same that formerly hung in the belfry of the old Queen's Chapel. If so, the bell has a history of its own. It was brought from Louisburg at the time of the reduction of that place in 1745, and given to the church by the officers of the New Hampshire troops.

Portsmouth is rich in grave-yards—they seem to be a New England specialty—ancient and modern. Among the old burial-places the one attached to St. John's Church is perhaps the most interesting. It has

not been permitted to fall into ruin, like the old cemetery at the Point of Graves. When a head-stone here topples over it is kindly lifted up and set on its feet again, and encouraged to do its duty. If it utterly refuses, and isn't shamming decrepitude, it has its face sponged, and is allowed to rest and sun itself against the wall of the church with a row of other exempts. The trees are kept pruned, the grass trimmed, and here and there is a rose-bush drooping with a weight of modest pale roses, as becomes a rose-bush in a church-yard.

The place has about it an indescribable soothing atmosphere of respectability and comfort. Here rest the remains of the principal

and loftiest in rank in their generation of the citizens of Portsmouth prior to the Revolution—stanch, royalty-loving governors, counselors, and secretaries of the Province of New Hampshire, all snugly gathered under the motherly wing of the Church of England. It is almost impossible to walk any where without stepping on a governor.



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

You grow haughty in spirit after a while, and scorn to tread on any thing less than one of his majesty's colonels or a secretary under the crown. Here are the tombs of the Atkinsons, the Jaffreys, the Sherburnes, the Sheafes, the Marshes, the Mannings, the Gardners, and others of the quality. All around you underfoot are tumbled-in coffins, with here and there a rusty sword atop, and faded escutcheons, and crumbling armorial devices. You are moving in the very best society.

This, however, is not the earliest cemetery in Portsmouth. An hour's walk from the Episcopal yard will bring you to the spot, already mentioned, where the first house was built and the first grave made, at Odiorne's Point. The exact site of the Manor is not known, but it is supposed to be a few rods north of an old well of flowing water, at which the Tomsons and the Hiltons and their comrades slaked their thirst two hundred and fifty years ago. Odiorne's Point is owned by Mr. Eben L. Odiorne, a lineal descendant of the worthy who held the property in 1657. Not far from the old spring is the resting-place of the earliest pioneers.

"This first cemetery of the white man in New Hampshire occupies a space of perhaps one hundred feet by ninety, and is well walled in. The western side is now used as a burial-place for the family, but two-thirds of it is filled with perhaps forty graves, indicated by rough head and foot stones. Who there rest no one now living knows. But the same care is taken of their quiet beds as if they were of the proprietor's own family. In 1631 Mason sent over about eighty emigrants, many of whom died in a few years, and here they were probably buried. Here too, doubtless, rest the remains of several of those whose names stand conspicuous in our early State records.

"History numbers here
Some names and scenes to long remembrance dear,
And summer verdure clothes the lowly breast
Of the small hillock where our fathers rest.
There was the dauntless heart, the hand, the voice,
That bade the desert blossom and rejoice."

VOL. XLIX.—No. 293.—43



BAPTIST CHURCH, STATE STREET.

"Were there a locality of similar historic interest north of the White Mountains, many an annual pilgrimage it would receive; its locality would be designated by some enduring monument, and a pebble from the first cemetery would be treasured as a mantel curiosity. But now, within a pleasant foot ramble, it is rarely visited, and seems to be almost unknown."

IV.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "let us take a walk down Fleet Street." Gentle reader, let us take a walk down Pleasant Street.

When Washington visited Portsmouth in 1789 he was not deeply impressed by the architecture of the little town that had stood by him so nobly in the struggle for independence. "There are some good houses," he writes,[†] "among which Colonel Lang-

* *Rambles about Portsmouth*, Second Series, p. 37.

† In an unpublished diary which Washington kept during his tour through Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire in October, 1789. The portions relating to Portsmouth were quoted by Edward Everett in an address delivered in that city in 1859.



FIRST PRINTING-OFFICE.

don's may be esteemed the first; but in general they are indifferent, and almost entirely of wood. On wondering at this, as the country is full of stone and good clay for bricks, I was told that on account of the fogs and damp they deemed them wholesomer, and for that reason preferred wood buildings."

The house of Colonel Langdon, on Pleasant Street, is still an excellent specimen of the solid and dignified abodes which our great-grandfathers had the sense to build. The art of their construction seems to have been a lost art these fifty years. Here Governor John Langdon resided from 1782 until the time of his death in 1819—a period during which many an illustrious man passed between those two white pillars that support the little balcony over the front-door; among the rest Louis Philippe and his brothers, and the Marquis de Chastellux, a major-general in the French army, serving under the Count de Rochambeau, whom he accompanied from France to the States in 1780. The journal of the marquis contains this reference to his host: "After dinner we went to drink tea with Mr. Langdon. He is a handsome man, and of noble carriage; he has been a member of Congress, and is now one of the first people of the country; his house is elegant and well furnished, and the apartments admirably well wainscoted" (this

reads like Mr. Samuel Pepys): "and he has a good manuscript chart of the harbor of Portsmouth. Mrs. Langdon, his wife, is young, fair, and tolerably handsome, but I conversed less with her than with her husband, in whose favor I was prejudiced from knowing that he had displayed great courage and patriotism at the time of Burgoyne's expedition."

It was at the height of the French Revolution that the three sons of the Duc d'Orleans were entertained at the Langdon Mansion. Years afterward,

when Louis Philippe was on the throne of France, he inquired of a Portsmouth lady presented at his court if the old mansion of Governor Langdon was still in existence.

The house stands back a decorous distance from the street, under the shadows of some gigantic oaks or elms, and presents an imposing appearance as you approach it over the tessellated marble walk. A hundred or two feet on either side of the gate, and abutting on the street, is a small square building of brick, one story in height—probably the porter's lodge and tool-house of former days. There is a large fruit garden attached to the house, which is in excellent condition, taking life comfortably, and having the complacent



GOVERNOR LANGDON'S MANSION.

air of a well-preserved beau of the *ancien régime*. The Langdon Mansion was owned and long occupied by the late Rev. Dr. Burroughs, for a period of forty-seven years the esteemed rector of St. John's Church.

At the other end of Pleasant Street is another notable house, to which we shall come by-and-by. Though President Washington found Portsmouth but moderately attractive from an architectural point of view, the visitor of to-day, if he have an antiquarian taste, will find himself embarrassed by the number of localities and buildings that appeal to his interest. Many of these buildings were new and undoubtedly commonplace enough at the date of Washington's visit; time and association have given them a quaintness and a significance which now make their architecture a question of secondary importance. One might spend a fortnight in Portsmouth exploring the nooks and corners over which history has thrown a glamour, and by no means exhaust the list. The writer, confined by the limits assigned to a magazine article, can not do more than attempt to describe—and that very briefly—a few of the typical old houses. There are several on this same Pleasant Street which we must leave unnoted, with their spacious halls and carven staircases, their antiquated furniture and old silver tankards and choice Copleys. Numerous examples of this artist's best manner are to be found here. To live in Portsmouth without possessing a family portrait done by Copley is like living in Boston without having an ancestor in the Old Granary Burying-ground. You can exist, but you can not be said to flourish. To make this statement smooth, I will remark that every one in Portsmouth *has* a Copley, or would have if a fair division were made.

In the better sections of the town the houses are kept in so excellent repair, and have such a smart appearance with their bright green blinds and freshly painted wood-work, that you are likely to pass many an old landmark without suspecting it. Whenever you see a house with a gambrel roof you may be almost positive that the house is at least eighty or a hundred years old, for the gambrel roof went out of fashion after the Revolution.



THE WARNER HOUSE.

On the corner of Daniel and Chapel streets stands the oldest brick building in Portsmouth—the Warner House. It was built in 1718 by Captain Archibald Macphedris, a Scotchman, as his name indicates, a wealthy merchant, and a member of the King's Council. He was the chief projector of the first iron-works established in America. Captain Macphedris married Sarah Wentworth, one of the sixteen children of Governor John Wentworth, and died in 1729, leaving a daughter, Mary, whose portrait, with that of her mother, painted by the ubiquitous Copley, still hangs in one of the parlors of this house, which, oddly enough, is not known by the name of Captain Macphedris, but by that of his son-in-law, Hon. Jonathan Warner, a member of the King's Council until the revolt of the colonies. "We well recollect Mr. Warner," says Mr. Brewster,* "as one of the last of the cocked hats. As in a vision of early childhood he is still before us, in all the dignity of the aristocratic crown officers. That broad-backed, long-skirted brown coat, those small-clothes and silk stockings, those silver buckles, and that cane—we see them still, although the life that filled and moved them ceased half a century ago."

The Warner House, a three-story building with gambrel roof and luthern win-

* Mr. Charles W. Brewster, for nearly fifty years the editor of the *Portsmouth Journal*, and the author of two volumes of local sketches to which the writer of the present paper acknowledges his indebtedness, died in 1868.

dows, is as fine and substantial a sample of the architecture of the period as you are likely to meet with any where in New England. The eighteen-inch walls are of brick brought from Holland, as were also many of the materials used in the building—the hearth-stones, tiles, etc. Hewn stone underpinnings were seldom adopted in those days; the brick-work rests directly upon the solid walls of the cellar. The interior is rich in paneling and wood carvings about the mantel-shelves, the deep-set windows, and along the cornices. The halls are wide and deep, after a gone-by fashion, with handsome staircases, set at an easy angle, and not standing nearly upright, like those ladders by which one reaches the upper chambers of a modern house. The principal rooms are paneled to the ceiling, and have large open chimney-places, adorned with the quaintest of Dutch tiles. In one of the parlors of the Warner House there is a choice store of family relics—china, silver plate, costumes, old clocks, and the like. There are some interesting paintings too—not by Copley this time. On a broad space each side of the hall windows, at the head of the staircase, are pictures of two Indians, life size. They are probably portraits of some of the numerous chiefs with whom Captain Macphedris had dealings, for the captain was engaged in the fur as well as in the iron business. Some enormous elk antlers, presented to Macphedris by his red friends, are hanging in the lower hall.

By mere chance, fifteen or twenty years

ago, some long-hidden paintings on the walls of this lower hall were brought to light. In repairing the front entry it became necessary to remove the paper, of which four or five layers had accumulated. At one place, where the several coats had peeled off cleanly, a horse's hoof was observed by a little girl of the family. The workman then began removing the paper carefully; first the legs, then the body of a horse with a rider were revealed, and the astonished paper-hanger presently stood before a life-size representation of Governor Phipps on his charger. The workman called other persons to his assistance, and the remaining portions of the wall were speedily stripped, laying bare four or five hundred square feet covered with sketches in color, landscapes, views of distant cities, figure-pieces, Biblical scenes—Abraham offering up Isaac—a lady at a spinning-wheel, etc. Until then no person in the land of the living had had any knowledge of those hidden pictures. An old dame of eighty, who had visited at the house intimately ever since her childhood, all but refused to believe her spectacles when brought face to face with the frescoes.

The place is full of odds and ends calculated to craze a *bric-à-brac* hunter, but there is nothing more curious than these incongruous paintings, evidently the work of a clever hand. Even the outside of the old edifice is not without its attractions for an antiquarian. The lightning-rod which protects the Warner House to-day was put up



HALL OF THE WARNER HOUSE.

under the personal supervision of Benjamin Franklin in 1762, and is supposed to be the first rod put up in New Hampshire. The Warner House has another strong claim on the good-will of the visitor—it is not known positively that George Washington ever slept there.

The same assertion can not be made safely in connection with the old yellow barracks situated on the southwest corner of Court and Atkinson streets. Famous old houses seem to have an intuitive perception of the value of corner lots. If it is a possible thing, they always set themselves down on the most desirable spots. It is beyond a doubt that Washington slept not only one night, but several nights under this roof; for this was a celebrated tavern previous and subsequent to the War of Independence, and Washington made it his head-quarters, I believe, during his visit to Portsmouth in 1797. When I was a boy I knew an old lady—not one of the old ladies in the newspapers, who are always taking preposterous walks before breakfast, and have all their faculties unimpaired, but a real old lady, whose ninety-nine years were beginning to tell on her—who had known Washington very well. She was a girl in her teens when he came to Portsmouth. The President was the staple of her conversation during the last ten years of her life, which she passed in the Stavers House, bedridden; and I think those ten years were rendered short and pleasant to the old gentlewoman by the memory of a compliment to her complexion which Washington probably never paid to her.

The old hotel—now a very unsavory tenement-house—was built by John Stavers, innkeeper, in 1770, who planted in front of the door a tall post, from which swung the sign of "The Earl of Halifax." Stavers had previously kept an inn of the same name on Queen, now State, Street.

It is a square three-story building, shabby and dejected, giving no hint of the really important historical associations that cluster about it. At the time of its erection it was no doubt considered a rather grand structure, for buildings of three stories were rare in Portsmouth. Even in 1798, of the six hundred and twenty-six dwelling-houses of which the town boasted, eighty-six were of one story, five hundred and twenty-four were of two stories, and only sixteen of three stories.* It has the regulation gambrel roof, but is lacking in those wood ornaments which are usually seen over the doors and windows of the more prominent houses of that epoch. It was, however, the hotel of the period.

That same worn door-step upon which Mr. O'Shaughnessy now stretches himself of a



SIDE AND REAR OF THE STAVERS HOUSE.

summer afternoon, with a short clay pipe stuck between his lips, and his hat crushed down on his brows, revolving the sad vicissitude of things (made very much sadder by drink)—that same door-step has been pressed by the feet of generals and marquises and grave dignitaries upon whom depended the destiny of the States—officers in gold-lace and scarlet cloth, and high-heeled belles in patch and powder. At this door the "Flying Stage-Coach," from Boston, once a week set down its load of passengers—and distinguished passengers they often were. Most of the chief celebrities of the land, before and after the secession of the colonies, have been guests of Master Stavers, at the sign of the Earl of Halifax.

While the storm was brewing between the colonies and the mother country it was in a back-room in the old tavern that the adherents of the crown met to discuss matters. The landlord himself was a loyalist, and when the full cloud was on the eve of breaking he had an early intimation of the coming tornado. The Sons of Liberty had long watched with sullen eyes the secret sessions of the Tories in Master Stavers's tavern, and one morning the patriots quietly began cutting down the post which supported the obnoxious emblem. Mr. Stavers, who seems not to have been belligerent himself, but the cause of belligerence in others, sent out his black slave with orders to stop proceedings. The negro, who was armed with an axe, struck but a single blow, and disappeared. This blow fell upon the head of Mark Noble; it did not kill him, but left him an insane man till the day of his death, forty years afterward. A furious mob at once collected, and made an attack on the tavern, bursting in the doors and shattering every pane of glass in the windows. It was only through the intervention of Captain

* *Rambles about Portsmouth*, First Series, p. 190.



WENTWORTH HOUSE, LITTLE HARBOR.

John Langdon, a warm and popular patriot, that the hotel was saved from destruction.

Master Stavers in the mean while had escaped through the stables in the rear. He fled to Stratham, where he was given refuge by his friend William Pottle, who had supplied the hotel with ale. The excitement blew over after a time, and Stavers was induced to return to Portsmouth. He was seized by the Committee of Safety, and lodged in Exeter jail,* when his loyalty, which had really never been very high, went down below zero; he took the oath of allegiance, and shortly after his release re-opened the hotel. The honest face of William Pitt appeared on the repentant sign, *vice* the Earl of Halifax, ignominiously discharged, and Stavers was himself again.

From that period until I do not know what year the Stavers House prospered. It was at the sign of the William Pitt that the officers of the French fleet boarded in 1782, and hither came the Marquis Lafayette, all the way from Providence, to visit them. John Hancock, Elbridge Gerry, Rutledge, and other signers of the Declaration sojourned here at various times. It was here General Knox—"that stalwart man, two officers in size and three in lungs"—was wont to order his dinner, and in a stentorian voice compliment

Master Stavers on the excellence of his larder. One day—it was at the time of the French Revolution—Louis Philippe and his two brothers applied at the door of the William Pitt for lodgings; but the tavern was full, and the future king, with his companions, found comfortable quarters under the hospitable roof of Governor Langdon in Pleasant Street.

A record of the scenes, tragic and humorous, that have been enacted within this old yellow house on the corner would fill a volume. A vivid picture of the social and public life of the old time might be painted by a skillful hand, using the two Earl of Halifax inns for a background. The painter would find gay and sombre colors ready mixed for his palette, and a hundred romantic incidents waiting for his canvas. One of these romantic episodes has been turned to very pretty account by Longfellow in the last series of *The Tales of a Wayside Inn*—the marriage of Governor Benning Wentworth with Martha Hilton, a sort of second edition of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid.

Martha Hilton was a poor girl, whose bare feet and ankles and scant drapery when she was a child, and even after she was well in the bloom of her teens, used to scandalize good Dame Stavers, the innkeeper's wife. Standing one afternoon in the doorway of the Earl of Halifax,* Dame Stavers took occasion to remonstrate with the sleek-limbed

* In the State records is the following letter from poor Noble—who was not inappropriately named—begging for the discharge of John Stavers:

PORTSMOUTH, February 3, 1777.

"To the Committee of Safety the Town of Exeter:

"GENTLEMEN,—As I am informed that Mr. Stivers is in confinement in goal upon my account contrary to my desire, for when I was at Mr. Stivers a fast day I had no ill nor ment none against the Gentleman but by bad luck or misfortune I have received a bad Blow but it is so well that I hope to go out in a day or two. So by this gentlemen of the Committee I hope you will release the gentleman upon my account. I am yours to serve.

MARK NOBLE,

"A friend to my country."

* The first of the two hotels bearing that title. Mr. Brewster commits a slight anachronism in locating the scene of this incident in Jaffrey Street, now Court. The Stavers House was not built until the year of Governor Benning Wentworth's death. Mr. Longfellow, in the poem, does not fall into the same error.

"One hundred years ago, and something more,
In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her tavern door,
Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,
Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows."

and lightly draped Martha, who chanced to be passing the tavern, carrying a pail of water, in which, as the poet neatly says, "the shifting sun-beam danced."

"Yon Pat! you Pat!" cried Mrs. Stavers, severely; "why do you go looking so? You should be ashamed to be seen in the street."

"Never mind how I look," says Miss Martha, with a merry laugh, letting slip a saucy brown shoulder out of her dress; "I shall ride in my chariot yet, ma'am."

Fortunate prophecy! Martha went to live as servant with Governor Wentworth at his mansion at Little Harbor, looking out to sea. Seven years passed, and the "thin slip of a girl," who promised to be no great beauty, had flowered into the loveliest of women, with a lip like a cherry and a cheek like a rose—a lady by instinct, one of Nature's own ladies. The governor, a lonely widower, and not too young, fell in love with his fair handmaid. Without stating his purpose to any one, Governor Wentworth invited a number of friends (among others the Rev. Arthur Brown) to dine with him at Little Harbor on his birthday. After the dinner, which was a very elaborate one, was at an end, and the guests were discussing their tobacco-pipes, Martha Hilton glided into the room, and stood blushing in front of the chimney-place. She was exquisitely dressed, as you may conceive, and wore her hair three stories high. The guests stared at each other, and particularly at her, and wondered. Then the governor, rising from his seat,

"Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down, And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown:
"This is my birthday; it shall likewise be
My wedding-day; and you shall marry me!"

The rector was dumfounded, knowing the humble footing Martha had held in the house, and could think of nothing cleverer to say than, "To whom, your excellency?"

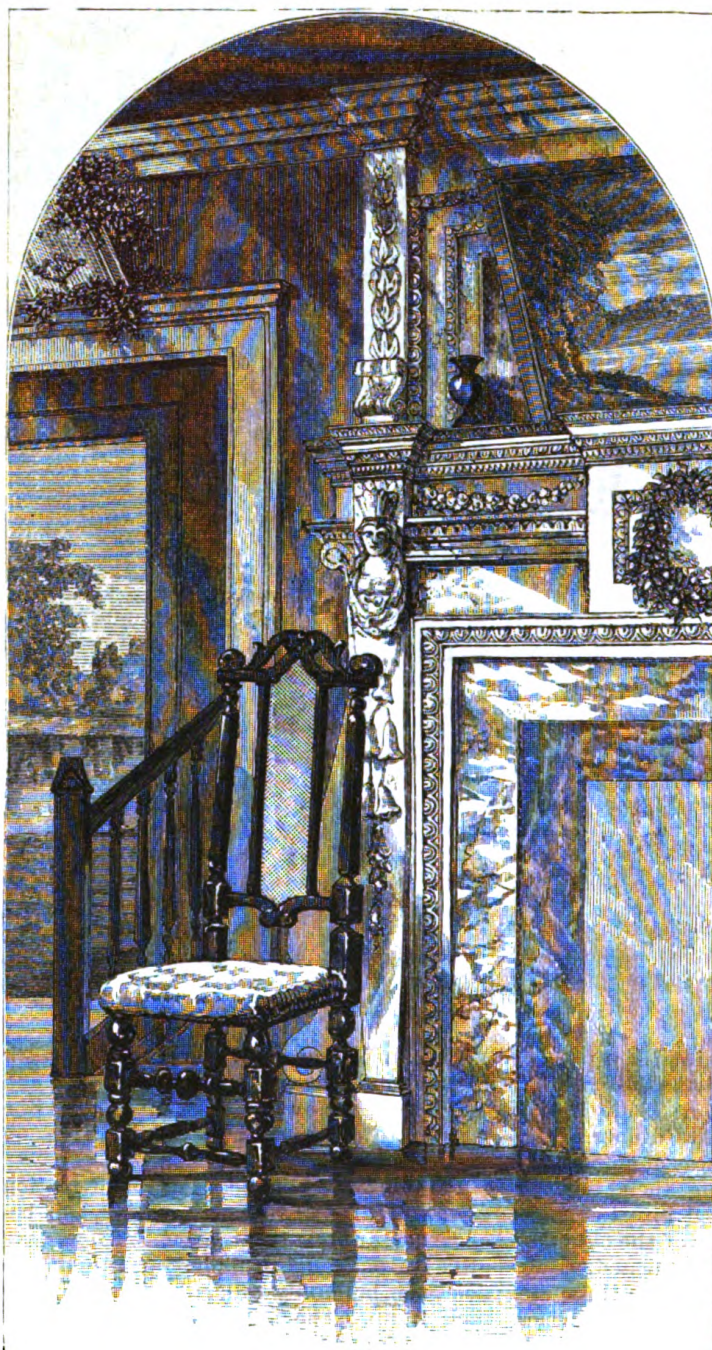
"To this lady," replied the governor, taking Martha Hilton by the hand. The Rev. Arthur Brown hesitated. "As the Chief Magistrate of New Hampshire I command you to marry me!" cried the firm old governor.



GOVERNOR BENNING WENTWORTH.

And so it was done; and so the pretty kitchen-maid became Lady Wentworth, and did ride in her own chariot, after all. She wasn't a woman if she didn't drive by Stavers's hotel!

Lady Wentworth had a keen appreciation of the dignity of her new station, and became a grand lady at once. A few days after her marriage, dropping her ring on the floor, she languidly ordered her servant to pick it up. The servant, who appears to have had a fair sense of humor, grew suddenly near-sighted, and was unable to find the ring until Lady Wentworth stooped and placed her ladyship's finger upon it. She turned out a faultless wife, however; and Governor Wentworth at his death, which occurred in 1770, signified his approval of her by leaving her his entire estate. She married again without changing name, accepting the hand, and what there was of the heart, of Michael Wentworth, a retired colonel of the British army, who came to this country in 1767. Colonel Wentworth (not connected, I believe, with the Portsmouth branch of Wentworths) seems to have been



A BIT IN THE WENTWORTH HOUSE, LITTLE HARBOR.

of a convivial turn of mind. He shortly dissipated his wife's fortune in high living, and died abruptly in New York—it is supposed by his own hand. His last words—quite a unique contribution to the literature of last words—were, "I have had my cake, and ate it," which show that the colonel, in his own peculiar line, was a finished philosopher.

The seat of Governor Wentworth at Little Harbor—a pleasant walk from Market Square—is well worth a visit. Time and

change have laid their hands more lightly on this rambling old pile than on any other of the old homes in Portsmouth. When you cross the threshold of the door you step into the colonial period. Here the Past seems to have halted courteously, waiting for you to catch up with it. Inside and outside the Wentworth Mansion remains nearly as the old governor left it; and though it is no longer in the possession of the family, the present owners, in their willingness to gratify the decent curiosity of strangers, show a hospitality which has always characterized the place.

The house is an architectural freak. The main building—if it is the main building—is generally two stories in height, with irregular wings forming three sides of a square which opens on the water. It is, in brief, a cluster of whimsical extensions that look as if they had been built at different periods, which I believe was not the case. The mansion was completed in 1750. It originally contained fifty-two rooms; a portion of the structure was removed twenty or twenty-five years since, leaving at present forty-five apartments. The chambers were connected in the oddest

manner, by unexpected steps leading up or down, and capricious little passages that seem to have been the unhappy afterthoughts of the architect. But it is a mansion on a grand scale, and with a grand air. The cellar was arranged for the stabling of a troop of thirty horse in times of danger. The council-chamber, where for many years all questions of vital importance to the State were discussed, is a spacious, high-studded room, finished in the richest style of the last century. It is said that the ornamentation

of the huge mantel, carved with knife and chisel, cost the workman a year's constant labor. At the entrance to the council-chamber are still the racks for the twelve muskets of the governor's guard—so long ago dismissed!

Some very notable family portraits adorn the walls here, among which is a fine painting—yes, by our friend Copley—of the lovely Dorothy Quincy, who married John Hancock, and afterward became Madam Scott. I have an impression that this is the "Dorothy Q." of Holmes's poem; if so, triply famous lady! Opening on the council-chamber is a large billiard-room; the billiard-table is gone, but an ancient spinnet, with the prim air of an ancient maiden lady, and of a wheezy voice, is there; and in one corner



LADY HANCOCK, PORTRAIT BY COPLEY, IN THE WENTWORTH HOUSE, LITTLE HARBOR.



SIR THOMAS WENTWORTH,* WENTWORTH HOUSE, LITTLE HARBOR.

* "Sir Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, dictating to his secretary in the Tower, the day before his execution, A.D. 1641." Such is the traditional explanation of the picture, which is after Vandyck. Sir Thomas was the old governor's ancestor.

stands an old *buffet*, near which the imaginative nostril may still detect a faint and tantalizing odor of colonial punch. Opening also on the council-chamber are several tiny apartments, empty and silent now, in which many a close rubber has been played by illustrious hands. The stillness and loneliness of the old house seem saddest here. The jeweled fingers are dust, the merry laughs have turned themselves into silent, sorrowful phantoms, stealing from chamber to chamber. It is easy to believe in the traditional ghost that haunts the place—

"A jolly place in times of old,
But something ails it now!"

The mansion at Little Harbor is not the only notable house that bears the name of Wentworth. On Pleasant Street, at the head of Washington Street, stands the former residence of another colonial worthy, Governor John Wentworth, who went into office in 1767, and went out at the time of the Revolution. He was a royalist of the most decided stripe. In 1775 a man named Fenton, who had become offensive to the patriots, was given shelter in this house by the governor, who refused to deliver the fugitive to the people. The mob planted a field-piece (unloaded) in front of the door-step, and threatened to fire if Fenton were not forth-coming. The family vacated the premises, and the mob entered, doing considerable damage. The broken marble chimney-piece is preserved in its place, mutely protesting against the outrage. Shortly after this event Governor Wentworth retired to England. He was Governor of Nova Scotia from 1792 to 1800, and died in Halifax in 1820. This is one of the handsomest old dwellings in town, and promises to outlast many of its newest neighbors. The parlor presents the same aspect it wore when the populace rushed into it nearly a century ago; the

plush on the walls has not faded, and all the furniture and decorations have been kept in their original positions, and preserved with scrupulous care. In the hall—deep enough for the duel that is always fought in halls in baronial novels—are full-length portraits of the governor and others of the family.

There is still a third Wentworth House, also once occupied by a colonial governor—there were three Governors Wentworth—but that, and a hundred other relics of the past, must remain unmentioned.

The points of interest in and about Portsmouth are innumerable. I have accomplished my end if I have succeeded in intimating this to the reader. The beaches at Rye and Hampton, and the summer resorts inland, annually draw thousands of persons to the neighborhood; for the most part they regard Portsmouth as the place where they purchase their ticket to Boston, or take passage on the little steamer for the Shoals. Yet many of them have crossed the Atlantic, and suffered the hardships and fatigue of foreign land travel, in order to visit localities that can not possibly possess for an American one-half the interest of this Old Town by the Sea.

HUNTSMEN OF THE SEA.



A NIMROD OF THE SEA.

WITHIN the memory of most of us there was a time when we sought some quiet spot at home to read, undisturbed, a romance of the American whale-fisheries. The subject has charms that commend it to all young readers, since it comprehends at the same time both hunting adventures and the wonders of the deep. We are not surprised, then, at the great number of writers for boys who have chosen this field for the scene of their books. But we are surprised and re-

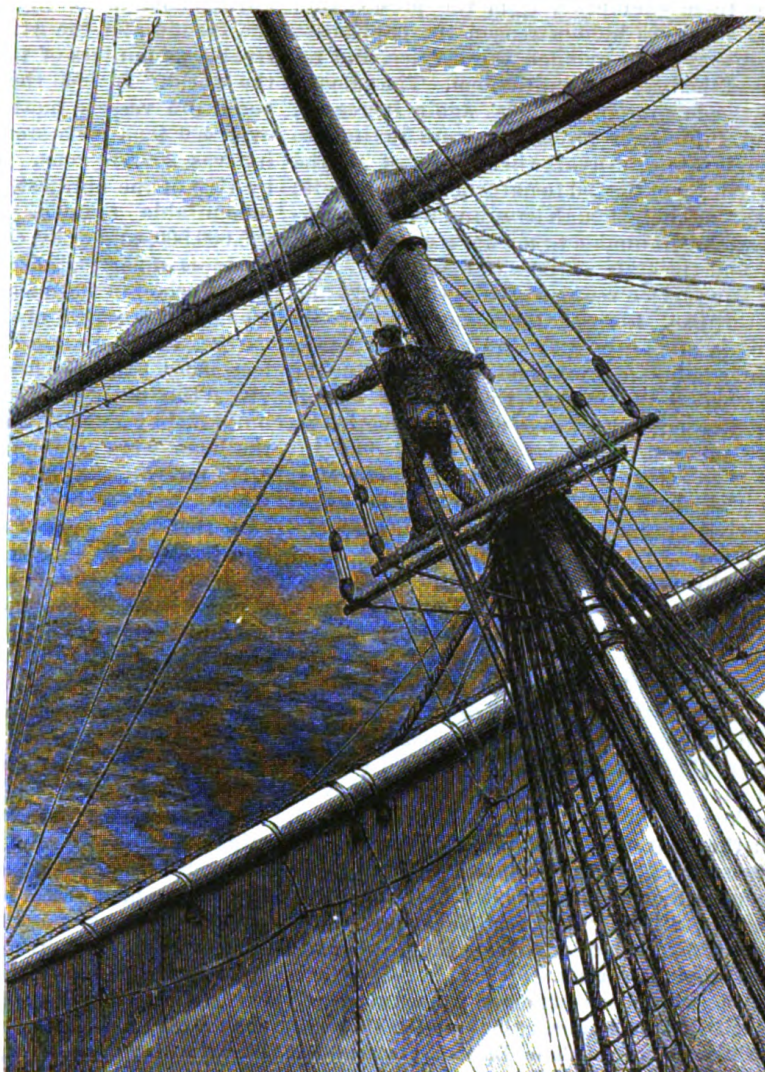
gretful that none of them ever trusted in the riches it contains, and that they preferred to follow their own imaginations into the wildest impossibilities rather than to gather truths infinitely more interesting. More scientific writers have scarcely done better. Perhaps we should say they have done worse, for they have stated as facts things as flimsy as the flimsiest yarns of the story-tellers. Heretofore there have been no trustworthy authorities on the subject, and for the first time a writer appears with credentials that entitle him to the widest consideration.*

He is not a romancer who fabricates his thrilling stories of the sea on dry land, nor a learned Dryasdust, who comes with fresh and sprightly theories from the dissecting-room, but a man from before the mast, who saw and heard with his own eyes and ears all the things that he has written about. His narrative is the unvarnished story of a fore-castle hand, and its chief merits are its veracity and its picturesque simplicity. In some chapters it is rollicking and brimful of adventure; in others it is sad, and weighted down with the miseries of fore-castle life. The descriptions of scenery and the phenomena of the ocean are often so very naïve that if we were not told of their author's busi-

* *Nimrod of the Sea; or, the American Whaleman.* By W. MORRIS DAVIS. New York: Harper and Brothers.

ness, we could easily guess it. The work is eminently one for popular entertainment and instruction; and in one of its most absorbing chapters it shows the brilliant development of the American whale trade. Furthermore we have nothing to, add, save to reiterate that the whole subject is one of intense interest to old and young, as, we think, the material gathered in the succeeding pages will prove. The historical part properly comes first. Some of the adventures will be told later on.

In the reign of King Alfred, it is said, there appeared in England a gallant old Northman, who told his majesty wondrous stories about the whales captured by the Finns off the coast of Lapland. Alfred was so impressed with the advantages of the enterprise that he caused the information to be spread through his kingdom, hoping that his people would engage in it. But they did not, and until 1598 there is no further record on the subject. In that year, according to Hakluyt's *Voyages and Discoveries*, an honest London merchant wrote to a friend of his, requesting "to be advised and directed in the course of killing a whale." The answer conveyed the information that competent whalers and tools were to be obtained in Biscay, where the people had been engaged in the hazardous business since 1390. The correspondence resulted in the equipment of a whaling fleet, which met with great success, and was increased until the English were unrivaled in the Greenland fisheries. Things might have gone happily, but the Dutch intruded on English ground, and met with a hearty English welcome. Their tackle and oil were seized, and they were told to depart, under the penalty of losing



"THERE SHE BLOWS!"

their vessels also. They submitted, but only until some war vessels arrived to protect them, when they resumed the business, and continued it unmolested.

Soon afterward the English relinquished the fishery, and did not again occupy it until the time of Charles the Second. In 1618 it is recorded that the whale-fisheries of Holland employed 12,000 men. This is considered an exaggeration; but in a work called *Discourses upon Trade*, published in 1670, the statement occurs that "the Greenland whale-fisheries of the Dutch and Hamburgers have annually 400 or 500 ships, while the English have only one." It is also said that in forty-six years, ending with 1721, the Dutch made 5886 voyages, and captured 32,906 whales, valued at £16,000,000.

Emulous of so prosperous a traffic, the English again made determined efforts to recover what they had lost, the government granting bounties to whalers, and allow-

ing them exemption from the press-gang. But for some hidden reason the capitalists and tars alike avoided the service, and refused the bait held out to them. The amount of the bounty offered was again increased, and Protestant foreigners were invited to immigrate and avail themselves of all the privileges extended to natural-born subjects; but England, though so grand a naval power, was still unable to muster a whaling fleet or find the stalwart men to man it.

The service required strength, pluck, and enterprise. In these things Americans would suit it, and in 1672 the fruit of their toil in the whale-fisheries first appeared in the markets. We believe there is yet extant the first agreement ever made in America on the subject. In it "James Loper doth engage to carry on a design of whale catching on the island of Nantucket. That is to say, James engages to be a third in all respects, and some of the town engages on the other two-thirds in a like manner."

This little spark, Captain Davis observes, kindled a great flame that burned around the world.

Work was begun on the smallest scale in boats from the shore by thrifty, industrious, and courageous men. It attracted the Americans almost as much as it repelled the English, and in 1761 the small island of Nantucket employed ten vessels of 100 tons each. In the year following the number had increased to fifteen vessels, and within twelve months more a magnificent fleet of eighty vessels, all hailing from Nantucket, were afloat in search of whales on the nearest and most distant waters.

The whalebone exported from America to Great Britain reduced the price of that material one-third. The British government had thus far expended the extraordinary sum of £1,687,902 in bounties, and were content a while to watch the progress of their colonial subjects in the whale-fisheries; but after the Declaration of Independence they were no longer interested in them, and renewed and added to their offers of bounties. They offered a premium of £600 to the vessel proceeding to the Pacific, continuing four months on the ground, and, after being sixteen months out, having the greatest quantity of sperm-oil on board. Five hundred pounds more were promised to any of the seven vessels having the next greatest quantity. A second invitation was also issued to foreigners, who were allowed to import their goods free of duty and to compete for all the premiums. The pertinacity of the government appears as strange as the aversion of the sailors to an exciting service in which they might be expected to glory.

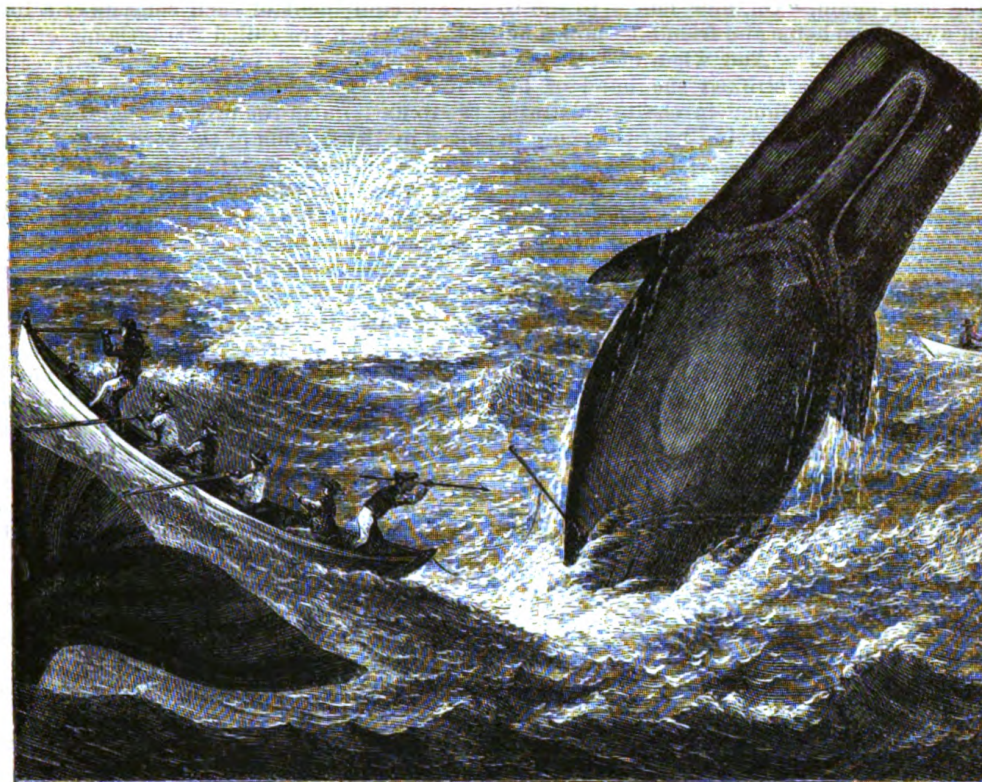
The Americans were never assisted by their government, and depended on their own resources alone. Their success elicited a brilliant eulogy from Burke in the English

Parliament; and on the Arctic and Antarctic, the Pacific and the Atlantic, they were unrivaled as hunters of the grandest game in the world. In 1840 the whaling fleet numbered 675 vessels, most of them measuring over 400 tons each, and their total capacity was 200,000 tons. They were manned by 1700 of the hardiest, pluckiest, and most indomitable seamen. Their value was \$25,000,000, and they carried on an annual business of \$5,000,000.

The secret of the success of the Nantucket whalers is strikingly stated in *Nimrod of the Sea*. They practiced co-operation to perfection. "From the first," says Captain Davis, "the people clubbed their means to build or buy a vessel, and many branches of the labor were conducted by those immediately interested in the voyage. The cooper while employed in making casks took good care that they were of sound and seasoned wood, lest they might leak his oil in the long voyage; the blacksmith forged the choicest iron in the shank of the harpoon, which he knew, perhaps from actual experience, would be put to the severest test in wrenching and twisting as the whale, in which he had a one-hundredth interest, was secured; the rope-maker faithfully tested each yarn of the tow-line to make certain that it would carry 200 pounds of strain, for he well knew that one weak inch in his work might cause the loss of a fighting monster; the very women and girls who made the clothing remembered in their toil that father, brother, or one dearer yet might wear the garment, and extra stitches were lovingly thrown in to save the loss of a button or the ripping of a seam." Thus it was that the profits of the labor were directly enjoyed by those engaged in it, and the workman's interest was the master's, and the master's the workman's.

The English capitalists could not compete with such a hive of co-operationists, although their government aided them with a premium of ten dollars per ton burden of the vessels, protected them by excessive duties on American oil, and granted unprecedented immunities to their seamen. They were compelled to relinquish the honor and the glory and the profit, and to simply watch how others could excel them. For many years to come the commoners of Nantucket, New Bedford, and New London were destined to be masters of the whale-fisheries.

No doubt those of you who are young are impatient for a glimpse of life on board a whaling ship, and now that we have shown you how the Americans came to be renowned in the profession, this desire shall be gratified. The excitement, the adventures, the perils, and the prizes of the service very naturally allure many boys of a roving disposition away from home. If you happen to stroll along the docks to-morrow,



STRUCK ON A BREACH.

you will see outside some of the shipping-offices such unflattering advertisements as, "Greenhorns wanted for whaling voyages." And not far off there will likely be an uncouth lad contemplating it with a wistful eye, ready to obey the first beck of the agent within, and to sign articles for a long three years' cruise. The lad is fearful that the agent will reject him; but usually the agent is as anxious to ship him as he is to be shipped. Captain Davis had the charms of a whaling voyage most eloquently described to him as he stood, fresh from a Pennsylvania farm-house, in a New London shipping-office: "There's fresh beef in plenty; the porpoise is to be had for the catching, and there's muscle in porpoise—it'll stiffen you up, porpoise will. Then there's albatross as big as geese—a little oily, but you'll get used to that, and it makes a man waterproof to eat albatross." And so the lad, who needs no cajolery, willingly writes his name in a sprawling hand to the articles, and with a pat on the back is sent to the outfitter's store, where he is rigged in kerseys, canvas, and tarpaulin.

The whale-fishery is considered one of the best schools for seamen that we have. But the relations between officers and men were as brutal on the vessel in which Captain Davis sailed his first voyage as on most ships in other services. The captain and officers were tyrannical masters, and the men vindictive slaves. The rope's-end and, on

one occasion, the revolver were the arguments used to bring refractory sinners to their senses. The officers swore at the men aloud, and cheated them to their faces. The men swore at the officers in an under-breath, and were treacherous in dark corners. Once there was a revolt, the men protecting a lad from the captain's cat-o'-nine-tails. The mutineers were imprisoned without a trial by an ignorant consul of the United States in one of the Hawaiian ports, and were released after many months by a war vessel. Quarrels, threats, blows, and desertions were of frequent occurrence, and out of the large crew that sailed from New London only four or five returned home in the same ship.

The good days of co-operation were waning, we should think, when Captain Davis went to sea. But there was never a time when the crew refused to work, or allowed a whale to pass without lowering the boats and cheerfully risking their lives in its capture; and a can of grog was never sent to the forecabin nor a kind word said that did not awaken manifest gratitude in these poor sons of the sea. Considering all things, we think that the sailors were to be blamed least. A pathetic incident is related of the illness of a boy named Beers. He was left alone and unattended, without nourishment or medicines, on a narrow shelf in a foul-smelling, vermin-infested pantry. When one of the forecabin hands found him he was delirious, murmuring the words over

and over again, "Oh, how lonely to die so far away from home and friends!—how lonely! how lonely!" And when he recovered consciousness he stroked the hand of his comrade and continued in the same strain, "I should not mind dying near the shore in the track of other vessels; but here, so far at sea, how lonely! how lonely!" His spirit was not released until after many hours of suffering, and he died "babbling of green fields."

All ills on shipboard were treated by one formula. A powerful dose of Epsom salts was first administered to the patient, and if that effected no improvement, a still more powerful dose of jalap followed, with the object of neutralizing the salts. But if neither medicine produced a favorable change, they were supplemented by a potion of calomel that either killed or cured.

In the long voyage around Cape Horn to the sperm-whale ground there are few incidents that have not been often described before. The vessel is followed by the flying-fish, the pilot-fish, and the albatross, and in smooth weather the crews are drilled in capturing a dummy whale. A spar is towed astern, and the greenhorns in the boats manoeuvre around it with a great deal of earnestness, and are taught some of the tricks of the trade. But as soon as they reach the Banks of Brazil actual service is due, and each man is alert for the stirring cry from the mast-head, "There she blows!" The ship is under sail during the day only, and in the night she stands by under close-reefed canvas, an arrangement which allows the crew long watches below, and prepares them for hard toil during the day. The captain and mates strain their eyes across the waters, and the humble deck hand is not less zealous and anxious. When at last the word is heard from aloft, and is repeated quick and oft, the boats are manned with such alacrity and precision as are seldom seen elsewhere.

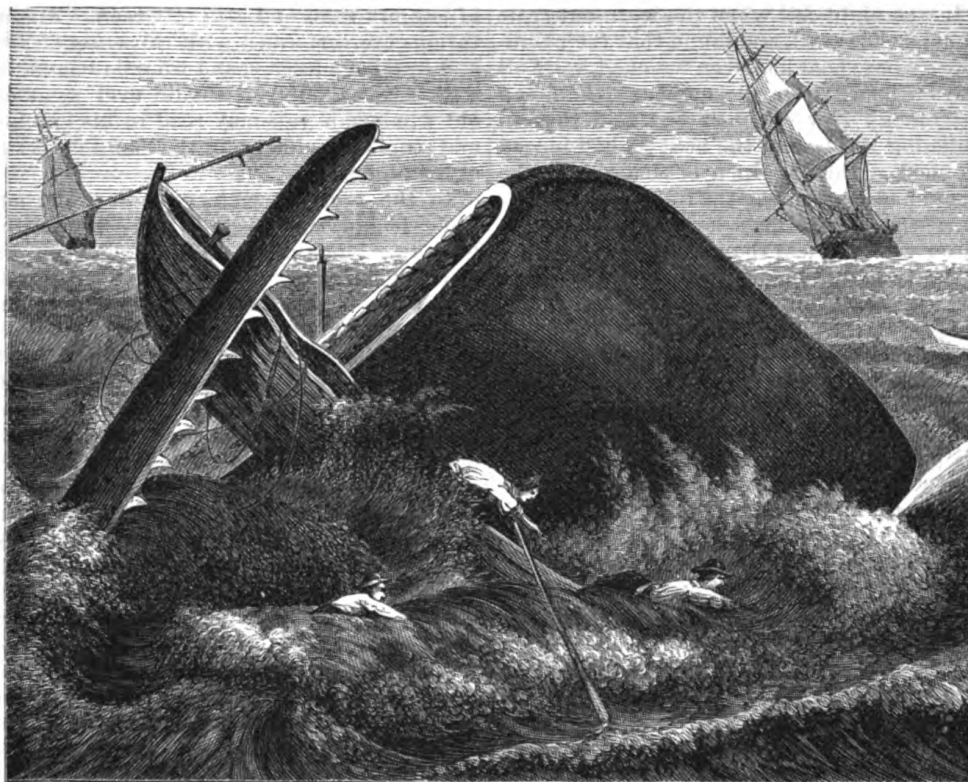
The American whale-boats, by-the-way, are unexcelled in beauty, speed, and durability. They are twenty-eight feet long, swelling amid-ships to six feet in breadth. The gunwale is twenty-two inches above the keel amid-ships, and rises with an accelerated curve to thirty-seven inches at each end. The elevation of bow and stern, and a clipper-like upper form, give them a duck-like capacity to ride advancing waves that would fill and sink ordinary boats. The gunwale and keel are of the very best timber, and are the heaviest parts, giving a firmness to the rest of the structure. The planking is of half-inch white cedar. We scarcely hope that these specifications will interest the landsman, but by them the quality of the boats shall be known to watermen. Let us add that one of these boats can be lifted by two men, and that it will make ten miles an hour in a dead chase by oars alone.

The equipment of each consists of a line tub, in which are coiled 300 fathoms of the best hempen cord; a mast and sprit-sail; oars, harpoons, and lances; a small apparatus to extinguish the fires that might be ignited by the friction of the cord drawn from the reel; a water keg, lantern, candles, compass, waif flags on poles, and bandages for wounds. The harpoon is a barbed triangular iron, very sharp on the edges, and the lance is a somewhat similar instrument. There is a modern invention, called a bomb-lance, which is not often found in American boats. It is an iron tube about eighteen inches long, sharp at one end, and provided with elastic wings at the other, which serve as the feathers of an arrow. The tube contains six ounces of powder and a fuse, and is aimed at the whale's vital parts. Sometimes it kills instantly, but it is considered uncertain in fastening, and, as we have said, American whalers generally avoid it.

In boats of such lightness as we have described the royal game of the seas is chased and attacked. His moods are variable, his courage is always the same. Sometimes he is killed by the first dart of the harpoon, and dies a quiet death; at other times he fights for hours at a time, destroys boat after boat, mangles the men, and even charges at the ship itself. Such a vicious customer was one of the first Captain Davis had to encounter.

As soon as the harpoon had struck him he swiftly ran a short distance under water, carrying a line with him. Then turning in his course, he rose to the surface, and rushed at full speed, with his head out of water, for one of the boats, which he stove in and rolled over. The captain's boat, in which Davis was bow-oar, came to the rescue; but as the captain saw that the men were not in immediate danger, and that a third boat was approaching, he left them swimming, and attempted to coax the whale away from the wreck, which the enraged monster was threshing with his terrible jaw. Just then the whale noticed the swimmers, however, and rushed toward them, with his jaw at right angles with his body. But before he could reach them a second harpoon was hurled into him, and with that to accelerate his speed, he ran away to the windward, towing the captain's boat in the wake.

It was then the duty of the bow oarsman to grasp the fastening line and haul the boat alongside the enemy, so that the lance might be used upon the huge body. But it was impossible, owing to the increasing speed of the whale, and the savage manner in which he tossed his flukes. The captain used an implement called a spade, with the hope of severing the tendons of his tail, and so bringing him to; but the operation was unsuccessful, and he ran with undiminished speed, often rolling as he went, so as to give the flukes



IN THE WHALE'S JAWS.

a side-cutting power, with the intention of crushing his little antagonist. Under similar circumstances the ordinary manœuvre of the hunters is to sheer the boat to one side of the whale by taking a bight of the line over one side of the boat.

"In this instance," Davis tells us, "the bow oarsman had been tugging at the line for an hour, but was utterly unable to get the boat in advance of the flukes of the whale. A little line might be gained for a short time, but it would soon be torn through the clinging hands, almost taking the flesh with it. This was certainly very aggravating to the excited captain, who was a religious man, and under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to rile him, I guess he would average well in the patience line. But with all our troubles on this day, I believe he wished there had been no sin in a ripping oath.

"He was a little hard on his bow oarsman, and rather more than hinted at somebody's cowardice. This was too much for my hot Welsh blood, and with the aid of two others I brought the boat right up to the iron in the whale's body, and coolly passed a bight around the thwart and made all fast. The captain was delighted to be held up to his work so well, and plied his lance thrust after thrust; but the brute seemed to bear a charmed life. He would not spout blood, and the little jets that came from the lance holes would not bleed a whale to death

in a month. Our boat buried her nose in the waves, and the bloody spray leaped over her sides as we swept right royally onward. Now our majestic race-horse grew impatient of the captain's prodding. He *milled* [turned] across our course, and we ran plump against his head. 'Slack line!' roared the captain. 'Starn all! slack line, and starn!' He turned in his tracks to step aft of the bow oarsman, fearing the upward cut of the whale's jaw, when he saw that the line was fast to the thwart. 'For God's sake cut that line!' he shouted, as he sprang forward for the hatchet; but the loosened bight went over the side, as the whale came up under the forward part of the boat, and carried the bow clear out of the water as he rounded slowly forward.

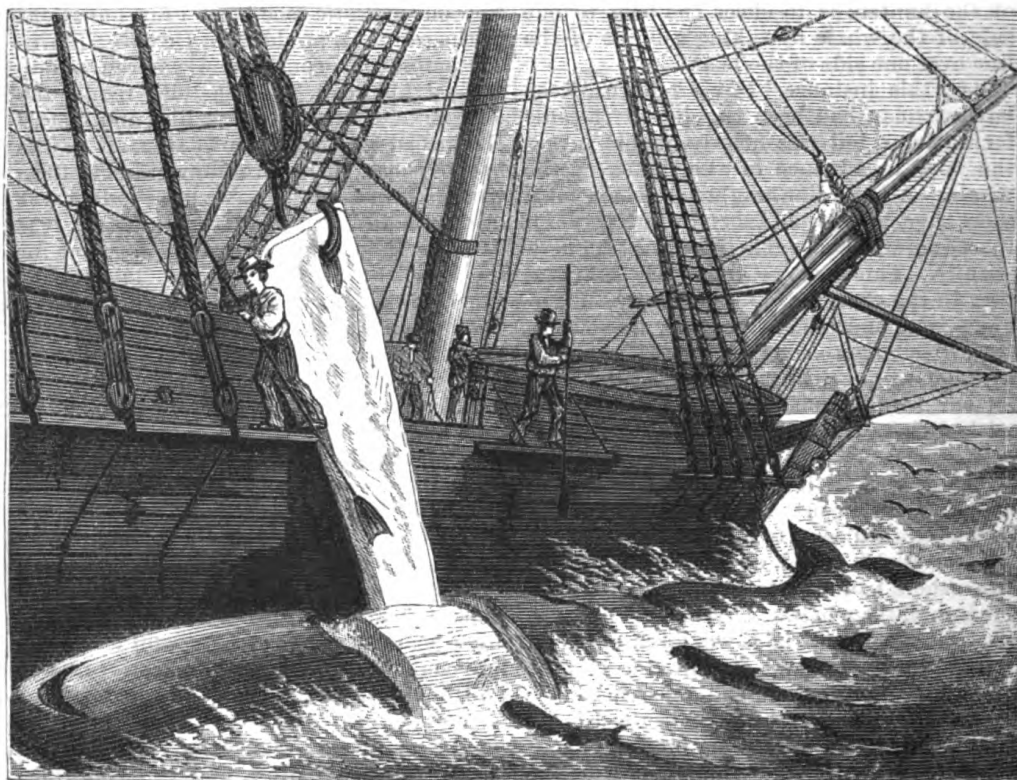
"At this moment the captain and old Ben [the harpooner] occupied the stern of the boat, and in the perilous moment I was just mad enough to enjoy the expectant look with which the two old whalemens awaited the arrival of the on-coming flukes. Fortunately for all of us, the blow was delayed a moment, and when the thundering concussion came it cleared our boat by a few feet. The other boats were out of sight, and the ship's hull could be dimly seen to the leeward. For two hours more the whale ran and fought with redoubled energy. The captain got long darts with the lance, but with no good effect. The iron drew, and the victorious whale passed from us."

It was night-fall when the worn-out crew reached the vessel, and found that their comrades, whose boat had been wrecked, were all safe on board. On the next day the green but plucky bow oarsman was told that in fastening the line to the boat he had placed six men within an inch of death. If the whale had gone down, the frail craft and her crew would have been a quarter of a mile under water in less than a minute.

More pages than one number of this magazine contains could easily be filled with instances of the heroic daring of whalers, and the prowess of the game which they seek. An infuriated whale is a vastly more terrible antagonist than the wildest and mightiest of land animals. His courage is equal to his power, and instances are on record in which a sperm-whale, after defeating the men in the boats, has actually rushed upon the ship, stove in her bow, and sunk her. A boat or two lost is usually the smallest cost of an encounter, and often the crew are tossed high in the air by his monstrous flukes, with a bristling shower of harpoons, lances, and splinters following after. Coming to the water bruised and lacerated, the men are still pursued by the enemy, and have to avoid his jaws by diving under or crawling over him, until one of the other boats has an opportunity to dispatch him. Whale ships do not carry surgeons, and the most horrible wounds are dressed unskillfully by the captain, who, in all probability, knows less

of surgery than of Latin or Greek. Amputations are performed with carpenter's saws and butcher's knives, and wounds bandaged with canvas. If you should ever meet an old whaler you may read in his patches and scars the evidence of the manifold perils of his profession.

In the pretty cemetery at Sag Harbor, Long Island, there is a marble monument bearing a touching record. It is in the form of a broken ship's mast, with an unstranded hawser twisted around the foot, and engraved upon it are the names of six captains of whale ships belonging to the town, all of them under thirty years of age, who died, within ten years of each other, in actual encounter with the monsters of the deep. An old whaler who had escaped death several times used to declare that he only lived "on borrowed time, a monument of God's infinite mercy." We may also mention here the case of Captain James Huntling as an example of a whaler's endurance. His boat was upset and rolled over him by a large sperm-whale. When he rose to the surface he was entangled in the line, and struggled hard to free himself, but before he could succeed he was jerked out of the sight of his horrified shipmates. A bight of line yet attached to the whale was around his ankle. Drawing himself nearer the retreating animal, he drew a sheath-knife and managed to cut the cord. When he again came to the surface a boat rescued him and con-



"CUTTING IN."

veyed him to the ship. His ankle was broken, and in the presence of his men he set it himself, and then resumed his usual duties.

Captain Davis mentions a sperm-whale which first wrecked two boats and afterward charged at the ship, tearing away the cut-water and the copper sheathing around the bow. Several harpoons, lances, and bomb-lances were fired into him without effect. During the night he remained on the surface in the vicinity of the wrecked boats, and was frequently heard fighting the fragments.

On the following day thirty-one bomb-lances more, each containing half a pound of gunpowder, were exploded in him before he yielded. The monster produced 115 barrels of oil, half of it head-matter, the value of which will be explained anon. Finback whales are even more dangerous than sperm. They are occasionally 120 feet long, and extremely swift and powerful in their motions. But their blubber is thin and the whalebone scant, and they are considered less valuable than others of the species.

When the whale has been killed and is hauled alongside the vessel, the "cutting in" process is begun. This is surgery on the largest scale known. The immense carcass is brought underneath some elaborate tackle rigged on board. From the head of the mast two great sheave blocks depend, a rope about eight inches in circumference running through them. The rope also passes through a corresponding traveling block, to which, in the beginning of the operation, a heavy iron hook is attached by a clevis and bolt. The fall leads to the windlass, near which a number of men stand ready to lend a hand. The rail and side planks above the deck of the vessel are all removed, and two platforms, or gangways, are erected over the side in front of the opening thus formed. The whale is next brought directly underneath the hoisting tackle, which swings above the platforms. On these, secured by ropes around the waist, the officers are sta-



CARCASS ADRIFT.

tioned, and provided with broad-edged tools called spades, which are mounted on sixteen-foot poles. A circular flap is cut from around the whale's eye. One of the boat-steerers now appears, dressed in a rough woolen suit. Secured by a rope fastened around his waist, he is lowered on to the whale's back, and inserts the hook of the tackle in the eye. This is a dangerous duty in a heavy sea, the smooth skin of the whale affording but a poor footing, while a score of sharks are nibbling around, and the ponderous hook and block are swaying with the roll of the ship.

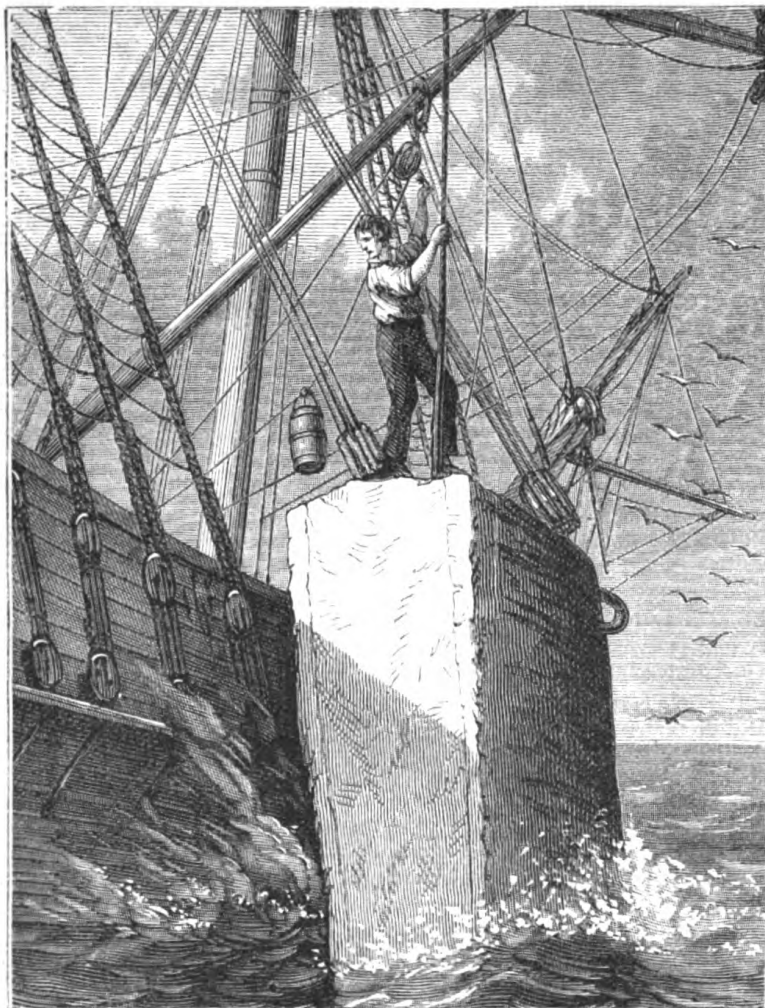
When the hook is inserted the order is given to "haul taut" and "heave away," and the flap, technically the blanket, or blubber, slowly ascends beyond the deck until it reaches three-fourths of the height of the mainmast. A second boat-steerer then cuts an oval plug from it, which is secured by other tackle, both parts being afterward lowered into the blubber-room. The first cut is extended to other parts of the body, the head excepted, which is reserved for the last, and the windlass is constantly working until five hundred or more feet of the blanket have been brought on board. When every bit of the carcass has been stripped of blubber, it is turned adrift and floats away, coloring the water by its oozing blood, and attracting a shoal of sharks and a flock of albatrosses, which hold carnival in the sea and air over the fallen majesty.

The head is one-third the entire length of a sperm-whale, and in obtaining the valuable spermaceti which it contains the whalers divide it into three parts—the “case,” the “junk,” and the bone. The “junk” is first hauled on board and stowed away, and then the “case” is bailed. You will find an illustration of this operation below. The “case” is a massive part of the head, cellular in the interior, the walls of the cells running vertically and transversely. It is filled with an oily substance of a faint yellow tint, translucent when warm. The oil-bearing flesh forms about one-third of the mass, and in a large whale it has yielded three and a half tons. The case also contains the respiratory canal, and a cavity of extraordinary depth filled with oil. An opening is made at one end for the purposes of bailing, and it is next hauled to a vertical position beyond the reach of the water. A deep and narrow bucket attached to a line and pulley is then lowered, and brought up full of transparent spermaceti, mixed with silky integuments having the odor of freshly drawn

milk. The sore hands of the crew, bathed in this rich substance, are relieved and healed, and the greenhorns dabble in it with the ineffable satisfaction displayed by city youngsters in a mud puddle.

As soon as the case has been emptied it is abandoned, and the “try-works” are brought into use. The “try-works” are one of the disfigurements that cause merchantmen and man-of-war’s men to laugh at whaling vessels. They are boilers set in a foundation of brick on the deck, and are used for reducing the blubber to oil. The mainyard is taken aback, the mainsail and top-sails are furled, and, while the vessel drifts in her course, the fires are lighted. “Trying out,” as the work is called, is one of the most wearisome and offensive of the whaler’s toils. Captain Davis states that he never experienced six hours of greater wretchedness than those during which this operation was performed on his first whale. The scene on board is weird in the extreme. Red flame and smoke issue from the flues and shoot into the black night, bringing the outlines of

the masts and rigging into strange relief. The feet of the men slide over the wet and slippery deck at every roll of the ship, and their clothes are wet, sooty, and greasy. If the greenhorn has not yet repented, the words of penitence will surely come to his lips in the “trying out.” The orders of the officers are harsher than ever, and the men swear sullenly in rejoinder. In fact, the ship becomes for the time “a little hell on earth,” and we can scarcely wonder that English sailors avoided so unpleasant an occupation. With every whale caught the drudgery is repeated, and sometimes the decks have been no sooner holy-stoned and the brass-work polished than the furnaces are again lighted. The chase is magnificent

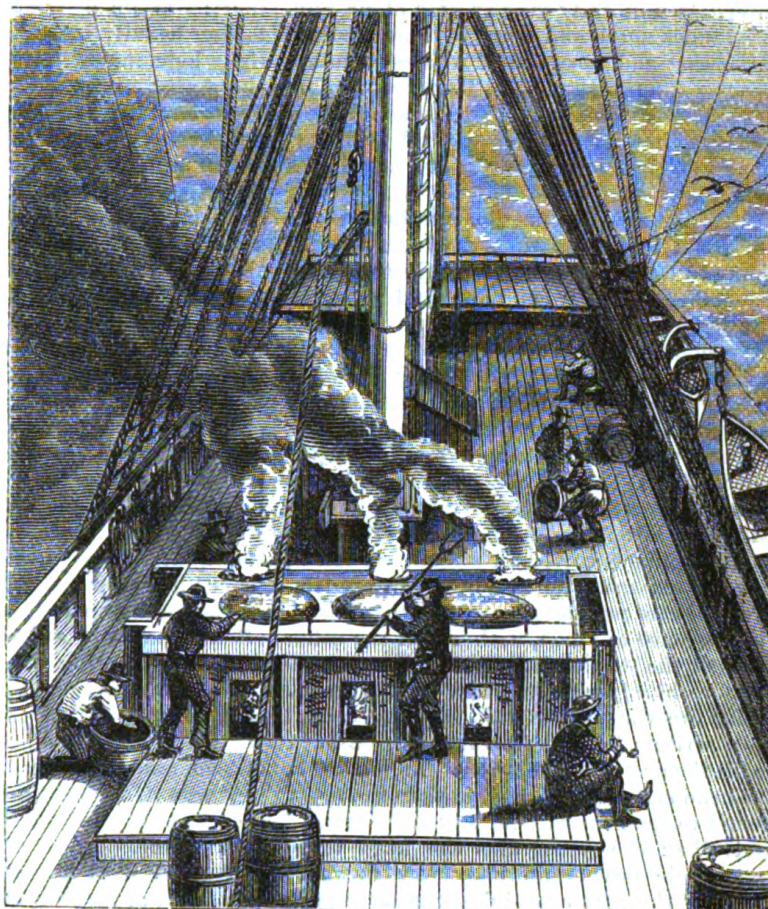


BAILING THE “CASE.”

sport, but the "cutting in" and the "trying out" have an opposite equivalent in horrors.

The cruise after sperm and right whales in the Pacific is a long and dreary one. It generally lasts for three or four years, and there are few incidents to vary its monotony except the excitement of the chase. Calls are made occasionally at South American ports, where the sailors find dirt and debauchery in abundance, and frequently manage to get into conflict with the petty authorities; at the volcanic Galapagos, where delicious terrapin are more plentiful than clams on Long Island, and afford a welcome change in the vessel's dietary, which ordinarily consists of salt pork and mouldy biscuit; at the evergreen Cocos Island, a land of leaf and flowers, where the purest water is found; and at Sandwich Island ports, where the smooth-tempered Hawaiians exchange innocent hospitalities with the sailors, and even extend them so far as to also exchange names and clothing during the vessel's stay in port.

But it is time that we said something about the form and habits of the whale itself. A great diversity of opinion exists on the subject, and an old tar once averred the number of tails a whale carries depends altogether on the quantity of grog the looker-on has drunk. Such authorities as we have had differ most widely, but Captain Davis's observations were submitted to an assemblage of old whalers at New London, who unanimously indorsed their accuracy in all except two or three minor points. One of the most interesting peculiarities of the whale is its immense loss of blood in death. It is presumed to have a large supply arterialized in a reservoir, which is brought into use when that in general circulation becomes vitiated during a prolonged submergence. This reservoir is what whalers term the "life" of the whale, and is



"TRYING OUT."

the spot sought by the harpoon and lance. When touched, Captain Davis states, the bloody torrent surcharges the lungs, and is expelled through the spout-hole. Suffocation and death follow, but when the wound is only slight the agonies of the dying beast are considerably prolonged. The poor creature will lie on the surface feebly propelling itself onward, and, with quick-repeated sobs, will pour out its life by slow degrees, coloring the surface of the ocean with a deep crimson. From this stupor it is aroused to its last struggle. The head rises and falls, and the flukes thrash the water rapidly. With great speed it will swim in a large circle two or three times, and then fall on its side dead, with "fin out."

The length of time a whale can remain below the surface is probably much greater than has hitherto been allowed. Sometimes, notably during the full of the moon, the whales abound over the feeding ground, and many are taken. But the busy season is followed by a period of two weeks or more during which none will be visible. Vessels will be spoken from all points of the compass, and to the question, "Have you seen whales?" the answer will be, "Not for a week or ten days." The busy and dull seasons

alternate uniformly over an area of six hundred miles north and south by nine hundred miles east and west. Bull whales often appear as though they have been reposing on a muddy bottom, and off the coast of New Zealand they have been seen with such barnacles on their lower jaws as are found on a ship's bottom.

In the same connection Captain Davis states an ingenious theory, which we will quote in his own words as nearly as we can remember them. "The 'case' and 'junk' of the largest spermaceti may attain a length of twenty-five feet, a depth of eleven feet, and a breadth of nine feet, with a total weight of sixty thousand pounds. There is nothing to break the alabaster color of the interior, nor any tubular structure, save the breathing pipe. Yet the animal heat of this part is as great as though the circulation was perfect. Now blood is generally regarded as the common carrier of animal economy; but in this case the building and wasting processes are conducted twenty-five feet from the presence of blood, with which the other parts of the whale's body are proportionately more highly charged than land animals. What are the uses of this immense mass? Most writers believe that it acts as a buoy to lift the nostril above water. But, in truth, the head is much less buoyant than the body, owing to the heavy casing of 'white horse'; and when the whale dies the head turns spout-hole down and bony jaw upward, showing the part containing the fatty matter is the heaviest." With these facts as a basis, Captain Davis believes that the sack of oil has a use in the whale's submergence.

It is commonly conceded that whales have a mysterious power of communicating with each other, and instances are mentioned which, if trustworthy, afford the strongest proof possible. Stationed at the mast-heads of their vessels, captains have observed that when their boats were attacking a whale to the leeward, a school several miles to the windward, and out of sight of the combatants, would show signs of alarm, and retreat the moment the first blow of the harpoon was struck. Sound was not the means of communication, as the distance was too great, and furthermore it is a well-ascertained fact that whales only signal by sound in the practice of "lob-tailing." In "lob-tailing" the whale rises perpendicularly in the water, with its head downward. Thus poised, it will swing from side to side, sweeping a radius of thirty feet with awful violence. The concussions of its body with the water may be heard for many miles, while the sea is a mass of foam and the air is filled with spray. The practice is supposed to be intended for amusement, but it is also a tocsin.

"Breaching" is another strange habit common in all varieties of the whale. It consists in the whale's elevating three-

fourths of its body out of water, and then falling heavily on its side. In "sounding" the whale raises its head a few feet out of the water, gives a long spout, rounds its back, and revolves as on an axis. Rounding higher by degrees, it gently lifts its massive flukes without the least spray to a surprising height, and the next moment it smoothly disappears beneath the surface in a perpendicular descent. Considering the size and the apparently unwieldy proportions of the monster, the liteness with which it executes these movements is extraordinary. The sea is not disturbed, and not the least sound is heard. "Sounding" is a certain indication of sperm-whale on a cruising ground, as the right-whale is never found in water so deep that the act is possible, and as the humpback and sulphur-bottom whales do not intrude on sperm-whale ground. Unless it is disturbed by the hunters, the sperm-whale always descends in this manner.

Another manœuvre is "settling," which is often a means of safety to the whale when diving or running will not avail. From a position of inaction the whale can suddenly sink without a stroke of the tail or fins, and without any apparent effort. It is as a mass of lead, and sinks from the head of a pursuing boat so rapidly that the harpoon may be darted but not delivered. Many whales thus escape.

The speed of the sperm-whale and the regularity of its movements are scarcely less wonderful. A vessel once gave chase to a whale, and ran after it at the rate of ten knots, with yards squared and every stitch of canvas stretched. But during twelve hours of daylight she did not gain one knot on the whale, which passed from sight. In other instances captains of vessels have carefully ascertained the course of a fleeing whale in an afternoon's chase, and have followed it during the night. At the return of daylight the same whale has still been in sight ahead or astern, having stood through the dark on the course in which it started. On one other occasion a whale began a chase to the windward as soon as he was struck, towing the boat after him. The ship followed with a full top-sail breeze, but in four hours the whale and the boat in tow were lost to sight.

A large sperm-whale will produce about one hundred and seven barrels of oil. Its length is about seventy-nine feet, its height at the forehead eleven feet, and its width nine or ten feet. It has about fifty teeth, the heaviest of them weighing about one pound and a half.

According to Captain Davis the skin is not naked. Beneath what is called "the black skin" a curdy deposit is found, which is easily scraped away after the death of the animal, and reveals a close fur one-eighth of an inch in thickness. This fur envelops the

entire surface, and has root in the true skin or blubber. The flesh is a dark red, very firm, and of the texture of rope-yarn. It is fit for food in an emergency, but is not sought by epicures. The average temperature of the blood is 104° Fahrenheit.

The whales are gregarious in their habits, but the old males are often found alone. Their ordinary rate of travel is about five miles an hour, although they far exceed that when urged by the hunters. The young are said to measure fourteen feet in length at their birth. How long they remain with their mother is unknown, but the herd watches them until they attain a considerable size. The milk is white and fatty. They are supposed to live to a great age; and, apropos, a story is told of a sailor whose boat was wrecked, while he and his messmates were tossed high into the air, by a mad whale's flukes. As he came down, after half an hour had elapsed, the whale awaited him with open mouth, and instead of sinking as deeply into the sea as he had been high in the air, he slid smoothly into the whale's interior. As soon as he recovered breath he drew out his tobacco-box and helped himself to a liberal "quid," which he rolled over and over in his mouth as he laughed at his adventure. Presently he arose from the soft but moist conch on which he had been thrown, and surveyed the apartment, which contained many wonders, you may be sure. Some writing on one of the walls attracted his attention, and on examination it proved to be the words, "Jonah, B.C. 862." This amused him so much that the "quid" fell out of his mouth, and the whale at once began to writhe and show a violent dislike to the nicotine. A happy idea occurred to him, and he cut his plug of tobacco into small pieces, which he distributed over the floor. The whale then heaved more violently than ever, and while Jack was holding his sides at the joke, he was shot into the water and almost on board one of the ship's boats. Some of his comrades doubted his wondrous story, but, for the benefit of unbelievers, he had brought back with him a pocket-knife with a buck-horn handle on which were stamped Jonah's initials and an American eagle.

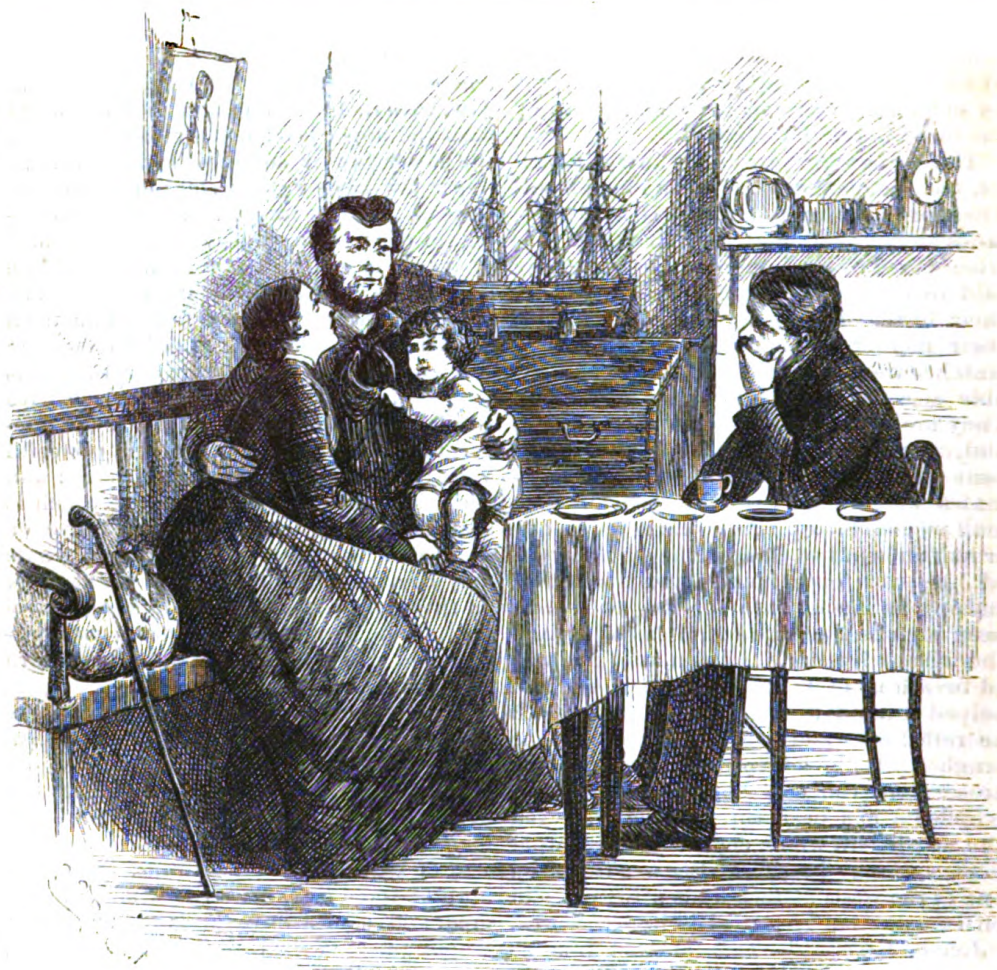
The whale's mouth is out of proportion to its other parts, and is so narrow, comparatively speaking, that one might suppose the animal would have difficulty in entrapping its prey. But its food is the voracious cuttle-fish, or "squid," which is found at great depths, and is allured by a white and shining object. The jaw and tongue of the sperm-whale are of silvery whiteness, and thus nature enables the creature to overcome the defect. The sperm-whale only frequents deep water; the male is much larger than the female; the upper jaw, the "case," and the "junk" form the greater

portion of the head; and the under jaw is supplied with ivory teeth. The right-whale is found only in soundings off the coast; the female is larger than the male; the lower jaw, with its lips and tongue, is much larger than the upper jaw; neither the upper nor the lower jaw is supplied with teeth, the upper jaw having great slabs of whalebone instead. The sperm-whale is the more combative of the two, and no large bull whale of its species is taken that has not been scarred by the teeth of its rivals. The sperm-whale is dangerous to the huntsmen at each end. The motions of its flukes are limited; but, to compensate for this, it is possessed of admirable skill in fencing with the jaw. The right-whale's jaw is not dangerous; but it is more active and powerful with its flukes than the sperm-whale; and there is a spot on the upper jaw which is seemingly as sensitive as the antennæ of an insect. However swiftly a right-whale may be advancing on a boat, a slight prick on this point will suddenly arrest his movements, and he will not advance a yard farther, but will either descend, back, or turn to the right or left.

A large-sized right-whale will afford three hundred barrels of inferior oil and three thousand pounds of bone.

The golden days of American whaling are over. In the Revolutionary war Nantucket alone lost by capture 134 vessels, and the war of 1812 was also disastrous. But from both of these calamities the whalers recovered, and, as we have already shown, the whaling fleet of the United States consisted, in 1840, of over 670 vessels, with a capacity of 220,000 tons. The introduction of petroleum materially reduced the demand for and the consumption of whale-oil, however, and the trade received a serious blow when the rebel cruiser *Shenandoah* destroyed thirty-four United States vessels on the arctic ground.

At present the fleet numbers 203 vessels, showing a decrease of fifteen per cent. per annum for the past two years. Our entire import of sperm and whale oil in 1872 was about three-fourths of our import of sperm alone in 1853, and one-fourth of our import of whale-oil alone in 1851. Our import of whalebone in 1872 was only one-twenty-eighth of the import of 1853. No whaling grounds have been abandoned, and every sea and ocean are still explored by American whalers. But it is believed that the arctic fishery will be discontinued soon, as the perils that attend vessels visiting it have caused the demand of an increased rate of insurance. Nevertheless the arctic fleet in 1873 numbered about thirty-two vessels, although the disasters of the previous year were numerous. The profits of whaling are exceedingly small, and the wealthiest capitalists engaged in it are seeking other employments for their ships.



THE TWO ANCHORS.

By R. H. STODDARD.

It was a gallant sailor man
 Had just come home from sea,
 And as I passed him in the town
 He sang "Ahoy!" to me.
 I stopped, and saw I knew the man—
 Had known him from a boy;
 And so I answered, sailor-like,
 "Avast!" to his "Ahoy!"
 I made a song for him one day—
 His ship was then in sight—
 "The little anchor on the left,
 The great one on the right."
 I gave his hand a hearty grip.
 "So you are back again?
 They say you have been pirating
 Upon the Spanish Main;
 Or was it some rich Indianman
 You robbed of all her pearls?
 Of course you have been breaking hearts
 Of poor Kanaka girls!"
 "Wherever I have been," he said,
 "I kept my ship in sight—
 'The little anchor on the left,
 The great one on the right.'"
 "I heard last night that you were in;
 I walked the wharves to-day,
 But saw no ship that looked like yours.
 Where does the good ship lay?
 I want to go on board of her."
 "And so you shall," said he;

"But there are many things to do
 When one comes home from sea.
 You know the song you made for me?
 I sing it morn and night—
 'The little anchor on the left,
 The great one on the right!'"

"But how's your wife and little one?"
 "Come home with me," he said.
 "Go on, go on; I follow you."
 I followed where he led.
 He had a pleasant little house;
 The door was open wide,
 And at the door the dearest face—
 A dearer one inside!
 He hugged his wife and child: he sang—
 His spirits were so light—
 "The little anchor on the left,
 The great one on the right."

'Twas supper-time, and we sat down—
 The sailor's wife and child,
 And he and I: he looked at them,
 And looked at me, and smiled.
 "I think of this when I am tossed
 Upon the stormy foam,
 And though a thousand leagues away,
 Am anchored here at home."
 Then, giving each a kiss, he said,
 "I see in dreams at night
 This little anchor on my left,
 This great one on my right!"

THE ISLES OF SHOALS.



WHALE'S-BACK LIGHT.

MY first visit to the Isles of Shoals was made in mid-August. The grass had every where the emerald brightness of the first June days, before the sun has parched it or the dust has dimmed its glory. But the emerald of the grass was outrivaled by the sapphire of the sea. The fact that it was Sunday made the natural stillness of the day more evident. I had driven down from Portsmouth, along the lovely banks of the Piscataqua, through the pretty village of Newcastle, past many a field already sumptuous with golden-rod, to a point of land at the extreme mouth of the river, and directly facing the Shoals. Here lived a "scholar gypsy," in a house nearly two centuries old, with one spacious room nearly twice as high as the others, and all over the exterior a woodbine's beautiful entanglement. The hush of recent sorrow brooded over all. The little heroine of Celia Thaxter's *Foot-Prints on the Sand* quietly reveled in the per-

fect air and light. I strolled down to the last extremity of the land, and looked out over the flashing sea to the group of islands two or three leagues away. But for the great houses upon Star and Appledore, they would have made a very little break on the horizon. I had been reading Celia Thaxter's little book about them. How strange it seemed, so looking at them, that they should have inspired so much enthusiasm, so much poetry—that they should have been the scene of so much comedy and tragedy and eventful life!

The next day I took the handsome little boat that plies between Portsmouth and Appledore, and past pleasant Kittery-side, where the stately mansion of Sir William Pepperell, hero of Louisburg, was pointed out to me—past the scene of my visit of the day before—we glided on until we reached the open sea, and struck out for the slowly lifting bulk of Appledore. Whale's-back

Light lifted upon the left its mass of fresh new granite side by side with the weather-stained old light-house in which a light no longer shines. Drawing near Appledore the boat's shrill whistle announced the number of our passengers, and soon after we landed on the pretty floating wharf which the Loughton brothers have provided for the safety and comfort of their guests. Of course there was a pleasant gathering upon the wharf of curious or expectant people, and there were many greetings, and there was much kissing. The house at Appledore stretches its long veranda across the head of a little cove. A little to the left of the "lordly pleasure-house" is the cottage where Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the princess of this Thule, holds her court, she being the sister of the brothers Cedric and Oscar Loughton, whose pleasant faces and simple, breezy manners are not the least attractive features of their hospitality. In front of Mrs. Thaxter's cottage is the flower garden which she has celebrated in her book, and this August day it was a splendid rage of color, the flame of the nasturtiums leaping every where among the poppies and sweet-peas, the corn-flowers and the marigolds. The sun that shines upon these barren ledges and the winds that visit them seem not only to

"Touch the human countenance
With a color of romance,"

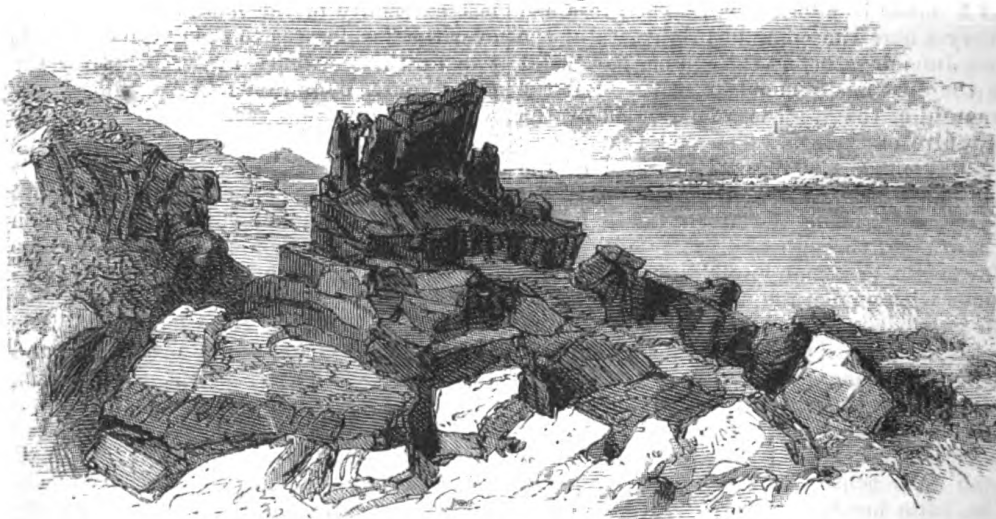
and to make blanched cheeks ruddy once again, but to bestow on every flower that blooms upon the Isles a color that its kindred on the main can seldom boast.

So far as weather was concerned, my first visit to the Shoals was a good deal of a failure. I had but a few hours of pleasant weather. All of the second day a chilly storm prevailed, and the third day was dubiously fair. Still I walked pretty thor-

oughly around and over Appledore and Star, and saw enough to make me long for more, and then took the *Major*, the Star boat, for Portsmouth, and went home, resolved to come again as soon as possible. My next visit was early in June.

At Portsmouth I found the little schooner *Molly* at the wharf ready to take me to the Shoals as soon as the tide should slack—for the tide in the Piscataqua is not to be ignored. It runs with a tremendous energy. There is one point in the river which is felicitously called "Pull-and-be-damned Point," so hard is it to row against the tide. Meantime the rain came down right merrily, and I took shelter in a carpenter's loft upon the wharf, and tried to get prodigiously interested in a chart of Daniel's prophecies, which proved conclusively that the millennium would come in 1843. It came for me when at length we loosed our hawser and swung out into the stream. This was at two o'clock. It was after seven when the *Molly* dropped her anchor at the Shoals; but I had left her in a whaling-boat an hour before, with her sails idly flapping, near Duck Island, that lay like some grim monster roaring for its food. We went so near that we could see the sandpipers playing in its jaws, as the famed Egyptian birds play in the crocodile's, picking his teeth for him. Duck Island's teeth are terrible incisors, terrible grinders too. Alas for the poor vessel that is driven upon them! This island is less bold than any of the others, and has reefs running far out in all directions. It is the farthest north of all the islands, about a mile from Appledore, and has no inhabitants, nor now any sign of former occupation.

The other islands of the group are Appledore, which is next further south; then Malaga; then Haley's or Smutty-Nose; then Cedar; then Star; then, half a mile to the south,



DUCK ISLAND, FROM APPLIEDORE.

White Island, with Seavey's semi-detached from it by a bar dry at low water; then Londoner, half a mile to the west. The four last named are in New Hampshire, the rest belong to Maine.* The total area of the whole group does not exceed six hundred acres.

Appledore, once called Hog Island, and sometimes even now insulted by that epithet, is the largest of the group, and, all things considered, by far the most attractive, though Star and White have their peculiar charms. It is about a mile in length from east to west, and five-eighths of a mile across its widest part. A valley divides it into two unequal portions. The great house of entertainment stretches across this valley, with pleasant lawns in front of it, not combed too carefully, and in the rear the huge kitchens and laundries which so vast an establishment requires. On rising ground a few rods north from the house stands a broad-based, substantial monument to the "Hon. Henry B. Loughton. Died May 18, 1865. Aged 61." His right to be called honorable, I judge, had other basis than his having held some office in the State government of New Hampshire. He is reputed to have been a man of stalwart form and remarkable endurance, with great intelligence and force of character, entirely original, not without prejudices, and withal "a good hater," such as Dr. Johnson would have loved. Conceiving very naturally a disgust for politics, he accepted the keepership of White Island Light, which he tended faithfully for six years. The prose of those six years has long since vanished; their poetry has been preserved for us in Mrs. Thaxter's verse, and still more perfectly in that prose poem which records her experiences of child life upon White Island. Mr. Loughton never set foot on the main-land again after he had once left it. For five-and-twenty years he regarded its dim outline with unmixed aversion, only regretting that it was not further off. Leaving White Island, he came to Appledore with his family, and built himself a cottage, not with any idea of giving public entertainment. But the keen-scented found him on his mimic continent, and almost before he knew it he was "a host in himself." The fact that this great establishment came from such a small beginning is evidently one reason why it never loses its attraction.

The things that grow are always much more interesting than the things that are made. With five hundred guests crowding its tables, overflowing its beds, and swarming up and down its long piazzas, the Appledore is still home-like to a degree that has no parallel. The genius that directed its beginning still presides over its comforts and conveniences. It is no wonder that

* For map of the Isles of Shoals see page 634 of this number.



LAUGHTON'S GRAVE.

year after year the guests of former years return to revel in this pure and silent world.

The air of Appledore is full of spicy scents of shrubs and tiny plants—scents more delicious than home-coming ships from Spain ever brought with them to these Isles. When the sweet-bay distills its wholesome fragrance in July or August weather, that is the grand climacteric. There is but one tree growing upon Appledore—an elm, covered with yellow lichen, which pierces the piazza of the hotel midway of its enormous length; but the low blueberries grow every where, and the spiked tendrils of the blackberry and raspberry make many a forbidding interlacement. And think not flowers are lacking.

"So bleak these shores, wind-swept, and all the year
Washed by the wild Atlantic's restless tide,
You would not dream that flowers the woods hold
dear
Amid such desolation dare abide."

This is the poet's challenge. Then she sings a sweet anthology of the flowers that blossom, from

"The first wind-flower trembling on its stem"
to those that shiver in October's nipping



WHITE ISLAND LIGHT.

air. As I wandered over Appledore the 1st of June, there were places where I hardly dared to tread for fear of crushing out a colony of the delicate *houstonia*, and the more delicate *trientalis* was growing all about, and the pretty stone-crop, and I knew the pimpernel was not far off, and already the ground was pricked with promises of golden-rod—autumn foreboded when the spring had hardly gone. From Londoner I brought home the first blossoms of wild pea, and upon White Island the wild morning-glories were tumid to the verge of opening.

The different islands have much more likeness than unlikeness, but they have their individual traits. Appledore is wealthiest in shrubs and flowers, and in the variety of its conformation; Haley's boasts the largest plot of arable land; Star is the barrenest of all, except White Island, but not even Appledore can quite compete with its majestic cliffs and crags, and nowhere else do the rocks bear the marks of such convulsions. Duck Island, with its fierce Shag and Mingo reefs, is unlike any of the others. This island would seem to have named the group the Isles of Shoals—not the Isle of Shoals, as is so often said and written. But there are those who say that the group was so called because of the "shoals" of fish which were their first attraction, and it is worthy of mention that "The Shoal of Isles" is an appellation not unknown to old geographers. There were so many of them that there seemed to be a "shoal," a "school," of them.

There is something almost pathetic in the way in which the grass and herbage nestle among the rocks, as if they fain would clothe their jagged forms with many-tinted drapery. The mosses and the lichens emulate their zeal. Appledore is almost as rich in them as any mountain-side. And still the glory of these islands is not in any thing that clothes the rocks, but in the rocks themselves. If they could be stripped bare of every scrap of green they nourish with

precarious food, they would be just as grand as they are now, though far less beautiful; for their soft grays and browns wed very happily with the scanty grass and foliage, and bring forth exquisite effects of color. But who shall fitly say or sing the wonder of these cliffs and crags, these precipices that repel the ever-fresh invasions of the sea, these seams and scars, these dikes and battlements, these veins of different sorts so curiously twisted, so fantastically braided, by the fiery hands that moulded all this fearful pageantry? In what a fierce, wild mood the elemental forces must have been when they did so strange a piece of work as this?

"A heap of bare and splintery crags
Tumbled about by lightning and frost,
With rifts and chasms and storm-bleached jags
That wait and growl for a ship to be lost:
No island, but rather the skeleton
Of a wrecked and vengeance-smitten one."

South Gorge, on Appledore, is a wondrous spot, where the trap-rocks, every where softer than the adjoining granite, has been eaten out by the sea. It gives one a tolerable—
one might say intolerable—idea of eternity to think how long the sea must have been gnawing and nibbling here to bring about the present state of things. There are scores of these dikes about the Shoals, but this one is the finest of them all; and near by there is a fearful precipice with a retreating base, and there being a convenient cleft, you can lean over the edge and fancy yourself leaning over the prow of some enormous ship aground upon the half-tide rocks below, or upon Noah's ark atop of Ararat. Here at the edge of evening it is well to come and linger till White Island Light flashes its red and white alternately, and you think of the sad poem which begins,

"I lit the lamps in the light-house tower,
For the sun dropped down and the day was dead;
They shone like a glorious clustered flower—
Ten golden and five red."

You think, too, of that story told by Mrs. Thaxter of the Nottingham galley that was wrecked long, long ago upon Boon Island, and how the men waxed ravenous for each other's flesh, and of that other story she has told in verse of the young couple, newly wed, who went to keep the light, and how

"Death found them; turned his face and passed her by,
But laid a finger on her lover's lips,
And there was silence. Then the storm ran high,
And tossed and troubled sore the distant ships.

"Nay, who shall speak the terrors of the night,
The speechless sorrow, the supreme despair?
Still, like a ghost, she trimmed the waning light,
Dragging her slow weight up the winding stair.

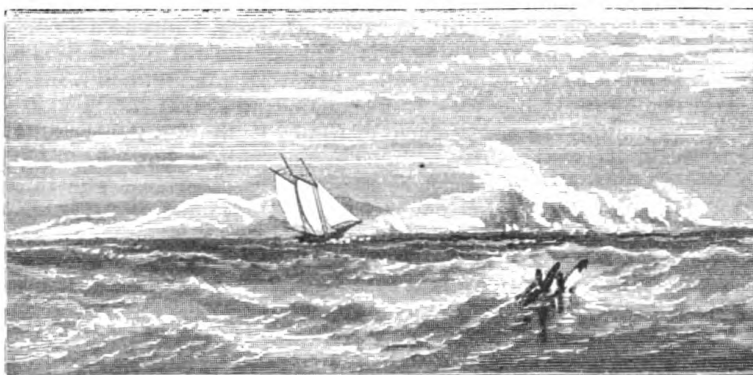
"With more than oil the saving lamp she fed,
While, lashed to madness, the wild sea she heard;
She kept her awful vigil with the dead,
And God's sweet pity still she ministered."

Boon Island is fifteen miles northeast of Appledore, and about as far from the Maine coast. There is something awful in its loneliness. There is no soil upon the island save a little that has been imported from the main-land, but out of this observant eyes once noted morning-glories creeping up against the weather-beaten light-house tower. From Appledore this tower alone is seen, the island is so insignificant.

Appledore has now only one dwelling on it separate from the hotel. But there was a time when all its southern slope looking toward Star was dotted thick with human habitations, and nothing can be more pathetic than the remains of these that now enhance the natural loneliness of the spot. From the time of the first settlements till 1679 the main hamlet was at Appledore, a good spring of water having probably attracted it. But this hamlet went to ruin nearly two hundred years ago, and all that is now left of it is the seventy or eighty garden and cellar walls, all overgrown with shrubs and vines and mosses, and a few graves, dug, where only they could be, in swampy hollows, with the granite slabs of the island placed at head and feet—slabs quarried for the hapless mourners by the lightning and the storm. Sitting among the ruins, imagination builds them up again, and tries to people them with the folk who made this wilderness once blossom with their rose of joy. The names of some of them are known to us. One of them was William Pepperell, the father of famous Sir William, who had a sister Margery who was drowned one day close by the Shoals. Perhaps when afterward Mr. Pepperell made his

home in Kittery, wee Margery's bones were carried thither. There was a church here once, but where no man can say; and what is more wonderful, there was an "academy," to which "even gentlemen from some of the principal towns on the sea-coast sent their sons for literary instruction."

Over against Star, on Appledore, is the cottage of Jörje Edvart Ingebertsen, an old Norse viking, whom a few years ago the Lughton brothers invited to settle here. He it was who first saw poor Marie Hontvet standing like a spectre on the half-tide rocks of Malaga the morning after Louis Wagner's butchery of Karen and Annetta Christianson. He it was who first went to her and back with her to the house where hell had been let loose. Rowing me over the placid waters one day last summer (1873), he told me something of that day of horrors. His children are named Julius and Waldemar and Axel and Gustava and Thora Ingebertsen—names, like his own, that seem the natural blossom of these rugged shores. It fell to Julius on my second visit to the Shoals to be my ferry-man. White Island was so girt with foam after a stormy night that landing there was dangerous, so I gave my day to Star and Londoner. Star Island has been changing very rapidly within the last few years. Now it has entirely lost the quaint and interesting features of its ancient life, which were not long ago its great attraction after its natural scenery. In 1873 a hotel, called the Oceanic, was built here, which cost \$300,000. Though it accommodates nearly if not quite as many guests as the tripartite house at Appledore, it was filled to overflowing. Since the close of the first season there has been a steady march of improvement. The few Star Islanders who were left in 1873 have sold their cottages to the proprietor of the great house. The worst of them have been pulled down, others have been fitted up as cottages for guests. They were not beautiful, they were not sweet or clean, but, seen from a safe distance, they were very picturesque. They clung like limpets to the rocks. Their walls and roofs were covered with that yellow lichen which abounds at



SHAG AND MINGO ROCKS, DUCK ISLAND.



SOUTHEAST END OF APPLEDORE, LOOKING SOUTH.

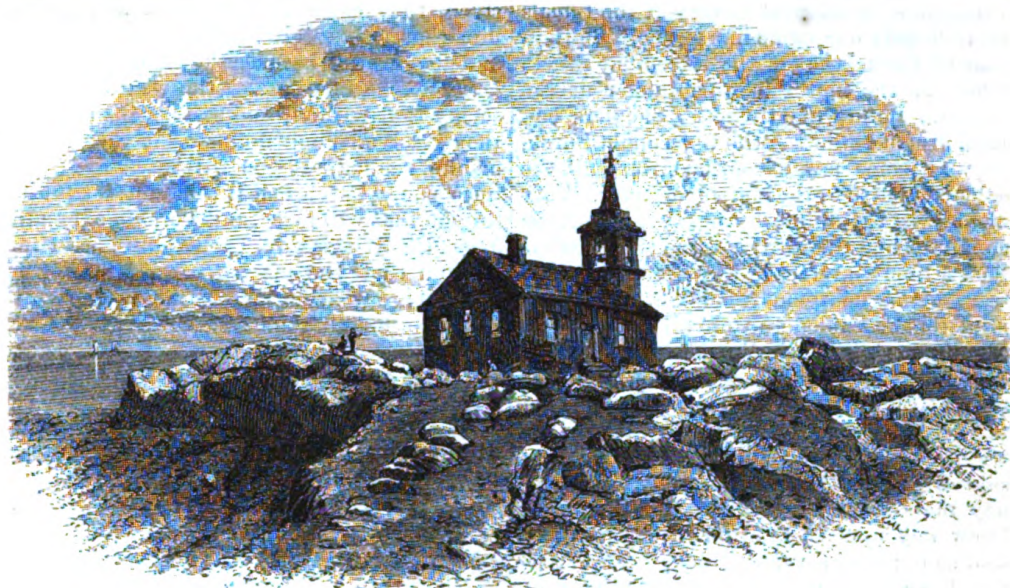
Star as nowhere else. It makes splendid masses of warm color on the rocks, and when its background is the dark blue trap-rock, it contrasts with it superbly. It is said that the Shoalers do not like to give up their rude homes, though ever so well paid for them. One of them on Haley's, who had migrated from Star, said to me, "We want to keep together, some of us, as long as we can." The proprietor of the Oceanic is building wharves and pavilions, and making paths and lawns, and doing every thing he can in order to deserve success.

Star Island was comparatively unoccupied for a long time after the settlement of Appledore and Smutty-Nose. Toward the close of the seventeenth century, for some reason or other, it attained a sudden popularity, and Appledore declined in importance. The golden age for Star, and for the Shoals generally, was the middle of the eighteenth century. Then there were three or four hundred inhabitants on all the islands, fishing was pursued with steady industry, and besides great quantities of fish sold on the main, every

winter five or six Spanish ships were loaded with dry fish for Bilbao. We can with difficulty conjure up a mental picture of that prosperous time. Earlier all women were outlaws at the Shoals, doubtless because only the worst came for the worst purposes. Now, unquestionably, there were good women and true, faithful and quiet souls, but they had not all this character. There were typical fish-wives among them, and there were no stocks, ducking-stools, or whipping-posts, as in the previous century, to punish the incorrigible. The first inhabitants of the islands have been described as "industrious, prudent, and temperate;" but quite other inferences must be drawn from the legal records of the seventeenth century. There was no

end to scolding and quarreling and drinking and fighting. Joane Ford, "for calling the constable horn-headed rogue and cow-head rogue," was punished by nine stripes given to her in presence of the court. In 1667 ten fishermen were convicted of drinking twelve gallons of wine in one day. John Andrews, who had a scolding wife, was convicted the same year "for swearing that he was above the heavens and the stars, at which time the said Andrews *did seem to have drunk too much*, and did at that time call the witnesses dogs, toads, and foul birds." Entries akin to these are plentiful.

But for the Revolutionary war Star Island might have had a much longer career of prosperity. The town of Gosport was incorporated in 1715, and as late as 1767 it had 284 residents. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary war the Shoalers were held guilty of giving shelter and sustenance to the enemy, and were ordered to quit the islands. The desertion was so general that in 1775 only forty-four persons were remaining. March 11, 1775, Henry Andres received twen-



OLD CHURCH, STAR ISLAND.

ty shillings "for *histing* the flag," and it has been inferred that this flag was the British. At the close of the war a few families straggled back, but there was never any real prosperity again. The morals at the close of the last century were, if possible, worse than in the century previous: marriage without the ring was not uncommon. In 1811 there were at Star eleven families and "two solitaires" — fifty-two souls; in 1824 fourteen families and "one solitaire." Ever since they have been thinning out, and now on all the group only a handful remain who are descended from the old inhabitants.

Just back of the ledges on which once stood the town of Gosport, upon the highest rock at this end of the island, stands the little meeting-house. It is thirty-six by twenty-four feet on the outside, and the stone walls are two feet thick. These stone walls gave great satisfaction to the Rev. Jedediah Morse, who dedicated the meeting-house on the 24th of November, 1800. "The inhabitants *can not burn it for fuel*, and it will be imperishable," said the dedication sermon. In 1859 the steeple was adorned with a vane. The event was signalized by the following entry in the town records: "At a considerable expense the inhabitants of these Isles have put up a *beautiful vane* on our chapel. May their own hearts yield to the breathings of the Divine Spirit as that vane does to the wind!" Doubtless the odor of sanctity was not a stranger to these walls, but the most conspicuous odor must frequently have been that of the fish stored here upon week-days, and sometimes for a continuous period when there was no regular preaching. A church built by the islanders at the beginning of the eighteenth century, mainly with the

timbers of Spanish ships that had been wrecked upon the Shoals, lasted the century nearly through. In 1790 it was wantonly set on fire by a gang of fishermen, who held a wild revel by its light until it had completely vanished. Not far from the new meeting-house stands the deserted school-house, a map of the Eastern Hemisphere blowing eerily through a shattered window; and a little farther on stands the snug parsonage which was built for the Rev. Josiah Stevens in 1802, when he had married the daughter of dear old Samuel Haley, of Smutty-Nose, and settled here for life.

Side by side with Mr. Stevens's cairn there is another of much more significance, bearing the record of a much longer ministry upon the slab that covers it. Under it lies buried Rev. John Tucke, whose ministry began in 1733, and lasted till his death, in 1773. He filled the medical as well as the pastoral office, and it is graven on his sepulchre that he "was a useful physician both to the bodies and souls of his people." Some of the entries in the town records having reference to the payment of his salary might have emanated from the teeming brain of Mrs. Gamp or Truthful James:

"On March 11th 1762, A genarel free voot past amongst the inhabents that every fall of the year when Mr. Rev^d. John Tucke has his wood to Carry home evary men will not com that is abel to com shall pay forty shillings ould tenor."

"March 12th 1769, A genarel free voot past amongst the inhabents to cus [cause] tow men to go to the Rev^d. Mr. John Tucke to hear wether he was willing to take one Quental of fish each man, or to take the price of Quental in ould tenor which he answered this that he thought it was easer to pay the fish than the money which he consented to talk the fish for the year insuing."

"On March ye 25 1771, their was a meating called and it was gurned until the 23d day of apirel."

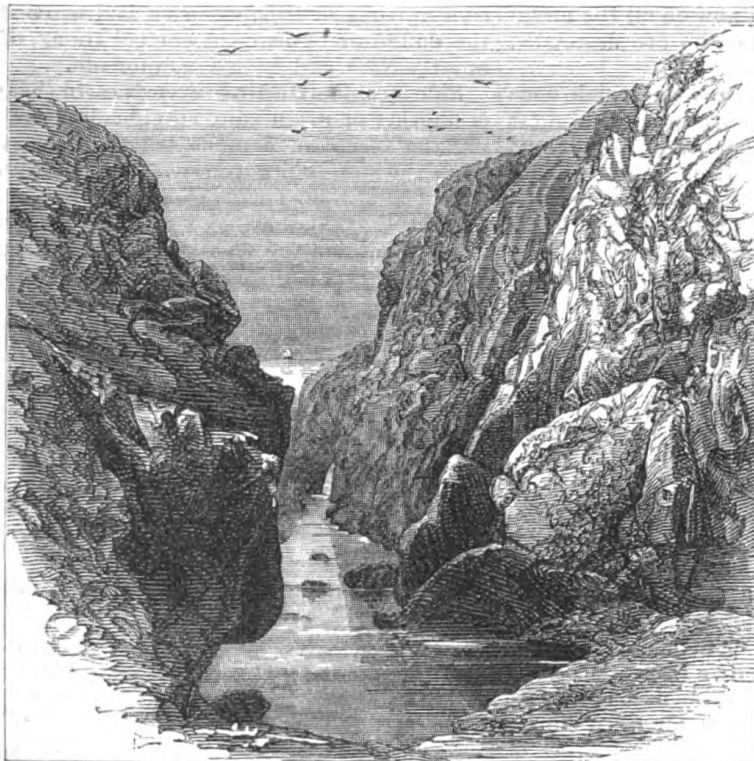
In the ecclesiastical history of the Shoals there is only one name more venerable than that of Tucke, that of the Rev. John Brock, who was the first Puritan minister at the Shoals. Before his time the Shoalers had been firm adherents of the Episcopal Church, as, with some few exceptions, were all the colonists north of the Merrimac River. Very bitter was the animosity between the Episcopalians and the Puritans, and the Shoalers took a lively interest in the discussions that were going on upon the main. The first ministers at Appledore were all ardent Episcopalians; but when the authority of the Massachusetts Colony was extended over the Shoals, in 1652, the Rev. John Brock was sent thither by the Boston Puritans. His ministry continued until 1662. Cotton Mather said of him: "He dwelt as near heaven as any man upon the earth. I scarce ever knew any man so familiar with the great God as our dear servant Brock." Many stories have been preserved concerning him, one by Cotton Mather, "to Illustrate and Demonstrate the Providence of God our Saviour over the Business of Fishermen." The story is too good in Mather's words to be told in any others:

"When our Mr. Brock lived on the Isles of Shoals he brought the fishermen into an agreement that besides the Lord's Day they would spend one day of every month together in the worship of the Glorious Lord. A certain day which by their Agreement belonged unto the Exercises of Religion being ar-

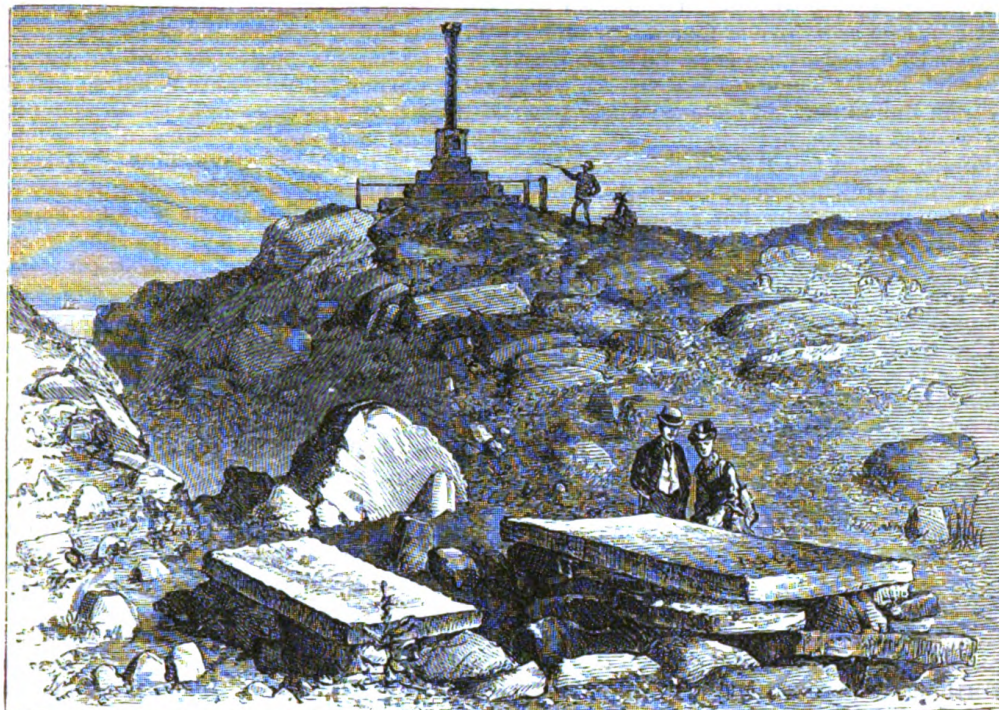
rived, they came to Mr. Brock and asked him that they might put by their meeting and go a-fishing, because they had Lost many Days by the Foulness of the weather. He, seeing that without and against his consent they resolved upon doing what they asked of him, replied, 'If you will go away, I say unto you, "Catch fish if you can!" But as for you that will tarry, and worship our Lord Jesus Christ this day, I will pray unto Him for you that you may afterward take fish till you are weary!' Thirty men went away from the meeting and Five tarried. The thirty that went away from the meeting with all their Craft could catch but four Fishes. The Five which tarried went forth afterward and they took five Hundred. The fishermen were after this readier to hearken unto the Voice of their Teacher."

Another story, told of Mr. Brock in Mather's *Magnalia Christi*, is to the effect that once a fisherman who had often made himself useful in ferrying the people to church lost his boat in a storm. He reported the fact to Mr. Brock, hinting that, considering his past services, the Almighty was hardly justified in treating him so shabbily. "Go home contented, good Sir," said Mr. Brock. "I'll mention it to the Lord. You may expect to find your boat to-morrow." And sure enough he did. It came up from the bottom on the fluke of a vessel's anchor lying in the roads. There is another story that redounds less to his credit than to the glory of a parishioner whose name, alas!

has perished. "Supposing, my brethren," he was saying, "that any of you should be overtaken in the bay by a northeast storm, your hearts trembling with fear, and naught but death before you, what would you do?" The reply was instantaneous from an unconscious skeptic of the supernatural, "I'd h'ist the fores'l and scud away for Squam." This story is not one of those preserved by Cotton Mather. After Mr. Brock came a Mr. Hall, and then a Mr. Belcher. It was during his pastorate that the exodus from Appledore took place and the settlement of Star Island began.



GORGE, STAR ISLAND.



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S MONUMENT, STAR ISLAND.

The modern grave-yard upon Star is on the western side. Some of its monuments are quite ambitious. In the vicinity of the Tucke and Stevens monuments there are several ancient graves, with the slab of the island at their heads and feet, with the initials of the dead carved upon them so rudely that one surmises a father's or a husband's hand did this poor homage in some interval of painful toil. A strip of swampy verdure runs across the island here, and beyond to the east the cliffs tower up again. Nowhere else are they quite so magnificent as here. As you walk over them, with the sun blazing on them brightly, your eyes are almost blinded by their storm-bleached whiteness, and by the sparkling mica that is one of their most prominent constituents. Upon the summit of this eastern portion of Star Island there is a monument erected by the islanders to Captain "John Smith, the discoverer of these Isles." This monument is "fearfully and wonderfully made." It is a triangular marble prism set upon the landing of a three-cornered flight of steps. The sides of the prism are covered with long and tedious inscriptions. The top was originally surmounted by three Turks' heads, in token of those lopped off by Captain Smith before the town of Regall, in Hungary, when the Christian army was besieging it. So proud was Captain Smith of this exploit that he named the rocks off Cape Ann, now called the Salvages (pronounced by fishermen along the coast Solwages), "The Three Turks' Heads," and the cape itself he named Cape

Tragabigzanda, after the lovely princess who rescued him from slavery at Constantinople. It is painful to imagine what the Marblehead dialect would have made of Tragabigzanda if the name had been retained. One of the three Turks' heads upon the monument is still in good condition; a second much the worse for wear; the third has been destroyed by stress of weather, or been carried off by vandal hordes. The statement of the monument that Captain Smith was the discoverer of these Isles is not corroborated by archaeologists. He saw them in 1614, when he was sailing along the coast with eight men in a pinnace, and when afterward he published a *Description of New England*, he spoke of them as "Smith's Isles, a heape together, none neare them, against Accominticus." That he should have given them his name speaks well for his appreciation of their character. They did not wear it long. Edward Winslow, of Plymouth, in 1623 refers to "Smith's Isles" in mentioning a new plantation on the Piscataqua. No later use of this name has been discovered in English; but in a chart of "Novi Belgii" contained in Montanus's *Nieuweonbekende Weereld*, published at Amsterdam in 1671, the Isles of Shoals are still called "Smit's Eylant." As for the real discoverers of these islands, there can be little doubt that Gosnold sighted them in 1602, and Martin Pring in 1603, but there is no distinct reference to them in the chronicles until 1605, when they were seen by De Monts, with whom sailed the famous Champlain, who acted as the

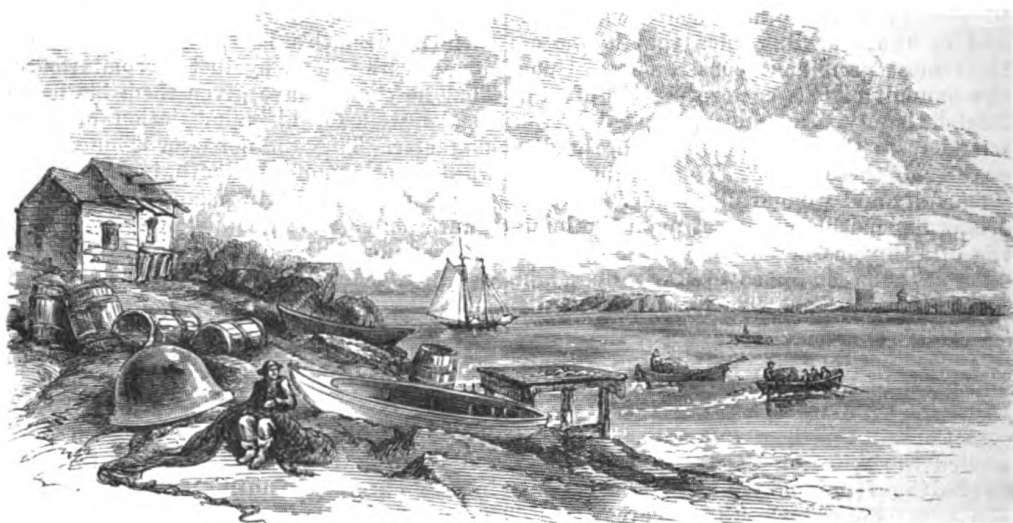
chronicler of the voyage. Champlain describes them as "three or four rather prominent islands (*isles asses hautes*) on the West Ipswich Bay." Their guide along the coast was an Indian named Panonias, whose newly wedded squaw stood in the prow of the pinnace as she sailed from place to place. She was a stolen bride, and two years later he was murdered by her jealous kindred. But his faithful Onagimon rescued his corpse, and carried it to Port Royal, whence in the spring a solitary canoe stealthily bore it by night to a lone sandy islet near Cape Sable, called the Island of the Dead. The story, much more fully told, can be found in Mr. Jeuners's admirable little *Historical Sketch of the Isles of Shoals*, to which I am indebted for a great many of the historical statements contained in this paper.

Leaving Star Island, my young viking rowed me through a troubled sea to Londoner. This island is the tamest of the group, but it has a pleasant little cove on the north-eastern side, and at the northwestern extremity a jagged mass of the most tusk-like rocks to be found any where upon the Isles. Fortunately they are on the land side of the island, yet even here it is terrible to fancy how they would gore the hull of any vessel that should be cast upon them. There is a deserted house on Londoner, round which a little piece of grass was marvelously green, the clover marvelously sweet. There were doriesful of drift-wood above high-water mark, and we bore away a goodly store, and that night it made a splendid flame for a company of three at Appledore. Early the next morning my young viking brought his dory round with the good news that it was feasible to land upon White Island. White Island is about a mile from Appledore. By itself it is very small, but a bar that is barely covered at high water connects it with Seavey's Island, which is a little larger, if

not nearly so striking in its configuration. Without the light-house White Island would be a fascinating spot. Its eastern end is very high and fearfully abrupt, and so makes a barrier between the light-house and the onslaught of the easterly gales.

But the light-house gives to White Island a significance that, without it, it could never have. Even a commonplace light-house makes poets of us all, and this is no commonplace one. Few light-houses are more picturesque in their shape or situation. The new tower rising eighty feet and more from its base, and thirty feet additional from the low-water mark; the truncated cone of the old tower of Mr. Lughton's time beside it; the long covered walk, well stanchioned to defy the power of wind and wave; the tidy little cottage at its end; the patch of brilliant green about it; the little girl, with cheeks so brown and red, who shyly scanned the first of all the rout of summer visitors—all this, against a background of delicious sea and sky, made such a picture that I shall not soon forget it. The keeper is an old Star Islander. His assistant took me up into the tower and showed me the working of the lamp, its splendid prisms, the machinery for making it revolve. It is a Fresnel light, and the light alone, exclusive of the tower, cost about \$30,000. There is a superb view from the top, and one gets there a sense of airiness and freedom such as must stir in sailors' breasts, only a hundred times stronger, as they stand high up on the foot-ropes of the yards, while their good ships plunge upon their way.

The keeper's assistant pointed out to me the window through which, as Mrs. Thaxter tells, a wave once broke in a tremendous storm and sent a barrel of walnuts, that were drying on the floor of the room, rolling and dancing down the stairs. But then he added, "That story don't go down with some



LONDONER, FROM STAR ISLAND.



COVERED WALK AND LIGHT-HOUSE, WHITE ISLAND.

of us round here: these people that write pieces for the magazines stretch things a good deal sometimes." However, he confirmed the much more striking story of that night when the whole ponderous walk (more than a hundred feet in length) between the cottage and the light was "carried thundering down the gorge and dragged out into the raging sea."

Haley's Island, once called Smutty-Nose, with Malaga, with which a sea-wall connects it, and Cedar Island lie between Star and Appledore, and make with them the harbor of the Shoals. There is a breakwater between Haley's and Cedar, which is much out of repair. Rumor was saying that the government was soon to put it in good order. Haley's Island is next in size to Appledore. Cedar and Malaga are very small. Haley's has more soil than any of the others, and in the early history of the islands the wealthier and more aristocratic islanders lived here, and orchards were planted, and sheep and cattle grazed among the rocks. To-day literally and figuratively it is more

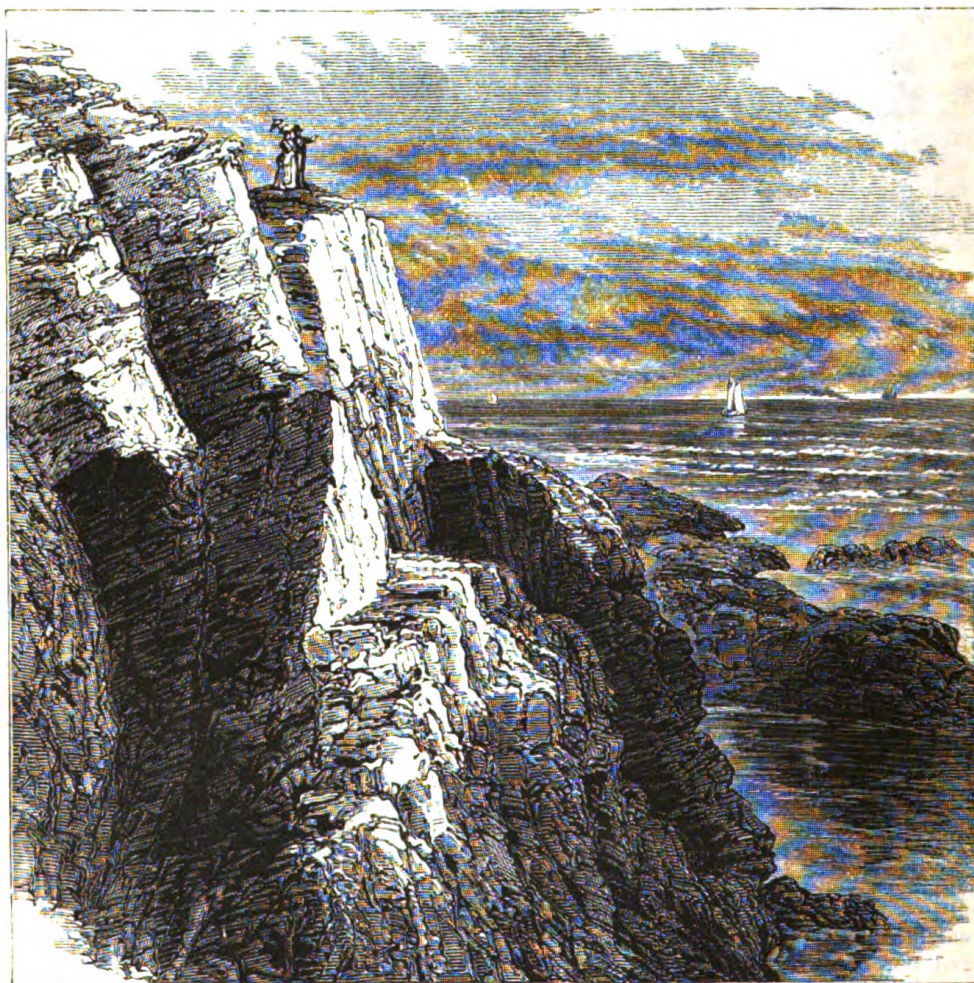
fragrant of the ancient life of the Shoals than any other spot. For it was "a very ancient and fish-like smell" that greeted us as we rowed into the dock near which two or three fish-houses are still standing, with bits of the old "fish-flakes" on which some fish were drying close at hand. Four or five well-tanned fishermen were lying about upon the rocks, dozing and blinking in the sun. A few rods from the wharf is the house in which Annetta and Karen Christianson were murdered by Louis Wagner in March, 1873. It is a great pity that this incongruous element should have intruded upon the life of the Shoals. They had had their tragedies, but they were far away. The tradition of them had grown softer and softer with time. But once here, it is impossible not to feel an interest in Louis Wagner and the victims of his devilish cruelty. When I went to the Shoals for the first time I was shamefully ignorant of the whole affair. I had not read one word about it in the newspapers. Suddenly I found myself deeply interested. The old man Inge-

bertsen was my ferry-man, and I extracted from him every particular of that eventful morning when Marie Houtvet, standing upon the half-tide rocks of Malaga, held out her hands to him imploringly. A year later I found the interest in the murder at the Shoals as fresh as ever, and my own quite unabated. I cross-questioned young Ingebertsen as if I were conducting the case for the people against the prisoner, and against the people for the prisoner. Another family was about moving into the house. I did not envy them. The blood-stained paper had been torn from the walls by relic-hunters. A fellow-passenger from Portsmouth confessed to a piece in his pocket with no questionable blot upon it. I think he would have sold it to me for a certain sum, but I made him no offer. The window-frame of the window through which Marie thrust out the young wife Annetta into the nipping air has been carried away bodily. But there was the stone on which she stood, only half wakened from her innocent sleep, when Wagner clove her fair young head asunder. He dragged her body back into the house, where

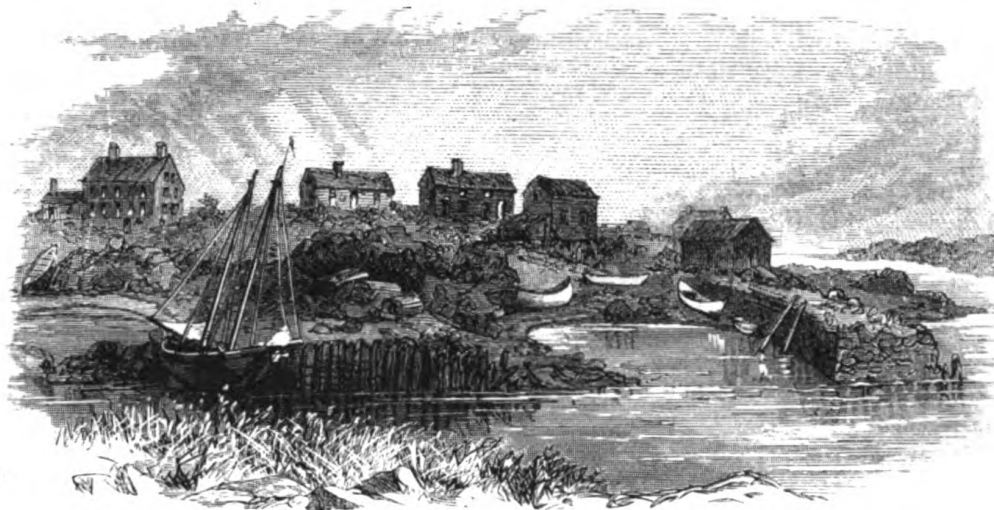
Karen was lying dead, and then sat down and ate a hearty meal. He had rowed ten miles in the bright moonlight to do this deed, and now he must row back again. What a fine opportunity to reflect on his night's work, of which the total profit had been sixteen dollars!

But the shade of Louis Wagner is no match for another shade that haunts this island. Once landed there, I found my interest in the former ebbing very fast, my interest in the latter growing very rapidly. This other shade is that of Mr. Samuel Haley, whose name the island bears more properly than Smutty-Nose, though this name was the first, suggested by a long black point of rock that stretches out from it to the south-east. Samuel Haley's house is near the tiny wharf which he constructed, and a little distance in the rear of it I found a broken headstone bearing the inscription:

"In memory of Mr. Samuel Haley who died in the year 1811 Aged 84. He was a man of great Ingenuity Industry Honor and Honesty, true to his Country & A man who did A great Publik good in Building A Dock & Receiving into his Enclosure many a poor Distressed Seaman & Fisherman in distress of weather."



CLIFFS, WHITE ISLAND.



HALEY DOCK AND HOMESTEAD.

(In the third house from the left the Wagner murder was committed.)

I gathered handfuls of great dandelions, and cherry blossoms from the stunted trees he may himself have planted, and scattered them upon his grave. An island is a very fitting monument for such a man. Let it be called Haley's Island as long as it endures! He was a man of character and enterprise, as his epitaph relates. As he turned over a flat stone one day he found three bars of solid silver. With this treasure he built the sea-wall that connects Smutty-Nose with Malaga, not, I should judge, in quite its present shape. Then, too, he built the wharf near by, and he built a rope-walk 270 feet long, and set up windmills to grind his own corn and wheat. I found one of the millstones still in use, but as a step before a warehouse door. His sheep and cattle used to graze over the rougher portions of the island, but he reduced a generous piece to cul-

tivation. It was his custom every night to put a light in the seaward window of his house for the sake of vessels sailing near.

"How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

May I not find his grave-stone lying flat next time I wander thither!

Not far from his own grave there are fourteen close together, with slabs of granite at each head and foot. These are the graves of the Spanish sailors of the great ship *Sagunto* that was wrecked here one bitter winter night in a driving snow-storm. Some of the sailors got ashore, it seems, and crawled in the direction of old Haley's light, but died before they reached it, and he found their bodies lying across the wall at the back of his house the next morning. Soon others were washed ashore, and he gave them



SMUTTY-NOSE.



LEDGE OF ROCKS, SMUTTY-NOSE.

"Christian burial," and placed the nameless granite slabs for them.

"O Spanish women, over the far seas,
Could I but show you where your dead repose—
Could I send tidings on this northern breeze
That strong and steady blows!

"Dear dark-eyed sisters, you remember yet
These you have lost, but you can never know
One stands at their bleak graves whose eyes are wet
With thinking of your woe!"

Besides Samuel Haley's three bars of solid silver not much of treasure has been found so easily, though it is said a little black pot of gold and silver pieces was found upon Star Island, buried by Captain Kidd, of course; and once a fisherman from Star, hunting for drift-wood in the coves at Appledore, found Spanish dollars scattered all about, sole proof of some sad wreck upon its pitiless crags.

Most of the silver coins found hereabouts have been found one at a time in fishes' mouths, like Peter's in the miracle. "And is it not a pretty sport," wrote Captain John Smith, "to pull up twopence, sixpence, and twelpence as fast as one can hale or veare a line? The salvages compare the store in the sea to the hairs upon their heads; and surely there is an incredible abundance of them upon the coast."

It is a pleasant sight to see the little fishing smacks that cater for the guests at Star and Appledore go forth at morning and return at eve. It is still pleasanter to see the seine fishers in their great boats close to the shore drawing in their seines. No curves can be more graceful than those made by the little floats of the seine upon the surface of the water as it is being drawn.

I have not tried to analyze the fascination of this island wilderness. It might not prove an easy or a profitable task. But some of the elements of it must be apparent to the least observant eye.

After having staid here for a few days the

towns and cities of the continent become a dream, a myth, to you. Going back to Boston, you are surprised to find both the State-Houses still standing. One's experience here begets a feeling that our ordinary world is too large.

It would be worth while to sit down on these cliffs for weeks and wait for a great storm, as the Cape Cod preachers used to sit and watch for the providential whales on which their salary depended. One of these storms has raged in Lowell's verse with mighty clangor ever since he wrote his *Appledore*. Missing the storm, all visitors should read the poem. Whatever be its mood, the sea about these shores has never any lack of "arts and sorceries." To quote Captain Smith again, "What sport doth yield a more pleasing content with less hurt or charge than crossing the sweet Ayre from Ile to Ile over the silent streams of a calm Sea?"

I looked out over such a sea the morning of my last day at Appledore. But in the course of the forenoon a fresh breeze from the south sprang up, and I bade good-by to my gracious hosts and my solitary fellow-guest, and went on board the *Molly*, who very soon spread her white wings, and made straight for Portsmouth Harbor.

"Behind us lay the islands that we loved,
Touched by a wandering gleam,
Melting in distance where the white sails moved
Softly as in a dream.
Drifting past buoy and scarlet beacon slow,
We gained the coast at last,
And up the harbor, where no wind did blow,
We drew, and anchor cast."

Newcastle's one most rare and perfect elm was perceptibly greener than when I had sailed down the river a few days before, and the grass was growing white with falling blossoms under the Hampton apple-trees. And I said in my heart, I have enjoyed so much that I must tell my joy to others, if haply they may enter into it, and perchance follow my example.

RAPE OF THE GAMP.



"HERE HE WOULD SIT AND GAZE WISTFULLY THROUGH HIS SMOKE WREATHS AT THE OLD SEXTON DIGGING A GRAVE ON THE CHURCH-YARD SLOPE."

CHAPTER V.

DUST TO DUST.

PERHAPS Mr. Lane's life, though preserved by his steady work in school and his habit of much reading, was not altogether a healthy one at this period of his career. In his bedroom, which was itself a vault-like apartment, he had on a *priedieu* two white skulls grinning at each other in a small glass case. This was by way of

cheerfully illustrating the sequel of a sexual passion. In another small glass receptacle was preserved a human stomach—certainly a most unworthy object to live for. In a third was exhibited the brain of a man who had mastered many sciences, and ultimately died of congestion of the brain. The cerebrum and cerebellum were carefully adjusted as in the living head; and this was the organ with which man undertook to criticise the Divine will!

Immediately over this hung one of the most ghastly crucifixes ever produced by a horrible manipulation of form and color. Happily the *priedieu* was a shelf which depended from the bottom of the triptych containing this crucifix; and it was so arranged that he closed it all up, and effectually secreted it under a spring-lock, by merely shutting the triptych doors. The pernicious effect of these sights was therefore not extended to his domestics or any chance visitor who might stray into the room.

After his lugubrious devotions at the foot of this pious apparatus, Mr. Lane would repair to the large window of his sitting-room, in which was a broad seat, conducive to the meditative pipe. Here he would sit and gaze wistfully through his smoke wreaths at the old sexton digging a grave on the church-yard slope. Sometimes he felt very weary of his secret burden, and wished that his body too might be left tenantless, and his bones denuded to furnish a *priedieu*, or be ground into flour for poor men's bread. How was it all to end, he asked himself sometimes, all this labor and trouble, this secrecy and apprehension, this abnegation and distrust of self? Could he really do any good in the world, or secure his acceptance out of it? Are deadly sins really forgiven? Or is the load of conscience merely lightened to give the will and passions play? Surely that terrible sacrifice of Calvary would never have been consummated had God been merciful. Fatuous blindness, to reckon on mercy where "the Holy One and Just" found none. "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" The career of man seemed to Mr. Lane at these moments like that of the moth, which seems to be a free agent, and yet, attracted by some irresistible impulse, flies into the flame which inflicts upon it an agonizing death. Yet, come what will after death, death itself comes on apace. Of that no doubt can be entertained even by the fatuous, self-deluding creature called man. For how many dead men had that poor old sexton prepared the narrow bed? Some thousands at least! Say only one a week for fifty years, there would be two thousand six hundred provided for; and there *are*, too, at least all that remains of them. And there he is, digging away still. Inch by inch, sometimes three or four inches at a drop, the old man's lean shanks disappear. Then his old bent body sinks out of view. His head bobs up and down a little while, then is gone. Now nothing but spadefuls of damp red mould and rotten wood and brittle bones comes surging up from the world of the dead.

The dead men nearest to Mr. Lane were on a level with his head as he sat in his pleasant oriel. Those farther off were higher and higher. Terraces of dead men, one above another, on the dismal slope. Along

each terrace the corpses lay, closely ranged, head to foot and head to foot. Three coffin deep lay the dead men every where, till the lowest coffin, with its grim remains, rotted and sunk and slunk away, earth to earth, or, oozing out, exhaled in the church-yard mist. Then would come the tottering sexton with his iron probe, and find there was room. Down would sink his old lean shanks and crooked back, and up would come the spadefuls of mould and mortality, clearing the space, making ready for the rest of another weary head.

Above this garden of the dead the church rose gaunt and gray, itself a temple of the dead. There they lay, whole generations of them, huddled under the slabs which paved the transepts, under the aisles, under the chancel tiles. Some had crept to their last refuge under the very walls, so that when the bells rung out a full chime from the central tower the whole sarcophagus rocked and trembled over their crumbling vaults.

Seldom were those bells at rest, though not often did they sound a summons to praise and prayer. But almost daily a "passing bell" told that some tenant's quarter was up, that a wanderer was moving from his house of clay. Almost daily a bell was tolled feebly, as if the dead man had not paid enough for a few lusty strokes. Presently it died away; then began again—toll, toll. And now a pitiful file of black figures creeps through the dismal dripping rain and oozing slime. This sorry group disappears for a while, then is seen crawling about and clustering round a little heap of mud. The querulous tones of the old curate's cracked treble rise and fall; one meagre black form is convulsed with sobbing, or perhaps with cold and ague; and then what? For the living, winter winds and rain and mist, scorching summer suns and drought and thirst; summer and winter, toil upon toil, and sorrow upon sorrow, until the end, the faintly tolling bell, the hole in the damp church-yard, the sound of the curate's voice. And for the dead, what? Is it "a fearful looking for of judgment," or "the peace that passeth understanding?"

One sad November day the bell beat its hollow plaint for a girl who was "found drowned," as the coroner's jury pathetically expressed it, in a tributary brook which flowed into the river just above the abbey. She must have been "mighty weary o' her life," the sexton told Mr. Lane, for the water was scarcely three feet deep. Yet there she lay on her face, with pale hands clenching at the roots of rushes and water forget-me-nots. Perhaps some lover had gathered her a posy of them not many months before. Another day the bell tolled lustily with no uncertain note—and doubtless this time it raised an echoing chime of marriage-bells in many a

waiting breast—for one of the local bankers, a purisy, tyrannous old man, had left his earthly tabernacle, and set out on that moneyless journey from which no traveler returns. Then the poor had their turn again, and made the best of it. That winter they seemed to Mr. Lane to hurry out of this dolorous life more resolutely than before; no man waiting for his turn, but sometimes two or three jostling each other on the road. The sexton had to send for his son from Farfield, and the two old men (for the son was nearly as old as the father) had a merry time of it. Mr. Lane added the filial old man to his household, and supplied him with tobacco on the paternal scale, so that he acquainted Ada, the housekeeper, in confidence, with his ardent desire that the mortality in Pedlington might “never leave off no more.” A cemetery was being laid out in another suburb of the town, and both the churchyards and the old parish grave-diggers were condemned by anticipation; but these ancients were quite unable to comprehend such a revolution actually taking place, nor did the slightest misgiving seem to suggest to them that after stowing away about three thousand fellow-creatures in their narrow beds, their own turn to submit to a similar operation might arrive. Rather they seemed to consider that all mortality, parturition, and matrimony—in short, all the transitions of the human race—would cease if their peculiar functions were to be suspended. And as to the banker, Mr. Lane felt pretty sure, without instituting any inquiry, that he had taken his notice to quit reluctantly, and would fain have carried his purse with him when he went. But for those poor men and women, those careless tenants who left without notice, what change for the better did they anticipate? What were they seeking? Was it rest?

At a very late hour one evening toward the close of the year Mr. Lane heard unusual sounds of a violent ringing at his bell, then of a man's (an old man's) step in the hall, then a murmured colloquy and a closing of the front-door. In another minute Mr. Graves senior stood in the room.

“Well, Graves!” inquired the master, kindly.

“*He* be a-going,” was the partial explanation.

Mr. Lane had no clew to the name of the individual represented by that little pronoun, but it was a rule with him not to gossip nor encourage others to gossip on affairs which did not concern them. If some one of sufficient importance for his servants to ring the sexton up at this hour and send him to toll the passing bell were dying, and he, Mr. Lane, was not even aware of his illness, he evidently was not concerned in the gentleman's decease. Therefore he said nothing. Graves already had the tower key in

his hand; but before quitting the room he came with a half-deprecatory, half-triumphant manner close to his master, and jerking his withered thumb back over his right shoulder in the direction of the church, whispered, hoarsely, “I’ve a-buried four on ’em. This makes FIVE.” His watery old gray eyes lit up with exultation, and the word “five” broke out of the whisper in which he had thought proper to convey the information, and sounded more like a suppressed shriek than a loud whisper. Then pulling the scant gray forelock which adorned his brow, this ally of old Time set off to fulfill his professional engagement. Lane understood now that the rector of Pedlington was summoned to that interview with the Master of the flock which all shepherds, whether faithful or unfaithful, will have to attend sooner or later.

For full two hours, at intervals, the bell warned all evil-disposed spirits to clear the way for the rector's soul, and give him a free passage to the celestial courts. Mr. Lane, still keeping vigil, was regarding them as courts of judicature rather than as mere galaxies of power and splendor. At length the bell ceased. The soul had passed.

“I suppose he will have ‘benefit of clergy,’” the layman murmured to himself. This solitary man, who was fighting his way honestly though blindly through a legion of spiritual foes, and a region beset with perils of many kinds, had often wondered how it was that in a country which supports a costly and magnificent state church, and which boasts of having trampled upon all the enemies of the soul, and especially removed Roman scales from the spiritual eye-sight, a poor wayfarer is left to blunder and stumble in the midst of hostile forces, and no city of refuge is open to receive him, nor any succor reaches him when sore beset. The rector, it is true, had mumbled over a few dry sermons at noon on Sundays. These may have bristled with the panoply of righteousness; but if so, they required a master at arms to select and distribute appropriate weapons to the combatants. At other times the faded curate used to take up his parable and edify those whom he edified, but Mr. Lane was not one of these. As long as the divine adhered closely to his authorities, or merely attempted harmless antitheses, he did very well; but as sure as he was betrayed into analogy or interpretation, so sure was he to collapse ignominiously. Sometimes he would descant on charity and justice, but before he had gone far he would blunder into a slough of bigotry and malice, and flounder there, bespattering his hearers with silly words and unseemly phrases. When faith and works were the theme of his discourse, he would so shuffle his views of the conflicting schools of thought on this subject that one would have thought his doctrine to be that faith

was wholly independent of the human will, and that good works or a holy life were generally the offspring of spiritual pride. Mr. Lane wondered, as well he might, whether the inert rector or the inapt curate had ever helped a single benighted soul along the trackless waste of the spiritual life, and what sort of account would be required of the former now that his stewardship was ended and his soul had traversed the valley of the shadow of death. As for the hapless curate, there were men in Pedlington, middle-aged professional men, who said he could preach good sermons once, and had done so on his arrival among them, but that the rector (who called himself "a *via media* theologian") had complained of the positiveness of his doctrine; and the poor man, who had a wife and five children depending on his pittance, had muddled and blended and pared and modified, till he exhibited the pitiful spectacle of a preacher maintaining with zeal which amounted to rancor a confusion of theology to which you could assign neither a habitation nor a name.

"Now what is it that I don't believe, Bedford?" asked Phelps of his friend later in the afternoon of that day when their previous conversation occurred. He had said nothing in the heat of his indignation at being reckoned an enemy to the faith by one who knew his heart, and could see that his life was in accordance with the faith. The Doctor knew how to "give place to wrath." Besides which, he was always glad to have a light thrown upon his own conduct. As an enthusiastic lover of liberty, he might, in criticising dogma, have passed the moral limits and degenerated into license. If so, by all means let him bear reproof.

"Now what is it that I don't believe?" he repeated. Mr. Lane had well-nigh forgotten that imputation on his chief's orthodoxy. Since making it they had walked several miles over the windy hills, and felt again like brothers, looking over the purple weald country, with all its "farms and towers lessening t'wards the bounding main;" and most devoutly Mr. Lane wished in his heart that his secret, on the one hand, and his faith, on the other, would leave him free to be knit together with Henry Phelps as one soul. Moreover, he was nervously anxious to avoid a theological discussion, partly from a sound conviction that he would be worsted in any such encounter, but partly from a secret knowledge that in his own heart he was applying to Phelps the Scriptural phrase "the natural man," and to his religious opinions "the wisdom of this world," while at the same time he felt it was unjust thus to prejudge the whole case.

"Pray be candid," urged Phelps. "I'm accustomed to having my knuckles rapped by Puritan parents. What don't I believe?"

And Mr. Lane said, "You can not surely challenge me to name *one* thing which you don't believe?"

"I do," replied Phelps. "Name one."

Mr. Lane cast about in his mind for a dogma or person the very name of which should at once silence this bold heretic, and put an end to the controversy.

"The devil," he said, defiantly, but after due consideration.

"I rehearse the creeds," observed Mr. Phelps, doggedly.

"Well?" rejoined Mr. Lane, not quite seeing the drift of the argument.

"They don't mention him," Mr. Phelps added, in explanation.

"Nor they do," Mr. Lane reluctantly admitted, seeing already that he had made a bad beginning. "But surely," he added, "the devil is plainly spoken of in the Bible."

"Yes," said Phelps, quite seriously; "and *subjectively* he exists always. There's a great deal too much of him in all of us for my liking. But believe me, my dear Bedford, the belief in an *objective devil* is only necessary to men in a transitory stage of the spiritual life. You will emerge from that some day, and yet believe in that curse of humanity no less honestly than I do now."

Whereupon the discussion dropped. Phelps would challenge his matter-of-fact friend no more, and Mr. Lane was only too willing to give him credit for a modified orthodoxy; but he felt, and it pained him to feel, that between them a great gulf was widening.

The Doctor, on his part, believed that Lane would soon arrive at his own speculative level. But he was a far-seeing man. "And after that," he said to himself, "there will still be a barrier, I fear insurmountable. That gaunt skeleton in Bedford's cupboard has more reality about it than our friend with the horns and hoofs has about him."

CHAPTER VI.

DISAFFECTION.

Two years and a half have elapsed since the Grammar School at Pedlington was reopened under the auspices of Dr. Phelps. Hubert has made excellent progress with his studies, and reads privately with Mr. Lane twice a week, besides doing his fair share of school-work. Mr. Lane has slowly but surely come to be acknowledged as a friend of the family. The modesty and reluctance with which he met their first overtures at friendly intercourse rather prepossessed Mr. Browne in his favor, that gentleman being himself slow to form new acquaintances, and being accustomed to see young men jump rather too readily at opportunities for establishing an intimacy with a

family so remarkable for the beauty of its young women. Quite a little amicable rivalry exists between Frank and Hubert as to whose friend Mr. Lane should be considered, Hubert having first spoken to him, but Frank having first invited him to the house.

At a quarter before 9 o'clock A.M. Mrs. and Mr. Browne, Joan, Nelly, Frank, and Hubert, sit down to breakfast in the long parlor, with the long mahogany table. It is called "the dining-room," but is used for all meals except tea, which is served in the drawing-room above. Perhaps two chairs which remain vacant at 8.45 A.M. give rise to a momentary feeling of anger in the breast of *paterfamilias*, and a moment's plaintive regret in that of Mrs. Browne; but the gentleman is soon busily occupied with breakfast and the newspaper; and habit is a second nature. They are accustomed to see Albert's chair and Janet's unoccupied. Albert, besides being in bondage to Morpheus, is given to musing over his toilet. Janet will have her forty winks after the first bell rings, and sometimes only jumps out of bed at sound of the second. Whether she thinks that people ought to be glad to see any thing so bright and beautiful as she is at any hour, is not known; but it is shrewdly suspected that but for the Persian manifesto, which requires the table to be cleared at 9.30, she would still further prolong her slumbers. Having once imprudently done so, she lost her breakfast, and was reduced to plead humbly at the kitchen door for a crust of bread; for Janet is blessed with a hearty appetite, and another manifesto forbids any member of the family, except mamma, to pass the culinary threshold.

Eating goes on briskly, while conversation is languid and desultory. Sister Joan, behind the urn, looks like Minerva; Mr. Browne, at the other end of the long table, is invisible behind the *Times*; Nelly is reading a long letter, crossed and recrossed, Hubert doing tremendous execution on the fried bacon, eggs, and water-cresses; Mrs. Browne, sitting next to Joan, hands the cups, which that virgin supplies with tea and coffee.

"I hate talking at breakfast-time," Frank says, in answer to Nelly, who, looking across from her letter, has just mentioned her conviction that the Browne colony at breakfast resembles "a Quakers' meeting." "I hate talking at breakfast-time," he says; "it makes your head ache, and unfits you for work."

"What is that, Frank?" inquires Mr. Browne, looking round the edge of his paper with a seductive smile.

Frank repeats his observation, with repressed rage.

"Work?" echoes his amiable papa, in a mellifluous tone, as if he had imperfectly heard the word.

"Yes, work," replies Frank, with empha-

sis, and regarding his parent with untutored glances.

Mr. Browne calmly lays down his *Times*, and surveys the company all round with a cheerful and inquiring glance, as who should say, "Did I hear Frank mention *work*? If any one present has ever chanced to see him at work, a statement to that effect would cause me an agreeable surprise."

Mrs. Browne, answering that look with a gentle sigh, shakes her head despondently, which action Frank does not fail to observe. But grinding his white teeth together, and saying nothing, he proceeds with his meal, cursing his father and his fate inwardly.

"My mother has a nasty way of condoling with the governor," Frank used often to say to his friend Mr. Lane, "on my assumed idleness, by which pretense they justify each other for ill-using me. Not that my mother is to blame, because, you know, a wife is a wife. But you must see, Lane, that every thing would come to a dead lock without me. I look after all the office-work, you know. Very often I go for the governor, always with him when he does go, to Petty Sessions and Boards of Guardians, and all that sort of thing. And though he prompts every one else, I have to prompt him. His memory is not what it was, though he thinks it is. And then there's that egregious ass, Albert! I declare that fellow doesn't earn his salt; and you'd hardly believe it, but in the deed of partnership I had to bind myself to keep him here and allow him £100 a year, or to let him go and give him £200 a year for life. They want to make a pauper of me, just because I wouldn't marry a most ill-favored young lady who my father had set his heart upon for my wife."

So poor, virtuous, injured Frank used to pour out his grievances into Mr. Lane's sympathetic ear, and the counselor was sorely puzzled to understand the rights of this question. Unless Frank was attending some board or consultation, he was always to be found in his private office, writing letters, or revising the draft of a deed, or paring his nails over "a confounded new act." "There are new acts, you know, always coming down, to be got up," he would say. Even after tea he used often to return to his office, saying he had more work to do; though the girls, who once made a nocturnal descent upon him in that awful seclusion, used to laugh merrily when they maintained that he was discovered "immersed in parchments and begrimed with ink."

The tea-pot being hopelessly deluged with tepid water, and the table-cloth well littered with crumbs, Albert sauntered in, moon-faced, pallid, and bald, with a melancholy mustache of a reddish-yellow, and a violet

silk neck-tie. Making an elaborate bow and smile to the company after shutting the door, he advanced to the vacant chair at Nelly's side,

"Washing his hands with invisible soap
In imperceptible water."

Among certain ruins of breakfast which still graced the festive board, one egg-cup still appeared to contain a *bona fide* egg. Eying this, with his head on one side, Albert touched Nelly's hand lightly with his forefinger, and said, "Ahem! I say, Nelly dear, no sells?"

Nelly, reaching the egg-cup in a very matter-of-fact manner, took the egg out and turned it over to prove its solidity. Then she placed it before Albert, who, having been repeatedly imposed upon by cavernous eggshells inverted, wisely secured an alliance with sharp and punctual Nelly.

Then cutting himself a slice of bread with as much care as if it were to be the foundation-stone of his fortunes, Albert glanced across the table at the butter, but seeing Frank angry and eating, walked round the table and carried the butter-dish to his own place, offering a piece to Nelly before helping himself.

"Thank you, my dear old Pumpkin," said Nelly, smiling, and determined to countenance her brother. "You behave charmingly when you *do* come, at any rate." She had a playful way of giving her friends horticultural names, and selected this one for Albert on account of some fancied resemblance between his head and that vegetable. But she declined to limit herself strictly to resemblances in this nomenclature, having bestowed the name of "The Black Tulip" on Mr. Lane, partly because he had lent her a little French story called *La Tulipe Noire*, and in part because he was in appearance as little like that rare, dark, and slender flower as possible.

Albert also attempted to cover his want of punctuality by a facetious and imperturbable politeness. Seeing that Joan sat rigid and impregnable behind the urn, he cleared his throat again. "Ahem-hem! Joan, may I, although a Cipher, trouble you for a cup of that delicate infusion which still, if I am not mistaken, simmers in the family teapot?"

Mrs. Browne was not proof against this good temper. Perhaps, indeed, she had a peculiar tenderness for her eldest son on account of a certain feebleness in his constitution, which rendered him almost unfit for the stern battle of life. Catching his eye now, she nodded to him with her gentle smile, which atoned for the quality of his tea, for Albert was only more lazy than sensitive.

Presently this ill-starred young man, who had a habit of stiffening one leg over the knee of the other, dropped a slipper off his extended foot, and conscientiously crawled

under the table to recover it, while Frank, with a sly kick, dispatched it to the region of his father's Wellingtons.

Mr. Browne pushed his chair back with an angry gesture, and walked off with his newspaper, Albert presently emerging in the spot vacated by his father. Thus Frank, having made a hearty breakfast and discomfited his enemies, also left the room, smiling affably.

As Mr. Browne passed through the hall toward the door which led to the offices, Janet, all smiles and blushes, with her beautiful hair forming a perfect crown upon her broad white forehead, came bounding down the stairs. He turned from her, but she ran up and tapped him on the shoulder. "Please, pa, it's me," she said. Mr. Browne turned again, trying in vain to look angry. How could he, in the face of such smiling beauty? She was the flower of his flock, the apple of his eye. Giving him a pretty kiss, she added, "Only me."

Who can expect beauty to speak in good grammar, or to come down punctually at 8.45 to breakfast? Mr. Browne went to his dingy office and musty papers quite happy. The little bit of pretty girl grammar and the pretty kiss and the image of his darling cheered him. Who shall say that old age is not romantic? For my part, I quite long to be old, that I may acquire the simple, generous, little-exacting romance of old age. Talk about querulous, selfish old age! What so querulous, so egotistic, so capacious, as youth? Why, half the young men in Pedlington wanted to have Janet Browne and her £12,000 all to themselves, i. e., each one to himself, and then would have broken her sweet fragile spirit, and made a sour prude or a savage virago of her, while her dear old father was delighted with a false concord and a kiss.

But Janet never kissed any one except her father, not even her mother. So you see he had a monopoly after all.

Then "me" bounced into the parlor, with a saucy little courtesy to mamma and the rest of them, and fell to daintily at a large piece of dry bread and the remnant of a pat of butter.

"Where is Berty?" she asked, presently.

"Gone to school ten minutes or a quarter of an hour ago," answered sister Joan, severely.

As Janet sat opposite the three windows of the long room on the ground-floor, her eyes traversed them slowly from left to right, as if she were following Hubert schoolward. She was very fond of Berty, so she said. And as she looked, a dreamy lustre deepened in the sapphire of her eyes.

As the French say of women, "*Il y a des femmes et des femmes*," so we may say of blue eyes. Many women of our Anglo-Saxon descent have blue eyes; and when you look at them, unless you happen to be color-blind,

you see they are blue. But if Janet Browne passed you in a crowded thoroughfare, an image of a face actually illuminated with two wondrous orbs of matchless sapphire would dwell in your memory, and every drop of blood coursing through the veins all over your body would experience a delight. It is impossible to define this power of beauty, and it baffles the mind to consider whether such eyes would have a similar (though, of course, modified) power if the rest of the face were deficient in beauty. Frank used to say that a little blue vein visible in the hollow on each side of the bridge of the nose was the peculiar feature about Janet's eyes. Others attributed their charm to the long black curling lashes; but in this respect Nelly had rather the advantage. Most probably it is the subtle power of *harmony* which nature achieves in some faces, where the beauty of the eye is merely the key-note of the whole composition.

Whatever the day-dream was which now caused that lustre in Janet's eyes, it was rudely broken.

"My dear Janet," Mrs. Browne began, "I must beg that you will come down in time for breakfast. It does vex your papa so not to see you all punctual."

The good lady had not witnessed the "me" episode in the hall.

"I can not see any more difficulty in coming down at a quarter before nine than at ten minutes past," said Joan.

"I fear I set the bad example, and ought to bear the blame," interposed Albert, gallantly. "And, indeed, for some weeks past I have been revolving measures of reform. Only I am so reluctant to innovate. But now I am resolved. Desperate evils require desperate remedies. Janet, what do you say to half an hour's walk *before* breakfast every morning?"

"I should love it," said that young lady, promptly.

"Very good, my dear," continued Albert, formally—"very good! Now this is a contract terminable at three days' notice on either side. It comes into operation tomorrow at a quarter past eight o'clock. And you shall choose your own route."

Janet bounded on her chair, munching her bread, and expressing her satisfaction by smiles and ecstatic movements.

"I don't know what papa will say to such new doings," remarked Mrs. Browne, when her eldest son flashed out this bright suggestion, and her youngest daughter fluttered into it like a moth into a candle flame.

But Joan conceived an abyss of danger to lurk under this seeming innocent proposition. She endeavored to save her sister from it by the suggestion of a material obstacle. "Walking before breakfast, indeed!" she exclaimed. "Nice chilblains you'll have on your feet at this time of the year!"

"You see," pleaded Albert, who always paid attention to any advice or expostulation offered to him—"you see, the real reason why we are late for breakfast is a profound one. It lies in the perversity of human nature, the natural resistance to law. We do *not* breakfast early of our own accord; but if we take a walk every morning at a quarter past eight, which no one orders us to do, we shall rise like the lark."

"I dare say that's true," rejoined the mother, timidly speculating on the superior efficacy of will to law. But the proposition was too metaphysical for Janet, who determined on the walk. "Because I should like it," as she said to herself, and was quite satisfied with that reason, though there may have been another anonymously lurking in a dark corner of her little brain.

After breakfast, when the ladies were sitting at work in the cozy little "morning-room," with a bright fire glowing on the hearth, Mrs. Browne reopened the unpleasant subject by saying, "Do you know, Janet, I think if you loved your papa you would find it easy to obey him in little things. I can not say that I think it becoming or amiable for a girl to insist upon having her own way."

When this damsel was being scolded she used to abstain from speech altogether, unless asked a direct question. Knowing her habits, Mrs. Browne asked, "Do you love him, Janet?"

"Yes, I do," she replied; "more than—" She was about to add "you," but substituted the more general term, "any one."

"I'm sure I am glad to hear you say so, my dear," Mrs. Browne resumed, "because I know you always speak the truth, and I think you will try to see these little matters as I do, and conform to your papa's wishes in every thing. You must admit he is an indulgent parent."

But Janet's affection for her father had been forced in an artificial atmosphere. She had formed a little conspiracy with herself to spoil herself, and not to submit to law, in practice or theory. If it had been her habit to speak out what passed through her mind, when lectured by her mother or sister Joan, some very startling propositions would have been enunciated in the placid region of Mr. Browne's domesticity. At her little conspiracy her father connived, and she knew that he connived at it. If this had been the result of paternal astuteness, if Mr. Browne had seen that Janet's wrists would not bear fetters, and relaxed them in wisdom, the effect would have been good. But it was really the hard man's soft place. Janet was his little sweetheart. He would humgr and encourage her with sly smiles when he would have spoken harshly to another; but when she grew insolent, and thought he was vanquished, he would rise and crush her with

some terrible *ukase* which not even she ventured to contravene. In consequence of this inconsistent treatment the daughter behaved strangely to her father, at one time wheedling him with sweet confidence, at another (and this usually the result of his barren victory) absolutely refusing to speak to him for days together. Then Mrs. Browne would commence with her usual formula, "My dear Janet, your conduct to your papa is not becoming. Do you intend at some future time to treat your husband like this?"

For Mrs. Browne had a shrewd notion that the way in which a young lady behaves to her father foreshadows her conduct to her husband.

Janet, upon this, contemplated the tip of her boot, and answered, thoughtfully, "If ever I *do* have a husband, I hope he'll make me *respect* him."

This was a hand-grenade for mamma. "But, my dear," she urged, "surely you respect your papa?"

Again Janet thought before she spoke, and this time got fairly out of her depth.

"Yes, I do respect papa," she said.

"I hope so, my dear," her mother added. "He is universally respected."

Janet was in deep waters, and unable to think her way out, much less to express her thought in words. She respected her father's character because he was manful and masterful, and perhaps even more because she was sure that he was a man who had only loved once, and that her mother was the one woman. But though she would not have expressed it in so many words, she saw, at first dimly, afterward plainly, that in mind he was an egotist, never listening to reason on any subject where reason conflicted with his prejudice; in consequence of which she neither respected his opinion (when she saw any reason for differing from it) nor valued his judgment, which still was necessarily her law.

And far more than this: how far beyond her power to state or even to settle to her own mind clearly! Janet was a little volcano of pent-up enthusiasm and aspirations. Occult longings, leanings toward high and noble things, found no sympathy in him, no culture in the system of which she found herself a part. They were stifled at the birth. Heaven, which surrounds us all in infancy, though men may have forgotten it, and overlaid it with crusts of earth, was walled and roofed out from her. Now when any thing high or noble chanced to come her way, she had little power to recognize it, not a chord within her so strung as to vibrate to the heavenly finger. Very likely she would join in Frank's sneer at it, catching at the meagre fun for want of higher emotion. If the whole interest of every member of her family was centred in himself or herself, or at best in the others—if they all ha-

bitually traced every result back to a desire for profit or amusement—if they seemed unable even to understand how any thing should originate in higher motives, and if Frank generalized all such phenomena as "humbugs," whose fault was it?

Blindly and very reluctantly Janet laid all this and much more at her father's door. She did not see, nor did she suppose it possible to see, how it was chargeable to him. But she said to herself, "He has ruled in all things." These thoughts naturally only came to her at times; but at these times she used to make a resolution, and register a vow in her own mental tablets: "If ever a man marries 'ME,' he shall be a man very unlike papa, still more unlike my brothers, and unlike all their friends except one."

Then her fancy would run on this exception. "I am sure *HE* is quite different," she thought. "Fancy any of my brothers lecturing to the poor mechanics for nothing, or living contentedly in that gloomy old place alone, and making those antediluvian old things love him as much as Bertie and all the boys do! Fancy Frank sitting all day at the top of the old tower, studying, with all those queer jackdaws sitting round him, and that dear old Graves dozing at his feet! See how different he is in church: kneeling when he prays, and always looking as if he thought it really was the house of God, instead of going through it as a decent ceremony, and not looking at all the girls as if it were a concert or a ball-room! And *how* he looks when Frank makes one of his clever little sarcasms! Like those great curly retrievers when the little dogs bark at them. Yet he is very fond of Bertie. I can see that by the way in which he puts his hand on Bertie's shoulder. And Bertie adores him. He must like Frank too; or why should he come here so often? I'm sure he takes no notice of *me*. One would think *I* was only an ornament on the mantel-piece. But he thinks *me* rather pretty. That *I* *know*." Here the young lady's mind pauses and reflects. "I wonder why he does come here so often now! At first he used to seem annoyed at having to come, and always came late and went early. Now he comes unasked. But he never asks for *me*. I suppose if I went away for a whole week he would never inquire what had become of *me*. And he can go to much nicer houses than this, houses where the people understand him better. The Delavines are never happy unless they have 'poor Mr. Lane,' as they call him, at their horrid parties. They pretend to think he is unhappy and wants sympathy. He *isn't* unhappy. He *doesn't* want sympathy. He never confesses that he is sad to us. But *I* know. Yes, he is unhappy. He *does* want sympathy. Poor Mr. Lane! And he thinks we are really a happy family, and likes the picture of a home, as they say all

lonely men do. I don't. I hate it. It's a prison, home is. I want freedom, liberty from this tyranny that has made me what I am."

Now Janet stamped her tiny foot upon the ground, and fretted and fumed in imaginary bondage. Then words laden with sacred associations came to her, and she repeated them slowly: "Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest."

It seems incredible that a young lady so comfortably circumstanced should have felt the sense of weariness implied in that aspiration. For a moment she hesitated, doubting whether it could be so, but soon decided that she, even she, was weary of life and its puzzles. "No wonder," she reflected, "that mamma has that settled look of wonder on her face. She too is puzzled, but is too subservient to papa to breathe a word of what she feels. There is no one to explain any thing to me. No one but mamma sees there is any thing to be explained. Papa pooh-poohs it all. I don't think he sees it. He would laugh at my perplexities. There must be some great difference between him and me. I want some one to understand me, and to lead me somewhere. How weary my poor little head is!"

Then Janet burst out into a wild, shrill laugh, which, if a wise man had loved her, he would have grieved to hear; for it sounded like the voice of young Despair, that worst enemy of heart and mind. She laughed at the recollection of one of Frank's witticisms. To her, condoling with him on the gradual approach of baldness, he had replied, "I have something else to do with my brains; yours run to seed, and spring up in that marvelous crop of hair."

But the feeble joke passed from her memory, and left her more sad, more weary. "Yes," she murmured, "I would 'fly away, and be at rest,' rest, rest." And again the dreamy eyes wandered as if in search of some one, and the sapphire deepened in them.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RAPE OF THE GAMP.

PEOPLE who live on the margin of a river, especially those who devote much of their leisure time to boating, fishing, and bathing, become as warmly attached to their little tributary as dwellers by the sea-shore do to the mighty ocean. The humble river, like the proud sea, has a voice with many tones; and never a mood of him who loves and listens goes without a response in reedy pool or rocky shallow. It is not, then, to be wondered at that Mr. Lane, who dwelt so near the peaceful river Peddle, and passed so much of his time on its glassy surface, or along its flow-

ery meads and richly wooded slopes—that he should also about this time have taken to walking along the terrace which is cut in the side of the Pedlington cliff, and so reaching the Grammar School by way of the Fair Meadow, thus keeping the river in view as he walked. I can not tell why, but his former habit had been to turn sharply up the sunk road which passed under his window, and so reach Knight Templar Street, which soon led him into the heart of the town, from which he diverged by Corn Lane to the school. Certainly his new route was preferable. Crossing the sunk road, he came at once by a flight of steps to the terrace, which is fringed by a row of pollard willows on the river side, while its other side is flanked by the face of the cliff, and, as you go further, by the gable ends of the old episcopal palace.

As Mr. Lane, morning after morning, at half past eight o'clock, strode along this strip of historic ground, thinking of the bishops and Wycliffe (who was cited to appear there for heresy) and Chaucer and John of Gaunt, a pretty couple, walking gayly side by side, and looking as if they thought it quite a joke to be out so early, passed and greeted him with smiles. Sometimes at this particular hour the wintry sun was glimmering above the bridge, in front of Mr. Lane, but in the backs of Albert and Janet. Sometimes a keen northerly wind made ice on the river margin. And, as ill luck would have it, one morning rain was falling heavily. Still they came, smiling as usual, the lady clinging to her brother, and vainly seeking shelter under his slight umbrella. Mr. Lane, having his goodly canopy of green gingham over his head, and the yellow stick in his hand, pressed it on the young lady's acceptance, and took himself off at a round trot.

She turned to look after him as he went. He looked like a giant in the falling rain. She staggered under the huge *umbra*, and nearly lost her balance as the wind swept round an angle of the church-yard wall. Of one thing she was suddenly resolved—she would not give up the *umbra* to Albert or any body but him. Janet left off smiling, and began to look very serious; but her heart was joyful within her. Yet Mr. Lane had never even stopped to shake hands all those other mornings when the sun was shining or the wind blowing; and this morning all he said to her was, "Do have my gamp," and then ran off laughing. "Why did he laugh? Did he think it funny that I should have this dear old gamp, as he called it, a second time? Has he quite forgotten that first time—so long, long ago? Why do I think of it, of him, so much? He is so lonely; and I know he is unhappy, though he won't say so. How I should like to talk to that old woman, that antediluvian old Ada, and to see his 'den,' as he calls it! I



"SHE TURNED TO LOOK AFTER HIM AS HE WENT."

won't give up the gamp. No, I *won't*. He shall come and ask me for it if he wants it; and I will patch these holes in it, and sew an elastic band on."

All this ran through Janet's mind in a few moments. She was very happy, just because she and Mr. Lane had stood together for a moment in the seclusion of that great dome, with the waters falling round them, and cutting off them two from all the world besides.

The old scene which transpired so long ago was revived with twofold vividness. Rain-drops in the river; a wild shower thickening round her; a measured pulse, not of oars, but of unseen feet, coming to her from the unseen

world. Then a shock of the heart, a space of sweet bewilderment; then the gloom of the great *umbra*, the rain beating upon it like rolling drums, and the splash, splash, drip, drip, all around.

The whole of Janet's simple life condensed itself into those two magic scenes, as a little fleecy vapor reaching dew-point twinkles into crystal drops. Being accustomed to allow every small impulse and emotion to come upon her as it would, and have its sweet or bitter way with her, how could she struggle against this mighty influence which came upon her with Herculean force? As a giant might seize a child, it took her in its

arms and whirled her away with blinding speed, she knew not whither. Matter faded from her cognizance. In fancy she was borne aloft, floating in a golden haze through purple depths of ether. In fact she was traipsing through the mud of Knight Templar Street, in the borough of Pedlington, and making a sad mess of her silken skirts, for both hands were occupied with Mr. Lane's gamp.

As they trudged along Albert tried to rally her, for he was by nature affectionate and communicative.

"What a queer fellow Mr. Lane is!" he shouted.

As no answer was vouchsafed to this suggestion, he presumed the noise of the falling rain dulled the sound of his voice, so he repeated the words in a higher key.

Still no answer.

"One hardly likes to call him 'Lane,' without the Mr., he's so stiff," continued Albert.

No answer.

"Rigid, you know, I mean, dear."

As talking very loud under these conditions was attended with much inconvenience, and as Janet took less notice of his observations than of the gusts of wind which met them at the street corners, which only availed to tighten her grasp on the handle of the *umbra* and deepen her seclusion under that canopy, Albert fell into a melancholy and desponding train of thought, and began in his metaphysical way to wonder why a Cipher should have to put up with positive annoyances such as mud and moisture, being either a negative quantity or no quantity at all. He was not quite sure under which of these definitions a Cipher fell, the mathematics having languished during his school-days at Pedlington. There were no Mr. Lanes in those days. Before this abstruse question was set at rest in his mind they arrived at the little green door of the paternal abode, upon the opening of which Janet, turning her back unceremoniously upon Albert, and evading the house-maid, ran boldly up stairs with the *umbra* before her, having the good fortune to reach her own room without being seen.

Her contemplative brother wiped his feet with much deliberation on the door-mat, removing every trace of mud from sides and toes and heels. Then placing his umbrella in the rack, he took off his great-coat and hat, suspended them on suitable pegs, and gave his boots a final rub on the sheep-skin at the foot of the stairs, in doing which he cast his eyes up, as if following Janet with their glance, and gently murmured to himself, "Oho! oho!"

Albert took his usual chair next to Nelly at precisely a quarter before nine, beaming upon the other members of his family with benevolent complacency. Janet coming in presently and taking her seat opposite, he

nodded to her, and placed a forefinger on his lips, as much as to say, "We keep our own counsel about what happens during our walk." But Janet, making a great fuss and commotion in settling herself, vainly tried to look unconscious of Albert's semaphoric communications, for Joan's hawk eye from her ambush behind the urn had seen them plainly enough, and now saw Janet's conscious blush. "Aha! aha!" muttered Joan to herself.

A subject of interest, however, arose which promised to draw attention away from Janet and her dangerous ally. In the first place, a ball was to be given at the Assembly Rooms on the following Monday night, to which Mrs. Browne and family were politely invited. But it happened that on the same day a lady, a very old friend of the family, was to arrive on a visit of some duration. After due discussion, it was therefore settled that Frank should escort his two younger sisters to the entertainment, placing them under the special care of Mrs. Canon Ormsby, the wife of a clergyman who flourished in an adjacent parish, and who (like Mr. Browne) had many olive-branches fresh and fair to look upon. The elders of the family would remain at home to welcome the coming guest.

The second phase of this question was still more important. There was to be a little dinner-party in honor of the guest on Tuesday, and "a few friends" over and above those who could be entertained at dinner were invited to drop in afterward and enjoy a little music. Robert, the adjutant, had been asked to come, but a letter had been received from him this morning regretting that he could not get away till Christmas-eve. The dining-table seated fourteen (with the extra leaf in). Seven ladies were complete, five gentlemen secured, and Frank had undertaken to invite "two fellows" to make up the complement of males. Albert always declined this responsibility with characteristic modesty, "the eldest son being in this case," he observed, "a Cipher."

More than one member of the family group wished that Dr. Phelps's name might figure on the list. He was a widower, young, handsome, and affluent, universally esteemed and beloved, except by a few religious zealots who considered his "views" to be "unsafe." Even these admitted that in all other respects he was a model of excellence; and his buoyant good humor, inexhaustible fund of calm reasoning power, and frequent sallies of genial wit made him no small acquisition to a dinner-table or drawing-room. The difficulty of inducing him to accept invitations during term-time also enhanced the value of his presence; and if a hostess could add to her other invitations "to meet Dr. Phelps and a few friends," she was safe from the risk of those "previous en-

gagements" which so often cause perplexities in festive preparations. But, "charm he never so wisely," Walter Browne, Esq., would hearken no more to the voice of this charmer. Cards, of course, had been exchanged when the Doctor first settled at Pedlington. They were followed up shortly by one of Mrs. Browne's nice little friendly dinners for fourteen. That good lady and most loving spouse had felt a little nervous at first, for her lord and master had reminded her that the new school-master had been (at Harrow) at once the victorious rival and the close friend of a certain nameless young man, the very memory of whom was gall and wormwood to his soul. But the charm of Mr. Phelps's manner and address carried these outworks instantly. He evidently gained ground rapidly in his host's esteem, and when the ladies left the gentlemen to their glass of port-wine, all was *couleur de rose*. When the magnum was finished, and the gentlemen repaired to the drawing-room, that frail porcelain cup of concord had been shattered. The smiles which still struggled to the surface of Mr. Browne's countenance were evidently born of courtesy, and had to do battle with the gloom which shrouded his mind. Dr. Phelps, either beguiled by his host's affability into thinking him more charitable and reasonable than he proved to be, or acting on the principle of "nothing venture, nothing have," had broached the forbidden subject, and requested the lawyer to enter with him into a dispassionate investigation of that old story about Miss Baily and his early friend Lyte, with a view to clearing away misconceptions, and arriving at a true and fair estimate of the conduct of all who were concerned in a certain disastrous event. The overture was made *sotto voce*, as was its abrupt rejection. Neither host nor guest ever related what had then passed between them. But the autocrat issued his interdict, and the loyal friend passed the threshold of Mr. Browne's house that night for the last time.

But to return to the breakfast-table on that rainy November morning: Mrs. Browne asked Frank whether his two gentlemen were coming to dinner on Tuesday.

"Fuller is coming," replied Frank, carelessly; "but I haven't heard from Lane yet."

"Not heard yet?" cried Joan, in a shrill *crescendo*, with elevated eyebrows.

"Perhaps, sister," rejoined Frank, with provoking calmness, "if you were to drop him a line he might relieve our suspense." At which Joan paled with anger; for a legend was current among the younger members of the family to the effect that their mature sister had at first cast a favorable eye upon the gentleman in question, and had failed to discern that his first attentions to her, as duenna or guardian of her younger sisters, were ceremonial and transient.

Hereupon Hubert rose to hasten away to school.

"I say, Hubert," said Frank, languidly, "just ask Mr. Lane whether he got a note from me yesterday, and say an answer will oblige."

"All right," said Hubert, and vanished.

But before he left the room the notion had got into form in Albert's brain that Janet had only taken the large *umbra* up stairs to prevent its being seen in the hall, and that she would like him to fetch it from concealment and tell Hubert quietly to return it.

Accordingly, clearing his throat three or four times in a dark and mysterious manner, and making spectral grimaces, he tried to catch Janet's eye in vain.

She knew what he was blundering about, and only looked down at her plate, beating the ground with an angry foot.

"Old noodle! old noodle!" she was whispering under her breath. And partly at the allusions to Mr. Lane, partly with anger, and partly with fear that Albert would attract attention to her, she blushed deeply, and a tear came unbidden to her eye.

Joan's hawk eye was fixed upon her. Joan's hand glided under a corner of the table, and was laid on mamma's hand. Mamma, following Joan's glance, saw Janet's confusion.

"You see," Frank went on, apparently seeing none of this by-play, every move of which was like an open map under his languishing eye—"you see, it's not altogether Lane's fault, my dear mother. You sent out your invitations on Monday. I had a great many letters to write on that day, and only sent mine on Tuesday evening. Fuller left his answer and a card and a whole string of polite inquiries yesterday; and probably that was the only thing the doughty warrior did worth speaking of the whole day. But Lane is a different sort of fellow. He's always head over ears in work—not in love, Janet—in work, you know; and perhaps hasn't had time to think about it yet."

"To think about it!" echoed Joan.

But no one responded to the echo. Mrs. Browne was still furtively watching Janet; and however father or mother might disparage Frank's energy in business, the whole family esteemed him (as indeed he was) a prudent and accomplished man of the world. If Frank considered another man justified in neglecting to answer an invitation, they bowed to his superior judgment. Joan was inclined to rebel, but her protest died away in silent disapproval. Perhaps Mrs. Browne felt a moment's trepidation on the subject of the fourteenth guest at table, for, like most country hostesses, she dreaded the number thirteen; but Frank's authority set her mind at ease.

Janet's sororal affections underwent a sud-

den revulsion. She adored Frank. She detested that addle-pated, timid old Albert.

Was it by design on her part, or purely by accident? After breakfast, Janet, smarting under her imaginary wrongs, encountered Albert in the hall alone.

He felt disposed to evade this interview, but she cut off his retreat.

What could that have been? A sharp sound, as if you smote the fingers of one hand briskly on the palm of the other. SMACK! resounded through the house. Reverberations simulating the words, "*Old noodle! old noodle!*" confused the startled echoes. And while Janet turned and sped nimbly up stairs, Albert, with his hand to his cheek, retreated through the doorway which led to the offices.

"Whee-ee-ee-ee-u-u-u-u!" he whistled, half dismayed, half amused; and perching himself upon a tall stool in a dark corner of the clerks' office, ruminated upon the peril of Innovation, and the unsatisfactory nature of all Reform.

CHAPTER VIII.

CROSS-PURPOSES.

ON that same morning of which some events are chronicled in Chapter the Seventh Hubert Browne came hurrying into school at the last stroke of the bell, and elbowing his way up to Mr. Lane's desk, was about to deliver himself of his message.

Mr. Lane, seeing that his favorite rascal had something to say, supposed it was that he had brought back the *umbra*; but catching sight of the Doctor's face, already bent over his prayer-book under the great window, he waved Hubert off, saying, "Come to me at twelve."

By that time Hubert, having his mind set upon a furious bout of foot-ball, in which he fully purposed to become a stumbling-block to the great champion of the opposing host, at risk of his own neck, and to bark the shins of one of that hero's chief henchmen then in enmity with him, Hubert, had forgotten all about Frank's unanswered note and the message to Mr. Lane, but remembered that Mr. Lane had summoned him. The latter also remembered his summons, but not that it had been suggested by an evident wish on the part of Hubert to communicate something.

At noon, accordingly, the pupil stood before his master's desk, and both being equally at a loss to know why, Mr. Lane put his hand on Hubert's shoulder and said, "Never mind your battle of Kilkenny just now. Come along with me, and we will walk round by the cliff together, and keep Martin waiting for five minutes. Let me see—you were at school with Martin, I suppose?"

"I came for one quarter, just as he was leaving," replied Hubert. "But that was in old Dr. Oldham's time, and papa wouldn't let me stay. He said the school wanted reform."

"I am surprised to hear that Mr. Browne advocated reform," said Mr. Lane, slyly.

"But he did," replied Hubert. "He said my going to school with Dr. Oldham was like my wearing his old swallow-tail for best. So I put it on one day for fun, and didn't I look a guy! But mamma took care not to let him see me in it."

"Did you like Martin?" asked Mr. Lane, as they walked briskly past the Fair Meadow and crossed the foot of the bridge to the cliff.

"Oh, I like him well enough," was the answer, with a peculiar emphasis on the pronoun.

Martin was at this time an elegant young man preparing for matriculation at Oxford. Superbly dressed, and delicately perfumed, he rode into Pedlington three times a week on a blood-horse for the purpose of reading with Mr. Lane. In other words, Martin, who had long enjoyed a slight acquaintance with the Brownes, had lately exhibited a strange propensity for presenting himself under favorable conditions wherever the presence of that interesting family might be anticipated. In the absence of the young ladies themselves, any person who took an interest in them, or had occasional access to them, was delectable to Martin. Mr. Lane and the classic authors, varied with a peep into the arcana of German literature, afforded Martin an excellent excuse for pervading Pedlington. Mr. Lane was a famous fellow, a great athlete, and "no end of a scholar;" so Martin assured his parents, who were naturally anxious for his progress at this critical period of life. And now that Hubert Browne had been replaced at the Grammar School, and Mr. Lane was in daily contact with that celestial youth, Martin's affection for his tutor knew no bounds. Mounted grooms rode into the untrodden precincts of the old monastic building with hares or partridges for Mr. Lane; and before long that gentleman somewhat reluctantly found himself a guest at Plumstead Manor-house, the seat of William Culliford Martin, Esq., J.P., one of that very sagacious body to which Mr. Browne was clerk.

"We are pleased that Willie takes so kindly to his classics and German," Mr. Martin would say to Mr. Lane after dinner; the latter gentleman twisting his stiff auburn mustache dubiously, and Martin junior regarding him with fatuous complacency.

"He does *not* work as hard as I could wish," says Mr. Lane, doggedly.

"Now, Lane, that's too bad!" cries the pupil.

"He sits at his books very closely at

home," continues the parent; "and I think he comes to you almost every day now."

"Four times a week, for one hour each time," insists Mr. Lane. "But what is that to the training of a public school? And consider the long interval of idleness to be made up for."

"I was not exactly idle after leaving Dr. Oldham," urged Martin; "I used to read a good deal of English literature, and some little French."

"Poetry, I suppose," Mr. Lane suggested.

"Well, yes; of course the English classics, Shakspeare, Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth, and Tennyson," the pupil admitted.

"And Byron," added Mr. Lane, cynically. He had long since discovered traces of "the noble poet" in Martin's sentiments.

"Well, I admit to an infusion of Byron," said Martin.

But the elder gentleman hardly liked to think otherwise than that his son and heir was about to become a ripe scholar and a well-read gentleman. And certainly Mr. Lane was delicately situated.

One day in particular he was sorely urged by his native candor to betray this confiding pupil. Mr. Martin, who, despite his complacency, was nervously anxious about his only son, said to the tutor, taking advantage of Willie's absence from the room, "I can hardly express to you, Sir, how pleased his mother and I are at Willie's strong regard for you and preference for your society. The decided taste which he develops for classical literature we consider entirely due to your judicious treatment. At his critical time of life a studious taste is inestimable—inestimable. We were anxious about him before his acquaintance with you. He might have been forming some foolish attachment, or been led into a—a—indeed, I do not like to think of the dangers which might beset a young man situated as he is."

"And so impressionable and impulsive," added Mr. Lane.

"Just so, Sir, as you say. Dangers, indeed! Ah! dear me!"

And while the justice's imagination ran on to revel among the perils from which the heir of Plumstead Manor was being saved, Mr. Lane wondered uneasily whether an attachment to the daughter of a country solicitor (even with a little fortune) would not seem to Mr. Martin the most parlous of perils.

But to return to Mr. Lane and Hubert Browne, walking at noon from school to the Abbey. At the foot of the terrace which skirted the cliff stood the boat-house. As they passed between it and the flotilla of boats moored beneath the willows, the boy said, "Do you remember what a lark it was that day when Nelly and Janet were trying to row, and you came up with your big ga—umbrella?"

"I did not come up in time to witness their efforts," said Mr. Lane. "Indeed, we heard the laughter, and staid back until the shower came on."

"They do squeal terribly when they're amused."

"I thought it pretty enough. You were rowing when we overhauled you."

"Ah, yes," pleaded Hubert; "a pair of long oars against a pair of short skulls. Not fair, you know. Besides, you hadn't taught me to row then. I never understood that dig at the beginning of the stroke which you get right off the stretcher before; and I don't believe a single soul on the Peddle does, at least hereabouts."

"The Doctor," suggested Mr. Lane.

"Ah!" replied this critical youth, "he does row a very pretty oar, and finishes up his stroke neatly; but he can't 'catch it at the beginning,' as you do."

"But you had passengers, you know, on that occasion, and we were flying light."

"I should think so," rejoined Hubert.

"And precious heavy they are, too, though they don't look it. Janet weighs eight stone, and Nelly seven four. But Frank says it's Janet's purse that weighs down the scale against Nellie. She's an heiress, you know. Old Captain Lyte, who used to live at Box-tree Lodge, left her a lot of money, and Blanche too. But you should have heard the chaff at home that evening! Janet wanted to know who you were, and I told her you were the Marquis of Westminster, and Dr. Phelps Baron Rothschild. And she sucked it in. So did Nelly. Only Nelly found it out. She's sharper than Janet is. But I gammoned them at first that I was going to Pool Park with your umbrella, and—"

Here Hubert's recollections were so overpowering that he nearly choked himself with suppressed laughter. After spluttering for a moment he said, with an effort,

"Now you'll be angry with me."

"Not a bit of it," rejoined the master, cheerfully; "I don't think there was much harm in your joke. But don't tell me any more. Domestic confidences, you know."

But Hubert, not having blown off at football the steam generated in three hours of scholastic discipline, was bound to find another vent.

"Oh no, Mr. Lane," he rattled on, "I have no secrets from you. And I must say Janet is a brick, though they all talk so much about her peculiar temper and ways. And she can't bear Captain Fuller, with his spurs and his great clumsy compliments, which make her get so red and so hot, you know. And she only laughs at Martin, though he is such a tremendous swell, with his new clothes and his thorough-bred horse—and a regular brick, I must say, is Martin. He tipped me half a sovereign one day. Very

good of him, but rather funny, was it not, Mr. Lane? Why, he was a fellow at school two years ago. And I suspect the governor would have been angry with me for taking it."

"Then why did you do so?"

"I hadn't time to think of it at that moment. And when I thought of running after him to give it back, I remembered that I owed three-and-sixpence at the pastry-cook's and my subscription to the cricket club. But, as I was saying, I'm sure Janet sneaks after you, Mr. Lane. She's always asking me about you now, and *pretending not to care*; that's what makes me suspect. And mamma says she's so glad Frank has made a friend of you, and that she hopes he will imitate your energy. They think Frank shirks work, but he doesn't; only he has a lazy way of doing it, and never exerts himself when any one can see him. They don't understand Frank a bit. You would be astonished to know what strangers we brothers and sisters, and even parents and children, are to each other. But mamma says she wishes all the young men were like you, and that young men now are not at all what they used to be when she was young."

"You must really shut up, Hubert. Either this is all nonsense, or I ought not to listen to it."

"It is not telling tales," persisted Hubert, coloring warmly at this. "You have been a better friend to me than any one ever was before. They used to call me blockhead, and say I was as obstinate as a mule, before you came. And mamma tells me to confide in you about every thing, and ask your advice—"

"But not about your sisters, Hubert."

"Well, I won't say another word about them, if you'll just let me talk freely to you about other things. But remember, I haven't said anything unkind of them, and you told us it was no harm to speak of people if one could be sure of never speaking unkindly or suspiciously of them."

At this point of the conversation they encountered Willie Martin, in a seal-skin waistcoat and *chasseur de la garde* boots, caressing his leg with a gold-headed riding-whip.

"Ah, Mr. Lane," he sighed, "I was strolling about to meet you. How d'y'e do, Browne? Hope the young ladies are quite well. Will they be at the Assembly Rooms on Monday night?"

"Two of them, I believe," replied Hubert, looking at the Apollo with a sly twinkle in his roguish eye.

Then Mr. Lane, accompanied by Martin, descended the steps, and crossed the sunk road to his solitary domain. No sooner had they seated themselves to work than Hubert's head appears in the doorway. "Oh, Mr. Lane, I quite forgot. Frank wants an answer to his letter," he blurted out, and then swiftly vanished.

Plunging his hand deep into a multitude of receptacles, Mr. Lane at last produced a letter in Frank's handwriting, dated three days previously. It ran as follows:

"Will you come to dinner at six next Tuesday? An old friend of ours, Miss Lyte, is coming to stay with us. She is a rather jolly old bird, and we always ask the *élite* to meet her. I have asked Fuller, who has known her more or less all his life, and who is a favorite of hers. The Rev. Adolphus Key, the new rector, is coming. He is a bachelor, and a mighty man of music; and in consequence, whenever the haize door is left open, strains of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Heller come creeping down the stairs, across the hall, along the passage, and into my devoted ears. *Parce, parce!* I cry in vain. Nightmares and tarantulas are abroad; and no wonder that sonata is called *Appassionata*, considering the way in which it is being treated up stairs."

Short, simple, and playful as this note was, it yet fired three shots right into Mr. Lane's defenses. "Miss Lyte, Key, and Fuller," he thought; "and all in one room, too. Phelps was right. I ought to have braved it out at first, and not left myself to be caught masquerading. But then I should never have seen Her; for I could not have come here."

All this is quite enigmatic. I only record it as Mr. Lane related it afterward. He professes himself now never to be surprised at coincidences, so many having occurred in his own experience. That Mr. Phelps should have come to Pedlington, and so formed an irresistible attraction to him, that Captain Fuller should have exchanged into a regiment the *dépôt* of which was quartered at Pedlington, that the Rev. Adolphus Key should have attained to the rectory of that town, and that he, Mr. Lane, should (against his own will in the outset) have been drawn into a delightful intercourse with the family which was now about to receive Miss Lyte in addition to the two latter gentlemen as guests, were a series of coincidences that surpassed the apparent unrealities of fiction.

During Martin's lesson Mr. Lane was unusually preoccupied in mind, and though gravely disturbed and agitated by this note of Frank's, could not abstain from a sly humorous amusement with poor Martin's hopelessly enamored condition. His fair young cheek, innocent of all but the faintest down upon it, had flushed at meeting Hubert Browne, though he strove to bear himself manfully before that youth. Seeing that Mr. Lane had a letter from the house which was sacred to him by Janet's presence, how Martin clung to Mr. Lane! How he strove to master and make his own Lane's render-

ing of that graceful ode the closing declaration of which is

"Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem."

"I like that Sapphic metre," he observed, delicately, when the lesson was ended. "It seems to me the true language of—ah—the tender sentiment. Do you know, Mr. Lane, I have tried one or two little odes myself?"

"No!" said Lane, taking up a pen and writing hurriedly. "I am as much surprised as delighted to hear it. You poets are certainly born, not made. Why, you can't write a respectable paragraph of Latin prose, Sir; how dare you break out into Sapphics?"

Martin only smiled and blushed, but Mr. Lane, still writing, added, "As the spring throistle breaks out in song, I suppose." And the pupil, whether he fully saw the completeness of the allegory or not, was gratified with the imputation. Observing his tutor now, he noticed from the expression of his face, which was particularly calm and statuesque at such times, that he had recently come to a resolution of some importance, and Martin felt a gentle misgiving lest in some way it should concern him and oppose his passion. But Mr. Lane, who, as we know, was moved by a different consideration, still found leisure to think of Martin and his love, and whether his father would approve of it.

"Is your family a *very* old one?" he asked, abruptly, closing and sealing his note to Frank.

"Oh dear, no!" replied Martin, laughing and blushing, and turning away to find his gloves and whip. "My ancestors didn't come over with the Conqueror; they were corn factors in Mark Lane."

And Mr. Lane, for some reason best known to himself, gave a great grunt, at which poor Martin, taking it for scorn, and having heard that his tutor was "well connected," writhed in anguish, and loathed his own plebeian descent with quite an aristocratic fervor.

Mr. Lane, on the contrary, was relieved at the dissipation of those imaginary ancestors, who would have unconsciously been the *fons et origo mali*, had an aristocratic descendant of theirs lowered his crest to an attorney's daughter. So he restored Martin to bliss by saying that they would walk round together and leave his note at Frank's door. This was the note:

"I can not dine. Tuesday is my evening at the night school. But I will look in shortly after nine, and beg for a cup of Miss Browne's Young Hyson. Pray pardon my neglect. Your note got into the left-hand pocket and lost itself."

The shining brass knocker on the pretty green door was barely lifted when it was snatched from Mr. Lane's hand by the door flying open, and—

"Impetuosity of the sex!" exclaimed Albert, within, performing deprecatory gestures. For, with his usual gallantry, he had just opened the door, and, with her usual elasticity, Janet was just bounding out, when a russet beard stopped the way, and she started back, accidentally stamping on Joan's toe. For Albert was taking the two ladies out a-shopping.

Mr. Lane, with Martin, drew back a little, so that the ladies came out, Sister writhing and smiling grimly at Mr. Lane as the cause of her agony.

Martin was in raptures. Joan smiled another sort of smile upon him, and bowed elegantly. Janet actually gave him her *bien gantée* little hand, and said what a long time it was since they had met!

Almost too happy to speak, as he allowed her beauty to fill his longing heart, he yet managed to inquire if she would be at the ball. She hoped so. Then might he be so happy? Yes, he might put her down for one waltz and a set, but not close together. She would keep her card open for him. And not that galop—just that little galop at the end? Well, if she staid so long, he might have the galop too. And might he send some flowers from Plumstead? But no. Janet was peremptory. If flowers came, her card should be filled from first to last without him. She was heartily delighted with this modest, well-bred admirer, and though she would not flirt with him, was glad to secure enough of his attention to assist her in dispensing with some which were apt to become irksome to her. To him, of course, the whole ball, with all the delights of anticipation and retrospect, centred in her. The food on which his joy would live being the two little dances, and what glancing of her eyes and glistening of her pearly teeth he might catch in those fleeting moments.

Meanwhile Albert asked Mr. Lane whether it was a favorable answer, and he, speaking more grandiloquently than he was wont to do, as is often the case with men when forming an important resolution, said, "I am obliged to decline. An old engagement holds me." But he forgot to mention that he had spoken to Frank in the note about dropping in after dinner. Janet heard these words, and knew also that he would not be at the ball on Monday. Still she resolved to maintain a bold front.

Joan was rapidly advancing toward that bitter detestation of Mr. Lane which the "*spretæ injuria formæ*," and the cutting innuendoes which she had been subject to on account of her early partiality for him, would naturally engender in the bosom of mature virginity.

"So Mr. Lane has at last condescended to decline the invitation!" she now said to Albert, in a high-pitched, querulous voice, for Janet's special benefit. "What a strange

expression he used! 'An old engagement holds me.' And he is one who measures his words, is that Mr. Lane. Now I should not wonder if that were true in more ways than one."

As Joan uttered the word "one" she closed her lips like a vise, as much as to say, "There, Miss Janet! There's a sting for your vanity! While you think all the men are dying for you, this Mr. Lane, whom you prefer, scorns your preference, and loves another girl."

But Janet carried her little head high, and assumed an elastic, jaunty gait, expressive of a "don't care" state of mind generally, and, in particular, derision for the emanations of Sister's pathetic soul. There was sadness in her gentle heart for all that, and her relentless enemy knew it.

Joan's anger was not the only peril which arose from negligence in opening Frank's letter. The decision at which he so hastily arrived of accepting the tail of the invitation was itself pregnant with danger. Had he perused the document on receipt, as he should have done, and taken time to consider the proposal contained, and all that de-

pended on his action in the matter, he would probably have declined not only the invitation to dinner, for which he had a sufficient excuse, but for the later part of the evening, and would have resolved to abstain from visiting Frank or his relatives during the stay of that "rather jolly old bird, Miss Lyte."

One very prudent step Mr. Lane did take, having an unforeseen phase of his danger in view, and wishing to provide against it. He called upon his old acquaintance Captain Fuller, at the cavalry barracks, and, without mentioning his intention of being present on Tuesday evening, cautioned the gallant captain against any verbal imprudence which might compromise him in a difficult position. He also "took the bull by the horns," as the saying is, and called upon the new rector, who received him very warmly, as a new parishioner of whom he had heard golden opinions, and whose acquaintance he was heartily glad to make. Having adopted these precautions, Mr. Lane awaited the future calmly, but still not altogether without apprehension of impending evil.

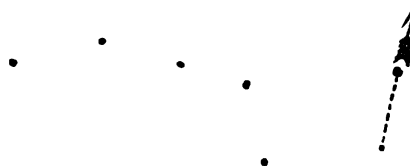
SOME TALKS OF AN ASTRONOMER.

I.—A LOOK AT THE HEAVENS.

YOU want to know how the planets are weighed; how their distances are ascertained; how we know that the earth turns on its axis and around the sun, and not the sun around the earth; what sort of instruments are used in measuring the celestial spaces; also something about comets, and something, moreover, about stellar astronomy in general. That is rather too much to tell at one time, but by a series of talks I may be able to make it all plain.

You know that men found out at least some of these things before they had a telescope, and that by observations with the naked eye alone they were enabled to learn the main features of the system of the world. Let us, then, go out and view the heavens, and take our first lesson in astronomy with the naked eye. The first thing we notice is that all the heavenly bodies seem to be spread out on the surface of a sphere, in the centre of which we appear to be placed. One-half of this sphere is above the earth, extending down to the horizon on every side; the other is below the horizon, and is therefore, together with the stars which stud it, invisible. The highest point is over our heads, the lowest one under our feet. This you see at the first glance. Now watch a few hours, and you will see that this whole sphere, with all the heavenly bodies which it contains, turns around from east to west. You know very well that the sun rises and sets daily; but perhaps you have not noticed that most of the stars rise and set in like

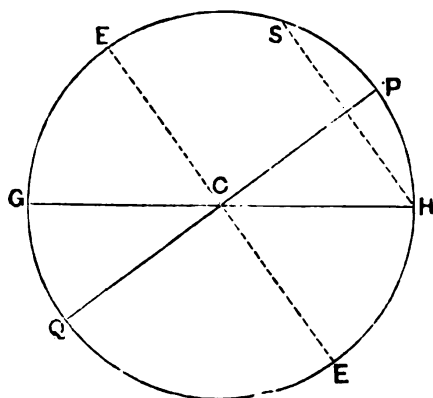
manner. Now let us examine more closely how this apparent diurnal motion of the heavens, or of the celestial sphere, takes place. The polar star never rises nor sets, and it changes its place in the heavens so slightly that unless we compare it with some fixed object we could see no movement at all. There is a constellation by which the polar star can always be found. It is commonly called the "Dipper," but astronomers call it Ursa Major, or the Great Bear. If you look out early on an autumn evening you will see it low down in the north, but in the month of May it will be high up, quite near the zenith. Here is a picture of it. Now



CONSTELLATION OF URSA MAJOR.

draw a line through the two stars on the right-hand end and continue it upward, and you see that it meets a tolerably bright star standing north nearly by itself. This is the polar star. Now if you watch this Dipper a few hours, you will see it moving around toward the west; if you should watch it all night, you will see it moving down toward the northwestern side of the horizon, passing toward the east under the pole, and rising upon the northeastern side. In fact, it de-

scribes a complete circle round the polar star, always keeping at the same distance from it. That curved-looking constellation on the opposite side of the polar star, and in the autumn near the zenith, is called Cassiopeia, or "the lady in her chair." You perceive that if we take any star a little further from the pole than the Dipper, it dips below the horizon in its daily revolution, and the further we go from the pole, the greater length of time it will be below the horizon. A star which when it passes above the pole is directly over our heads will, in this country, be from one to two or three hours below the horizon, according to the latitude of the place we are in. Now if a straight line is drawn from the pole to where we stand it will strike the earth at this point. Continue it right through the earth



THE IMAGINARY CELESTIAL SPHERE, AS IT WOULD APPEAR FROM THE EARTH.

The earth in the centre at C. G H, the horizon. P, the north or visible pole. Q, the south pole, invisible because below our horizon. A star between S and H will perform its whole diurnal revolution around the pole P without dipping below the horizon at all, as shown by the dotted line S H. Between S and E more than half its course will be above the horizon, and at E, or the equator, exactly half. Between E and G more than half its course will be below the horizon, and south of G it will turn round the pole Q without rising at all.

in a slanting direction, and it will point toward the other pole of the heavens, or the south pole, which we can not see because of its being below the horizon. Around this line as an axis the heavens seem to revolve. A circle which spans the heavens half-way between the two axes is called the equator. In our latitude it is a little more than half-way from the south horizon up to the zenith. A star in the equator will rise exactly in the east and set exactly in the west, and will be below the horizon just half the time.

If you keep a careful watch of all the stars, you will find that, with the exception of five, they all preserve the same positions relatively to each other during their daily revolution, just as if they were set in a solid sphere of crystal, which sphere itself turned around on the axis we have described. So perfectly do they all seem to keep their po-

sitions that if Job should rise from the dead he would now see Arcturus and the Pleiades just as he saw them when he was on the earth four or five thousand years ago. But there are seven heavenly bodies which do not so keep their positions—they are the sun, the moon, and the five planets visible to the naked eye.

II.—MOTION OF THE SUN AND PLANETS.

If we were only to look at the heavens one or two evenings, we would not observe that there was any change in the relative positions of the sun and stars; but if we should take a good time-piece and watch the time at which a certain star sets or passes the meridian to-night, and then notice the setting or the passage of the same star to-morrow night, we should find that it occurred four minutes earlier, and as long as we chose to watch it we should find it four minutes earlier every day. That is to say, the stars do not, like the sun, revolve around the earth in one day, but in twenty-three hours and fifty-six minutes. Now why is this? To answer this question clearly we must remember that if it were not for the glare of sunlight illuminating the atmosphere, we should see stars in the daytime as well as in the night. Really the whole sphere of the heavens is studded with stars, and they are as thick around the sun as any where else, only that we can not see them. Now a star which sets to-night at nine o'clock in the west will, as I explained, set four minutes before nine to-morrow night, eight minutes before nine the night after, and so on. Consequently, if we watch night after night, we will soon find that it sets in the evening twilight, so that we lose sight of it. This shows that the sun is moving nearer and nearer to the star. If we keep calculating our four minutes earlier every day, we find that in three months it sets six hours earlier, thus it sets at three o'clock in the afternoon, and therefore before the sun. We conclude from this that the sun, after moving nearer and nearer the star, has now gone past it. If we continue our watch for a whole year, we will find that the star sets at the same hour it did a year ago, having in the mean while set at every four minutes throughout the day and night. This shows, therefore, that the sun in the course of a year passes all the stars in succession which lie on his path, and in fact makes a complete revolution around this starry sphere. If we could see the stars around the sun, and should watch the sun from the time that it rose in the morning until it set in the evening, we should find that it moved among the stars by a space nearly equal to its own diameter, and next morning we should find when it rose again that it advanced nearly another of its diameters; and thus it goes day after day, moving nearly two of its own diameters along the starry

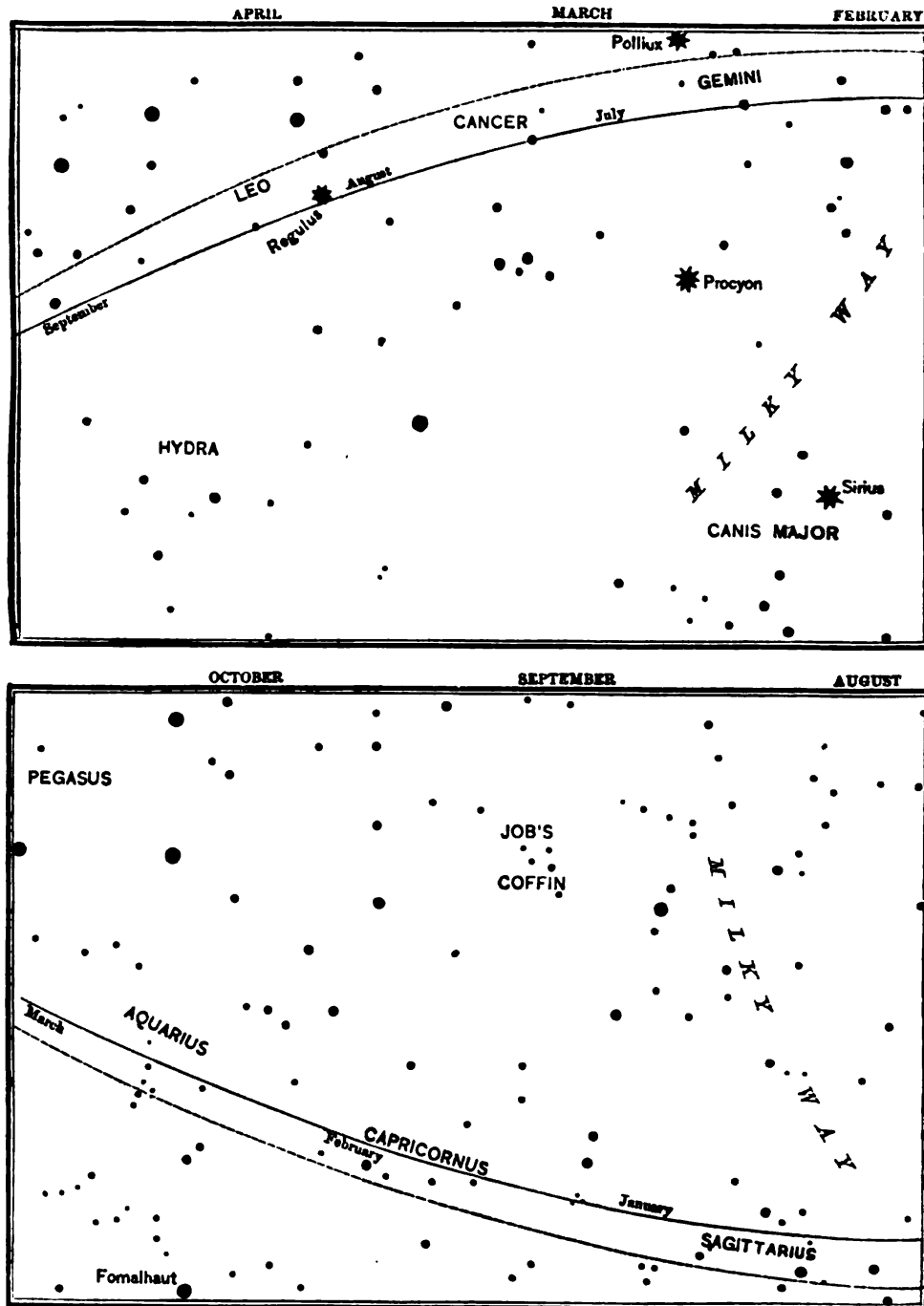
sphere, and this motion in the course of a year carries it all the way around and brings it back to where it started from. The stars, then, seem to rise and set a little faster than the sun. The sun rises and sets 365 times in as many days, while the stars rise and set 366 times. Let me try to make this clear by another illustration: If you watch those two pointers as they pass above the pole, you will see them to-night pass a certain point, let us say, at nine o'clock. To-morrow night they would pass four minutes earlier, and four minutes earlier every night following, so that after three months you will have to look at three o'clock in the evening. Of course daylight will then prevent you from seeing; but they are really there, and you would see them but for the glare of the sun. Three months more they are there at nine o'clock in the morning; three months more they are there at three o'clock in the morning, and you can now see them once more. About the 1st of March they cross at two minutes past twelve in the morning, and on the following night they would cross two minutes before midnight. This brings them across once more at nine o'clock of the same hour and evening on which they started. You see now that on the 1st of March there were really two passages across the meridian, the one taking place just after midnight, and the other just before the midnight following.

This annual motion of the sun around the celestial sphere was one of the earliest astronomical discoveries. The path in which it moves was mapped out in the heavens at an age so early that we scarcely know by whom it was done. If the sun left any trace we could see it as a bright path among the stars; we could see exactly what stars it passed, and on what day it passed over them. That reddish star which we see rising in the east during the autumn evenings is called Aldebaran; the sun will pass directly over that star about the end of May. The twelve constellations through which it passes were called the constellations of the zodiac, and the names Aries, Taurus, etc., which are so familiar to you, were given to them by the ancients.

Now one thing that is very noticeable in this path described by the sun is that it is not every where at the same distance from the pole. If we measure with our instrument, we shall find that on the 21st of March the sun is just 90° distant from the polar star. If we then watch its course, we shall find that it comes nearer and nearer in the three months following. On the 21st of June we find it between 66° and 67° distant. Since the equator is every where 90° distant, the sun is then $23\frac{1}{4}^\circ$ north of the equator. I have explained that the farther a heavenly body is from the pole the longer the time that it is below the horizon. At

the equator it is above the horizon half the time, and below it half the time. Consequently during the time of which we speak, when the sun is between the equator and the pole, more than half his path is above the horizon, and therefore the days are more than twelve hours long. Let us keep up our measurements until the 21st of September. We shall then find that the sun has moved south again until it is 90° from the pole. One-half of its course then lies above the horizon, and the other half below; it is therefore below the horizon half of the time, and the nights are just as long as the days. His southern course still continues until the 21st of December, when we shall find that he is $23\frac{1}{4}^\circ$ south of the equator, and therefore $113\frac{1}{4}^\circ$ from the pole. More than half its course is now below the horizon, and the days are only as long as the nights were on the 21st of June, and *vice versa*. That you may fully understand all this we give on pages 696 and 697 maps of the southern constellations, showing the oblique path of the sun through them during the entire year. It is owing, then, to this oblique motion of the sun that the changes of seasons, and the variations of the length of day and night at different seasons, are due. The result is precisely the same whether we suppose that the sun moves around the earth or the earth around the sun.

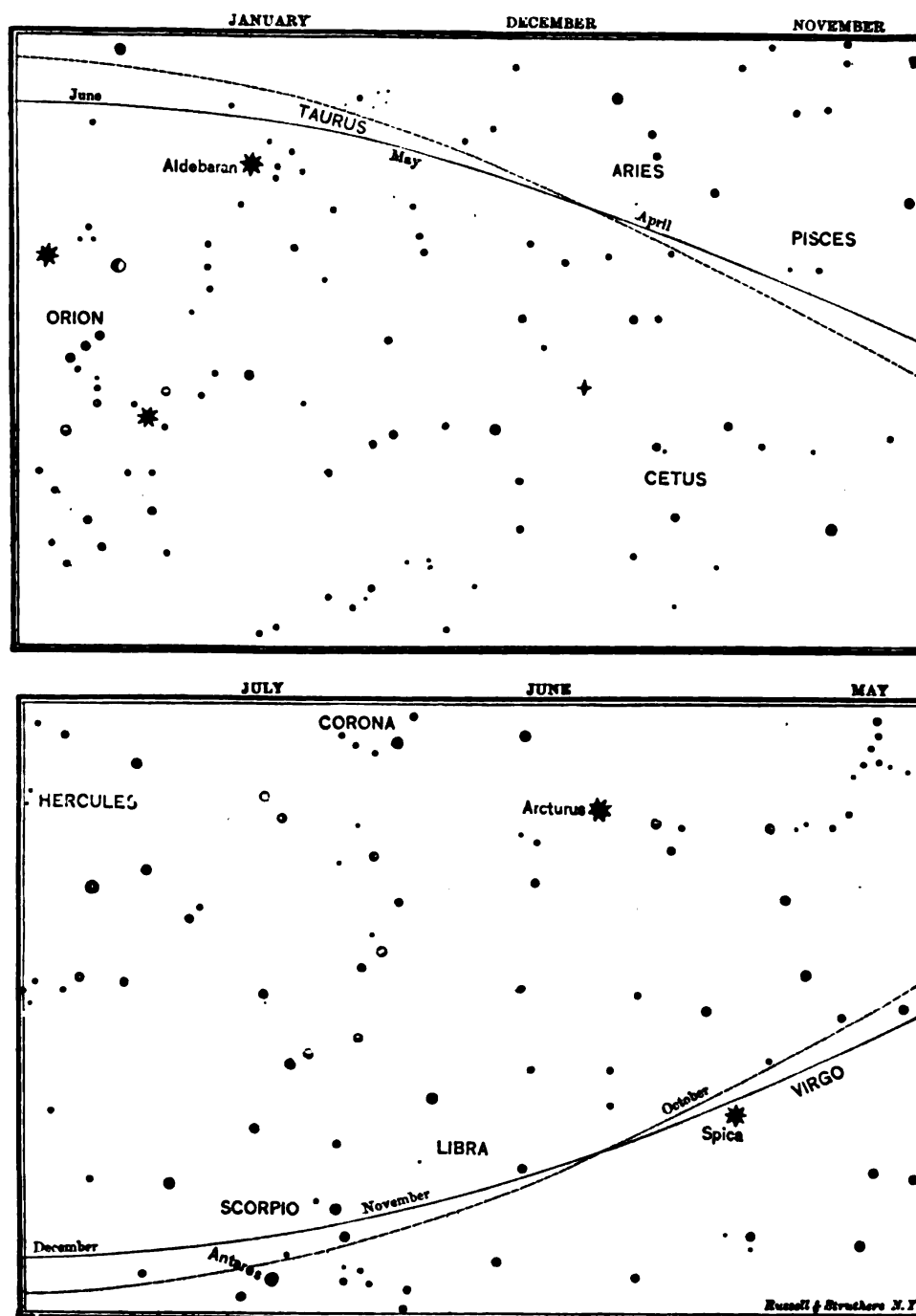
Now let us pass from the sun to the moon. We have in her case a motion among the stars similar to that presented by the sun, which I have just described, only much more rapid. Thus the moon rises and sets later every evening by an amount averaging nearly three-quarters of an hour. If you watch the moon when she has passed her first quarter, and before she is full, you may actually see her motion among the stars. If she is very near a star at the end of twilight, you will see that in the six or eight hours which elapse before she sets she has moved quite a perceptible distance toward the east; and if you look again on the following night, you will see that she is 13° , or nearly so, east from the same star. If you keep up the watch for twenty-seven days, you will find that she has made the complete circuit of the heavens, and is now back again near the same starting-point at which you first saw her. If the sun and stars preserve the same relative positions, she would come back to the sun in the same length of time, and we would have a new moon every twenty-seven or twenty-eight days. But while the moon is going around, the sun is also moving among the stars, and having moved forward during an interval between two new moons, it takes the moon between two and three days to catch up to him again; consequently the time from one new moon to another is about twenty-nine and a half days.



PATHS OF THE SUN AND MOON AMONG THE STARS.

The maps on pages 696 and 697 show all the constellations of the zodiac and other southern constellations, as well as the apparent paths of the sun and moon through them. The continuous line shows the sun's path, or the ecliptic, the dotted one the moon's path, the latter being that which she followed in the middle of 1874. The months at the top of the map show when the constellations under them are on the meridian at 9 o'clock p.m. For instance, in the middle of December at this hour Aries will be on the meridian and nearly overhead; Taurus, including Aldebaran and the Pleiades, will be the next to the east; Orion will be low in the southeast; Sirius and Procyon will be just rising; while the square of Pegasus will be two hours west of the zenith.

Now we can understand how eclipses occur. I have said that the sun pursues a certain definite path among the stars, about half a degree wide, which you could see if he left any trace there; so, also, if you could mark the position of the moon to-night among the stars, and mark its position at every hour during her whole course, you would find that she also has pursued a definite path among the stars, but you would



PATHS OF THE SUN AND MOON AMONG THE STARS.

It takes the sun four or five months to reach that constellation which is now on the meridian at 9 P.M.; he will therefore not reach Aries till April. The months on the sun's path show when he passes the several constellations. Thus in April he will pass below Aries, and in May between Aldebaran and the Pleiades.

It will be seen that the moon now crosses the sun's path at the points where the latter is found in April and again in October. Hence it is only during these months that eclipses occur in 1874. But the moon's path is continually changing in the heavens, the points of crossing (nodes) moving toward the right. At the beginning of 1876 the nodes will have moved over to the right-hand edges of the above maps, and eclipses will occur in March and September.

not find this path to be the same as the sun's path. If it were the same, we should have an eclipse of the sun every time the moon crossed the sun, and an eclipse of the moon every time that the moon passed on the oth-

er side of the earth from the sun. But the two paths are inclined to each other about 5° . They cross each other at a point which, in the month of October, 1874, is very near the sun. The moon's path is south of the sun's

in nearly all that part of the heavens which we can see in the evenings of that month; but it approaches the sun's path, and crosses it near the eastern horizon, and in most of the invisible half of the sphere, or that part below the horizon, the moon's path is farther north. All this will be clear on examining the star maps, where the dotted line shows the path of the moon during 1874, crossing the sun's path in the constellations Aries and Libra.

These two opposite points in which the moon's path crosses the path of the sun are called the nodes. It is very clear that unless the sun is near one of the moon's nodes when the moon herself passes by, the moon will pass above or below the sun, according as her path is above or below that of the sun at this point, and consequently there will be no eclipse. But if the sun happens to be near the node, then the moon will necessarily pass over his face and eclipse some portion of him. Now, as I have just explained, there are two opposite nodes; the one set a few hours ago, and the other has just risen. Since the sun makes the whole circuit of the heavens in the course of a year, he crosses the moon's nodes twice in that time. In 1874 he crossed one node in May, and will cross the other node in November; consequently it is only about these two times that any eclipse can take place during this year.

If the moon always followed the same path in the heavens, we could never have any eclipses but at those two seasons. But if we watch the motions of the moon for several years in succession, we shall find that her path is continually changing. At the present time she passes seven degrees north of Aldebaran; a month hence she will seem to pass the star at almost exactly the same distance; but if you continue your observations for four or five months, you will find that she passes it perceptibly farther north, and in three years you will find that she crosses it at the distance of about ten degrees. After that she would begin to cross farther south, passing nearer Aldebaran at every revolution for eight years, until in 1885 and 1886 she will pass right over it. If the moon's path were painted on the heavens, you would see that every time the moon came round to the same point in her path, which takes place about every twenty-seven days, she would cross the sun's path about three of her own diameters sooner than the month before. In the course of a year, therefore, she will have crossed about thirty-six diameters sooner, or farther to the west. In the course of twenty years you will find that this motion has been kept up until she crosses at the same point she does now, and thus the nodes have made a complete circuit of the heavens. The seasons of eclipses vary, therefore, in the same man-

ner. This year they are in May and October; in five years from now they will occur three months earlier, and we shall have them in February and August; five years more, and they will be in October and May; five years more, in August and February; five years more, and they will correspond once more to what they are now.

The motions of the sun and moon, which I have just described, are comparatively simple; but those of the five planets visible to the naked eye, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, are very complicated. Venus and Mercury always follow the sun; they seem to vibrate on each side of him, Venus to the distance of about 45° , and Mercury about 25° . The three other planets seem to move among the stars sometimes in the same direction with the sun, and sometimes in the opposite direction. The general rule in the case of Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn is that whenever they are any where near the sun, or even at right angles to his direction, they appear to move in the same direction among the stars in which he moves, but more slowly. But when their direction is opposite that of the sun, they always move in the opposite direction. This seemingly irregular motion was one which greatly perplexed the ancient astronomers, and to account for it they invented the hypothesis of epicycles. In this hypothesis they supposed a point to move around in the heavens with a nearly uniform motion in the same manner that the sun and moon moved. From this point they supposed an arm to extend, and at the end of this arm the planet was supposed to be carried. This arm they supposed to revolve around once in a year. The combined motions of the point around the heavens and of the planet around the point represented in a rough way the motion of the planet. Of course they did not believe that any such machinery as this really existed. They employed it only as a means of representing the apparent motions of these three planets.

III.—THE TRUE MOTIONS OF THE HEAVENS.

What I have just been describing to you is the apparent motion of the heavenly bodies as visible to an observer here on the earth. You see that by simple observations, such as can be made with the naked eye, we have found that the sun appears to make the circuit of the starry sphere once in a year. We have found the causes of the change of seasons, and the difference of the length of days and nights at different seasons of the year, and we have found in a general way the cause of eclipses, and the reason they do not always occur at the same season.

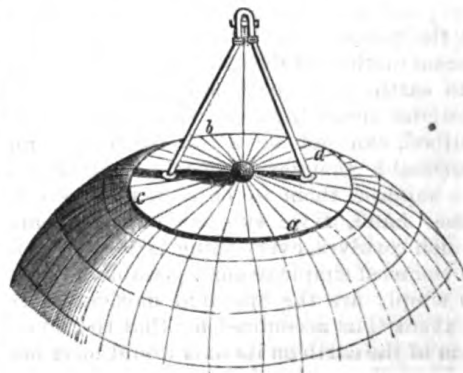
But in the modern system of astronomy the motions which we have described, excepting that of the moon, are only apparent

motions, not real ones. This annual motion of the sun in the heavens is really due to an annual motion of the earth around the sun. Suppose that I stand in the centre of this room, and that you walk around me, keeping near the sides of the room, and keeping your eyes fixed on me as you move. The direction in which you see me continually changes. Now you see me toward the window; now I am between you and the grate; now I am between you and the door. If you did not know that you were moving, it would seem to you that I was moving around you. Just so, in the case of the earth and sun, the earth moves around the sun once a year; therefore in the course of a year the sun is seen every day in a different direction among the stars. You always see the sun in an opposite direction from that which an observer on the sun would see the earth; and thus, as in your course around me I am successively seen between you and the window, the grate, and the door, so is the sun successively seen between us and all the stars which lie in a certain plane in which the earth moves.

We have started with the diurnal motion of the stars around the earth. This motion is not real, but apparent, being due to the motion of the earth around the axis passing through it. I have described to you two apparent motions, one of the whole celestial sphere, carrying with it sun, planets, and stars around a certain axis of the heavens, and therefore around the earth, every day; the other an apparent motion of the sun, moon, and planets among the stars. To prove the earth's motion every day on its axis we must begin by answering the natural objections to it. The first objection made by the ignorant is that if this were so, objects would fall off the earth on the other side. This objection, however, is scarcely worth talking about with any intelligent person. The evidence of the senses on a large scale shows us that the earth is really a sphere, and even the ancients knew very well that the direction which we call down, *i. e.*, the direction which a stone falls, is not every where the same, but that at every point of this sphere it tends toward the centre of it. In whatever way we suppose the earth to move, there would therefore be no change in the apparent direction in which a body would fall.

A stronger objection is that we have no consciousness of such motion, but that bodies can move about on the surface of the earth with the same apparent freedom as if the earth was at rest. But any one who has ever been in a steamboat knows that we are entirely unconscious of any motion which is regular and uniform. As the steamboat passes an island, the island seems to every one on board to be in motion and to pass the boat, and it is only by the reason of the

thing, and not by any direct evidence of the senses on the part of the passengers, that they know that it is the boat that is moving, and not the island. We have, therefore, no direct evidence whatever that the earth is at rest any more than that the heavens are at rest; but the question whether it is the earth or heavens which move is to be decided entirely by finding which explains the observed facts most simply and reasonably, and of which motion we have most evidence. To one acquainted with the whole subject, the matter is so obvious that arguing it is like having to argue on board of the steamboat that it is the boat and not the island which is in motion. I may say, however, that observations hereafter to be explained will show that the heavens are immensely larger than the earth. Suppose the heavens to move, the motions would be so rapid and so complicated that no imaginable force would account for them; whereas the motion of the earth explains every thing in a most simple manner, and in perfect accordance with the laws of mechanics. But we have two direct proofs that the earth does really revolve. One is afforded by the celebrated Foucault pendulum experiment. If we suspend an immense pendulum from some very high point, like the dome of the Capitol at Washington, and start it swinging, we shall find that it does not swing all day in the same apparent direction. In this latitude we shall find that, after nine hours, it is swinging apparently at right angles to the direction in which we started it. Now by the laws of motion the plane in which a pendulum swings is invariably the same so



PENDULUM EXPERIMENT.

The above figure represents a plane or table on the top of a globe, or at the north pole of the earth. To this table are fixed two rods, from which is suspended a pendulum, moving freely in any direction. The pendulum is made to vibrate in the path *a b*; it will continue to vibrate in this line, and have no apparent circular or angular motion until the globe revolves, when it will appear to have vibrated through the entire circle, to an object fixed on the table and moving with it. It is scarcely necessary to say the circular motion of the pendulum is only apparent, since it is the table that revolves—the apparent motion of the pendulum in a circle being the same as the apparent motion of the land to a person on board ship, or the recession of the earth to a person in a balloon.

long as the pendulum is not touched, and no force is applied to change it. The fact that the pendulum must be swinging in the same direction and that it appears to change shows that the building in which it is placed is really turned around about ninety degrees in the course of nine hours, and would make a complete revolution in thirty-six hours. You ask, Why not a whole revolution in a day? It would make a whole revolution in a day if we were near the north pole; but the pendulum necessarily swings in a vertical axis, and as the direction of the earth's axis to the vertical is here oblique, the earth does not revolve so rapidly relatively to its vertical axis as it does relatively to the real axis. When we reach the equator the axis of the earth is at right angles to that of the pendulum, and there is no motion around the vertical line in which the pendulum hangs. At the equator, therefore, the pendulum will always swing in the direction in which it is started.

The other direct proof of the earth's rotation is afforded by the form of the earth, and the force of gravity at its different parts. If the earth were at rest the weight of bodies on every part of its surface would be the same, and the equal tendency of every part toward the centre would result in the earth being round. But we find by actual measurement that the earth is flattened at the poles and bulges out at the equator. We find also that heavy bodies are lighter the nearer we take them to the equator. This we can attribute only to the centrifugal force produced by the earth's rotation. The proofs, then, that the earth moves are these three: firstly, the Foucault pendulum; secondly, the flattening of the earth at the poles; thirdly, the fact that the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies around the earth every day, and their irregular motions in the heavens, which we have described, can not be accounted for in any reasonable manner by mechanical laws if we suppose them to be real, while on the other hand, if we suppose it is the earth which revolves, every thing is accounted for in the most simple manner possible. In fact, so simply are the apparent motions of the heavens thus accounted for that the revolution of the earth on its axis would have been universally accepted in ancient times had the ancients been acquainted with the laws of motion. It was only because Ptolemy supposed that light bodies would be left behind if the earth revolved from west to east with so great a velocity that he was led to dispute the fact.

But how do we know that the apparent motion of the sun in the heavens which we have described is really a motion of the earth around the sun? So far as the motion of the sun alone is concerned, we can account for it just as well one way as the other. But

when we consider the motions of the planets, we find a system which we can not account for but by the motion of the earth. I have already stated that the apparent motions of the planets may be represented by a combination of two separate motions; the one is that of an imaginary point in a regular orbit around the heavens, and the other is a motion around this moving point. The combination of these two motions makes a curve so complicated that it is difficult to conceive from what cause it could occur, for although we can imagine a planet moving around the sun, it is very difficult to conceive why it should describe a regular curve around an imaginary point, which not only does not really exist, but is itself in rapid motion. Now this motion, in the case of all the planets, does not occur every day, but takes place once a year, and all the planets go in the same direction at the same time, so far as each is concerned. For instance, if the planet Venus is to-day moving east in this imaginary circle, the planets Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn are also moving east in the same circle, and as they curve their motions around toward the south and west, the other planets seem to curve their motions around toward the south and west. Not only so, but the sun also appears to move in this same direction. In a word, besides their regular forward motions around the heavens, all of the five planets seem to be performing an oscillatory motion around an imaginary point, corresponding to that of the sun around the earth. It is impossible to conceive how any force should act so as to produce this motion. The fact that it is common and simultaneous in the case of all the planets shows that it must be produced by some common cause. Now the theory of the motion of the earth accounts for it in the most simple manner by showing that it is not real but only apparent, being due to the motion of the earth itself around the sun. I have already partly explained that when we stand on any body which is moving forward with a regular and uniform motion, we become unconscious of the motion, and all the bodies which we see appear to be moving in an opposite direction. Now if a party in a steamboat which was sailing among a group of islands should describe all the islands as moving together—first to the east, then to the south, then to the north, and then to the west, we should at once reply, "It is the steamboat that is moving, and not the islands." In the same way, it is perfectly reasonable to us that in the case of the planets this oscillatory motion is simply due to the fact that the earth is moving around the sun in the opposite direction, and is therefore not real. Making this hypothesis, we find the motions extremely simplified; we get rid of the motions around imaginary centres entirely, and we find the smaller

bodies moving around the larger one. We know, independent of any such theory as this, that the sun is at a vast distance from the earth, and it is easy, without any very precise astronomical instruments, to assure ourselves that the sun must be a great many times larger than this world. It is therefore much more reasonable to suppose that the small body is moving around the large one than the large one around the small one. When we find these complicated motions reduced to motions which are of the simplest kind, and that without violating any law of probability, we are forced to the conclusion that the hypothesis which thus explains them is correct.

The theory explaining how the motions of the earth and heavens take place is called the system of the world. The apparent and the true systems of the world stand in remarkable contrast to each other. In the former, as it appears to the senses of all from earliest infancy, the earth on which we live is a vast flat plain which never moves. The direction we call down—that is, the direction in which a stone falls—seems every where the same. All bodies tend to fall in that direction in consequence of their own weight. The heavenly bodies seem comparatively small; they are spread out on the surface of a sphere, and move around the earth every day. These ideas are every where wrong. The earth is not flat, but round, like a ball, and we live on a round surface. This every body knows by his own sight who has ever made an extended journey, and the reason for believing it is explained even in our geographies. Secondly, “down” is not every where the same, but is always toward the centre of the earth, and is therefore not the same in any two places. The people of Australia are eight thousand miles under our feet, and we know that their feet when they stand are toward ours. Yet, should we go there, the directions up and down would appear to be the same that they are here. In twelve hours our feet will be in a direction that we now call south, on account of the rotation of the earth; yet we do not feel the change. Thirdly, the earth, besides having an annual motion around the sun, has a daily motion on its axis.

At first sight these doctrines seem completely to contradict the evidence of our senses, but a little thought will make it plain that this contradiction is only apparent. The evidence of our senses can not tell us whether we are at rest or in motion, and therefore there is no contradiction to the evidence of our senses in supposing the earth to be in motion. Again, in traveling around the earth we see very clearly that the direction we call down must be different at every different place, and therefore we know that the evidence of our senses can give us no fixed line of direction. The true system of

the world, then, does not oppose the evidence of our senses, but only some fallacious inference derived from that evidence. Then as regards the sphere: our eyes seem to tell us that all the heavenly bodies are situated at about the same distance from us, we being in the centre of the sphere, around which they are scattered. But again experience and examination show that by merely looking at a distant object we can form no opinion whatever of its real distance. It is true that we can form a very accurate idea of the distance of bodies which we see on the earth's surface, such as houses, fences, trees, etc., but an analysis of all the conditions shows that this is not a mere act of the eye, but more an act of judgment, and we know very well that when the conditions are such that the judgment is deceived by them, we may see just as well as ever, yet our inference as to the distance will be all wrong. No doubt every child who has for the first time seen a mountain through a clear atmosphere fifty miles away has felt sure that it could not be more than one mile, and there is no doubt but it seemed so to him. He thinks his eyes told him that it could not be but one mile, when, in reality, it was only an inference founded on the fact that objects looking as the mountain did were not usually more than a mile or two away.

But the reader must not suppose that because these apparent motions are not real they are therefore to be wholly disregarded. When properly interpreted, the apparent motions may be considered to be equally true with the real ones; for instance, we say that the sun rises in the east and sets in the west; this is perfectly true, provided we remember that east and west are not in the same direction in the morning as in the evening. Even astronomers continually use the expression that the sun and stars pass the meridian, although they know very well that it is only the meridian that passes the sun and stars. And again, in what concerns the change of seasons and the length of the days and nights, the results are precisely the same whether we consider the real or apparent motions, and the fact is that the cause of the change of seasons and of the different lengths of the day at different seasons can be more readily comprehended by a consideration of the apparent motion of the celestial sphere than by that of the real motion of the earth. Moreover, the ultimate object of investigating the real motions of the heavens is to learn with the greatest certainty and precision what the apparent motions are. I make this remark to warn you against the too common error that because the ancients were not acquainted with the real system of the world, all their other ideas in relation to astronomy were entirely fallacious. Observations made by them would be of as much value as if they were made to-day.

IV.—THE THEORY OF GRAVITATION.

When we pass from the apparent to the real system of the world, we have made a great step toward reducing what is seemingly complicated in the heavens to great simplicity. Yet there remains another step by which the laws of the celestial motions are simplified in a yet more remarkable degree, and that is by the discovery of the theory of gravitation. I am persuaded that there exists in the minds of the uneducated public a great misapprehension of what the theory of gravitation really is. It is commonly supposed to be some very recondite and wonderful force acting only in the heavens, which is now almost universally believed in by philosophers and astronomers, but which may nevertheless be entirely superseded by some future discovery. There are at all times many unfortunate people abroad, of course not belonging to the intelligent class, who seem afflicted with a monomaniacal desire of overturning this theory and substituting some new one. Now the very fact that a person denies gravitation is a proof not only that he is not very intelligent, but that he is not intelligent enough to know what gravitation is. Gravitation simply means *weightiness*. The tendency of all bodies to fall toward the earth is really gravitation; and to deny the existence of gravitation entirely is to deny that heavy bodies tend to fall toward the centre of the earth.

Now what Sir Isaac Newton did was not to discover gravitation, for every one who ever saw a stone fall saw an effect of that force. He only discovered that gravitation extended into the celestial spaces. His first reasoning was this: We see that all bodies at the surface of the earth tend to fall toward its centre. This tendency is seen on the highest mountains as well as at the surface of the ocean. How far does it extend upward? Why should it not extend to the moon? We know that the moon is revolving around the earth, and without some force to keep it in its orbit around the earth it would fly off into space, and we should soon lose sight of it. Why should not this force, by which the moon is continually turned aside from the line in which it is moving and kept in a path around the earth, be the same force which causes a stone to fall to the ground? To answer these questions, Newton began by calculating what force would really be required to keep the moon in her curved orbit around the earth, and comparing it with the force which caused heavy bodies to fall to the earth's surface, with the view to learning whether the two forces were inversely as the square of the distance from the earth's centre. Now allow me to state a circumstance which illustrates the exactness of true scientific reasoning in reaching these conclu-

sions. In his first calculations Newton found that the two forces did not correspond. Had he been any other than a man of true science, I fear he would have twisted something so as to make them correspond. Instead of doing so, he laid his theory aside for a number of years. At length he learned that more accurate measurements of the size of the earth than those accessible to him when he made his calculations had been executed by the French astronomers, and that these gave for the size of the earth in English miles a quantity much larger than that which he had used in making his calculations. He now found that when he based his computations on the true magnitude of the earth, the two forces of the stone toward the earth and the moon in its orbit corresponded exactly to the theory. We see from this that Newton did not discover gravitation itself, but only that it extended into the celestial spaces.

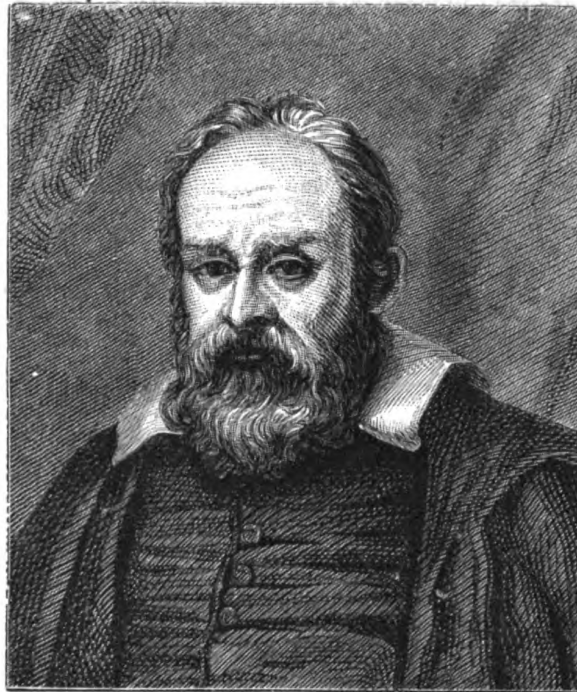
Not only does the moon move around the earth, but all the planets move around the sun. If no force acted on them, they would move forward in a straight line forever, and soon be lost in the celestial spaces. The very fact that they move in curved orbits around the sun shows that they must be acted upon by some force directed toward the sun. The most careful and exact observations that were made showed that this force was at all times and in the case of all the planets directed accurately toward the centre of the sun. Knowing the relative distance of the various planets from the sun, it was easy to calculate how strong this force must be in the case of each, and the result showed that in the case of each different planet its intensity was inversely as the planet's distance from the sun. It remained only to show whether the elliptic orbit in which each planet was known to move around the sun would be produced by a force inversely as the square of the distance. This required a mathematical investigation which the scientific men of that day found very difficult; but Newton at length succeeded in solving the problem in a manner which left no doubt. It was now proved that each and every planet was held in its curved orbit by a force acting directly toward the sun, and being inversely as the square of the distance of the planet from it. As this force was to all appearance of precisely the same nature with that which made the moon tend toward the earth, it was quite reasonable to call it gravitation. It differs from the force which makes a stone fall only in being directed toward the sun instead of the earth.

More refined and accurate observations show that the planets are acted upon by comparatively very small forces in addition to the gravitation of the sun itself. The most profound investigations of suc-

cessive generations of mathematicians show that these small forces may be represented by gravitations of the planets toward each other. We thus arrive at the theory of universal gravitation, which may be expressed thus: Every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force inversely as the square of the distance which separates them. It is not impossible that this force in some future time may be itself explained by some other law; but the fact of its existence is as evident to the reason and senses of every man who has ever thoroughly observed and investigated the celestial motions as the fact that bodies fall toward the earth is evident to us all from our earliest infancy.

V.—THE TELESCOPE.

Every one knows that this instrument is one by which distant bodies are apparently brought nearer to the eye, but the principles of its construction are not so widely known. Let us begin by considering some elementary optical principles. You know that a body is rendered visible only by the light which emanates from it and reaches the eye. If we can make light emanate from a point of space where there is no body in the same manner it would if a body was there, we should seem to see the body although none really exists. Now the fundamental principle on which the telescope is constructed is this: A certain quantity of light which emanates from the surface of a body and reaches the instrument is to be brought to a single point. The eye, viewing this point, will apparently see the real body there. This point toward which all the rays converge is called the focus, and the imaginary object which we thus see in the focus is called the image of the real body. This image may be viewed with a magnifying-glass, just as we would view any small object held in our hands. There are two ways in which the light which comes from a distant body may be brought to the focus; one is by reflection from a concave mirror, and the other is by passing through a lens or system of lenses like a common burning-glass. The first telescopes were made on the latter principle. We give a figure of a telescope of the simplest construction, as it was made by the successors of Galileo. All the rays of light which come from a star are, on passing through the first lens (called the object-



GALILEO.

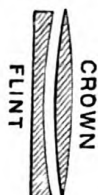
glass or objective), bent out of their course in such a manner as to converge to the point F, which is called the focus of the glass. In front of F a little magnifying-glass, or pair of magnifying-glasses, is placed, and the eye, looking into this glass, sees the enlarged image of the point or object the light from which is brought into the focus. In order to keep out all other light except that which emanates from the object, and in order also to make the two glasses preserve the same relative positions, these two lenses are placed in a long tube.

This telescope is subject to a great imperfection, arising from a well-known property of the refraction of light. You know very well from an experiment with a prism that when light is refracted by a lens it is at the same time decomposed into the prismatic colors, red, yellow, blue, etc., the red light being refracted or bent out of its course the least, the blue or violet rays the most. No substance has yet been found which will refract light of all colors equally. The consequence is that as the light passes through the glass, the blue rays, being refracted the most, go to the focus at G, nearer the object-glass than the red rays, which, being refracted least, will come to the focus at F. As all the light is not brought to the same focus, it is impossible to get any accurate image of a star or other object at which the telescope is pointed, but, on the contrary, we have a confused mixture of images of various colors. This defect may be greatly lessened by making the telescope very long; and the astronomers of the seventeenth cen-



HUYGHENIAN TELESCOPE.

tury used to make lenses of thirty, fifty, or even a hundred feet focal length, and raise them up in the air, without any tube at all, on top of long poles. Such telescopes were of necessity very inconvenient for use. So serious and unavoidable did this defect of the refracting telescope appear to be that the making of a refracting telescope which would give a perfect image was for a long time deemed entirely impracticable. But



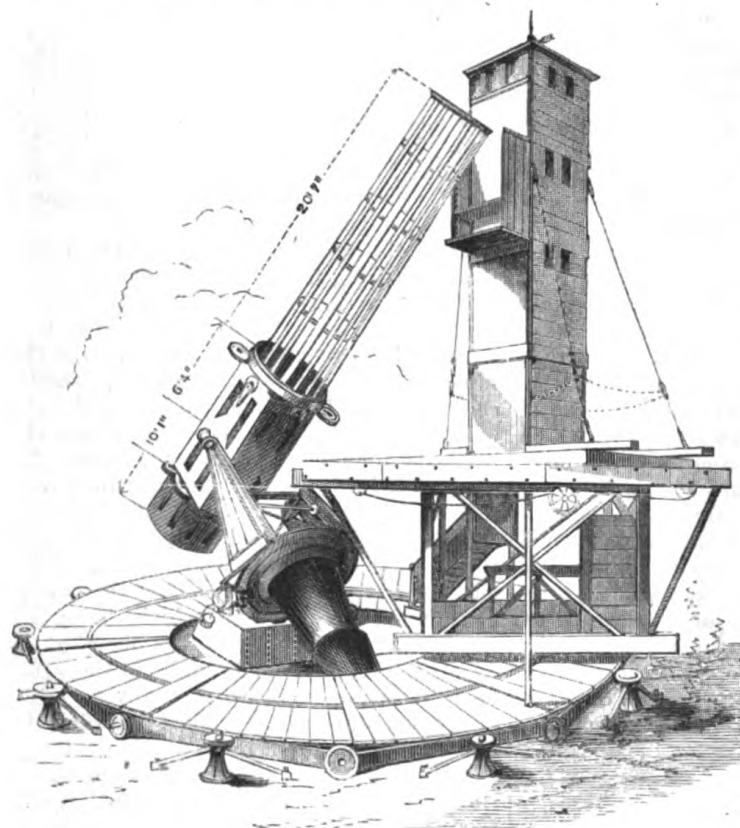
ACHROMATIC
OBJECT-GLASS.

toward the end of the last century it was found by Dolland, an English optician, that this defect of the refracting telescope could be almost completely cured by making the object-lens of two different kinds of glass. He found by experiments that flint-glass and crown-glass refracted the light almost equally, but that the former disperses it or separates it into these prismatic colors about twice as much as crown-glass. Accordingly, if you combine a prism of crown-glass with a prism of flint-glass having half the refracting angle in such a manner that they should act on the light in opposite directions, the flint-glass would disperse the light in one direction as strongly as the crown-glass in the other direction, and the lights of all colors would pass through the two prisms without

any separation, while the greater refracting power of the crown-glass would cause all the light to be refracted out of its course. The achromatic objective is constructed on this principle. It consists of a double-convex lens of crown-glass and of a concave lens of flint-glass. The latter is ground nearly flat on the one side and concave on the other. Passing through this combination of glass, the light of all colors is brought almost absolutely to the same focus. Perfectly distinct vision of a distant point may then be obtained by means of the eyeglass.

The eyeglass of the telescope is commonly composed of two lenses of short focus. One lens will do; but a combination of two can be so employed as to give much greater distinctness, and enable a much larger portion of the object to be seen distinctly in one view. The magnifying power of the telescope depends on the focal length of the object-glass and the power of the eye-piece. It may therefore be varied by simply changing the latter. The rule is to divide the focal length of the object-glass by the focal length of the eye-piece, and the quotient will give the magnifying power of the telescope. For example, if with a telescope ten feet long I employ an eye-piece of one inch focus, the focal length of the object-glass being one hundred and twenty times that of the eye-piece, will magnify one hundred and

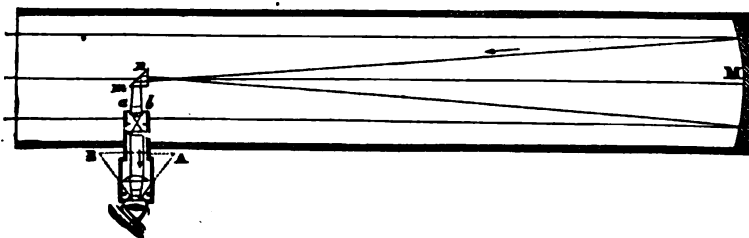
twenty times. If the eye-piece is only of half an inch focal length, the telescope will magnify two hundred and forty times; while, if it is two inches focal length, the telescope will magnify sixty times. Thus with any given telescope the astronomer may employ any power he pleases by simply using the proper eye-piece. This being the case, you may inquire why can not the smallest telescope be made to magnify to any required extent by simply using an eye-piece proportionately small? The reason is that the quantity of light that we get from an object is of great importance. When we look directly at an object we get from it all the light which falls within the pupil of the eye, the diame-



LASSELL'S GREAT REFLECTOR.

ter of which is about one-fifth of an inch. When we look at it with a telescope we get only the light which falls within the object-glass of the instrument, and the object looks dim in proportion to the square of the magnifying power. If we have a telescope of five inches focus, and the aperture of the object-glass is

twenty-five times that of the pupil, we can then employ a magnifying power up to twenty-five times without producing any dimness of the object. But if we carry our magnifying power beyond twenty-five times, the object is dimmed in the same proportion. If we carry it above two hundred and fifty times, this dimness increases so rapidly that in the case of the more distant and faint planets and the nebulae the magnifying power will be more than neutralized by the deficiency of illumination. This difficulty does not apply to the case of a star which has no apparent surface. But there is another defect inherent to small object-glasses. No object-glass will bring the light to a mathematical point in the focus, but the very best glass forms a small round image surrounded by a circle of light. The larger the object-glass, the smaller its image and circle are. This effect is termed diffraction. The consequence is that in looking through a small telescope with a high magnifying power we introduce a certain indistinctness. And if we carry the magnifying power from fifty to one hundred times for every inch aperture of the telescope, the increased magnifying power will be neutralized by an indistinctness. An example of this indistinctness can be very readily seen by piercing a hole through a card with a fine needle. On looking at objects through this hole you will not perceive them clearly, but they will



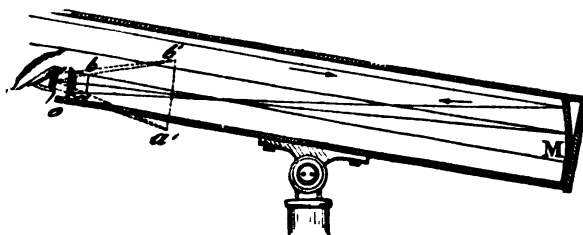
HORIZONTAL SECTION OF A NEWTONIAN TELESCOPE.

This section shows how the luminous rays reflected from the parabolic mirror *M* meet a small rectangular prism *m n*, which replaces the inclined plane mirror used in the old form of Newtonian telescope. After undergoing a total reflection from *m n*, the rays form at *a b* a very small image of the heavenly body. This image is viewed through an eye-piece with four lenses placed on the side of the telescope, and magnifying from 50 to 800 times, according to the size of the silvered mirror.

all be a little softened and blurred, as though they were seen over water. Their appearance is exactly that which would be presented by a distant object seen through the most perfect telescope under the most favorable circumstances when a great magnifying power is used.

A yet greater foe to astronomical observation is the atmosphere, as all objects seen through it are tremulous and indistinct. If you have ever noticed a distant object along the surface of the ground on a hot summer's day, you have seen a certain waviness of outline combined with a slight trembling. If you look with a telescope, you will find that this tremulousness increases in direct proportion to the magnifying power. In the night it can not be seen at all with the naked eye, but with a telescope it is seen to a greater or less extent at all times. Only on very rare occasions is the atmosphere so still that it does not interfere with the telescopic vision in this way. The higher the magnifying power employed, the more this tremulousness is magnified, and the rarer the cases in which distinct vision can be obtained. It has sometimes been said that Sir William Herschel employed power as high as six thousand on one of his great telescopes. If so, it is not likely that he saw any thing with the slightest distinctness. We sometimes hear it said that the moon has been brought within forty miles by the aid of the largest telescopes. I doubt whether the moon has ever been seen through a telescope with such distinctness as it would be seen with the naked eye at a distance of four hundred miles.

The refracting or achromatic telescope, as I have described it, is that now ordinarily used in astronomical work. But I have said that the rays of light can also be brought to a focus by a concave mirror. A telescope made in this manner is called a reflecting telescope. Most of the celebrated instruments of which we have read, like those of Herschel, Lord Rosse, and Lassell, were of this



HERSHELIAN TELESCOPE.

In this telescope the mirror was so inclined that the image of the star was formed at *a b*, on the side of the telescope near the eye-piece *o*; hence it is termed the *front-view* telescope. As the rays in this telescope undergo only a single reflection, the loss of light is less than in either of the preceding cases, and the image is therefore brighter. The magnifying power is the quotient of the principal focal distance of the mirror by the focal distance of the eye-piece.

kind. Their construction is very simple. The concave mirror, ground perfectly true, is placed in the bottom of a long tube; the image is formed at the top of the tube, as shown in the figure. But the first great difficulty met with in the use of this telescope is that the image being formed in the top of the tube, the observer can not go there to look at it without placing his body in the course of the light which must pass from the star down the tube of the telescope. Three ways of avoiding this difficulty have been employed. One is that of Herschel's: the mirror is very slightly tipped in the tube, so as to form the focus near one edge, as at *a b*. The observer can then put his head at *c*, and look into the eye-piece without cutting off much of the light. Another method is that of Sir Isaac Newton's: a small mirror is placed near the focus at an angle of forty-five degrees with the axis of the tube. This mirror reflects the light horizontally through an opening in the side, where the image is formed, and the observer can view it from this point. And the third method is that of the Gregorian and Cassegranian telescopes. In these a concave or convex mirror is placed near the focus in the centre of the tube, and the light is reflected back again in such a manner as to form a second focus near the centre of the large mirror. A hole is cut through the latter, and the observer sees the image by looking up. This method is far more convenient in use than either of the others.

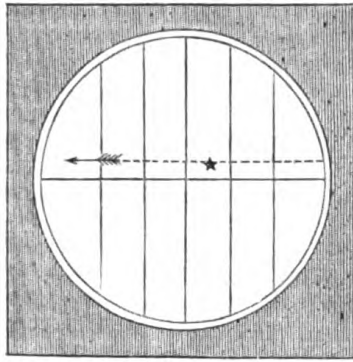
The question whether the reflecting or refracting telescope is the most powerful is one on which the best opinions differ. It is certain that reflecting telescopes have been made very much larger than any refractors. Those of Herschel and Lassell, for example, were four feet in diameter, and that of Lord Rosse was six feet. If we consider this circumstance alone, we would say that this form of telescope would necessarily be the most powerful. But, from some cause not entirely explained, these instruments have never proved effective in proportion to their size. Sir William Herschel had two great reflectors, the one of two feet, the other of four feet; yet his great investigations and discoveries were made with the two-foot telescope, and I can not find that he was really able to see any thing more with the large one than with the small one. Precisely the same remark applies to Lassell's telescopes. He first made one of two feet aperture, and then a great one of four feet; but he never saw any thing with the four-foot which he had not seen with the two-foot one. Lord Rosse's great telescope is larger than any, being of six feet in diameter; but no considerable discovery was ever made with it, and it is very doubtful whether it will show objects so well as many other telescopes of much smaller size. Besides, a

great reflecting telescope is a very troublesome thing to keep in order, so much so that no such instrument has ever been made much use of by any one except its maker.

The refracting telescopes, though less celebrated than these great reflectors, are those which have done nearly all the solid astronomical work. The great difficulty in their construction is to get disks of glass of the necessary size and purity. This difficulty has been so successfully overcome within the last forty years that the size of the refracting telescope is increasing enormously. The most successful makers of great telescopes are the American firm of Alvan Clark and Sons, in Massachusetts. The instrument recently made for the National Observatory at Washington is the largest refracting telescope ever constructed, and among the most perfect, and it is quite possible that it is also as powerful a telescope as was ever pointed at the heavens.

Now you want to know how the telescope is employed to measure angles. I can not describe all the instruments used for this purpose; we must therefore confine ourselves to the consideration of the simplest form of meridian circle.* This consists of a telescope of moderate size turning in a north and south direction around a fixed horizontal axis. On this same axis is firmly fastened a metallic circle, which may be three or even six feet in diameter. The circumference of this circle is divided by fine lines into three hundred and sixty degrees, and each degree into a number of parts, usually twelve or thirty. In the finest instruments the division lines can hardly be seen with the naked eye. The whole instrument turns on pivots resting on two stone piers. Four microscopes are firmly fastened to these piers in such a position that the division lines on the circle can always be seen through them. Then, as the instrument is turned around, all the division lines will pass in succession under the four microscopes. The direction in which the instrument is pointing is accurately determined by the particular division which is under the microscope at any moment. Commonly no division will be exactly midway under the microscope, and then the point of the circle which is in this position is found by measurement with a fine spider's web, which is placed in the focus of the microscope itself. As we turn the instrument around, the number of degrees and minutes through which it turns is accurately determined by the number of division lines which pass under the microscope. These division lines being all numbered, this determination is very easy. If we wish to find the angular distance between two stars on the meridian, we point the telescope on one of them,

* For an illustration of the meridian circle see the September number, page 522.



SPIDER WEB IN FIELD OF VIEW OF A MERIDIAN CIRCLE.

The star passes across the field from right to left, and the observer notes the time of passing across each of the five lines.

and note accurately the points of the circle, the number of degrees, minutes, and seconds that are under the four microscopes; then we point the telescope on the other star as it crosses the meridian, and again determine the degrees, minutes, and seconds which are under the microscope. The difference of the two gives the difference of the altitudes of the two stars when they cross the meridian. We also determine by means of the same instrument, combined with the astronomical clock, the interval of time which elapses between the crossing of one star and the crossing of another. The combination of this difference with the difference of meridian altitudes affords the means of calculating accurately the relative positions of the two stars.

AUNT JULIE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FANNY LEWALD.

IN spite of her seven-and-fifty years, there was always about Aunt Julie an atmosphere of that unfading youthfulness which comes from the soul. She was the confidante, the refuge, and the counselor of the whole family. The smaller children went to her with their dolls, and the larger with their love affairs. She interceded with their parents for nieces and nephews, and not only gave counsel, but, when necessary, more solid assistance. She was the model of a good aunt, and if no such thing existed, she would have invented the pattern.

One evening, when we were alone, and she had spoken, contrary to her usual custom, a great deal about herself, she said, after a long silence, "I have been wanting to tell you that I have prepared for you a token of remembrance, which will come into your hands after I am gone." Unlocking a writing-desk, she took out a manuscript, saying, "These leaves contain the recollections of my youth. Read them after I am dead." A few months later, one beautiful spring even-

ing, I opened the manuscript, and read the following narrative:

I was of French descent, born in Berlin in 1796. My mother, very beautiful in her early years, had formed a strong youthful attachment to Herr Von Schlichting, a Prussian army officer. His parents were unwilling that the heir of one of the oldest families of the nobility should marry the daughter of a silk manufacturer, and the young officer was transferred to East Prussia, where he afterward entered the civil service. After a while my mother married the man whom her parents had fixed upon as her husband, for the families of French descent were intimately related together, and family life was based upon the entire dependence of children on their parents.

My father made no great demands on the heart of his young and handsome wife, was deeply absorbed in business, and was content so long as she did the honors of his house well, and was a good mother to his children. He soon accumulated a large property, and set up an extensive establishment, as it is called, and my mother took pleasure in being its head. She dressed well, had attractive manners, and, as she grew older, became more imposing in her beauty. I have never seen a more lovely woman than was my mother. She pleased every one, and this made her take special delight in the intercourse with her friends. At our house was to be met the choicest society of the capital.

Just before my birth, when my mother was in her thirtieth year, at a great festival she unexpectedly met her youthful lover. He had remained unmarried, although he had been informed of my mother's marriage by herself. But to hear that a beloved one is married is a very different thing from seeing her the wife of another and the mother of another's children. Herr Von Schlichting, in spite of himself, could not but experience some pangs when she introduced him to my father; but the entire confidence with which they both treated him enabled him to preserve his composure, and to regulate his future relations with them. He was an honorable man, and believed in the honor of others. He was invited to our house at my christening, and I received from him the name of Julie. As my mother brought to him her children, looking at them with such evident pride, and as he took me after the baptism, he could scarcely keep back his tears, as I have been told.

"May God bless you, and bless these children!" said he, after the service, giving his hand first to my mother and then to my father; and no mention was ever made of the past. He was attached to the ministry at Berlin, and visited our house at first like other guests, but soon came more and more frequently, until there was no day when he

failed to come, though but for a few moments. As neither my father nor mother had any brothers or sisters, the children all became attached to Schlichting, calling him uncle, while all found in him a kind, instructive, and sympathizing friend. My recollections of him, I believe, extend back to my third year. My father was too busy to give us much attention, and when he came home from the manufactory or counting-room he wanted to be quiet, and we little ones were sent away.

Thus six years passed without the slightest interruption of Schlichting's relations with my parents. My eldest sister was now in her sixteenth year, and very probably the thought may have arisen in my mother's mind to give one of her daughters in marriage to such a true man and worthy friend. No one had ever cast the least shade of suspicion upon her relations with Schlichting, so universally was she held in respect, except her mother-in-law. She had never forgiven my mother for being so reluctant to marry her son, and she had often said to my mother, behind my father's back, that she did not deserve to have such a husband. My sister Caroline was her grandmother's idol, who continually gave her presents, decked her out with ornaments and finery, and thus seriously interfered with her mother's influence.

Caroline was not pretty; she was a tall, lean brunette, like grandmother, and had a pair of beautiful black eyes, fine teeth, and handsome hair. Grandmother considered her the best-looking of all the five children, and, when some one teased her about her dark complexion, consoled her favorite by telling her that the best black cherries grew highest on the tree.

At last my father found it necessary to have a serious talk with grandmother in reference to this partiality. He went to see her, and at the dinner-table, after the interview, we all felt that some mishap had taken place. My father was silent, and mother looked pale and troubled. So it continued during the whole day and evening, and it was not until years afterward that I learned what had transpired.

As soon as he had begun to speak of the partiality shown to Caroline, grandmother became violently excited, and maintaining that she had a right to do what she pleased with her own savings, threw out such hints and innuendoes against my mother that at last my father said,

"Speak out plainly. Say once for all what fault you have to find with my wife."

"I will speak plainly, as you ask it," replied grandmother. "You may be pleased, but I am not, to have this councilor day in and day out in your house; and if you think I am, you are mistaken. Other people can see, if you are blind."

"Mother!" cried he, the blood mounting to his head—"mother, may God forgive you!"

He sat down, covering his face with his hands. Grandmother stepped up to him and said, "Do you suppose, then, that the Geheimrath comes every day to the house to see you? Do you suppose that they have forgotten how you stepped in between them? What does such a nobleman want in a citizen's house? Why doesn't he get married? Why doesn't she take Caroline into society with her? Why does she keep the girl, who is old enough to have a husband herself, in the nursery with the children, except that she doesn't want the councilor to notice how long it is since he loved her? Get a husband for the girl, that she may go away and not see what is going on!"

My father's brain whirled. He could not bear his own mother's leering look of pleasure at his anguish. He suddenly rose.

"Where are you going?" inquired grandmother, alarmed at his movement to go away.

"I am going to get consolation from my wife for the suffering that you, my own mother, have given me," said he, with emotion, as he left the room. But he could not banish suspicion, and he felt ashamed to express it to his wife. She saw at once that something unusual and painful had taken place, and asked him what was the matter, and what had been said in reference to Caroline, but received no reply. He said that he would tell her some other time. She had never before seen him in this mood, and her anxiety made her silent and depressed. My father perceived this, and put his own interpretation upon it. "She suspects," he thought, "what it is. She loves him; she has never loved me!" Such a thought to a man who has been married seventeen years is a very different thing from youthful jealousy.

After the children had gone to bed, my mother, not imagining that she was the cause of her husband's depression, said to him:

"Let me know what is the matter, Anton. What did you and mother have to say? What has put you so out of tune?"

"Nothing—really—yet we did not part with the best understanding. Let the matter rest; we have said enough for to-day."

"But what will become of Caroline?" inquired my mother. "Did you make your mother see how she was ruining the child?"

"Why don't you take her into society?" asked my father, in a hard tone, wholly strange to my mother.

"Why do you ask that," replied she, "when you know we had agreed that it would be better for her to wait another year?"

"But why do you oppose it?" cried he. "I have nothing to say against it. Grandmother lays great stress upon her not going

into society. The girl is now grown up, and you yourself—you ought to favor her coming out, but you hold back."

"I hold back!" repeated my mother, gazing at him in amazement. "Why should I hold back?"

"On Schlichting's account!" said he, with the defiance of a man who knows himself to be on false ground, but without being able to look my mother in the face.

"On Schlichting's account?" asked she, as a suspicion of the truth dawned upon her. "What about Schlichting? What has your mother said to you?"

"What makes you suppose my mother has said any thing?" inquired he. And vexed that his wife believed him to be influenced by his mother, he added, "I have eyes of my own, and can see!"

"You have good eyes and a pure heart; such a suggestion does not proceed from you," replied she, looking him frankly and quietly in the face with her large clear eyes. This composure completely disarmed him, but the wound still bled, and with a heavy sigh and a sad face he turned away from his wife.

My mother could not bear to see him thus, and forgetting the injustice that had been done her, said, "Anton, I have been your wife for seventeen years!" The tone with which she said this went to his heart, for it came from the depths of her own, but he could not utter a word. "What have I done to grieve you?" asked she, in an imploring voice.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" cried he, with an expression of deep suffering. "I know you can not deceive. You have struggled, renounced; I have no reason to blame you. But—but you have never loved me; you love him!" And covering his face with both hands, he exclaimed, "To have to say this, after being married so long!"

Wounded to the very soul, my mother, wholly unprepared for such a loss of confidence and faith in her, as if impelled by an instinct to find protection by the side of her children, hurried quickly into the adjoining chamber, where we were sleeping. She stood with folded hands by our bed, the tears streaming down her cheeks. My father followed her, and at the sight of the weeping wife and mother his heart melted. He took her by the hand, saying, "Forgive me!" She fell upon his neck, and ended her weeping on his breast. They kissed the children, and he begged her to forget forever what had occurred, and led her from the chamber.

But my mother could not be silent. She reminded him of their happy union, their unbroken confidence for so many years, and insisted upon her right to retain his perfect trust in her truth and uprightness of heart. The reconciliation was perfect, and it was attended with the best results. The grand-

mother's influence was once and for all rendered powerless. She came less frequently to the house, Caroline was not permitted to go to see her alone, and Schlichting became more and more endeared to my father, proving a true and indispensable friend as the times became darker and more troubled.

During the several years of war and national distress that followed, my father's affairs became more and more involved, and we all saw that his cares and anxieties were undermining his health. Mother did what she could to lessen his burden. The household expenses were diminished, and my older sisters were set to work, but it made no essential difference. In 1810 my father died, when I was thirteen years old, but really much older than my years. My mother took upon herself the cares of the business and the settlement of the estate, and rented all but a part of the upper story of our house, where we lived ourselves, and made one room answer for sitting-room, dining-room, parlor, and all. My mother never uttered a complaint. She was absorbed in her fatherless children and their future, and in the future of her country.

When the court returned to Berlin, Schlichting came with it, and we knew that he was our mother's sole adviser. He came every day to our house. The disturbances and excitements of the time had tended to make life a deep and earnest reality with some, and drawn them nearer together around the family hearth, while with others they had induced frivolous and dissipated tastes, a tendency to live for the enjoyments of the passing moment, and a recklessness of mind and feeling. At no time has there been such a period of excitement, when the very uncertainty of all relations seemed to add fuel to all passionate attachments. Romantic love-stories, divorces, elopements, were the order of the day, and now the atmosphere seemed to infect also our uncle, whose old feeling for my mother gradually became a warmer passion. My mother, after her mourning was laid aside, felt that it was her duty to go into society with her grown-up daughters; and one evening when she was in full dress, waiting for my sisters, whom she was to accompany to a ball, I was alone with her in the room. She looked so beautiful that I could not help kissing her; and I said to Herr Schlichting, who came in just then, "Only see, uncle, how beautiful mamma looks to-night; more beautiful, much more, than Caroline, or even Tonie! Don't you think so?"

He said nothing, but I could see that he shared in my delight. I left the room, and when I came back my mother was sitting in the same place, but uncle had gone, and she had evidently been weeping. Something warned me not to question her, and I did not exactly know why I pitied her, but I

embraced and kissed her. She drew me close to her breast, and I felt her warm tears on my forehead. But quickly releasing me, she said, stroking my head, "You are a good, good child, Julie; now be quiet, and go and see whether your sisters are ready."

Long afterward I learned what had happened on that evening. She had declined to become Schlichting's wife. She could not become a bride with her daughters unmarried by her side, and uncle appreciated and honored her scruples.

Now came the French retreat from Russia, and the universal uprising for the freedom of the Fatherland.

I become young again when I think of the enthusiasm that prevailed on the king's re-entrance into his capital. It was a holy, a grand epoch, when the German people consecrated themselves to freedom and to their country. We wept when my brother was not accepted as a volunteer.

One morning, as we were sitting together, uncle came in. In spite of his fifty years, he was still a fine-looking man, and that day he seemed to wear an air of peculiar nobleness and dignity. "I have come to say good-by," he said, his face all aglow.

"To say good-by?" inquired my mother. "Where are you going?"

"To Breslau. The army is in want of officers, and I was an officer once, and will be one again," replied uncle. And while my mother, in her surprise, stood silent, with folded hands, I, in my excitement, threw my arms around his neck.

"Uncle," I cried, joyously, "I have always loved you; but that you are going to help where help is needed I will never forget as long as I live. I will love and honor you yet more when you come back."

"When I come back!" said he, and his voice showed emotion. I had not thought upon the possibility of his never returning.

"Oh, you will not die!" cried I. "See, uncle—see, mother—I have the fullest conviction that uncle will come back safe and sound, and that nothing will happen to him. Nothing at all, uncle!"

He smiled and gently stroked my brow. "God grant it be so!" said he; "for I should like to live longer. But I have made all my preparations for the worst, and let it be as God pleases."

I began to weep; my mother's eyes were full of tears, and we could not speak. He was silent a moment, and then requested me to leave the room. After I had gone out he took my mother's hand, and after a while, as if at a loss how to express what he had at heart, he said, "Josephine"—and this was the first time he had called her by that name since the early days—"you refused to become my wife and let me take care of you and yours, and I honor your reasons. But I have lately had to think much of what will

become of my property if I fall on the field of honor; it will go to rich distant relatives, while you are obliged to struggle with anxieties and limited means." Here he stopped, but soon continued, "I have thought of making you my heiress, but you would not consent to that, nor to the adoption of Julie, who is the only one of your children not provided for."

"Oh," my mother interrupted, "be not concerned, my friend, on Julie's account, for she has the fewest and the simplest wants of all my children. She has been brought up in a period of trial and economy, and she will not be quite without means, unless something wholly unforeseen should take place. Don't be anxious about us, but come back safe and well."

He seemed disturbed, but summoning all his resolution, he suddenly asked, "Do you think that Julie would marry me?"

"Schlichting!" exclaimed my mother, greatly moved, "how came you to think of such a thing?"

"I hardly know myself," replied he. "When the dear child turned to me with such abandonment and joy, it suddenly came into my thought that I could at once give her a position in society, independence with you, and a good property, if I could marry her." He stopped, and my mother was silent.

"Julie is still little more than a child," said she at last, as if talking to herself.

"Yes," rejoined he, "and I am almost an old man. But that is why I venture it. To-morrow I go away, and if you consent, I will to-day sign the marriage contract which makes Julie my sole heiress. I can get a dispensation for a speedy marriage; to-morrow the ceremony can be performed, and you know that the happiness of your dear child will be dear and sacred to me if I return."

My mother had known how terrible a thing it had been to struggle against her own heart, having married one who was not her own choice, and she thought what would be my sufferings if I should ever feel a love which duty forbade me to indulge. She at last gave utterance to this thought. Schlichting took her hand, saying, "Do you not know me? Must I say to you that Julie will be dear to me as if she were my own child? Must I say to you, Josephine, that in a moment like this I thought not of a wife or the happiness of marriage for myself?"

My mother rose, opened the door, and called me in. Their evident emotion, but still more their silence, for neither spoke, struck me, and I asked, in an embarrassed tone, at last, what my mother wanted of me. Then uncle came to me, gently raised my head with his right hand, as he often did, and in tender, irresistible tones, asked, "Julie, could you make up your mind to marry me?"

I thought he was jesting, and my first impulse was to laugh; but a further look at him and at my mother showed me that there was no jesting here. My heart began to beat violently, and there was something irresistibly attractive to me in the thought of marrying a man who was going to the war on the morrow. I had always been fond of him, and had never loved any one else, mere child as I was. All at once, as if impelled by an irresistible inward impulse, I exclaimed, "Yes, uncle, most willingly."

"And does not my age frighten you?" asked he.

"If I were not so unworthy of you," said I, giving him my hand, while tears filled my eyes.

"In God's name, let it be!" cried he, as he turned to my mother. "Give her your blessing, and she shall not repent the confidence she has placed in me."

After dinner the notary came, and with him a young man who had been for several days employed in Schlichting's bureau. His name was Clement, and, left early an orphan, he had been brought up by Schlichting, who loved him like a son, and had made him his confidential agent. I had seen him but once before, and he came now to be a witness of the marriage contract.

The next day, just as the clock struck twelve, we were married. After the service was over, and I had promised to be his in life and in death, in good days and in evil days, I threw myself upon his breast, and as he held me there so tenderly and softly, I felt so humble that I could have kissed his hands. All embraced me, and my mother wept as I had never seen her weep before. All but Caroline congratulated me, and when she kissed me she stroked my cheeks as if pitying me, and whispered, "You poor, poor child!" Schlichting left that day to join the army, and when I awoke the next morning all seemed to me like a dream. I often thought of Schlichting, but after he had left us I could form no distinct image of him. He was no longer uncle, and yet I could invest him with no other character.

We had received an invitation to witness the departure of the troops for the campaign from a friend's house on the public square. My brother accompanied mother and Caroline, and I was attended by Clement. I returned to the house for something I had forgotten, and so we became separated from the rest of the party, and did not reach the house until the advance-guard had appeared in sight. The master of the house met us as we entered, saying, "The windows are all full below; you will see nothing here. Conduct the councilor's lady, dear Clement, up to my daughter's room."

I looked around for the face of some acquaintance, but all the ladies were strangers. Strains of joyful music filled the air,

handkerchiefs waved, jubilant shouts arose, and as I turned to meet some friendly eye I was astonished to see Clement standing with face deathly pale and eyes filled with tears.

"For Heaven's sake, what is the matter?" cried I, much troubled.

"Nothing, nothing," said he. But I knew well how deeply it pained him not to have been allowed to serve in the army on account of a weakness of the chest, and I felt a sincere pity for him. I extended my hand, which he pressed in silence. I told him that I would willingly exchange my health for his sickness, if I could enable him to serve his country like the rest. A blush spread over his handsome pale face, and he replied, with a forced smile, "Think not of me; you have something better to think of than a poor invalid left behind." I could not shake off the impression of that forced smile and those sorrowful eyes. In the evening I went to the theatre, having received an invitation to the box of the minister, whose wife showed me truly maternal kindness. My mother usually accompanied me, but this evening she let me go alone with Clement. As I took my seat by the side of my protectress I heard a voice behind me ask who I was.

"The young wife of Von Schlichting," was the reply.

"Impossible!" asserted the questioner; "I thought she must be the betrothed of the young man."

"What made you think so?"

"Oh, because they are such a handsome couple."

My heart beat violently, and I did not dare look round. Whether Clement heard what was said I do not know, but he did not come near me the whole evening.

Circumstances conspired to bring us together. I was requested by the wife of the minister to become secretary of the "Ladies' Patriotic Union," and Clement had charge of the correspondence with different parts of the country. To wear ornaments was considered among us almost a disgrace, and to make sacrifices the highest happiness. Clement had been one of the first to devote half of his income to the general cause, and I could not rest until I had laid not only my money but my few valuables on the altar of my country. A heavy gold chain, the baptismal gift of my mother, and a small ring with a blue forget-me-not, my mother's gift at my confirmation, I handed to Clement, as others their jewels, to be sold; and great was my joy at receiving for them forty dollars.

Some months had now passed away, and a great battle had been fought. At midnight our door-bell rang, and Clement asked to speak with us. We feared the worst, but Schlichting was only severely wounded. Clement produced a letter from a brother officer describing his condition, in which I

was forbidden to leave my mother. I could not rest, day or night; I was in a state of restlessness and distraction for which I could not account.

The wife of the war minister thought that this state was to be attributed to the circumstances in which I was placed, and Clement agreed with her; and all treated me forbearingly, like an ailing child, except Caroline, who told Clement once in my presence that he humored me too much. She tried to divert his attention whenever he approached me. He once remarked to her how unhappy one must be to be called upon so young to feel anxious care for a husband. "Do you call that unhappiness?" she replied. "It is unhappiness to have no one to care for, no one to love, no one to love us. Julie has an enviable lot! Schlichting will get well. Julie is happy every way."

I could not hear what he said in reply, but I saw his eager look of sympathy, and I saw him kiss her hand as she extended it, and then hasten away. They loved each other, I thought. Weeping bitter tears, I exclaimed, "Yes, I am indeed every way happy!"

The next day was my birthday, which all had affectionately remembered. From hour to hour I waited impatiently for Clement, having a sort of superstitious feeling that he would bring me to-day some good news from Schlichting. I went from sofa to window, from window to door, and from door to sofa again. Every one thought my restlessness and impatience very natural. Caroline smiled at it, and once, when I stepped to the window where she was sitting, whispered, "Clement must have forgotten that this is your birthday." All the blood seemed to fly into my face; but the next moment I saw Clement hurrying toward our house, and went down the steps to meet him. He saw me coming, and drew out from his breast pocket a letter, while he held also a bouquet in his hand. In my haste to take the letter it fell to the ground, and as we both bent down at the same moment to pick it up, a ring attached to a gold chain fell from his breast. He concealed it quick as lightning, but I had time to see that it was my ring and my chain. He did not speak, and was deathly pale. I held the letter in one hand and the bouquet in the other, crying and laughing by turns; but I forgot to open the letter. My mother did it for me. It was from Schlichting himself, and assured us of his convalescence, and expressed the hope that he would soon be able to rejoin his regiment. He had also remembered my birthday. They congratulated me on the letter having reached me on the very day, and I was full of a silent, indescribable blessedness. I scarcely perceived when Clement took leave, for he seemed to be still present with me. He had bought the chain and the ring, for I had seen the money received for

them on the books of the society. They must have been dear to him; from his scanty means he had purchased these. I felt that he loved me and that I loved him, and the thought filled me with rapture. I was bathed in an overwhelming flood of bliss; and as I look back upon them, these were the happiest hours of my life. I did not ask what would be the end of it; I gave myself up to the blessedness of this first love.

The next morning my mother asked me when I was going to write to Schlichting. I would have liked to postpone doing it, but how could I explain such a delay? I took pen and paper; twice, thrice I wrote, "Dear Uncle!" Then I remembered that since our marriage I had called him "Dear Schlichting." I sat and sat, and the longer I thought, the stranger he seemed to me. To the uncle I would gladly have confessed all; but to the husband to speak of this!—the pen fell from my hand, and all my golden bliss vanished in the consciousness of my guilt. The spectral thought rose up that I was untrue to my husband, that I loved another, and that other was Clement, my husband's adopted son, who owed every thing to his benefactor. While he was lying ill with his honorable wounds, I, to whom he had given his name—I had thus disgraced him in my heart, and been deluded into a self-deceiving, guilty love. In a brief hour the girl ripened into the woman. The consciousness of guilt changed my silent love into burning passion. I knew not what I wrote; I only knew that I must free myself from my passion and my guilty consciousness. I must see Clement, and see him for the last time.

The minister's wife had invited me to visit her at her summer residence at the lower end of the Thiergarten, and that day at noon I directed my steps thither, expecting to see Clement there. My protectress had gone to the Ladies' Union, but had left word for me to remain until her return. I had no companion but my own thoughts—the most dangerous society that I could well have had at that time. Dreamily I stood and looked out upon the lawn in the rear of the house; suddenly a voice by my side inquired, "Do I disturb you?"

My head became dizzy, and I was obliged to lean upon a flower frame; but I collected myself with strenuous exertion, and replied, "No; I was waiting for you." He looked at me with surprise. "Do not speak," I continued; "I know every thing, and it can not continue so between us." After I had spoken the words I would have given my life to recall them. I felt then what I had done, but I must go on; an irresistible power impelled me. "Clement, you have kept my chain, my ring; I saw them yesterday. By all that you regard holy, give them to me; you must not keep them, gladly, gladly as I would let you. Schlichting is my husband—is your

benefactor; it must not be as it is. I shall not see you again—never again—though it should kill me.”

I could not look at him while I poured forth this passionate outburst. I turned away, and was about to leave the room, for I had said and done all that I intended; but I felt myself embraced by his arms, as he lay at my feet and passionately kissed my dress.

“Let me go!” cried I, attempting to free myself; but he only held me the more firmly.

“No, no!” said he; “this moment can never come again. You must hear me. I must tell you this once how I have loved you from the first hour I saw you; how I can never give you up as long as I live; and how my only wish is to die, die soon, with your name on my lips!”

“O God! God! what am I to do?” prayed I, in the anguish of my soul. “Stand up, Clement, I beseech you, stand up!” He sprang up as I inclined forward to help him, drew me to his breast, and I felt his passionate kisses upon my lips. It was but for a moment that he held me, and I saw how bitter was his remorse, as we stood there face to face, as if paralyzed. It was calm in us as it is when the storm has spent its violence. After some time Clement drew a deep sigh, took the chain from his neck, gave it to me without a word, and then went away. At the door he turned, gazed at me with one long look, and then said, in a low tone, “Farewell, forever!” and I was alone—alone with my great sorrow, my accusing conscience, and my seventeen years.

For three days I remained at home, pleading sickness, and assuredly I was far from well. How I longed to be able to go out freely in the open air, to flee any where, without plan, without end, only onward and far away into the darkness! Now I could not leave the room for a little while without some one wondering why I could not bear to be with them all. On the third evening Caroline came home earlier than usual from the Union, and entered the room with the exclamation, “Only think! Clement is dangerously ill!”

“Who told you so? What is the matter with him?” inquired my mother.

“The war minister himself told me. He has bled at the lungs.”

“When did it happen?” asked my mother.

“Three days ago,” replied Caroline. “He went home from the minister’s summer residence, and was immediately attacked. They say he is very ill indeed.” She burst into tears, and I sat speechless and tearless. “There is no happiness for me in this world,” said she, weeping yet more violently. My mother suggested as hopeful a view of the case as she could, and left the room. As soon as the door was closed Caroline started from the sofa, clasped her arms around my

neck, and said, “Julie, you are kind. Do me the greatest favor one human being can do to another, and I will thank you as long as I live. I must—I will see him.”

“You!” cried I; “you want to see Clement?”

“Do not wonder at me, but help me; you can help me. You must see your husband’s adopted son. Go, and take me with you. Mother must go with us. It will be a kindness to him, and you will be giving more than life to me.”

Terrible was my internal struggle. Ought I to comply? How readily would I have done it! Ought I to see him again, when he had bid me good-by forever? I wavered for a long time; but at last I said, “I will beg mother to go to him, and you can accompany her.”

“But why should I go,” cried she, “and the wife of his foster-father not think it proper to visit him? Who will make allowance for my love?”

One word from me, and I should see him once more. How natural for me to visit him under my mother’s protection! The struggle was a hard one, but this time the sentiment of duty triumphed. Assuming a composure I was far from feeling, I said, “Do not regard me as unsympathizing, Caroline, but my visit can do the poor man no good. Three persons are too many for a call in a chamber of sickness. It will be sufficient for you and mother to go.”

When my mother came back into the room I begged her as a favor to me to visit the invalid. She had already thought of going herself, and it did not require much persuasion to get her to take Caroline with her. I fully believed that Clement would die, and I felt that this was the punishment for my guilt. For the first time in my life, although brought up strictly as a Calvinist, I knelt down and prayed. Philosophy may reject, if it will, the last and highest refuge of weakness and sorrow when they turn to the All-wise and All-powerful for help, consolation, and strength, but in that hour I found what it was to pray. When my mother returned I was calm and strong. She represented his case as not a hopeless one, and told me that, as Schlichting had not been informed of the event, she had retired into the adjoining room in order to write to him. Caroline sat silent during this narration, but as soon as mother had left the room, turned to me with the question, “And you have not once inquired whether he has not sent to you, his benefactor’s wife, any message?”

“I was thinking only of his imminent danger,” answered I.

“Julie!” cried my sister, “why do you make a secret of it to me? Do you think that I am so blind as not to have read your heart?”

I was too terror-stricken to speak. My silence was a confession.

She drew me toward her, and said, "Do you know now what I have suffered?"

I did not understand exactly what she meant, but I felt so greatly the need of relieving my heart that I shed copious tears in her embrace. It was the first time that we had come so near to each other.

"Do you know," she asked, "how much I pitied you when all the rest were so full of joy at your marriage?" And again she said, as at that time, "Poor, poor child!" Then she added, "And what would become of you if Clement returned this love?"

I asked her, whisperingly, "What has Clement said to you?"

"Said?" repeated she. "What was the need of his saying any thing to me? The very first time he came to the house I felt how well we understood each other. He loved me—I see it clearly now—and I live, hope in, and love him in return." Then throwing herself on my breast, she cried, "Forgive me for thus disclosing to you my happiness, my sad happiness, when you must be so hopeless and resigned; but I have suffered so much and so long!"

I was lost in a maze as she went on to tell how she had noticed my growing love, and how she had regarded my endeavors to bring her and Clement together as the result of his express wishes; how all he had said about the inexpediency of a poor man marrying a rich woman had been a proof to her that he did not confess his love because he would not draw her into what he considered an ill-advised match.

"The whole day long," continued she, in the highest excitement, "I had been thinking how I should see him one moment alone; and when I had lost all hope, God himself, I believe, put it into mother's mind to go and write to Schlichting. When she had left the room I gave him my hand. 'I thought you would come,' said he—that Heaven would not grudge me this consolation."

"'Consolation?' I asked. 'What do you need to be consoled for? You will get well, and—you are truly loved!' I could not help saying as much as this, but I did not dream Clement would be so deeply affected. Raising both hands over his head as if in ecstatic devotion, he said, 'O God! this will I be worthy of; I will be worthy of it! Tell—' But just then mother came in, and he broke off. But he held me by the hand, and when we took leave he pressed it passionately to his lips, and said again, so that I alone could hear, 'I will be worthy of it!'"

What could I say? Clement had evidently looked upon my sister as the silent and sympathizing confidante of my unhappy love, and thought that I had sent her to console him. How could I undeceive Caroline? Days passed, and Clement steadily gained

strength and health. But after he had recovered we heard nothing from him, and Caroline could learn nothing of him at the Union, which she visited every day. At last came a letter from Clement to my mother, in which he wrote that he had gone to Feldingen, an estate of my husband's, where his presence was required. Several weeks passed, and we heard nothing further. The overseer at Feldingen wrote that he had not been there, and Schlichting inquired anxiously about him. At last we settled down in the conviction, which Caroline was the first to express, that he had gone to join the army. She confided to an intimate friend at the Union this supposition, relating to her the last interview with him, and his repeated exclamation that he would be worthy of her love. To prove one's love in this way was wholly in the spirit of the time.

In a few days every one was speaking of Clement's love to Caroline, and of his secret departure because he was afraid that we should hinder him from going, as he had promised Schlichting not to enlist. Caroline was every where spoken of as Clement's betrothed, and she called herself so without our being able to say that it was only in her own imagination. This was of no great consequence, I thought, for I had the conviction that Clement would never return. The poet's words continually recurred to me, "'Tis said he wished to die." I wanted him to live, and it seemed to me that we could be dead to each other without his bodily death. My silence and reserve now seemed to me an injustice toward him and toward Schlichting. My inconsiderate confession had driven him away, and my honest confession should restore him to his protector and to life. I sat down and wrote the whole night, pouring out my whole heart to my husband. A few weeks after came a letter from him, directed not to me but to my mother. She went into her room to read it, and when she came back her eyes were swollen with weeping, and her face very pale. Clement had fallen at Kulm.

Two weeks before I received a letter from my husband in reply to that in which I had confessed my attachment to Clement, and the writing of which I had a thousand times repented since his death, my dear mother died. Weighed down with grief, it was with a heavy heart that I opened this letter, for it was to decide my future fate. He wrote: "Where such a sacrifice has been made, and such an atonement offered, there is no farther judgment to be pronounced. I have nothing to complain of, my poor dear child, except the unfortunate illusion which led me, on the impulse of the moment, to believe that I could secure your happiness according to my own plans. I can not restore to you the tenderest of mothers, nor the noble youth, the chosen one of your heart, with whom you

would have been happy if I had not stepped between you. But I promise that you shall find rest at my side, and the love of a father and a friend, if I am permitted to return home."

I need not say how much this letter calmed and moved me, and how sincerely grateful I felt. I was now entirely alone, for Caroline had made a journey into Bohemia for her health, accompanied by her friend of the Union; and meeting there a brother of the latter, who had been wounded at Töplitz, she had felt it to be her duty, as she said, to devote her life to the defender of his country.

At last the army made its triumphal entrance into Berlin. I saw from the window of a friend's house the troops file by; I saw the noble form of Schlichting at the head of his battalion. But with all my feeling of joy there was mingled the painful thought that this was my husband. I had known what it was to love, and my heart and my understanding had both matured during the period of separation. I hastened home to receive Schlichting, and stood there in my mourning garments amidst garlands and flowers, with my heart in deeper mourning than my clothes. It was a strange, sad meeting. He hardly knew me; I had grown much taller. He had left me a merry child by the side of a loving mother in the paternal house, and he found me a silent, pale, solitary woman, in a new and strange place. All this so removed me from him that he met me with a reserved formality which disturbed my composure. We had nothing to say. My husband placed his arm around me, and I kissed his hand. At last he broke the painful silence by saying, "How much we have lost, you and I, my poor child!" Then I began to weep, and the tears refreshed my soul.

But the first days were days of painful constraint for me and for him, notwithstanding all his consoling kindness. Not until I had opened to him my whole heart, not until I had revealed to him all its sadness, was all constraint removed. As a father he took me to his heart, as a kind father he cherished me at his side, and helped me gain fresh strength and a renewed life.

After a few weeks we went into the country. He healed my wounded spirit; he unfolded and formed my understanding; he taught me that the fountain of peaceful content is in the heart. He accustomed me to ask, What have I done, what have I to claim, that so many blessings should crown my existence, while millions are without them? He led me to love duty, to be usefully employed in household matters; and for what I have been and what I am I may thank his wise, true love. Gradually the noble, grand character of my husband shone in upon my soul, and I came to value and to

love him as he deserved to be loved. I was his true and happy wife as long as he lived. I was thirty years old when he died; and as I look back upon the past I bless the hour of my youth when I married him, and I thank him for all, even the sufferings of my earlier years.

Since his death I have lived according to his views and after his thought. I owe it to him that I do not look at events in their individual isolation, but take a broader view of the connections and compensations of all the various relations of life, so that at every moment I endeavor to accomplish its work, and fill it out with love, because the hour comes when we can no longer work or love. To live and to love because life is so short, this was his wisdom. May it be my guiding light in the later and perchance not so beautiful days of my advancing age!

Here ended Aunt Julie's manuscript. It was written two years before her death, and she might have truly said that she was faithful to her husband's principle even to the last hour. May the remembrance of her goodness ever remain fresh in our hearts!

POND-LILIES.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

In early morning, when the air
Is full of tender prophecy,
And rose-hue faint and pearl-mist fair
Are hints of splendor yet to be,

The lilies open. Gleaming white,
Their fluted cups like onyx shine,
And golden-hearted in the light,
They hold the summer's rarest wine.

Ah, love, what mornings thou and I
Once idly drifted through, afloat
Among the lilies, with the sky
Cloud-curtained o'er our tiny boat!

Noon climbed apace with ardent feet;
The goblets shut whose honey-dew
Was overbrimmed with subtle sweet
While yet the silver dawn was new.

The pomp of royal crowning lay
On daisied field and dimpling dell,
And on the blue hills far away
In dazzling waves the glory fell.

And flashing to our measured stroke,
The waters seemed a path of gems,
Beneath whose clear refraction broke
A grove with mirrored fronds and stems.

In music on the sparkling shore
The plashing ripples fell asleep;
We laid aside the dripping oar,
For one delight we could not keep.

In all the splendor farther on
We missed the morning's maiden blush;
The soft expectancy was gone,
The brooding haze, the trembling flush.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.*

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Twelfth Paper.]

III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(Continued.)

RELIGIOUS IDEAS.—I.

WE have often said in the course of this series that the religious movement transcends the political movement in Germany more than in any other nation. We, accustomed of old to the indifference rooted in the mind of races which profess but one form of worship, and voluntarily or by force support only one religion, having received with cold indifference the discussions in regard to the authority of the Council which declared the dogma of the immaculate conception of Mary, and in regard to the nature of the new article added to the ancient faith relative to the infallibility of the pope—we, who in our resolute belief can as easily add a miracle as take one away from the list of our miracles, or a saint more or less from the calendar of our saints, can not comprehend nor explain how the Germanic races, and especially their Protestant branches, who read and comment upon the religious books almost forbidden to our humility, can excite themselves to the point of fanaticism over the version or interpretation of certain verses of the Bible, about the period in which different chapters of the Gospel were written and published, over belief in free-will or in grace—questions not even discussed in our schools of theology, which submit their judgment to the unquestionable verdict of tradition, and their instruction to the infallible authority of the Church.

But when we consider the influence which religion has exerted upon the life of these peoples, we may comprehend the political importance always attained there by ideas and problems, scarcely supported by our faith of routine in the secluded and luminous sphere of religion and morals. Religion has formed that interior intimate spirit, peculiar to the Germanic races, which isolate themselves severely in their own consciences, and which create and strengthen in this manner the capital principle of their politics, the principle of personality. In spite of all the efforts of philosophers, it is as yet impossible to separate virtue from theological dogmas in practical and in political life. Above our sentiments, above our reason, even above our fancy, extends, like the sky above our brows, the mysterious idea of the Infinite, of the Eternal, through which, after all, the purest human desires have their being, and from which descend inspiration upon the arts, light upon the sciences, the hope of immortality upon this short and fragile life. But

the relation of the finite with the infinite is not the principal characteristic of the religious idea. Its virtue, its creative force, extend to social relations and to political laws. As Plotinus said that every soul creates and carves a body in its own image, we can say that every people tend to form for themselves, in their religion and in their creeds, a soul in harmony with their temperament, their composition, and their history. The Hebrew people see arising in the immense desert on their march from Egypt to the promised land, like the sun of their conscience, the one foreseeing God, who guides them with His column of fire, and feeds them with His rain of manna; and in captivity, when the lash of tyranny falls upon their shoulders, and the dark flow of an alien river runs at their feet, under the willows of exile, to the echoes of the mournful harp, springs forth Messianism, the religion of hope, which other races are to accept and complete. When the Grecian people wrested from nature the idea of the individual city, heir of the antique empires and mother of the future democracies, they carved and moulded the gods coming from the East, and raised in them, in their radiant beauty, the image of man to Olympus. Thus the Egyptian rises on the African continent, between the European peoples and the Asiatic, the middle term of the great syllogism of universal history, the priest who reveals to Greece the mysteries of the Orient, who preserves in his theogony the Magian worship, the light, the soul of Oriental regions, and warms and shelters the germ of Hellenic polytheism, the soul of the Eastern religions. His religion appears the religion of death and of immortality, his sepulchres cities of ideas raised between the confines of two worlds, his mummies the Eastern gods fallen from their altars dead at the feet of their theocracies, embalmed and preserved by mysterious philters, to be resuscitated in Western lands, in Greece, in Sicily, in Italy, by the conjuration of orators, poets, and philosophers. The Semitic cities of Mesopotamia, Nineveh, Babylon, capitals of the Chaldean tribes which traversed the desert with eyes fixed on the heavens, have for their gods the stars, for dogmas the principles essential to their new-born astronomy, for the universal intelligence which pervades and directs the universe the eternal effluence of increased light. Our most ancient progenitors, the Aryans, bore already, in the vague beginnings of their earliest days, in the initial letters of their primitive hymns, the same gods which the Greeks and the Latins were soon to

* Continued from the November number, 1873.

adore in their cities, the Germans and the Solaves in their forests. Heaven and earth; the stars which were lost in the abysses of space, and the sands which vanished in the depths of the sea; the lofty mountains and the clouds which gird them, and the rivers which gush from their feet; the waves which swell crowned with diadems of foam, and the winds which rush unchained amidst the perpetual palpitations of the green waters of ocean; the ether with its resplendent hues, and the air with its winds and zephyrs; the rosy flush of dawn and the mysterious reflex of twilight—all that lives in immensity, all that exists in the infinite, becomes peopled with the differing gods, the souls of things; like Savitar, the producer of life and organisms, who will become the Saturn of the ancient Latins; Añi, the principle of life, the universal heat, the fiery element which cherishes the universe, and which in the course of time is to be Hephestos in Athens and Vesta in Rome; like Indra, which in the far East is the lightning flash, and which in the West is the thundering father, Jupiter; like Varomna, which is the sky, stretched first above the Himalaya and the Ganges, and afterward Uranus, the sky arched over Hybla and the Piræus; like Muntar, the mother-land of the Medes and Persians, Modon, the earth of the Anglo-Saxons, Hertha, the earth of the Germans; as if all the sons of the same Aryan race, in all the extension of time, desired to live and die in the bosom of the goddess, where all had their cradle and all shall have their grave.

And if all ancient peoples, primitive peoples, have adhered to the religion, whether created or accepted by them, which was most in harmony with their character, have not modern peoples in their maturity dispensed with this, and taken from religions only their creed and their morality? No. One dogma, one morality, constitute essentially Christianity. To call one's self justly a Christian, it is necessary to believe in God and his providence; in the redemption of the original sin through the merits of Christ our Saviour; in the spiritual nature and immortality of the human soul; in eternal rewards and punishments after death. It might be believed that there were no possible variations in regard to these fundamental beliefs. And nevertheless every people, every distinct race of Europe, has adapted Christianity to its own character and history.

The Greeks built up a holy city about their seas in opposition to the holy city of the Latins, and there they founded a Church, which has, like the race whose spirit nourished it, a character rather metaphysical than moral—a Church which held the great Ecumenical Councils, the assemblies which constituted our essential dogmas, governing itself through ecclesiastical confederations—sou-

venir of the Amphictyonic Leagues in Greece. The Romans, the great Unitarians of history, carried their unity into the Church; the dogma sacred; the discipline and the liturgy one as much as possible; a pope-king like the ancient emperor-pontiff on the throne of the Eternal City; its prefects and its prætors reproduced in the archbishops and bishops; the Senate in the Conclave; its prestige in the city least Christian and most idolatrous of the ancient world, which would fain preserve its dominion over souls after it had lost its dominion over nations—all which proves that Catholicism is the Roman Empire, and, like the Roman Empire, raises through the dogma of infallibility its Cæsars to gods.

And before our very eyes, in the latest ages of Christianity, the same phenomenon is repeated in all nations. The Spanish people, which is among all the moderns the crusader *par excellence*, fighting for seven centuries against the infidels, and when this work was over, bearing the cross, supported by the sword, to the New World, professes a Catholicism exalted, fanatical, bloody, intolerant as war. The French people, a middle term between the Germanic and Latin races, builds up a Church, a middle term between Protestantism and Catholicism, the Gallican Church, which went so far as to provoke in its highest personification, in Bossuet, an anathema of the pope.

In all the phenomena of the religious revolution in England may be noted the same phenomena of its political revolution. The Anglo-Saxons can no more avoid the Protestant religion than they can avoid liberal politics. An individualist race, they must embrace an individualist religion, and they must serve as a promontory of this religion on the seas. But the incidental cause of the conversion of England was the will and the passion of a king, who wished to establish a formidable authority upon the powerful unity of his kingdom. The hereditary principle of monarchies contradicted in part the thought and purpose of the two great Protestant sovereigns, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. The first left his throne to Mary, who bore in her veins the blood of the founders of the Inquisition in Spain; and the second to the Stuarts, who were allied to the Guises, the butchers of the Protestants in France. Thus the official English Protestantism had a monarchical and aristocratic character, resembling more the ancient Catholic Church than the other sects of the same branch—the episcopal Protestantism, with tendencies to establish a sort of Britannic papacy similar to that of Rome. When you enter the great cathedral of St. Paul's at London, you at once see a disposition of chapels like the chapels of our churches, showing that the prince who founded it, while his name was inscribed on

the official registers of Protestantism, remained at heart devoted to the dogmas of the Catholic Church. For the sake of the hereditary principle of monarchy England would have returned to the bosom of the Catholic Church had it not been for the opposition of the nation, which felt in its veins the blood of its race, in its conscience the idea of individuality, and in its heart the evangelical sentiment and instinct. Thus the different religious parties were at the same time political parties. The Presbyterians were opposed to the royal predominance in government and to the episcopacy in the Church. The Independents were devoted to the rights of Parliament in their fullest extent, and to religious liberty in all its purity. Cromwell represents the liberal principle in religion and the republican principle in politics, but both, established in authority and in dictatorship, as far removed from the semi-Catholic Episcopal Church as from the levelers and other extremists, the demagogues of religion and politics.

And that which took place in England is seen with greater reason in Switzerland. The chief of the Reformation there is at the same time the chief of a great democracy. The Protestants may number Zwinglius among their apostles and their teachers; we, who are democrats, liberals, republicans, number him among our great tribunes, our heroes and martyrs. Born in the great mountains, which speak of God and of the Infinite; nursed in the bosom of nature, his intelligence nourished by great ideas and his body by wholesome food; mingling with the blood of his heart the purest affections, and with the breath of his lungs the purest air; leading a rustic life in his earliest years; of a temperament robust as the rude and sublime Alpine country; going to sleep throughout his boyhood at the hour when the flocks were folded and the twilight was falling, to wake at the call of the cock, when the sky-larks were taking their flight, and the hope of a new day was awaking in the first flush of morning which whitened the horizon; near to heaven and far from the world, like the mountain birds, his soul bathed in the divine as a star in ether, he preserved in the battles of life the candor of the shepherds, in the labors and innovations of reform a love of tradition, in the midst of cities the aroma of the eglantine and the song of the thrush, amidst the wrath of men and of parties the infinite charity of the air and of the light, free to all beings; and after having conversed with philosophers and saints, drinking at the sacred fountain of Plato and the bitter tears of Job, singing the psalms of David and the odes of Pindar, as if all the currents of the human spirit flowed to pour themselves in his own, he reduced the most abstract ideas to commonplace max-

ims, to scatter them among the people he loved in sermons and prayers. He was a hero in battle, a Sister of Charity in the hospitals, a tribune in the public place, a priest in the temple, every where an apostle. One of those great characters who vary and turn with the breath of their thought, with the force of their will, the currents of time, he died in the battle for truth, in the purifying embrace of a holy martyrdom.

And his reform was born and grew and developed in the midst of a democracy, a republic, a liberty ancient and deep-rooted, partaking of the character of the medium in which it grew, and marching resolutely forward to modify and improve it. Less opposed and less persecuted than other reformers, he appears much more serene. His reform springs from the conscience rather than from passion, and relies more upon reason than upon sentiment. Without breaking so openly as his coadjutors in the common work with the pope and the Church, he restricts himself solely to what he finds expressly set down in the Scriptures. He is an orator, and in his oratory there is more of philosophic light than of the fire of the tribune. He is a priest who preaches grace, and who distinguishes himself by the charity and the grandeur of his acts, who prays and works. The logic of his arguments does not damage the subtlety of his system, nor the force of reasoning the eloquence of his discourses. He is confronted by less opposition, and consequently fights with less revolutionary energy, than other innovators. It is plain that his individual soul is a part of the soul of a great democracy; that his inner education has flowed from the two great schools of nature and society, the country and the republic. His work is at once religious and political. He preaches the merits of Christ, and exalts the rights of every Christian; he tears from his heart the ancient theocratic faith with the same power with which he tears from the earth the feudal traditions. He speaks of the Lord's Supper as of a religious and a democratic communion; he disseminates at the same time a hatred of spiritual tyranny and a hatred of the reactionary aristocracies, and with the revolution against Roman cosmopolitanism, a worship of the Swiss fatherland. He reforms the understanding and the morals. He demands that the priests shall cease to carry souls to the sacrifice before the altars of an unquestionable authority, and that the Swiss shall cease to sell the blood of their dearest children to the armies of pitiless despots, that the cradle of human nature shall not become a pedestal of monarchical tyranny. His doctrine, in fact, is a religion and a republic, the immortal soul of Switzerland, regenerated by this archer of ideas, this soldier of logic, this William Tell of the spirit, who exalts above the ma-

terial nation another more lofty and more enduring than the eternal Alps, the ideal nation of the conscience.

Wherever there appears a great social aspiration, it is impelled or followed by a great religious aspiration. The gay city of Geneva, which was to found the new morality of the modern democratic world, needed, to keep it from falling into the claws of the eagle of Savoy, its covetous and rapacious neighbor, a severe and austere religion, which should renovate society with its doctrines, which should by its discipline subject character to a salutary yoke, which should, on the one hand, touch the lofty summits of theology, and, on the other, the deep perils of politics. It found all this in a stoic youth, French in origin, German in thought, a great writer, as befitted a literary city, a theologian of the school of St. Paul and St. Augustine, a lawyer who united to the most abstract conceptions of metaphysics the clearest notion of right. Widely different have been the judgments passed upon this great man. He has been even accused of fatalism by a narrow criticism, which wastes itself in minute details, and can not see the general effect of great human works. But when we remember that, as theologian and magistrate, he gave democratic discipline to the new idea, and civil and republican character to the new society; that, thanks to this ideal, he created a powerful party even in England against the authoritative tendency and the aristocratic hierarchy of English Protestantism; that when this party was persecuted by priests and kings, it went forth from its troubled homes, from its ungrateful country, spread itself through Switzerland and through Holland, with the word of the new faith on its lips, with its heart and conscience filled with sentiment and idea, ready always to sacrifice life for its doctrine; that a large fragment of this party, embarking on the *Mayflower*, intrusted themselves to the sea, as Moses to the desert, crossed the ocean with the Bible in their hands and Christian equality in their hearts, and founded on the virgin soil of the New World the temple of persecuted conscience, and the government of despised democracy, liberty, and the republic, the glory of America and the hope of Europe—when we remember this grand epic of human progress we forget all the defects of Calvin, all the inconsistencies which he may have committed even against the principle of religious emancipation, and we see him on the lofty heights of history among the redeemers of humanity, shrined in the immortal light of luminous and human ideas.

II.

From this wide excursion through history we learn the truth of the thesis: Every people, every race, every nation, creates or ac-

cepts the religious ideal most in harmony with its political and social tendencies. The Reformation, therefore, is the necessary, the national religion of the German race. The intimate character of this race is individual independence; its historical character is hatred to Rome. The dark forests of Germany, whose air was filled with sinister noises, and whose soil was traversed by wild fires, gave birth to those early invaders who, dying in the infected fields, envenomed with the exhalations of their corpses the skies of Italy. The first hero of the race is that Herrmann who conquered with his huntsman's snares and weapons the legions of Varus, annihilated in the forests of Teutoburg, and desperately mourned in the palace of Augustus. The lips of the young barbarian were learning the Latin speech; on his fingers sparkled the ring of the Roman cavalier; perhaps he did not even comprehend the idea of patriotism; but he sharpened his sword on the stone altars of his gods, and drew it against Rome. The German world, through whose discords he was slain at thirty-five years of age, counts him among its founders and its heroes. If the Germans had no other reasons for this apotheosis, there would be enough in the sufferings inflicted by Rome upon the family of Herrmann: the recollection of his wife, whom he gained by the sword, in captivity and exile; of his son, begotten to continue the lustre of his name, born in exile, and thrown into the sewer of Ravenna, among the gladiators, who, with their combats, wounds, agony, and death, amused the leisure of the Romans.

For four centuries, the first four of our history, the contest lasted between Germany and Rome. Tacitus saw no hope for the threatened Eternal City, except in the discords of her cruel enemies. But the barriers of the Rhine and the Danube were broken at last, the discords ceased, and the German race satiated its hatred in the ruins of Rome. Even the dead awoke from the ashes of the Forum, according to the Roman traditions, and went forth, although pagans, to battle in the clouds, in company with the Christian saints, against the enemies of Rome. But these, like the exterminating angels of the Apocalypse, scattered to the four winds, with their lances vast as comets, the ashes of the venerated mother city of the Latins. Attila, who in our chronicles is the Scourge of God, because he destroyed the Roman Empire, and despoiled the barbarous races that they might bury it, is in the national poems of Germany the epic king, to whom Roman blood is more grateful than wine; for hatred to Rome is the national sentiment of Germany.

But, prodigious city! broken, conquered, killed, deprived of its legions on earth and its gods in heaven, its walls in the dust, its temples in ruins, still it is rejuvenated and

transformed. It places on the vacant throne of the Cæsars the pontiffs. It substitutes armies of penitents for the armies of heroes; the forgotten tables of law it replaces with the prayers of its sanctified doctors; and by means of new dogmas, borrowed from Greece, from Alexandria, from Africa, from Asia, it first claims and then establishes a dominion such as it never possessed in antiquity—a dominion over souls. The Germans received the water of baptism on their brows, the monastery in their cities, the cross in their by-ways and in their forests, bishops in their provinces, Latin in their schools; and a German, a descendant of Genseric and of Alaric, Charlemagne, sustains the doctrine of papal predominance—which means the predominance of Rome—and goes on his knees to receive, over the ruins of the great city, upon his forehead, anointed with Catholic oil, the ancient splendid crown of the Roman Empire. Against this spiritual dominion, which embraces art and science, life and death, the whole German world could do nothing—neither the sword of Herrmann, nor the memory of the sombre and victorious Odin, nor the heavy hammer of Thor, nor the priests gathered in caverns abandoned by the wolves, nor the slopes of the magic mountain of Hartz peopled with sanguinary traditions, nor the orgies of the heights of the Brocken, whither troop in summer nights the queens of the witches, with their mantles like wings of bats, nor the tireless hunters who ride in their giddy round, sounding their shrill bugles eternally, nor the gods who breathe in the winds and wander in the clouds, nor the misty mythology which vanishes in the rays of the new spiritual sun rising over the altars of Rome.

During all the Middle Ages the German Empire struggled powerfully against Rome, but without arising to that spiritual sphere whence descended the light and air of life. Only there, in the distant and lofty region of ideas, lay the true combat and the prize of victory. To destroy modern Rome, it was necessary first to destroy its dogmas. And to destroy the dogma of Latin universality, it was impossible to find another antithesis so radical and profound as the dogma of Germanic individuality. In society, as in nature, the true principles of unity and variety ought to co-exist harmoniously. But they were at that time divided. The German principle was active and prominent in the Renaissance against the Latin principle, as in the time of Otho, of Henry IV., and Frederick II. There came, therefore, necessarily and logically, the foundation of religious nationality in Germany by an outburst of its conscience. The man who rose at this historic moment to represent faithfully the state of the human spirit was Luther. In his humble cradle and in his modest educa-

tion he learned to feel and suffer with the people. Son of a laboring man, a miner, there was in his nature something of the strength and vigor of his father. He was a student from his earliest years, and to provide for his subsistence and to continue at school he gained his bread by singing from door to door. Walking one day in his boyhood with a friend, they were surprised by a tempest, and a flash of lightning laid his comrade dead at his feet. He was so moved by this event that he embraced the religion and assumed the habit of the Augustines. Among them he learned the dogma of grace, which, coming from St. Paul, is extended and affirmed in St. Augustine, broadened and exaggerated in Luther. From the convent he went to Rome, with a mind ready for adoration and prayer on bended knees in the ashes of martyrs, with eyes fixed on the soil of religious authority. When he came in sight of Rome his limbs trembled, his heart fluttered, his hands were joined; he fell in ecstasy before its innumerable domes, and prayed for the benediction of its spirit. So Herrmann was once a Roman cavalier. But when he was in Rome all the soul of his race awoke within him, the genius of his predecessors entered into his stout heart, and the timid youth became a fiery Alaric, longing to sack the city which had hunted Germans for gladiators for their bloody holidays, and had bound them as living trophies to their war chariots in their triumphal processions. At the same time that this warlike spirit awoke in his mind there breathed through his fancy, as it were, a breath of lyric inspiration. He fought and he sung. He composed the choral which whole peoples have repeated, and wrote the invectives which destroyed Christian unity. He denied indulgences, the efficacy of works and offerings, the authority of the pope and of the ancient Church. In continual contests, in the midst of the most powerful enemies, surrounded by the generals of Charles V. at Worms, he persevered until he founded, by the energy of his will and the skilled logic of his ideas, the new nationality of Germany—the nationality which was to be the sanctuary of the emancipated conscience. From Luther came the German language, transformed in his controversies and his Propaganda; from Luther the German science, for all its greatest philosophers belonged to the Protestant branch, and all derived their systems from liberty of conscience. Luther converted the humble Marquis of Brandenburg into King of Prussia, and the King of Prussia into the Emperor of Germany, who has banished the shade of the Spanish Empire in expelling Austria from the confederation, and destroyed the basis of the papacy by taking away from it the city of Rome and the temporal power. Do we not see, therefore, all the importance which the re-

ligious movement has in the political movement of Germany?

Even to-day Prince Bismarck, after having conquered Austria and France, the two Catholic powers, concentrates his most vigorous efforts upon the purpose of fighting Catholicism. Far from aiming at the separation of church and state, which the Anglo-Saxon peoples of the New World have so admirably succeeded in incorporating in their laws and customs, he aims at an omnipotent Cæsarism, in which there is danger of merging the rights of the human conscience, and with them the vitality and glory of Germany. War with Catholicism is the soul of Prussian policy. The Catholics complain that the million of dollars belonging to the secret funds, and the income of the private fortune of the dethroned King of Hanover, and the surplus of the appropriation made for the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, a surplus amounting to about twenty millions of dollars, are all employed in hiring enemies to the Church of Rome. The dogma of infallibility has been contested, denied, placed in a sort of civil interdict, in contempt of those sound principles which counsel separation of all coercive force from questions of religion and church discipline. This conduct surprised the persecuted Catholics all the more because they expected, even after the war, from certain words contained in the opening speech to the Chambers, and certain visits of the Bishop of Breslau, that above the crown of the new empire would be placed the ancient white dove of the days of Charlemagne, and that the sword, aggrandized in so many victories, might be placed at the service of the popes.

But in the heart of Germany the antipathy to Austria and to France was kept alive and burning by a greater antipathy to the Roman Church. Since Sedan, all the world has seen that the temporal power was lost; and since the moment in which the dogma of infallibility was declared, all the world has likewise seen that Germany was moving onward toward a new schism. And this schism was encouraged by the new-born political power in Versailles, as Lutheranism was encouraged in its beginning by the Elector of Saxony. The great theologian of Munich, to whom the Catholic Church was so much indebted, became chief of the dissenting sect, who called themselves Old Catholics, as the Protestants called themselves the old and true Christians. The new empire did all it could in their favor and against those who admitted the papal infallibility. An ordinance was promulgated full of fines and penalties against the unduly exalted and fanatical preachers. When the pope issued his complaint in an encyclical against the empire, the liberal and ultramontane papers which copied that document were seized. The hand of the gov-

ernment entered the seminaries and managed the religious instruction through the official. The ministry of worship declared that without important modifications the life of the Catholic Church could not continue in Imperial Germany. The clergy, who were very independent of civil authority, depended upon a foreign potentate, who was completely ignorant of the needs and national aspirations of Germany. The lower clergy appeared especially dangerous in the positions where they had been left through an indifference which amounted to blind thoughtlessness. And now that a radical change was taking place in their relations, as they were attacking certain articles of the constitution, it became necessary to examine with the greatest care the critical problem.

Proceeding afterward upon this view, they obliged the clergy to go through the course of the second grade of instruction in the public schools, and to receive three years of theological training in the official universities; to pass examinations presided over by government authority; to submit to close surveillance in the schools, in their churches, and to give guarantees of their zeal for the public good; to fill vacant benefices within a fixed time and fixed limits; to annul all contracts between ecclesiastical superiors and inferiors made in disregard of the civil laws; to admit in their jurisdiction and their penalties processes foreign and sometimes contrary to the canonical procedure; to accept the intervention of ordinary judges in religious trials; to revise, in tribunals named for this purpose, all titles to church dignities—in short, to change from a hitherto independent clergy to functionaries completely subject to the imperial authority.

The Jesuits were expelled in spite of the great respect and little fear which the great Frederick had for them. The bishops who protested were persecuted, fined, and imprisoned. The faithful saw themselves constrained to receive the sacraments from hands which they did not believe pure, and to bend the knee before Catholics whom they considered not orthodox. The matter of infallibility was discussed in academies, pulpits, taverns, and clubs, and was the cause of profound dissensions in the court of the emperor, in ministerial councils, and of noisy scandals and disturbances in the streets. Bismarck appears like those emperors of Byzantium overbearing the councils by the declaration of a dogma, or the caliphs of Cordova regulating the relations between their Christian vassals and their clergy. It is doubtless gratifying to pride to enter like a god into the sanctuary of the human conscience with the word of authority in hand, but, alas! one never violates with impunity the nature of our being, nor attacks with impunity the sanctity of right.

III.

If the schools of philosophy, defining and making clear the idea of right, have contributed to the political and republican movement in Germany, in how much higher degree have the religious schools contributed! It is an effect of our imperfect political and social organization that scientific thought remains in the higher regions of society, in schools, among the privileged souls which have acquired some intellectual culture, while religion embraces life and death, bears in itself the consolation of innumerable griefs, the encouragement of countless hopes. It illuminates every thing, from the heaven of art to the hearth-stone, from the hearth-stone to the sepulchre, kindling at once the heart and the brain, the will and the intelligence, time and eternity.

Religious wars are over. The human race no longer goes to battle for the real presence in the communion, for free-will or grace, for the divinity or the humanity of Christ. But religious controversies are not done with, nor ever will be, while there exist in the world those who bend the knee before sacred altars, and, to learn the meaning of existence and its possibilities, give up their souls to the holy temple, which floats, like the ark of Noah, in a deluge of tears. In every political question there is contained, to-day as well as yesterday, a religious question. The Extreme Right of the Assembly at Versailles does not so much struggle to subject the nation to the authority of the king as to subject intelligence to the yoke of the historic faith, and the Extreme Left does not so much fight for the republic and democracy as for the independence of thought and the reign of reason. The Liberal ministry has fallen in Great Britain, and its fall is due, more than to any other cause, to questions relating to the church and to education—questions of religion. Italy defeated Austria, which forbade her integrity, and France, which retained her capital; she captured the holy empire and the Quadrilateral; conquered by force, she has triumphed by policy; yet she can not take the Vatican nor touch the pope, disarmed, old, and a prisoner, because that involves an immense religious question. Our green northern mountains run with blood; the thunder of the cannon and the roar of the Cantabrian coasts, mingled with the savage cries of war, rise to an implacable and angry heaven. The fire, slaughter, rapine, and ruin are easily explained, for our ancient intolerance is fighting there with our new religious liberty. Every time the question of the East is awakened rise with it, as in the time of the Crusades, Jerusalem, the capital of the Christian world, Constantinople, the capital of the Greek world—questions of discipline, of dogma, of orthodoxy. The Cretan opposes to the Turkish oppressor his right and his

God; the Pole of Warsaw to the Russian of Moscow his independence and his doctrine; the Bohemian moves the bones of John Huss and Jerome of Prague to remind the emperors of Austria that he has sworn to avenge them. In little Switzerland the Sonderbund was a religious matter, and in little Belgium liberals and Catholics fight for power. Bismarck, who did not tremble before the veteran armies of France, trembles before the clergy of the pope. In every political question which is alive to-day upon this old continent there is a most important religious question, something having relation to faith and dogma.

Perhaps they themselves were unconscious of it, but in discussing religious problems, interpreting the Bible, confronting the commentary of the Church with the commentary of reason, examining if the book of Job was Hebrew or Arab, if the book of Judith was anterior or posterior to Christianity—in all these questions, which so faintly concern the problems of our time, the German theologians were storing up torrents of revolutionary electricity, which were to fall in thunder and lightning upon the heads of a generation which, abandoning the old altars at whose feet they had been born and reared, abandoned with equal force and violence, without knowing exactly why, their ancient kings and their worm-eaten thrones.

We have said it before: the eighteenth century is one of the greatest ages of human history. There are unquestionably in the development of the life of our race decisive epochs of an influence more powerful than other epochs, in which the human race appears to have rested from its labors and fatigues. In modern history the ages which, in my opinion, have an exceptional importance are the first century, the fifth century, the thirteenth century, the space comprised in the second half of the fifteenth century and the first half of the sixteenth, and, perhaps more important than all others, the revolutionary century *par excellence*, the eighteenth.

In the first century Christianity and the empire were founded. The idea of man which Athens had constructed, the idea of humanity which Rome had formed, the idea of God which Jerusalem had formed, the idea of the Word which Alexandria had invented—all these ideas are united by the apostles and the martyrs in the conscience, by the philosophers in the reason, by stoicism and the stoic emperors, who stand like gigantic statues in those great times, in the Roman law. Thus arises a new society, that upon it may descend the life of a new spirit.

In the fourth century the unity of the Roman world is broken. The variety and the personality of modern times appear with the first invasions of the barbarians. Pagan Rome is dispossessed of her time-hon-

ored prestige, and the Constantinople of the Christians is founded which is to continue the work of Jerusalem and Alexandria. The federalism of the new-born nationalities opposes itself to the despotic authority of the historic Cæsars. The gods whom Julian revived with a magic but ineffectual philter fall dead at the feet of an obscure Laborer, born in a stable of the people, and who died on a cross among slaves to become the God of future democracies. The Council of Nice, which understood all the perils embraced in the premature heresy of Arius, promulgates the symbol of the Christian faith, and proclaims the divinity of Christ, that He might recover the rule of the world escaping from the disarmed hands of Jupiter, and educate the races which are advancing, hungry and rapacious. The bishops persecuted by Diocletian return, thanks to the rescripts of Constantine, with the marks of martyrdom on their mutilated bodies, to replace the material unity destroyed by the eternal human unity. Modern labor is founded, which creates and produces, by the side of war, which crushes and annihilates. While the heavens are darkened and the fields are flooded in blood, and the torch and sword of the barbarian shine ominously every where, in that terrible time when Amianus, the envoy of Valens, could not count the Goths who were crossing from the other side of the Danube to the empire, St. Augustine, after having saved human liberty from the Manicheans and Divine Providence from the Pelagians, rears in the air the City of God as a province of peace and progress, as a refuge for lost hope.

The tenth century is a century of horror. The idea of the imminent destruction of the world has seized and prostrated Europe in penitence. The world shudders and wavers like a ship beaten by the tempest. All space is tinged with sanguinary reflections, because beyond them comes the angry Judge of the living and the dead, at whose breath the heavens shall roll together like parchment, and worlds shall be scattered like ashes. The whole universe is the nest of death. Labor is suspended. Men only want a shroud. Kings and emperors knock at the gates of cloisters, anxious to exchange their crowns for cowls. The spade falls from the hands of peasants. A horrible pest dries up the blood, and converts live bodies into pustulous sores. The famine is so great that the living dig up the dead for food. The devil takes the place of God; he sits at the ear of kings; he rises to the throne of the Spirit beside the popes. In the air there resounds only the song announcing the Divine wrath; from the earth only the prayer begging mercy and pity. The ignorant world has such an idea of time that many imagine the millennium arrived, and fear that they shall hear resounding in the air the shrill trumpet of

the angel calling the quick and the dead to judgment. But it did not sound, and theocratic feudalism was conquered. The historic panic of humanity died away. Man began to feel the life poured through nature, and his soul fraternized with hope. Paralytic Europe recovered its activity. It rose from its cloisters, casting its shroud away, and went forth to the Orient, the land of miracles, in search of the sepulchre of tradition, to find the cradle of liberty, and to bring the first appearance of democracy into modern history.

In the thirteenth century the testament of Catholicism is written. The Gothic cathedrals are its testament in architecture; the pictures of Cimabue its testament in painting; the Divine Comedy of Dante its testament in poetry; the Sum of Theology of St. Thomas its testament in science; the Seven Parties which unite the Roman jurisprudence with the ecclesiastical, just as the doctors unite the fathers of the Church with Aristotle, are its testament in law; and the two great popes, Innocent III. and Gregory X., wrote with incredible efforts its testament in policy. The thirteenth century is at once the Bible and the universal Gospel of Catholicism. It is reconstructed, resumed, synthesized, because it has arrived at the term of its ideal. Since that critical day all the efforts which humanity makes in its onward journey withdraw it from that ideal, and for this reason the endeavor of Catholicism is to return to the thirteenth century. Return to the Gothic, say its architects; return to artistic mysticism, say its pre-Raphaelite painters; return to the Dantesque poetry, say its poets; return to the Sum, say its philosophers; return to the Parties, say its lawyers; return to the policy of Innocent III., say the most exalted Catholics.

But this will not be possible, because now comes the century of the Renaissance, the second half of the fifteenth century, the first half of the sixteenth. Nature assumed an incredible fecundity. Great men were born as never before, never since, of such lofty quality or in such number. The breath of the Divine Spirit had passed over the face of the human spirit. The soul of modern Europe is due to that creative day. God sends his revealers to the earth in legions. Gutenberg assures perpetuity to the book, the rapidity of light to ideas, the endless propagation of species in nature to the children of genius in the spirit, with a rude alphabet of lead, and a simple machinery of pressure. Erasmus laughs with his immortal laugh at the mystic and monastic follies of the expiring Middle Ages. Hutten turns his pen into a sword, which sweeps away the monsters and enchantments by which superstition had kept the understanding infirm. Luther vindicates the freedom of the human conscience. Ramus and Vives bury

scholasticism, the false theological Aristotelianism, and summon thought to a close communion with nature, and a profound study of itself. Paracelsus finds the true philosopher's stone, the principle of chemical science. Vesalius reveals the secrets of organism in anatomy. Porta recognizes the properties of concave and convex mirrors in the phenomena of vision, and prepares the telescope. Gilbert discovers the properties of magnetic bodies; Cardan the laws of equations of the second, third, and fourth degree, and the double nature of unknown quantities; Paliassy, the Magian potter, the beginnings of geology, the treasures of the fossils; Servet the pulmonary circulation of our blood; Copernicus the modern astronomy, which gives a new movement to this planet, hitherto thought motionless, and makes the eternal and the infinite visible, palpable, experimental. Marcilio Ficino awakes in the gardens of Florence the soul of Greece, evoking it with the divine speech of Plato. Brunelleschi crowns the Christian cathedrals with Roman temples, raised on high in marvelous and audacious rotundas. Leo X. revives from the dust the fragments of antiquity, and exalts them in Catholic apotheoses. Leonardo da Vinci finds the secret of perfect form, and Cellini animates with it marble and bronze, gold and silver. Raphael, Phidias of the pencil, paints the serene Greek beauty in his angels and his virgins. Michael Angelo reaches the sublime in his choruses of Alades, prophets, sibyls. Titian bathes the human form, sanctified and redeemed, in seas of light, in heavens of innumerable colors. Ariosto replaces the sombre dreams of Dante with gay and cheerful visions. Camoens writes the *Iliad* of navigation and labor. Shakspeare describes the very depths of human nature. Cervantes extends the laugh of Erasmus against the Middle Ages, which had not yet passed from the lips of the intellectual aristocracy, to all classes, to all peoples, to all masses. Meanwhile heaven is illumined, the spirit is regenerated, and the human form gains strength and beauty. Vasco da Gama finds the extreme East, the forgotten land of the sunrise, the theatre of the past. Columbus discovers the far West, the unknown land of the sunset. Magellan traverses the southernmost point of America, enters victoriously the Pacific Ocean, and shows Sebastian del Cano the way to go for the first time around the globe; so that heavens, suns, worlds, nature, and conscience are revealed in all their splendor, take on new colors, as if to celebrate with a divine intoxication of life and ideas the birth of liberty.

If the sixteenth century created liberty of conscience, the eighteenth century created the liberty of reason. In this sense it is less poetical, but grander, than the sixteenth century. And through its charac-

ter, its tendencies, and its ideal, Germany begins in the eighteenth century the great religious movement which is to exert as much and as important influence in politics as the philosophical movement, but with a very essential difference; that is to say, that while the philosophical movement remains isolated in schools, and only through successive derivations reaches politics, the religious movement animates, inflames, and agitates the heart of the masses. The eighteenth century is an age of reason and practical sense; an age which disperses the Jesuits and brings together the philosophers; in which councils are succeeded by assemblies and conventions; in which the rights of man are at once proclaimed in America by the United States, and in Europe by France.

VENUS.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

ONE glorious evening in October a little caravan might have been seen toiling up a steep hill in the vicinity of New York; said caravan consisting of a furniture truck filled with the personal property of Professor Douglass, and a wagon, containing his wife, a young friend of the family, Alexander M'Shane, and a quantity of loose articles too numerous to mention.

The professor had gone on ahead with his daughter Madeline.

Mrs. Douglass glanced nervously at the heterogeneous mass of familiar articles piled up before them, and, sighing heavily, looked at her companion.

"If only Madeline has put a few things away out of that first load, Aleck," she said, wistfully — "got out the tea-kettle, you know, and wiped off a few cups and saucers! I'd so like to have a cup of tea for the professor!"

Aleck turned upon the poor lady so loving a smile, so bright and cheery withal, that it lighted up his plain face wonderfully.

"That will be all right, Mrs. D.," he said. "We'll have up that stove in the twinkling of an eye, and we'll make those old cups and saucers jump. I had an eye on the tea-caddy myself; and before you know where you are the professor shall have a cup of tea that'll make his hair stand on end. As to Maddie, you know, we can't expect her to bother with these things."

Mrs. Douglass was silent a while; then she turned her sad brown eyes upon Aleck.

"It's a great change for Madeline," she said, "a very great change. She's been used to so much excitement, adulation, and amusement, I don't know how she'll get on; but it was all we could do. You see, it was ruinous living in the city; the rent was so high, and there were so many incidental expenses, and the professor's sight becoming impaired,

he has not yet made up his mind how to place himself."

Aleck listened as respectfully as if he had been a condensed drawing-room of afternoon callers; but Mrs. Douglass at last came back to the consciousness that she was not talking to Mrs. Grundy, but only to poor Aleck M'Shane.

"It was all we could do, Aleck," she repeated; "we should have starved in that great hungry city."

"Oh no, Mrs. D.," cried Aleck, hastily; "not quite; no, indeed. I assure you I'm a humble individual in my way, but I could have kept the wolf from the door with this red right hand of mine."

He flourished the puny, bloodless hand of a city clerk in the air, and Mrs. Douglass laughed, and put her hand lovingly on his shoulder.

"You're such a good fellow," she said; "it's a pity you should waste your life here dangling after Madeline. She's so spoiled you can never tell whether she cares for you or not; and I'm sure, the way we're situated now, I don't see why you should sacrifice—"

"Ah, Mrs. Douglass," cried Aleck, "it is the situation now that has the charm for me. Maddie, being dencedly lofty, has given all her purse-proud friends the slip; the fiat has gone forth that neither rich nor great shall be allowed to enter our humble domicile, and sneer at its unfrescoed walls. I may thank the good Goddess of Poverty for the privilege of sharing your retirement."

A turn in the road here brought the cottage in view, and they found Madeline enthroned upon a pile of mattresses upon the porch, and the professor botanizing in a neighboring field.

"What a lovely view we've got!" said Madeline. "I've been hoping you'd get here before the light leaves the shores yonder; it was wonderfully beautiful an hour or so ago, but it's been fading gradually ever since. There's only a remnant of its glory left. Come and look at it while it lasts."

"I'd be delighted," said Aleck, "but I'm in a deuce of a hurry just now to get up the kitchen stove. Just persuade it to stay till the fire's lighted, and some cups and saucers washed, and the tea put to draw, and I'll be on hand."

Aleck followed Mrs. Douglass to the kitchen. When he got back to the porch his hands were rather sooty, and a broad black bar rested on his nose; but it had grown too dark for Madeline to see these imperfections, and she was persuaded to go in and have a cup of the tea that was warming the heart of the professor.

The next morning Aleck jumped out of bed at sunrise, and ran down the stairs two steps at a time. He had determined that the old kitchen, which had looked rather cavernous and gloomy the night before,

should greet its poor tired mistress with a welcoming fire. What was his surprise, his horror, to find Madeline standing in a helpless attitude upon the hearth-stone?

"Why, Maddie," he gasped, "what's up? You're never awake at this hour!"

"But I mean to be," said Madeline, turning upon him savagely. "Do you think I'm made up of selfishness and greediness and meanness, that I will let poor mamma toil like a slave while I lie at ease in my bed? I mean to get up every morning and do the work, and all that sort of thing, only I don't know what to do or where to begin." Here her voice faltered. "I think it would be so much better, Aleck, if we were all dead!"

"O Lord! no, Maddie," said Aleck, collecting all the loose sticks from the packing, and making a blaze upon the hearth. "Oh no. You'll think better of it yourself presently. There are capabilities in this old house that don't shine out on the surface. Here's this old fire-place, for instance—you don't see this sort of thing in a modern dwelling. All it wants is wood, plenty of it."

"An expensive luxury," sneered Madeline. "How are we to buy it?"

"Bless your soul, Maddie! we don't want to buy it. The common kind of wood that can be bought wouldn't suit us at all. I'll tell you what it is," pursued Aleck, "I didn't waste all my admiration upon the scenery as I came along; I left that for brighter eyes and handsomer ones to enjoy. I was prospecting, Maddie—keeping an eye out for the main chance—and really it seems like Providence. You know, people are building, and pulling up trees, and the lots hereabouts are filled with huge boulders of wood. Just the thing for us, you see, to surreptitiously cause these boulders to disappear from their present abiding-places, to tumble them over and over till they reach our premises, then to lever them into that capacious fire-place, and inserting a few precious pine knots under them, cause a tremendous blaze to radiate the darkest corner of this old kitchen; all this, Maddie, will be my delight

"Of a shiny night
In the season of the year!"

Madeline condescended to smile, the kettle began to boil, a sunbeam stole in at the window, and shone upon the newly swept floor. When Mrs. Douglass came down, breakfast was smoking upon the table.

"Why, Madeline," she cried, in surprise, "and Aleck! I thought you were both asleep."

"Madeline says you're to be a lady," said Aleck, "and she's to be Cinderella."

"And you the prince, perhaps," said the good lady, with happy tears in her eyes.

A fortnight afterward Madeline, becoming disgusted with rural joys, declared again to Aleck that it was her settled conviction it would be better if they were all dead.

"If a body had any thing to amuse one—even a parrot would do," she added, "or a monkey!"

"I'll bring you home a parrot to-day," said Aleck, hastily devouring his breakfast.

"A white one, please," said his tyrant, languidly.

"Certainly—any color you like," said Aleck, and strode away to the store.

But Aleck did not know what a rare avis a white parrot was. Leaving it till after business hours, he went down in search of parrots, and found that such a thing as a nice white one was not to be had for love or money; the green ones were dilapidated, belligerent, and profane; so he went home pondering over the awkwardness of persuading Madeline that even this miserable little request was an inordinate one. He thought of his love for her, and the hopelessness of his ever having money enough to offer himself to Madeline, even if she'd have him, which she wouldn't; of that horrible tread-mill of a store that was devouring him body and soul; and whether he hadn't better go to South America and find his uncle; when suddenly he heard a low, whining cry. It was so human and so piteous that Aleck stood still and listened. It came from the direction of the wharf, and was repeated again and again, till Aleck made his way to the very verge of the rotten old piles, and discovered that one of them had been dislodged, and in falling had caught and pinned fast the little leg of a Scotch terrier, that had no doubt come to grief in the pursuit of rats. It was a good hour's work to extricate the leg from its captivity, and when it was taken out, the question was whether it was worth the trouble, for it hung loose and limp, all bloody and bruised, and was evidently broken in two places. Aleck turned a little sick, and held the dog over the water a minute, thinking it best to drop it in and let it drown at once and be rid of its misery. But it was so plucky, never making a moan from the time it heard Aleck's voice, and now it looked in his face so honestly and touchingly, and so Scotch withal, that Aleck's heart warmed to it, and he had the bravery to take this poor dirty maimed little creature home to Madeline instead of the white parrot.

"It's a compound fracture," said the professor, who had studied surgery in his youth. "The creature is in such a state of emaciation and weakness I don't think it can live; but if you'll hold it, Aleck, I'll set the bones and do what I can for it." But Aleck's hand trembled, and an awkward faintness came over him. Mrs. Douglass had long since left the scene, and it remained for Madeline to help her father in this delicate and difficult operation. Aleck held the candle instead of the dog, and at such an angle that the hot grease was in danger of dripping on the poor little victim, and the poor professor was

thankful that his sense of touch was so gentle and accurate. Aleck's head was turned with the piteous extremity of the dog, and the wondrous beauty of Madeline, as her lithe, supple form bent over the lap of the professor, her white fingers held firmly but caressingly the shattered leg, and her radiant eyes, filled with the first tears Aleck had ever seen therein, shone down upon the little sufferer with subdued yet glowing splendor.

"If I thought she'd look upon me in that way," thought Aleck, "I'd go out immediately and splinter my leg in a dozen places."

But all Madeline's sympathy and affection were lavished on the dog; it became the pet of the household; and because it was so undeniably ugly, they called it Venus.

Aleck had certainly saved its life by digging it out of the débris of the wharf, but this would have been useless without the skill of the professor in setting the broken bones, and the professor could have done nothing without Madeline's help, and when all was done, the dog wouldn't have lived if Mrs. Douglass had not come to the rescue with her coddling soups and delicacies; so it became a house-that-Jack-built matter of gratitude with Venus, and she loved each and all of them with a limitless devotion.

A long, sad winter closed in upon the professor's family, and Aleck saw many more tears in Madeline's beautiful eyes. Mrs. Douglass's face wore a look of anxiety akin to despair, and each and all suffered alone, not daring to whisper to each other, or even to themselves, the awful calamity that threatened them.

Only one of them had courage to approach the professor when at times his head sank upon his breast, and his soul shrank from the pitiless thoughts that assailed him. Always in the bitterest of these moments a cold soft substance insinuated itself into the drooping hand of the professor, and turning, he found it the nose of Venus.

Only the professor knew, and he scarcely dared own to himself, the inestimable value of the dog as she cuddled close to his feet day by day, half guiding the footsteps that grew more and more distrustful of confidence.

Oh, the misery of getting skillful with the sense of touch, the bitterness of finding the face of his wife growing dim and indistinct to him—a hazy veil spreading itself between him and the eyes of his daughter!

Harder and harder became the strain upon his wasted sight as he toiled over the heap of manuscript in his laboratory—many a prayer escaped his lips that he might get his work into shape before the end came.

"You see," he said one day to Aleck, upon whom he had called for help in an experiment, "if the book can be published, it will be valuable in its way; there is in it the patient work of a lifetime."

And at that moment the awkward hand of Aleck jogged the professor's arm, and out of his grasp upon the table dropped the jar of dissolving acids, which liquid rapidly and effectually licked up and effaced sheet after sheet of the precious script, while Aleck and the professor, powerless to save, looked on in a horror that partook of petrification. An ashy quiver trembled upon the professor's lips. "The work of a lifetime!" he murmured.

"And you can't—" gasped Aleck. Then he remembered all. The blood mounted up into Aleck's head, he became mad for a moment, and seizing the heavy crucible, would have dashed out his brains, had not the strong arms of the professor compassed him about.

"Be comforted," he said. "God is above us all!" But poor Aleck rushed out of the laboratory in hot haste to Mrs. Douglass and Madeline, crying, "I've ruined us all, every one of us. I'm going to find my uncle, and if I make a fortune, you'll see me again; if not, good-by forever!" He took Mrs. Douglass in his arms and kissed her over and over again, but only once did he stoop and touch the white brow of Madeline. As for Venus, she had gone to the professor. Then Aleck went from the hearth-stone of the little cottage, and it saw him no more from that day.

Deprived of Aleck's cheery boulders, the hearth-stone grew cavernous and cold, the low black rafters, no longer echoing his merry quip and jest, hung ponderously low over the drooping heads of the little family.

Days and weeks and months wore by, and not a word came from Aleck.

"The nasty sea has swallowed him up," said Mrs. Douglass.

"Heaven forefend!" said the professor.

But Madeline cried out that he had forgotten them all. And I wish she could have seen Aleck when she said that cruel word—seen him and looked into his heart, as he galloped over the Southern plain, his tawny hair hanging long upon his shoulders, a Mexican saddle beneath him blazing with jewels, his long shanks half covered with embroidered leggings, his sombrero hat, and his silver spurs! And this gay cavalier, who would have delighted her eyes, was as loyal as when of yore he belonged to her body and soul. His head was full of schemes for making money so fast that he could fly in search of her, and his heart full of bitterness for her seeming cruelty and neglect; for he had written twice, and even thrice. He had tried them each and all—Madeline, Mrs. Douglass, and the professor—and he was half tempted to invoke the gods in behalf of Venus, for he had gotten no answer, not one.

How could he? His uncle, whose moral education had been sadly neglected, abstracted each of those letters from the mail-

bag, and after reading them, with considerable interest and appreciation, had touched them to the blaze of his cigar, and watched them fall into ashes upon the broad veranda.

"The lad is clean daft," he said, shrewdly, "and a word from this quean would lure him away just when I want him the most."

As the second winter was closing in, affairs at the cottage wore an ominous look, for the professor's sight became but a glimmer, and Madeline, going over to town one day, tricked out with the old splendor, looking as grand and queenly as when her poor father sailed on the tide of prosperity, caused a profound sigh to well up from the heart of her poor mother, and with it the wish that Madeline was a trifle less lofty in style, so that the situation would be less incongruous.

But Madeline returned at eventide with a glow on her face that rivaled that in the western sky.

"Congratulate me, mamma!" she cried. "I've been to see Madame Chappelle."

"Not to order a new dress, surely?" cried the poor lady.

"No, dear," replied Madeline, "but to seek for a situation. They've been dissatisfied ever so long with that homely young woman in the show-room; they want a figure like mine there, mamma—tall and graceful and statuesque. I'm not to prick my dainty fingers with a needle, only wear out all my good clothes in receiving visitors and taking orders. And we must get to the city, mamma: it is, after all, a great sheltering old pile for the poor. They herd in there together, and the houses close about them, the streets and alleys hedge them in, and they get comfortably lost from sight in the great surging crowd of humanity. The moment an impecunious family ventures toward the suburbs, a melancholy conspicuousness marks them for its own, and they become the mere puppets of a malignant notoriety. And oh, mamma, don't cry, please don't, for, now that I can do something, I shall be so happy!"

So in an amazingly short time the professor's family became part and parcel of that vague but powerful class known as the working mass of the metropolis. And, in God's good providence, even the professor was inspired to take a stand on a down-town sidewalk, for the sale of spectacles and optical auxiliaries of various kinds, Venus guiding him to and fro, keeping a sharp eye upon passing pedestrians, and watching the sales warily. The sad Homeric face of the professor and the sharp fidelity of Venus becoming one of the landmarks in the vicinity, they were treated with the success and respect their various excellences merited.

So the years went by, and in course of time Madeline's capacity for business developed, and it became a specialty of hers to manage the bridal toilet in a manner mar-

velous to behold, to loop the veil and arrange the orange blossoms, to drape the train, and deftly pin the over-skirt so that every curve of the Honiton or point should be seen to advantage—all in such a way that the somewhat faded charms of many a passée bride bloomed out for that once with a brilliancy that perhaps made the sudden and irremediable collapse all the more painful to those interested.

At evening parties and stately balls Madeline was in such demand that it became a great favor to secure her undivided attention, and anxious mammas begged for the loan of her magical touch with tears of eagerness and entreaty.

In the mean while Madeline's cheeks grew less rounded, her brilliant color waned, her face lost its perfect oval, and the great, wistful, melancholy eyes shone from it like load-stars in distress. There were weary hours for poor Mrs. Douglass, and bitter tears shed, and sighs and regrets unspeakable; but these were in secret, where no eye could see, save those of Venus perhaps, whose lugubrious sympathy was always close at hand. "To think, Venus," sighed the poor lady, "that she was once the prettiest of them all, and fit for any nabob in the land!"

"Boo-hoo!" whimpered Venus, with so lamentable a sniff that Mrs. Douglass fell to laughing, and forgot her griefs for the moment.

One morning Madeline was sent for to assist in the invention of a toilet for one of the belles of the season. This young lady had apparently succeeded in ensnaring one of the matrimonial prizes then in the market, and to bring the chase to a successful conclusion a grand ball was to be given by the anxious mamma. The tempting trophy was in the reception-room, making a morning call.

"For you see, Miss Douglass," said the mamma to Madeline, who was taking a brief advantage of the capacious dining-table for the cutting out of material, "he has all his time to himself, and nothing to do but kill it the best he can (it would be much better to graduate the puffs on the train). He has millions of cattle on the plains (put all the fullness in the panier, I think), and sends all that sticky material here for rubber overshoes (I'd cut it low on the shoulders), with a diamond mine all to himself in Brazil—"

Here the door opened, and the daughter entered with a graceful step, but thunder on her brow, for the piercing whisper of her mamma had penetrated to her ears, and she had caught a few of those chaotic sentences. Perhaps some of them had reached her companion, for he glanced with an amused smile after her through the open door, and a pair of big wistful eyes looked into his just for one second; then the door was closed. But Aleck started up—for of course it was he—

and looked about him in bewilderment. The amused smile gave place to a flush of eagerness, a wild yearning.

"Who was that within?" he cried to his fair companion, when she came back to him.

"Only mamma," she replied.

"There was somebody else," he said. "Those eyes never belonged to your mother!"

Whereupon the young lady became coldly reticent, and resisted all further entreaty. Aleck, sighing heavily, bade her good-morning.

"What a fool I am!" he murmured, as he took the reins from the hands of his groom, "always looking for the needle in the haystack. The eyes weren't like Maddie's, after all; too hollow and sad;" and casting his own upon the sidewalk, he saw a figure emerge from a side door of the house he had left. The face was veiled, but the form was pliant and graceful, and the walk was like—yes, certainly like Maddie's. He drew up his horses for a moment, stared wildly after the receding figure; saw it get into a stage and vanish; then cursed his stupidity for letting it escape.

"But I can't," growled Aleck, "rush up to every woman I meet, and tear the veil from her face. I can't break through doors in strange houses to look after familiar eyes. What in the name of Heaven am I to do?"

At supper that night Madeline told her mamma that she had seen that day the Grand Sultan whose handkerchief was in such demand.

"He isn't so very bad-looking, mamma. He wears his hair long, and his eyes are eager enough to dart through a deal plank. He watched me till I got into a stage to get rid of him."

"Was he insolent?" said Mrs. Douglass, hastily.

"No, no," said Madeline; "only I think he thought he had seen me before."

Her cheeks glowed with the old vermilion; her eyes shone with the old splendor, and she ate not a mouthful—not one.

But she was called no more to assist in the toilet for the ball, nor did she get one other glimpse of those eager eyes. She heard of him often and in various ways. At last, when the season was at its close, she learned that the matrimonial prize had escaped the grasp of all those eager competitors, and was about to sail to Brazil to look after his estates.

The one bit of news consoled her for the other. She would rather hear of his going to Brazil than getting married. There was something in the latter probability unbearably bitter; and as to the other, it was better, perhaps, that he should be lost to her sight and hearing, for the mere mention of his name had become a matter of nervous anxiety to her of late.

The fact was, Aleck had really taken passage in the big steamer that was rapidly lading for the voyage south. He had grown so tired of looking at handsome faces and following graceful forms, only to be disappointed and baffled to the verge of madness, that only that night he declared to a friend, with whom he was walking to his hotel, that not even *Venus* herself could tempt him further, when suddenly a little dog snapped the chain that bound him to a blind man, and rushed upon Aleck, squealing and whining, every stubby hair on end with very joy.

"Why, it is *Venus* herself!" cried Aleck, catching her in his arms, and gazing with delirious ecstasy upon the broken chain that in some vague but tempting way led straight to Madeline.

His friend, having no experience with the canine race, and a deadly horror of hydrophobia, went rapidly across the street, and waved a cordial good-by to Aleck.

"We'll meet at the hotel at dinner," he added.

But Aleck did not dine at the hotel that evening. Finding that *Venus*, after the first greeting, would not remain in his arms, but struggled to the pavement again, and, uttering a short, sharp cry, started off on a trot, Aleck followed her as best he could through highways and by-ways, under the poles of carts and the noses of horses. At last she turned down a dingy street, and ran straight along till she reached a little rickety two-story building, up the rotten stairs of which she clambered, and scratched twice with her paw at the closed door on the landing.

"God be praised," cried the voice of the professor within; "it is *Venus*!" and a clatter of joyous feet hastened to the door.

Aleck fell back and gasped for breath as it opened and a young woman stooped upon the threshold to caress the dog. She was in the full light of a dusty sunbeam that struggled through the casement. She was worn, she was wasted; all the brilliancy and glow of her old beauty were gone; but, oh! oh! she was Madeline!

Finding a big form looming over her, she looked up and saw Aleck, with the old yearning love in his eyes—heard him falter out her name. A blue pallor spread over her face; she clutched the landing for support.

"Mamma," she said, "here is Aleck M'Shane. I think I'm going to faint."

Then Aleck's tongue was loosed. He got down on his knees in the dingy corridor, and held out to Madeline his trembling hands.

"Don't faint, Maddie!" he said; "don't, for God's sake, do any thing as cruel as that, when I've just found you, after thinking the earth had opened and swallowed you all, and the fortune my uncle left me would be of no use, after all, to any of us. For I warn you if we don't go down there and take care of it straightway, it'll disappear like the

snow-flakes yonder. The India rubber'll melt, the herds gallop off, the diamonds hide in the wool of the seekers, the stocks go down to zero, and I'll be the poor devil again you used to despise!"

"Despise!" echoed Madeline, tears of joy, of humility, of gratitude, of love, falling on his outstretched hands. Aleck kissed them away with rapture, and looked up at a white, wonder-stricken face bending over them both.

"If you'll let me take supper with you to-night, Mrs. D.," he said, "it'll help me to believe in the reality of the thing. I'd be fit to cut my throat if I awoke and found all this a dream."

Then he turned to the professor.

"Could you find it in your heart, Sir," he said, touching reverently the professor's hand, "to go with me to Brazil? As God is my judge, I believe that your advice and presence there will save me from ruin. It is plain to be seen, Sir, that the dog was sent to me."

"Yes, yes," said the professor, "by a higher power."

It was a more frugal meal than ever again was set before them, but I don't remember a happier one.

As for *Venus*, she sleeps now on a Persian rug, wears an immense diamond on her stubby tail, and fares sumptuously every day; but stretched that night on some straw in the corner, she tasted the rare felicity that is given sometimes to the humblest agent of God.

THE GOLDEN CITY.

IT must be fully three years ago that I looked for the last time upon the brown and purple hills that flank the dark red light-house of Shinnecock Bay. I had bid a curt farewell to my native village of Southampton; had seen the bare Shinnecock hills, rich with so many a mellow hue, sink below the eastern horizon; canoe on back, had trudged across the portage at Quogue, to find at last, after fourteen hours' work, the Great South Bay opening out smooth and limitless in the light of the fallen sun.

The boat grated softly against an inner beach of the sands that shut, in grassed or wooded succession, the sadness of the Atlantic from the placid bay. As the shadows of the earth wheeled upward to the zenith, broad even sheets of darkness were dropping every moment quicker on the path I had trod. No place was left for hope except among the glories that lay radiant as the houses of the gods about my goal.

Chance had it that just there I gazed for the last time upon the Golden City. Never before had it started into such reality. The gold was pure, the dwellings those of over-earthly beings. On every tower gleamed its

silver battlements, and waved its banners in royal pride. Surely along its streets the passers could not be otherwise than joyful and majestic, the houses stately and magnificent.

It mattered little then that I, friendless and without kin, was merely a hired man bringing to its owner through the chain of bays the paper canoe that, with delicate curving prow, lay like a feather upon the shallow at my feet. I had my hopes. I was shaking off a slough, hastening to a new, an active life, in the greatest city of the land.

The singular experiences of that night and the following days have remained clearly cut in my remembrance. These I wish to relate.

It was early spring. As the magnificence of the Golden City faded the last crows flew cawing to the arms that old and stunted pines writhed from sheltered nooks along the coast. The uncouth form of a cormorant passed with quicker beat up and overhead to choose night quarters further east. Then the sudden hoarse bark of a heron startled me from the chill that had begun to lay an unnoticed grasp upon its houseless guest. I had been lost in thinking how easy a thing it looked to sail up the horizon to those joyous walls. Between them and the clear wave at my feet was there not an open road?

The scanty drift-wood half buried in the sands furnished exercise and at last a fire. When, having sparingly supped, I crept below the overturned canoe, sleep floated me out in a moment from the main-land of reality.

Yes, this was in truth that Golden City I had seen so often far away. I was in it, and face to face with its inhabitants, whose beauty and nobleness of bearing fancy had not exaggerated. A brilliant race, of fine torsos, whose lithe, well-knit frames supported solid heads, moved about on solid feet; a rosy people, quick-eyed, courteous, full of energy and slow fire; each hard at work with a blithe will. How awkward and dull was I by contrast! But they showed no heed of my imperfections. Therefore, taking heart, I resolved that I too should soon become as beautiful and polished as they. Ah! I sighed, it will be long before I can rival even drivers here in good manners.

Glowing with delight, I strolled on. Aromatic perfumes shed themselves over certain streets, where flowers and vines were cultivated in and about the houses; the freshest odors of cleanliness arose from dwellings plainly of the poorer class. In the grander ways enormous masses of gold and marble, cunningly proportioned, shot proudly up, each a miracle of beauty and good taste.

Into the open doors of one of these I ventured. Every thing within was in perfect

keeping with the exterior; the minutest object, the rear walls, were as elaborately wrought and adorned as the fronts. On a half-completed building thoughtful workmen hurried their work as if they loved it.

Buildings were like the race that raised them, beautiful without and within.

Upon the quays, where clean and civil stevedores were singing at their work, the sailors lounged in genial groups. I saw them now and then lend a hand when any thing called for assistance. Nor were there any idle inspectors or watchmen to be seen; the merchant knew he could trust to his workman's honor.

Crossing the broad clean street that lay between a stately row of warehouses and the water, I looked in at a merchant's office. It was a charming scene of comfort and geniality. A number of bright-faced clerks were busy at desks, wonders of convenience, and among them, like a father surrounded by his children, sat the head of the firm.

His was not a hard, calculating face, but plainly that of a warm-hearted friend and instructor. Rising at that moment, and stepping to one of his clerks, he proceeded to show him why he thought it better to buy coffee at the present market price. To this end the two consulted books, and did some calculating. Another clerk, much interested, begged to be allowed to listen. The merchant referred to former accounts and the most private books of the firm.

"When you set up for yourself," I heard him say, "this point will be of great value to you."

It was only necessary to look at the clerks to see they loved him.

I must have presented an unprepossessing look at the door; but the merchant bowed in the kindest way.

"Enter, Sir, enter. I see you are a stranger. Is there any thing in which I can be of service?"

The most timid would have been emboldened by such a greeting. I went in. I told him I wanted employment, and was encouraged to say that a place in his establishment was a piece of luck I had hardly hoped to meet.

Naturally too bashful to mention salary, my embarrassment was relieved.

"I make it a rule to pay low at first," he said, "at least until I can form an opinion of my clerk; but of course you will have enough to live on comfortably," mentioning what to my mind was a little fortune. "You will doubtless wish to see a little more of the city before you settle down to work. I will give you a letter to an old friend of mine who has had bad luck in business. He will take good care of you."

This was a merchant who had lost his fortune, and, too proud to allow his friends to reinstate him, took boarders in his family

until he had recovered. As I was a stranger, my new friend walked a little way with me.

The business houses were marvels of comfort and stability; their credit was on a par with their architecture. Such a thing as an embezzlement of funds, he informed me, had not occurred for years. The business men retire as soon as they have amassed a respectable fortune, and devote themselves to literary and scientific pursuits, or such employment as each one likes. An immense fortune was a thing hardly known. It had been found that many moderate wealths made a better community, and fostered great financial undertakings better. Thus it happened that young men never inherited an overgrown fortune, but for some years at least were compelled to work. Most of those who could afford it lived permanently in the country; a few passed the winter in the city, but the transportation was so swift and convenient that a man could have both city and country within fifteen minutes of each other.

Other surprises delighted me as I left my friendly employer and journeyed alone into the town. The carriage I used was roomy and elegantly furnished. It contained a dozen handsome chairs that fitted the figure. By touching a spring the back sank, and a foot-rest arose to form a lounge more or less reclining as one wished. It was an unfailing pleasure to lean back and watch through plate-glass windows the handsome passers, noting the while the wonderful effects in architecture. For the buildings, like the people again, seemed to harmonize one with the other. There was no overcrowding of one edifice by the other; each was built with subtle regard to the needs of its neighbors, so that all fitted into harmonious groups.

The gentleman who asked my fare in an apologetic tone surprised me by asking the smallest known coin for all this luxury. I entered into conversation with him. He gave me a ticket to a debate and lecture by members of a conductors' club to which he belonged; the picture of his club might have been that of a palace. He also informed me that the driver, who guided his beasts entirely by the voice, was president of a great society for the promotion of kindness to animals. But that of which he seemed the proudest was the fact that a member of his club had originated an association to afford relief to certain Northern and Eastern cities cursed with drunkenness. Great success had been obtained in the worst hot-bed of the vice. When he called this town Boason I struggled hard with memory to place the name.

If I had felt embarrassed at meeting my employer, what was my awkwardness at being ushered by a little fairy into a lofty drawing-room, and seeing a beautiful lady advance from between two folding-doors?

But she had in a still greater degree the high-bred calm, the cultured interest, that quiets and attracts. The soft rustle of her simple but peculiar robe had hardly ceased when I was already feeling for her all the respectful adoration my mother might have won, had she been spared me in such radiant shape.

With an enthusiasm bordering on religion I kissed the smooth hand she held out to mine.

"Madam," I said, "you see before you a rude country boy, who would give part of his life if he could make your house his home; I am rough, but I can learn to be more worthy of a place at your table and citizenship in this wonderful city. I know you will assist me with your motherly advice; the gratitude will be the pleasantest sentiment in my after-life."

She looked with large clear eyes into mine. "My son, you are thrice welcome."

Perhaps it was due to my feeling of utter inferiority, but I never felt more than the most respectful adoration for the daughters of my hostess. It is nothing to say they were lovely. Loveliness was so common in the Golden City that, had it not been for the great variety, beauty would have lost its effect. As it was, the tendency was to turn attention to character rather than looks.

Not seldom I plied my hostess with questions. "How is it," I once inquired, when she had refused a frank, handsome visitor the permission to take one of her daughters to the opera—"how is it that in so advanced a city two pure and wise young people can not go to a public entertainment alone?"

"My dear boy," she answered, "it is not exactly a violation of proprieties, but persons in our position can not be too careful. Besides, Angelica has been rather neglectful of late of her lessons in matrimonial science, and the professor must not find her unprepared."

I looked over at the slender Angelica talking joyously with her manly admirer in the light of a chandelier, and marveled at house-keeping in connection with her.

"Greek, you mean?" said I.

"Oh no! Greek she pursues without need of a push. But the æsthetic side of domestic life is too subtle for a young girl to grasp readily; whereas Sappho, for instance, whom I hope you too will some day read, is only too readily devoured by an imaginative girl."

Supposing very naturally that my hostess's family was an unusual specimen of high breeding, I entered with some anxiety the drawing-rooms of a friend of the family who gave a ball. The invitations had been informal, but every one was elegantly dressed. This elegance I found was partly simplicity and partly the variety of a good taste, which effected what it chose with the commonest material.

Visions of loveliness passed in light or earnest converse with admiring cavaliers, but among them all I caught not one envious look, nor did I overhear one ill-natured remark. The radiant daughters of the Golden City seemed to have many things to talk about. Books and music formed the staple; wit and happy retort sparkled here and there in a careless gayety which was never impure. Sometimes a couple would become involved in an earnest discussion on some more serious or abstruse topic, but in almost every case an elder member of the party would laughingly interrupt, and remind them of what was fitting to the occasion.

In dancing I noticed that the women were not seized by the waist after the coarse practice usual at our rustic balls; only the hands touched, while the figure was free to take as graceful shapes as the dancer could assume.

In spite of my unattractive exterior, all were kindness itself. Some spoke to me without ceremony: on gratefully alluding to it, I was told that the art of reading character and temperament at sight had been so much cultivated that most of the company, particularly the women, could tell in a few moments the likes and dislikes of a stranger, and how far he was worthy of kindness.

My informant pointed out a young man who seemed very much neglected by the fairest of the assembly.

"This youth," she said, "has come among us with letters bearing the most distinguished names beyond the sea. He is of royal blood, and immensely wealthy. Yet there are few of our better classes who can not gauge him as an individual, and—you see the result!"

I was promising myself on the morrow a thousand new surprises of the perfect commonwealth when the party broke up. It was hardly midnight, yet the air struck singularly chill. I shivered—and awoke!

The drift-wood fire had long smouldered to a little heap of ashes and scattered brands, my blankets were wet with a heavy dew, and the first dawn faintly brightened the east.

The harsh change had left me dreary. The fire was slow in kindling. Mechanically a frugal breakfast was prepared and eaten. But heat and food work wonders with the saddest landscape. I was almost cheerful as I placed the canoe in the shallow, balanced carefully into the seat flush with the water's edge, dropped paddle vigorously, and shot away into the Great Bay.

A sudden exhilaration fell upon me. I had read of second-sight. The dream was present to my mind. I felt it was a premonition of the glad reality toward which every sweep drew me a little nearer.

The morning breeze had followed in a long dark line. Now it was on me. Step-

ping masts and spreading dainty sails of muslin, I steered, paddle under arm, for that point on the open horizon where I had seen the Golden City the night before.

How long I sailed! The sun came up, and stood above, strange with a haziness that did not conceal distant things. On and on! Now the wind stopped, and, paddling forward, the light boat seemed to eat the distance. At last, when I began to fear that an unknown current held me back, although seeming to fly like a bird on the way, I saw the further shore. Far ahead it lay, a long flat cloud hanging on the horizon.

Had I run as I intended, Fire Island Light would have long ago shown up. Could a storm last night have broken through the narrow strip of grass-bound sand, and was I being drawn out to sea? On this coast every winter sees a change. Sometimes a great storm blocks an inlet with sand; then to save the fisheries a furrow must be laboriously traced, through which the sea may stretch a tiger paw and scoop a passage out. Sometimes again, at some unlooked-for point, the ocean tears open a new inlet, and the fishing smacks put to sea above the spot where houses have stood for years.

Had this last happened? I felt surer of one thing than of any other this eventful day: the run had been due west; from the quarter where I had seen the phantasm Golden City the keen lifted nose of my boat had never swerved.

I looked behind.

There, far to left and rear, arose the well-known warning finger of Fire Island Light; over against it the scattered cottages of Babylon; beyond both—miles on miles it stretched—the Great South Bay.

Well, it was useless to wonder. The fact was that in some way I had passed beyond the bay. More than that, I was above! I must be on an air-river, passing over what heretofore had been solid earth!

All this flashed across me in an instant. Another moment and I was plying the paddle desperately in the direction of the long dark cloud. The situation was accepted.

The warmth brought about by rapid work began to thaw my frozen wits. This, I said to myself, is the very place where I saw the Golden City. Last night I visited it in my dream; to-day the fancy of sailing up to it in person is coming true! The real Golden City! If the dream surpassed the city to which I have been journeying, how much more glorious than the dream must this one prove! It looks dark now, because the light strikes at the wrong angle; but, as I near, the gold will come in sight!

Now, although the boat was flying like the wind, I could detect little increase in the object toward which I was going. As aid from me was useless, I stretched myself at length, and fell to considering it.

A wedge-shaped darker mass could be distinguished by clouds of a lighter texture. But as I looked the central mass began to contract, just as a jelly-fish in motion draws itself together before it beats the water.

Earth it was not, nor was it cloud. Something between the two lay in a great promontory, bathed by two shining rivers which met at the point; the broad upper end disappeared in the north.

A mist passed rapidly over the object. For six hours the obscuration was complete. From the moment I saw it again the central mass grew bigger and bigger, like a bellows, sucking from the north and across the rivers the material of which it was composed. This must be the force, I thought, which is hurrying me. There is certainly ground for alarm, for who can say what fate awaits a person drawn into that mysterious centre?

It was about four hours that I had lain watching the peculiar shape, when suddenly a great black cloud arose behind it; from a form like a fist shot five great fingers to the zenith and slowly closed upon the darker mass. Then began a violent contraction; vast quantities of the mass were quickly ejected in every direction; the hand rose a little and stood threatening. Thereupon a portion of that cast out returned, but the greater part did not follow.

It was useless to conjecture; I could only lie and watch. Luckily I was provisioned for several days.

At the end of six hours I was near enough to be sure of the fact that this was not a cloud, but rather a great sponge. Moreover, when it began to contract once more, I suspected that the material ejected was a swarm of living things.

The ensuing hours were long. There was evidently no Golden City here, but I was impatient of the drawing aside of the veil, and the consequent tide which must bring me close.

The moment came. With indescribable swiftness I was hurried toward the mass, and found myself floating before one of many regular projections which fringed it on the shining rivers.

It took some time to realize all the strangeness of the place. The projection was quaking like a bog, but a landing-place was not to be seen, had I dared to trust myself to land.

Suddenly upon the extremity of this jetty I espied a living being. It was a man with a head the size of a fist, hollow chest, and broad, thin shoulders. His back seemed to have fallen away, but any loss was made up in front, for his waistcoat protruded as if several good-sized pillows had been stowed beneath it. This being regarded me contemptuously, and answered my hesitating questions in Elizabethan English.

"Can't land here—government property. No baggage, I see; so it wouldn't pay to go through yer. Golden City? You bet—for our ring it is. Look here." He thrust his hand into his waistcoat and pulled it out full of gold pieces.

As this was said with a horrid laugh, I shot on. Upon the next projection stood his counterpart, giving orders to a crowd of workmen who differed from ordinary humanity in a less degree.

"What gang do you belong to?" he asked. Then, seeing my puzzled look, "Oh, I see, you're a green hand. I'll get your papers cooked in a minute. You've time to do the neat thing by us a few times. This here belongs to the Poor Man's Friend, but I can fix you all right."

I clambered with some anxiety to the trembling pier. A large tin boat lay alongside, from which bottles and bales of bright-colored rags were being discharged. Carts jostled each other in confusion as they sought to come and go.

I now perceived that I was on the edge of a thick population. The dark mass I had seen was a city, a sort of flat comb, full of man-like bees. The houses, if those long lines of windows and doors were houses, had nothing green growing about them. Here and there stood idle men dressed in broad-striped clothes with chains on feet and arms.

Pointing to these men, my companion reassured my distrust by informing me that he had belonged to the police. I naturally asked for information.

The dress of the police, so he informed me, was to make them more conspicuous; the chains, to prevent too swift a motion, or any tendency to use the club unreasonably. Thus criminals were allowed fair play.

As we turned to leave the pier I saw a horse and cart drop through the dock, which closed upon them again. Very little notice was taken of this.

We picked our way along the filthy street. I was oppressed with doubt whether this was real mud I was walking through, whether the buildings and vessels had any reality beyond the life-like pictures of a day-dream. But I was awake and rational.

I now began to feel the restless hurry of the populace; it seemed as if I too must be at something. They worked, walked, talked, twice as fast as any other beings I had ever heard of; yet, in spite of their quickness, what they did seemed to result in very little. It was not surprising that they looked spare and sad.

We turned into a dingy office guarded by the striped police and packed with ruffians baser than my guide. Two of the ugliest sat before a table on which stood a box. Shoving a little paper into my hand, my friend motioned me to put it in the box. As I did so one of the men looked as if he was

about to object, but my friend hastened to assure him that it was "all right."

At this moment a cry of murder arose in the room, and a man fell to the floor. The murderer was immediately congratulated by his friends present, and one of them asking his reason for it, he replied he was rather sorry, but he was a little mad at the time. Under cover of the stir occasioned by the murder I slipped out, although I knew my friend had more for me to do.

On the street I came in contact with a tall, sallow citizen hurrying by with an eager look on his face. He fell to abusing me, but at a second view changed his tone.

"Ah! I guess you are a stranger, Sir. Excuse my hastiness; you will allow something for provocation, I am sure. May I inquire where you come from?"

"The Great South," I answered.

"Sir," he cried, with enthusiasm, "I knew it at first glance. A noble, chivalrous son of the Sunny South. Let me grasp a hand that has never been soiled with sordid labor, but has curbed the steed, or ministered to the wants of happy slaves. Sir, dine with me to-day! Here is my card. Enough, enough; your face and land be your credentials. I am overwhelmed with business; these railroads will be the death of me!"

So they have railroads, I thought. Well, I'll let him rest in his delusion, and dine at his house.

I remembered perfectly my dream, the more so for the bitter contrast the present reality (for I could swear it was reality) presented. Nevertheless, I thought I saw an indistinct general likeness just here with a scene of that dream.

In pursuance of the idea I looked about for the office of the merchant who had agreed to employ me in the unreal, but at least more golden, city.

After wandering along a little further, hustled by coarse fellows in rags or fine cloth, assailed with curses by ruffians in carts, I reached the office.

"Well, what do you want?" I heard a gruff voice ask. It was my merchant!

The room was small, dirty, full of grim desks. At these sat a number of thin, sal-low clerks, who were hard at work doing nothing. None looked up.

The voice issued from a little inner room, wherein sat a corpulent Golden Citizen of a forbidding aspect. Craft and avarice had made bad work with the expression of his face, but I vaguely traced a resemblance.

Feeling as if I knew him, inspired perhaps with the confidence a dream or a reality which is too unreal inspires, I told him I was a stranger in search of employment in the Golden City.

"Got nothing for you!" he cried, in an angry tone. Looking over his shoulder, and seeing what a different figure I cut from the

rest of his townsmen, he asked where I came from.

"Southampton," I said. "By canoe."

"What! From Oversea?" he cried, getting up and bowing backward at me as if he had a hinge in his back.

I now perceived the inconvenience attaching to the build of most of the men of the Golden City. Having no backs, and large development in front, it is only by doubling backward that they can bow. The facility is different; in general the greater the peculiar development the harder to bow; but strong excitement, like fear or hope of gain, has a pliant effect on the stoutest.

"I see," he went on; "you are doubtless one of those adventurous noblemen from Oversea, who, tired of the pomp and luxury of his ancestral estates, has braved alone the dangers of the passage, and now, by taking a seat in a counting-house, desires to learn thoroughly the virtues of this mighty city. Welcome, Sir!"

He placed a dry hand with long thin fingers in mine, and seemed pleased, but uncomfortable, when I shook it warmly.

Gazing at him attentively, I perceived on either side of his waist certain mouths, as of purses, which closed with clasps. He had a nervous way of clicking with them. This began to make me wonder whether his figure was naturally so enormous in the waist, or whether a kind of wallet hung from chest to knee.

"Ah!" he answered, proudly, "you, if patient and fearless, may some day have a similar one. It requires a painful operation, which we pass in early childhood. It is really nothing more than a distension of the outer coating of the heart. With me, you see, it has been very successful. The rest of my heart does all the necessary work; but look how large the coating has grown!"

He unclasped one of the slits, and turning to the gas-light above his desk, showed me bundles of green, yellow, and white slips within. Several rolls of gold shone among them; the green paper I recognized as money.

"Why," said I, "it's well you haven't more gold. Even a little more paper, and you could not get away from here at all."

"Very true. A profound thinker, with a capacity for that quick generalization for which your countrymen of Oversea are so famous! It does form a painful burden at times, especially when you have to carry your friend's paper also. But as to gold, I do not care for it. Currency is the only convenient and respectable exchange. It will gradually emancipate us from foreign influence."

"You believe, I suppose, in inflation?" said I, at hap-hazard, having heard the word a good deal used by the loudest talkers in our village.

"Inflation, Sir," said he, solemnly, "is the

discovery of our century. It is the invention which will place the Golden City and our land at the head of the world. Inflation is the key-note to success, public and private."

With the feeling that all would come in the sequence of my dream, I hinted something about a lodging.

"Ah!" said he, "I forgot. An old friend, who failed very disgracefully the other day, has set up a boarding-house. His wife runs it until he can resume. He has taken his cue from our general government, and is buying up his own paper at five cents. He will be a rich man yet. Sharp fellow! and his wife the most pushing woman in the city! But you have come without baggage, of course. They wouldn't like that; I will see."

We left the office together. The street was swarming with hurrying forms; some of which were not so grotesque, to my ways of thought, as others. Thus, as we turned up what was called Wallet Street, we passed a fine-looking man, dignified and unwalleted, with features of unusual size and strength. He was plainly clad, and bore a portfolio under his arm. The better-looking passers would often raise their hats respectfully, but my merchant had nothing for him but scorn.

"Oh, he's a writer fellow who thinks he knows every thing. Why, he's had ever so many chances to make money by writing up the winning side, and has always refused. Afraid, I suppose!"

Here a passer, who was an exact duplicate of himself, caught his arm.

"A son of Lord Southampton," I heard my merchant whisper. Thereupon the other doubled back until he almost touched the ground.

Just here we passed men engaged in various peculiar ways. Certain of them were seated at revolving tables, on which smoked little bowls of an amber-colored liquid. This they would taste, with countenances of the deepest wisdom. Others thrust canes into barrels and tasted what adhered; while still others plucked down from bales and fell to picking it to pieces, their faces showing the greatest concern.

My comrade winked one of his small eyes. "It's all humbug," he whispered. "They don't know any more after than before."

Ever since my arrival I had been changing minds as to the reality of all I saw, but as I went up the street doubt was the stronger. The houses became more shadowy and rotten-looking, and the inhabitants more lunatic and grotesque. It was darker too; suddenly the truth came upon me that we were advancing into a fog. I thought to see a connection between its density and the size of the wallets.

The frequency and size of these had an ex-

citing effect on my friend. A very large one made him enthusiastic.

"There, young man," said he—"there is a man I tell my children to bow to with reverence."

"That great ugly yellow man, with a worried look?"

"Worried? He may well be! I wish I were worried by the same thing. That man is worth ten sextillions!"

A flat building, with a hideous flight of great steps, loomed out on the right through the thickest fog. A man of slender proportions stood near by, and reached his hand through the blank stone wall. Each time he did so he withdrew it filled with gold pieces. He would then look warily about, and throw them excitedly across the street to certain men standing before a building ornamented in pewter. These cast them in at the doorway.

We had turned and reached the door of this latter, when my friend, seizing me excitedly by the hand, hurried me in. "Look there!" he cried, in triumph.

We stood above a room more like the rat-pit at Mooney's in Sag Harbor than any I had ever seen. On its circular floor a crowd of citizens, larger walleted than I had thought existed, were tearing about, in and out; now in clusters, now rushing many upon one, as if to overwhelm him. But at first no one seemed hurt.

Some were the size of balloons.

"How," said I, "can one man support such enormous weights as some of these pouches?"

"That's just it," he answered. "Inflation, my dear fellow! Some of them are stuffed with straw, and others are full of gas."

The din and hubbub were terrific. A grotesque figure mounted on a kind of tribune, and holding a paper from which he wished to read, beat terribly with a great wooden hammer upon his desk to procure a little quiet. No one took the smallest notice of him, however; but each continued rushing upon his neighbor, his arm upraised, and sawing the air with forefingers outstretched, screaming unintelligible cries until red in the face.

But every now and then, after vainly trying to keep down, one would rise from the floor, his arms and legs hanging miserably from his inflated middle, and float out through the sky-light, left open for that purpose. Then all the rest would shout and gesticulate still more furiously.

"Gone up, gone up!" came hoarsely from their midst.

An equally unhappy fate overtook certain others. Whether in sport or earnest was not plain, but one or a certain set of men would draw either ox-horns on their heads or bears' claws on their hands, and set upon a single comrade or a small knot of men.

At the touch of these magical instruments

the wallets of the assailed would often explode with a report, or collapse with a dull clang. In the former case they were over-inflated; in the latter their greatness had been simulated by a cleverly contrived lining of brass.

"What becomes of them?" I asked, with some concern.

"The Great Black Hand squeezes them out."

I turned willingly away from the scene of painful eagerness below me. As we worked our way out through an anxious-looking crowd, I caught by sympathetic reflection the worry and care which seemed to torment them all. Something oppressed me vaguely.

"I thought," said I, sadly, "that stocks going down was a bad sign."

"Oh no. Some people are scared at this, but it all stimulates business. Immediate cause is as follows. The farmers out West must have lower freights on railroads to send their crops to market. Now when Weed gets things fixed, he'll have a law putting down freights. But Weed has just got control of all the railroads and the central government, and when he puts freights down, railroads will stop making money, and stop paying people who hold their stock. Consequently no one wants to keep their stock, every one tries to sell at any price, and down goes your market! You arrived very opportunely; this is a Wallet Street panic."

"But I thought inflation was the cry."

"Oh, well, every thing can be overdone. We must have low freights. Why, the West is standing still. Hasn't been a new road chartered for two months."

"But if the existing railroads make no profits out of low rates, how can you expect people to invest their money in new ones—for I suppose they build the roads?"

"Well, when Weed gets going you will see the right thing done. We'll have government railroads, and all these presidents and stock manipulators can pack up. You have no such troubles in your well-governed land."

I thought of the only government and the only railroad I had ever seen—old Judge Sammis and the Sag Harbor branch.

The gloom, physical and moral, that hung over Wallet Street made me hear with little surprise that most of the men I had seen were really blind, although they moved about as if they saw. It was a relief to turn into the main artery of this extraordinary place, a narrow street firmly wedged with vehicles, which moved on a few inches every five minutes. The air was thick with curses. It seemed to madden the drivers to see the furious crowd boiling past them. Indeed, these exasperated men were, I think, the only citizens I had seen at a stand-still.

The fog was lighter at a point where five roads met; we gained an open space.

Looking up, I saw the dim outline of the Great Black Hand streaming high above us in the sky. I besought my friend to explain more fully its meaning.

His face fell.

"I suppose," said he, meditatively, "we love wealth here so much because it is so easily lost. Other things—knowledge, for instance—are kept without difficulty, and therefore are not so valuable. Now the Great Hand is the surest ruin to wealth. It comes suddenly and without warning; it attacks great and little fortunes alike; the city shrinks in its grasp, and the country about is filled with despairing fugitives. Many wallets burst; some victims are sacrificed. It is stagnation to drag on existence in the country; fresh air and exercise only plague them with regrets. To win back their former joys they must drudge as before by day, and hurry out into the country at night, until with swollen wallet they may perhaps return to die within the limits of the Golden Town."

"That accounts for the sadness I see on every face."

"Many business houses closed their doors when that shadow fell upon them yesterday. Clerks and principals have been hurried into the outer world. That over there we call a Suspension. It wasn't the directors' fault; they are very good fellows; it was a railroad did it."

At a certain point the way was blocked with workmen, poor women, pinched clerks, and needy of all classes. They were besieging a green door. This had been a place of deposit. The day before payments to depositors had been refused.

"But," said I, "if a railroad with high freights has brought them to this, what ruin will not railroads bring when low charges begin?"

"Well, they've got to come down all the same. Oh, we would do very well if people would only circulate their money. Just now they hoard it, instead of buying foreign clothes and wine, and that makes a tight money market."

I remembered the bottles and ribbons I had seen discharging when I first set foot in this unnatural place.

"This," said my guide, pointing to a low, dingy-looking building standing in a garden—"this is the Golden Hall, where the city officers preside. It cost fourteen millions, and is not yet finished. Let us go in and see Weed."

We entered, and found that all the partitions had been knocked away to form a hall. This was to accommodate an immense man who sat on a wheeled chair, and whose wallet was so marvelously distended that it had to be supported on a trestle. He had a bloated and cunning face. It was plainly his disfigurement which lent him such weight

in public estimation, but he also enjoyed the name of the Poor Man's Friend, and his two body-servants were judges.

As soon as he caught sight of me he spoke with a thick voice,

"Well, young feller, voted for me yet? Yes? How often? Only once? Well, you're green yet. Do better next time. Here, take hold."

He handed me a piece of green paper, which promised to be a hundred dollars.

"You're a deep hand," said my friend, with evident admiration, as we left the hall. "Voted already, and for Weed! You will do. You ought to have been born in the Golden City."

I learned several interesting particulars about Weed. He was governor, mayor, and comptroller all in one. The citizens had argued that a new and empty man would only repeat the same story, and plunder till he too was full. It was better to keep Weed, now he had gorged himself. There was now a direct communication between his wallet and the treasury; in fact, it was the treasury. My friend added that there was great discontent, but that Weed held the cards, and to all complaints asked, mildly, "what they were going to do about it."

Noticing a deep moodiness on the face of my friend, I tried to find the cause. At last, in a burst of confidence, he told me a sad tale of oppression. It appeared that the tax-collectors of the general government had passed his goods as correct, but that government spies had been introduced into his office, and had unearthed a small under-valuation that no one had perceived. To avoid the closing of his business and a long litigation with a powerful government, in which his reputation would have been ruined, he had consented to compromise the claim. The tax unpaid was ten dollars. He had been forced to buy himself off for one hundred thousand!

"But you are not guilty; and this is supposed to be a free country."

My merchant shrugged his shoulders. "They say," said he, "that the tax officers don't know when an under-valuation occurs, and so they must have spies and a Seizure Bureau. They are an ignorant set. Don't know their geography even."

"But can they not learn in time?"

"They don't stay long enough for that. You see, they are appointed because they are friends of influential persons in the government. The tax-collector pretends to examine them for office, but it is all a farce, and then as soon as government changes they are cast out of place."

Alas! thought I to myself, what hope for this sordid land? The general government is as rotten as the city!

We took a conveyance into the heart of the city. It was a cylinder on wheels, with

narrow benches on the sides. Upon these sat two lines of people, while three or four rows stood or leaned at different angles between them. No one could move; it was oppressively hot; and a little bell kept ringing every moment near my ear. The vehicle lurched violently, the windows rattled, and every now and then the horses fell down. My comrade thought he was indulging me in an aristocratic whim when he agreed to take a seat with me on the top.

All at once the wagon came to a standstill. On the street a ruffian had called on us to stop, and now compelled it by leveling a pistol at the driver. He was uglier, but showed more back, than most of the citizens.

A scream arose from the shapes within, "Don't shoot! don't shoot!"

"Well, get out, then—every mother's son of you!"

The whole party hurried out in a moment. The man was soon surrounded by a crowd, which seemed to sympathize with him, but advised him to have mercy on us. Under cover of this diversion the passengers rushed in again, and we drove away.

"Poor fellow! he's drunk," said my merchant, and hastened to speak of other things. He began a eulogy on the city. I could not but marvel at the strangeness of his modes of thought, the singularity of his taste. An overgrown structure, loaded with coarse decoration, made him hope that some day the whole main street would be built exactly like it. Yet the existing architecture was monotonous enough. Here and there a building had tried to lift itself above its comrades, and wore a smirk of self-conceit. Such were always out of place in regard to their surroundings. They called attention by incongruous ugliness, instead of pleasing the eye by harmony with all about them. But wherever one had presumed to shove itself above the common level, a neighbor was engaged in a still harder effort at notoriety.

My friend informed me how much his carriage cost as we drove to the dinner to which I had been asked. On the most fashionable street we were ushered into a narrow house. Large paintings and solid stone pitchers eight feet high were the ornaments of the hall. The drawing-rooms, lit by calcium lights, contained a number of citizens and citizenesses of the most approved Golden City shape. Presented as a scion of Oversea nobility, any thing awkward in my dress or manner was admired for its high-bred oddity.

By careful questions to one and another of the guests I learned a good deal of news concerning the town, and confirmed some of my own observations.

The day of the Golden City is limited to twelve hours, six of which are so brilliantly lighted that night may be said to have no existence. The shortness of the day probably accounts for the haste with which every

thing is done, a haste that strangers feel very painfully, and which, sooner or later, they imitate. Like watches that after a certain time will tick alike, the stranger gets his pulses beating to the common tune, and loses all estimate of time according to his old standard.

The city has two movements each day—a contraction at dusk, and an expansion at sunrise. Its buildings can not be otherwise than soft, for, like a gigantic sponge, it squeezes out its inhabitants in the evening, only to draw them, and many new citizens besides, back again into itself in the morning.

But the Bigwallets can buy dwellings in the upper city, and when the ebb comes they catch and lodge in these; the Little-pouches, on the other hand, are cast out over the rivers or far beyond the town. Such were the semi-diurnal movements I had marked from my canoe, but little had I then guessed their meaning. I remembered the sparkling mist that hid the city for six hours, and the swelling of the central mass, which had been stopped by the grasp of the Great Black Hand.

The women at length arose and left the room. The men staid. Our host now led the talk to his own travels and affairs, giving us his opinion of certain members of his own profession—the law—who had objected to certain transactions he had had with corrupt railway magnates. While he denounced his opponents, and strove to prove himself an honest man, I wandered over to a window-seat, where I was delighted to find the face that had so pleased me in Waller Street, that of the "writer fellow."

The benevolence of this citizen's features emboldened as much as his intellectual head and dignified presence pleased me. It was not long before I had frankly acknowledged the sad impression the city had made.

We talked a long while. In the kindest manner my new friend gave me to understand how harsh my judgment was, but how natural that so inexperienced a person should so err in that direction. Suddenly he turned and pushed open the casement.

"Look steadfastly down, and tell me what you see," he said.

I leaned out, and gazed steadily down at what seemed a chaos of gray clouds. As I looked my eye-sight seemed to pierce the clouds, and I saw below a great town. After a little while I seemed endowed with a telescopic power to see the going and coming of the inhabitants, and all the details of the city.

Surprised, I drew back to cast a questioning look at my friend. He smiled in a kindly way, and closed the casement.

"At present you could not see as much again. It will take time for you to regain the power by yourself. But what surprises you?"

"The difference," said I. "The picture I

looked at a moment ago was a residence of beings not all bad—no, nor all good either. I am confused. I seem to have seen three cities, but which of the three is the real one I can not decide."

While I pondered in great doubt at the moment of my own identity, a general move was made. When we entered the drawing-room I was compelled to recall myself. Then I found that while I still perceived the grotesqueness of my surroundings, I had become alive to the good points in those about me. I could not but mark the lack of good health in the citizenesses, but I enjoyed their sprightliness, and learned to admire their fragile beauty. These ladies were undoubtedly absurd. They wore a deep sole on one of their shoes in order to cause them to lean very much to one side, but they defended the fashion cleverly. They wore great loads of hair on their heads, and their clothes were alarmingly open about the breast; but this, too, was a matter of habit.

I should have enjoyed my friend's sumptuous house more had I not been informed by my late host that the merchant's establishment was on a scale his earnings did not warrant. Indeed, it seemed that in spite of his apparent wealth many knew him to be insolvent.

This tormented me much. But another cause contributed to my discomfort. I had been sleeping so much in the open air on hard ground that the sight of the soft bed, the closeness of the room, oppressed me with a leaden weight. I suddenly remembered the canoe—a boat not mine, but intrusted to my charge, to be delivered in good condition to its owner. How could I have forgotten it? What chance was there to find it safe?

I slipped from the house and hastened down the city. Yes, there it lay, untouched. I was tempted to explore the quiet river by the light of the thousand lamps. Stepping into the narrow boat, I skimmed forward toward the upper town.

All at once the light vanished. I was in utter darkness, and borne away by a descending stream. After a little I heard below me, I was sure, an even beat and rush of water. A moment later it began to lighten; a bank loomed up through flying mists; a moon started into sight and stood above. Then I saw the houses of Yonkers, and the stern light of a steamboat hastening down the Hudson.

Yonkers was my destination, and I had reached it; but how?

Some explanation to the incredulous seems imperative.

There is, then, a bare possibility that, wind and tides agreeing, a canoe containing a man in a trance might float out to sea through Fire Island Inlet, in at the Narrows, and up the Hudson.

But I was not insensible, truly!

MY BOOKS.

By JOHN G. SAXE.

As I well I love these books of mine,
That stand so trimly on their shelves,
With here and there a broken line
(Fat "quartos" jostling modest "twelves"),
A curious company, I own;
The poorest ranking with their betters:
In brief—a thing almost unknown—
A Pure Democracy—of Letters.

A motley gathering are they;
Some fairly worth their weight in gold;
Some just too good to throw away;
Some scarcely worth the place they hold.
Yet well I love them, one and all,
These friends so meek and unobtrusive,
Who never fail to come at call,
Nor (if I scold them) turn abusive!

If I have favorites here and there,
And, like a monarch, pick and choose,
I never meet an angry stare
That *this* I take and *that* refuse;
No discords rise my soul to vex
Among these peaceful book-relations,
Nor envious strife of age or sex
To mar my quiet lucubrations.

And they have still another merit,
Which elsewhere one vainly seeks,
Whate'er may be an author's spirit,
He never *uninvited* speaks;
And should he prove a fool or clown,
Unworth the precious time you're spending,
How quickly you can "put him down,"
Or "shut him up," without offending!

Here—pleasing sight!—the touchy brood
Of critics from dissension cease;
And—stranger still!—no more at feud,
Polemics smile, and keep the peace.
See! side by side, all free from strife
(Save what the heavy page may smother),
The gentle "Christians" who, in life,
For conscience' sake, had burned each other.

I call them friends, these quiet books,
And well the title they may claim,
Who always give me cheerful looks
(What living friend has done the same?);
And, for companionship, how few,
As these, my cronies ever-present,
Of all the friends I ever knew
Have been so useful and so pleasant?

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE characters in the old English novels who swear copiously upon every occasion, and who clinch the most indifferent and vapid observations with a sound and a damme, are not now held to be masters of a forcible style, but merely of one that is brutal and repulsive. Indeed, the one characteristic common to all the great masters of style is restraint and moderation. They do not heap epithet upon epithet and superlative upon superlative, but a superior gravity and sweetness always attend them. A painter would technically say of the best literary style that the prevailing tint is a cool gray. For even in the most highly wrought passages the words are so fit and expressive that there is no sense of excess, or, so to say, of mere noise. The masters understand their instrument. They never strain it, and they scorn to play tricks with it. Hence their style is both forcible and flexible, but without effort or grimace. How many a musical virtuoso seats himself at the piano and struggles and wrestles with it, smiting the keys as if to produce the variety of a full orchestra, tugging for an impossible effect, and by his contortions and fury fixing attention solely upon the painful and inadequate performance! You see a posturer or a gymnast; you do not hear music. But when Rubinstein seated himself in the same place the mastery was so perfect that the instrument vanished, leaving only music.

This cool moderation and freedom from excess are finely shown in Hawthorne and Thackeray, and a late reviewer points out the same quality in Bryant's poetry. And since it is always so delightful and effective, why might it not be wisely cultivated by writers for the daily press? Their proper aim is to be really effective; yet they—or rather we, since the magazine and the newspaper are not now widely separated—we constantly confound effect with sensationalism. The mistake is like the effort to be emphatic by the use of italics. Milton and Addison and

Burke and Bacon and Emerson and Hawthorne are much better models than Mr. Pott, of the *Eatauswill Gazette*, with his brush of vermilion. Mr. Pott is a blackguard, but blackguardism is not force. To call an opponent a pitiful whelp and imbecile caitiff, to describe a magistrate as a muck-worm and an earwig, or a stupid rascal and a fat-witted knave, is not vigor, but extreme feebleness. A common drab, or a bar-room sot, or a "dock-walloper" is a master of that kind of force. To call such writing strong and masculine is as ludicrous as to call spitting in a man's face a neat retort. "A reptile contemporary," said Mr. Pott, "has recently sweltered forth his black venom in the vain and hopeless attempt of sully the fair name of our distinguished and excellent representative, the Honorable Mr. Slumkey." The contemporary is further described as a crawling creature, a nameless wretch, and fiendish. Mr. Pott, and Mr. Slurk of the *Independent*, would both undoubtedly have thought Addison's *Freeholder* excessively tame. Had they read Addison's exquisite satire upon the Tory fox-hunter who exclaimed that there had been no good weather since the Revolution, and who, although he had not time to go to church himself, had headed a mob at the pulling down of two or three meeting-houses, they would have probably asked what of it, and have sneered at the namby-pamby Miss Nancy who had not vigor enough to call a Tory a d——d old fool.

Mr. Sanborn, in a late article upon Journalism and Journalists, mentions Mr. Greeley's sneer, that "of all horned cattle a college graduate in a newspaper office is the worst." Had Mr. Greeley been a graduate, he might, indeed, have expressed his dissent with an opponent by saying, "You lie, you villain, you lie!" but he would hardly have thought it a forcible style of writing in any other than the fish-market sense of force. A style which would not become hon-

est men in conversation, which would be justly thought coarse and vulgar, does not change its character because it appears in a newspaper. It remains coarse and vulgar, and those who are not of that kind know it to be so. The other day a newspaper described a public man as an oaf and a witless zany. If "calling names" is vigor, it was forcible writing. If not, it was as forcible as profanity, but no more so. The object of criticism of public men and measures is partly, at least, persuasion. If a public officer is pursuing a wrong or injudicious course, the editor calls attention to the fact, and shows why it is wrong or impolitic. It is certainly conceivable that the officer wishes to do right, and will candidly consider arguments. But that he may do this there must not only be arguments to consider, but arguments stated in a way to lead to consideration. When, therefore, the newspaper solicits his attention by saluting him as a fatuous maggot, he knows, and every body else knows, that no argument is intended, but only ribaldry and denunciation. When a man exhorts you, "Come, let us reason together," by squirting foul water in your face, something else than reasoning will probably follow.

If, however, it be too visionary to suppose that newspaper comments are of any use, or are meant to produce any impression except that of impudent smartness upon the part of the writer, then Billingsgate epithets may as well be considered forcible as the finest passages in literature, and Mr. Pott is very much superior to Milton or Addison. It is, nevertheless, a foolish illusion to suppose that moderation of phrase and courtesy of tone are signs of weakness or tameness. Junius is not most effective when most vituperative, and Junius is swiftly passing into oblivion. The French at Fontenoy who politely invited the enemy to fire first were not cowards, nor did they spare their own volleys. Even Sir Lucius O'Trigger does not come upon the ground and denounce his adversary as a malignant pismire; but his aim is not less sure because he lifts his hat before he raises his weapon. Many a young writer for the press is weak—that is, full of superlatives and fury—because he is afraid to be strong—that is, moderate and reasonable—and one good way for him to correct his style, and thereby to command attention and influence, is to reflect as he writes that his readers are quite as thoughtful and intelligent as he is, and that the public which most newspaper writers seem to have in mind does not really exist as a newspaper-reading public. Those persons, for instance, who think that their opponents in politics are all knaves or fools are not readers of newspapers; while those who are readers do not need to be told, to prevent them from transferring their allegiance, that every thing which the other party does is base and corrupt, and that all its leaders are scoundrels. And the same intelligence which enables a reader to retain his convictions, although he knows that many honest and able men differ from him, also enables him to perceive that fury is not force nor sheer blackguardism vigor.

THE return of the victorious crew at the Saratoga University Regatta and the reception in New York may justly be described as "jolly." That word of universal application in the mouths

of the English, from the praise of a Madonna of Raphael to that of a saddle of venison, was never fitter than on this great occasion. The old song invites all concerned to give a loose to joy and pleasure, and the dons of Columbia College and the revered graduates and alumni had evidently turned out for that very purpose. When the throng reached the college, the president fairly overflowed with enthusiasm, and embraced the world in his generous eloquence; and at the Windsor Hotel Mr. Coudert made a speech of welcome which sparkled and foamed with entire abandonment. "Your worthy president," said the orator, "made an address at the college, and I am sorry he did so, for he just took the wind out of my sails. [Laughter.] I had language of chaste eulogy prepared for you, but when he pictured the maidens of Hong-Kong dreaming of you, and the dark-eyed sisters of the Ganges rejoicing at your success, I felt then that he had played me a scurvy trick—if he will pardon me the utterance." It was capital fooling, and never were there a happier set of heroes than the blue-and-white-ribboned victors, or a more sincerely congratulating company of friends than the alumni. Every man who had ever graduated at Columbia felt that he had taken fresh honors. They were all admitted *ad eundem*. The halt and decrepit, the lazy and gouty, Columbians from the year '20 up to this chief and glorious year '74, all thought that they too had won the great race. To be sure, they had not actually held the oars, but that was nothing. It was Columbia that had led the field, and they were as much Columbia as any Goodwin, Timpson, Seligman, Cornell, Rees, Rapallo, or Griswold of this blessed year '74.

It was a sudden splendor for Columbia, for somehow it had not been considered a foregone conclusion that the city boys would win. One damsel we knew had ventured before the great day to name Columbia against Harvard and Yale, but her choice was greeted with the good-natured laughter of those other champions. But when, the day after, Harvard and Yale were warmly proving to each other, now on one side that nothing was plainer than that Harvard fouled Yale, and now on the other that it was evident to an unprejudiced child that Yale fouled Harvard, Columbia fluttered serenely over the contest in triumphant white and blue. Certainly it was a great day for Columbia, and the maids of Hong-Kong and the houris of the Ganges may well attend to the matter. For it is rumored that the awful question of co-education has invaded even the sacred precincts of the Columbia trustee meetings; and when the learned president in his speech to the Olympian victors declared that on that day the existence of the college was known in Bombay, Calcutta, and Hong-Kong, did he mean to invite these dark-eyed ones to share the Columbian recitation and lecture rooms? It is true that the allusion to maidens and sisters was the gloss of the later commentator at the Windsor, but his remark may be supposed to be the fruit of which the presidential hint was the blossom, and we may surmise that our staid and sedate Columbia means to lead in other contests than those of the oar.

And now that the noise of the captains and the shoutings have died away, what shall be said of the annual university regatta? Last year

there was great doubt as to the victory whether of Harvard or Yale, and the feeling was very sore. This year—Harvard third, Yale ninth: a foul, and great fury. Nothing can be more desirable than physical training with the collegiate studies. Indeed, the air of the academic halls fairly hums with the music of *mens sana in corpore sano*, which seems to the young athlete the most comprehensive and conclusive argument. "Let me assure you," said the president of the college to the young Columbians, "in the name of the Faculty and the Board of Trustees, whom I represent, that it will be their pleasure to aid and assist you in carrying forward any thing that may tend to the physical development of the students." There is not a college president or professor in the country who would not, within reason, say the same thing. "Fear God and walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours," is the golden rule of muscular Christianity. It is the protest against monkish sentimentality and morbid weakness. So might the athletic collegian say, "Cut ponies and win the boat-race." It would be an exhortation to honest study and to generous exercise. But the student should not forget that one star differeth from another star in glory. The purpose of colleges and delightful studies is not to graduate Mr. Westons nor brothers Ward, however deftly they may handle the oar and walk from pole to pole. It would be a misfortune if an accident or an episode should become of more renown or importance than the purpose itself. If on the day of the Saratoga victory the existence of Columbia was for the first time known on the Ganges and the Hydaspes, as is very probable, let the reflective Columbian consider that Oxford and Cambridge were known at Hong-Kong before Putney was heard of. Noble sports, athletic exercise, generous gymnastics, high physical development, are to be promoted in every excellent way. Is the university regatta an excellent way?

THE bold attitude of Bismarck in subordinating the Roman Church, the power once supreme over nations, to the laws of Germany has naturally exposed him to assassination. The Church should not, however, be held responsible, except so far as its teachings tend to justify the means by the end, and so far also as it resists real education and enlightenment. Yet for centuries every fearless and powerful foe of the hierarchy of Rome was in danger of the fanatic's dagger, and the student of history will not forget that Muretus congratulated the pontiff upon the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and that a medal was struck in commemoration of that bloody night. To the Northern races there is something peculiarly repulsive in assassination, and there is perhaps but one assassin who is regarded with any kind of admiration. The heart refuses to condemn Charlotte Corday. "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a monster to save the innocent; a ferocious beast to save my country!" But assassination can no more be tolerated or justified because one assassin seems to have been a benefactor to the race than despotism because despots are sometimes good men. Madame De Staël praised a beneficent despotism to the Emperor Alexander of Russia. "Ah, madame," he replied, "it is only a happy accident."

The heart refuses to condemn Charlotte Corday, but the man who shot at Bismarck may plead her example. That is the evil. It is not enough that the purpose seem to the actor to be pure and his spirit sincere. Young Blind believed a republic to be the guarantee of the popular welfare, and that Bismarck prevented its establishment. Bismarck, therefore, to the ardent and honest mind of the young man, was the foe of the race. To slay such a foe was a sacred duty, and to fall in the attempt was to die a martyr to humanity; so he fired at Bismarck. Kullmann, we may easily suppose, thought the same man to be the enemy of souls and the viceroy of the devil; and he fires also. The purpose of both was pure, and both were undoubtedly sincere; but could such considerations excuse them, society would crumble into chaos. For what reason has the assassin to doubt that his victim is as sincere as himself, and by what right does he presume to judge, and then execute his judgment beyond redress? The wise Italian Massimo d'Azeglio, the story of whose beautiful life renews faith and hope for Italy, said, most truly, "Nothing can excuse assassination, because it is an act of treachery in execution of a sentence pronounced without trial by an incompetent tribunal."

But not only does it furnish an example which would legitimate murder upon the plea of honest intention, but it defeats its own purpose by stigmatizing the cause for which the act is done. The bigot Philip of Spain set a price upon the head of William of Orange, that is, he offered a reward for his assassination. But when William fell under the pistol of Gérard his blood stained Philip's Church, and all the perfumes of Araby could not sweeten the spot, nor all the holy-water in the world wash it away. To the reasons which already inspired and satisfied every foe of the Church in his hostility was now added another which made that Church more hideous and damnable to him than before. And so, since Kullmann tried to assassinate Bismarck in the interest of his Church, the doom of that Church in Germany is surer. Many a man who had thought the Chancellor of the Empire too summary and stern will now think that he understood the enemy better than those who censured him as harsh, and will feel that Rome is the foe of Germany. The measures of repression will not only become severer, but they will be felt to be indispensable; and every priest and congregation upon whom the hand of the government falls more heavily may truly say to Kullmann, "It is you who have smitten us."

It is still a question in the debating society, and it is sometimes gravely argued by grave men, whether assassination may not be justifiable. If a man is willing to sacrifice himself to help his cause, it is asked, what does it matter whether he does it by surprising the enemy in the field or camp, or by attacking him at home or in the street? But the cases are not the same. Treachery is the essence of assassination, while the soldier in the field expects the assault, and if he is surprised, it is by his own negligence. Even a duel is, in a certain sense, fair play—at least so far as mutual knowledge is concerned; and the duelist, however miserable a figure, is manlier than the bravo. The love of fair play, which is one of the noblest instincts of civilized

man, demands that justice shall be done without treachery: and although the victim of the assassin may sometimes fall without a tear from a single eye or a pang in a single human breast, and to the joy of all men, yet the assassin is forever named among the most odious of mankind.

WHEN the Englishman, Captain Barclay, walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours, the stakes amounted to a hundred thousand pounds, and the captain himself had sixteen thousand depending upon the result. This was in 1809. In 1811 another Englishman, Thomas Standen, then sixty years old, walked eleven hundred miles in as many hours for a trifling wager. And now Miss Richards, of Stapleton, near Bristol, an English girl, has walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours that her father might win a wager of fifty pounds. But had she walked for her own gain, her father would have had the legal right to pocket the money she earned, which he would probably have regarded as a providential reward for being the parent of so distinguished a pedestrian. The readers of Miss Mitford's interesting and painful biography will remember that the money which she earned went constantly to the relief of her spendthrift father, not indeed with any grudging upon her part, but none the less regularly and surely. By the same laws of the realm if a drunken laborer's wife earns a few scanty shillings for the support of her children, whom their father abandons to starvation, he may confiscate the money to buy a dram for himself. Even in Massachusetts, one of the most enlightened of States, there are, or, if they have now been repealed, there were until very recently, laws of equal injustice, and equally revolting to every reasonable and generous mind.

In the usual vein of those who are exasperated by the mere mention of "woman's rights," it may be said that a woman who unsexes herself and flies out of her sphere, and forgets the nature of the family and of the marriage contract, and of the greater importance of her personal purity and all the mystic considerations of sex, so far as to walk for a wager, ought not to be rewarded, and the money that she wins ought to be taken away from her as a warning to all other women not to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours, but rather to tend a thousand babies in the same time. Yet this argument, however conclusive in the case of the woman who walks for money, seems to be less powerful when applied to that of the woman who washes for money, and to support her children. Nor does the other argument, that the woman is represented in the making of laws by the man, and that consequently she must be held to have assented to the law, help the matter. The wife of the drunken laborer might reply, with as much cogency as can be expected of feminine wit, that she at least was not represented by her man, and that she did not acknowledge in any degree that through him, or any other man or number of men, she had had any voice in the making of laws which took out of the mouths of her children the food which she had honestly earned and put into them. There are, indeed, living women who are as perverse in this matter as James Otis was a hundred years ago. He said that he did not acknowledge virtual representation or theoretical representation, and asserted that the

only representation which he understood was that in which he had a direct personal voice. He insisted that that was English doctrine, and the Continental Congress said that it was the cause of human nature. The perverse washer-woman striving to save her children's food feels the same truth, although she can not express it. She does not say that taxation without representation is tyranny; but with all the love of a mother's heart she feels and knows that to forbid her to feed her children with the bread which she has honestly won for them is the sharpest possible wrong.

There are probably very few persons who know the facts who will not agree with her; and the supreme common-sense which fortunately is continually revising all institutions and traditions naturally asks whether an intelligent community which permits women to decide whether they will work at all, and in what way, and for how long, and for how much, might not consistently and wisely suffer them to dispose of the money that they earn. And if this be conceded, the same common-sense inquires how this freedom can be better secured than by the method which experience has shown to be the most efficient in securing it to men. Let us respect the facts of sex and the true idea of woman and her work, but let us also be very careful not to accept the theory of Sultan Mitford as that true idea, nor to suppose that the difference of sex incapacitates half of the human race from knowing what is best for them.

WHEN John Quincy Adams was appointed minister to Russia, in 1809, as we read in his interesting diary, which his son is now publishing, he arrived just in time to assist at a *Te Deum* at the French ambassador's for the victory of Wagram. One day the imperial princess satirized the ambassador for his fondness for a certain road which led from St. Petersburg. The reason of his partiality was well known ("Who is the woman?"); but with nimble wit the ambassador turned the laugh by replying, "Yes, madame, but I have another reason for liking the Peterhof Road: it enables me the sooner to receive the news of the frequent victories of the Emperor, my master." Mr. Adams was in Russia when Napoleon Bonaparte was at the pinnacle of his glory and power, and he mentions an adherent of the Corsican who shared with others the belief that Napoleon would probably cause himself to be worshiped. Within a year or two later he invaded Russia, and was ruined. When we look back to the Europe of 1809-10 it seems to us an epoch of the deepest and gloomiest uncertainty; but the people of the time saw nothing abnormal in the situation. Relieved from the shadow of the French Revolution, they felt the contrast fair. Imperial power had returned, and order with it. The French Revolution had spent itself like a furious tornado.

One day Mr. Adams and Count Romanzoff, the Russian Prime Minister, were speaking of England and the Napoleonic war, and, alluding to Lord Grenville, Mr. Adams said that he presumed he could have nothing to dread at present from the Jacobinism or republicanism of France. "The count smiled, and said that, to be sure, when one reflected upon the whole history of the French Revolution, and saw that vio-

lent republicanism thus terminate in the greatest excess of monarchy, it ought to be a great lesson for mankind." He thought the Revolution ended, but in five years from that time Napoleon was at St. Helena. There are many who think with Count Romanzoff—who deem it inexplicable that a country which saw the horrors of '93 does not keep quiet lest they should return. But the simple explanation of the Napoleonic empire, legitimate monarchy, the citizen monarchy, the provisional governments, the republic of '48, the *coup d'état*, the Second Empire, the government of September, the Commune, the Versailles Assembly, Thiers, and M'Mahon, is that Count Romanzoff was mistaken: the Revolution did not terminate in the greatest excess of monarchy, for it did not end at all. It is permanent; and sixty-four years after the conversation between the Russian Prime Minister and Mr. Adams we see a situation as temporary and doubtful as that of the Corsican whose parasites wondered if he would assume the god.

In the perfect repose and almost apathy of our own political situation, the actual uncertainty of France seems to be incredible. There are three pronounced parties in that country, not parties of administration, but of the form of government—the monarchists, imperialists, and republicans. The executive chief was elected for seven years by a majority of the representatives of the three. Since his election each of the three has striven to secure its own purpose and to gain the chief to its side. But he has now declared that he was not chosen to help either of them, but to keep order for seven years, at the end of which time France might determine the form of the government as it preferred. This is the merest personal government. Yet out of seven hundred and six members of the Assembly there was but a majority of forty-one against the dissolution of the Assembly, so that it is not extravagant to suppose that there may presently be a majority in favor of it, when, if the opinion of shrewd students of the situation be correct, a republican Assembly would be elected, which would call a *constituante* that might provide for an immediate republic, and terminate M'Mahon's powers. But as the marshal does not admit that the Assembly which elected him can limit or shorten his power, he would still less concede that right to any body which might assemble by the authority of this. Thus the folly of the coalition which produced the septennate is obvious. For what can it do with its own creation? The Frankenstein glares at it, and it is confounded. If it should refuse the supplies, the marshal would probably tax in the name of France; and he has the power of the army in a hopelessly divided country, unless during the long session of this Assembly the sentiment of the country has singularly changed. Bonapartists, Bourbons, and republicans could not act together against the dictator, because they would distrust each other more than they would oppose him. Each would be hoping to use him against the others, while he, as the representative of order, and with the army in hand, and with the general conviction of his personal honesty and patriotic purpose, would necessarily be the master of the situation.

This is the France of to-day and of this summer—the France of the Revolution. Nor can there be peace, or at least a real repose, until the

party which is most in accord with the spirit of the age and with the tendencies of the country acquires a numerical majority adequate to satisfy the opposition that its hostility to the form proposed is hopeless. Then there can be for France the same kind of tranquillity that there is in England and in this country, where the opposition to the form of the government is really very insignificant, and where, therefore, politics are not revolutionary, but normal and peaceful. That this result may not come without the gravest social changes is very possible. The world is not yet finished. There is even something yet to do in our own beloved land. In the universe of which our globe is a little point nothing ever stops. *Ohne Hast; ohne Rast.* Without haste, without rest, all moves forever on. The statesman who bears that steadily in mind, and who dismisses all theories of what are sometimes called "the order of things," or "the decrees of nature," knowing that fresh observation and new experience constantly disclose newer orders and fresher decrees, will "go forth to meet the future without fear and with a manly heart."

"MR. EASY CHAIR," writes a young woman in the West, "having received the ordinary education of girls in my position, I came home to find that in an emergency I could make myself useful in the family. I learned to do general house-work, and enjoyed it most heartily. The emergency having passed, my occupation's gone. I try being the life of the breakfast-table, the sunbeam of the family, etc., but all to no purpose, unless to convince me that I'm not made of that sort of stuff. There are two old people in the family, and I help to make their lives more comfortable. So the years go on, and I seem to have nothing to show for them. Improving one's mind and getting ready for possibilities are such tiresome things when you are conscious all the time that by a little bound you can clear the barriers and be right in the midst of the possibilities. I'm hungry for work, and what I ask of you is to prove to me that I'd not be desperately selfish in seeking it, even though it called me from home, or so filled mind and time as in a measure to exclude home thoughts. And I appeal to you because I am sure that I am only one of a class."

So writes Mistress Anna Scattergood, and she is right in supposing that she is one of a class, but wrong if she supposes that it is a class composed solely of her own sex. Every youth of imagination, whose mind is active and whose lot is solitary, is restless with the same discontent, and hears the bells of the city far away sweetly and vaguely ringing, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London." Up among the secluded hills there is many a Master Scattergood painfully following the plow or mowing away the hay in the torrid heat of July, who sees before him an endless vista of barn-yard and furrow, a straitened life of hard and silent labor. With him too the years pass, and he also seems to find nothing to show for them. He sees with Mistress Anna the possibilities, and would fain give the one clearing leap that would land him in the midst of them. Sometimes he tries it, only to discover that he can not escape himself. It is very possible that she too would find that

what she wants is not work ; that her discontent is not a fault of circumstance, but the result of temperament, and that the remedy is as near her now as it will ever be.

Yet if it be otherwise, and her ennui is a summons to a real activity, as is so often the case both with men and women, she need not ask if she may properly obey it. Let her consider the lives of women who differed essentially from each other : Mrs. Somerville, for instance, Miss Austen, Mrs. Fry, Rosa Bonheur, Madame De Staël, Florence Nightingale, Angelica Kauffmann, Maria Mitchell, Mrs. Stowe—"if God have called any of you to explore truth or beauty, be bold, be firm, be true!" Only it must be always remembered that the dissatisfaction and the longing are not always the proofs of the power nor

of the vocation. There is many a youth of either sex who has warmth and quickness of feeling, and a free poetic facility, who writes verse with ease and sweetness, but who is very far from being a poet. A vague discontent must not be mistaken for more than it is. The wise college preacher, who can never be enough commended, said to the graduating class, "Many men are troubled about what God meant them to do : but, young gentlemen, my experience teaches me that God means very few of us to do any thing in particular." So, Mistress Anna Scattergood, if you know what it is that you seek, and it is something useful and honorable, and you desert no nearer duty in going to find it, you need not fear that your going would be "desperately selfish," or selfish in any degree.

Editor's Literary Record.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

A History of Germany, from the Earliest Times, by CHARLTON T. LEWIS, is a valuable and interesting account of the German people. There is no history that deserves better to be studied, and we have in this volume a careful compilation from Müller and other sources of all that the general reader has probably time to learn of the progress of the great race from which we draw our origin. Germany is the parent of the Reformation, of public instruction, and of many of the best elements of modern civilization. Mr. Lewis has given a clear account of the nation from the obscure dawn of its history to the period of Prince Bismarck. The important epochs of the Reformation, the Thirty Years' War, the wars of Frederick the Great, and the recent contest with France are carefully described, and this compact volume will be as useful to the general reader as to the college and the school. The additions and corrections which Mr. Lewis has made from various sources are also very acceptable.

German history, indeed, takes us back to the period when our ancestors lived in huts and caves, and were as wild and almost as untamable as the Sioux and the Pawnee. From such a source has gradually grown up all our civilization and manners. The process has been long, the way devious, the reverses of progress often apparently irrecoverable. It has been more than once doubtful if the strength and unity of Germany had not passed away forever. In the struggle with Gregory VII. she was torn by fatal discord ; in the wars of Charles V. and in the Thirty Years' War particularly the people perished, and the land was laid waste. When Napoleon ravaged Germany its nationality seemed ready to disappear under a foreign domination ; had Napoleon III. conquered, there would have been short shrift made with German principles. Yet it is a striking proof of the slow progress of humanity that when we get our first glimpse of the German race it is struggling with the Gaul, and the last page of its history that has yet been written is a war between the rival occupants of either bank of the Rhine. Nor have the characteristics of the two races much changed. The German of Tacitus who lived in huts and caves

was thought honest, simple, and brave ; the Gaul treacherous, changeful, vain. The two races are now lodged in palaces, but are still nearly the same.

Yet while Germany has given colonists and a new infusion of blood to France, it does not appear that the Gallic people have ever crossed the Rhine to mingle with the Germans. The Franks overran Gaul, the Visigoths had preceded them, the Normans followed. The tendency of emigration seems still westward, and it is not impossible that Germany may again lend fresh vigor to the French race, as it did in the days of Clovis or Rollo. The age of sanguinary contests ought soon to be passed. The people of each country must at last take into their hands the control of peace and war. When this is done the contest of the Gaul and the German will be ended, and it will be found that no two races can be of more use to each other than those who have been so long contending in vain. On both banks of the Rhine may yet bloom the fruits of a lasting tranquillity.

The German wars have usually been wars of principles. The most terrible of all the European civil contests was the Thirty Years' War. It was an effort on the part of South Germany to repress free thought, and to bring back slavery, and had the popes and the emperor been successful, there would have been a complete destruction of all that has made Germany valuable. Mr. Lewis gives a striking account of the wasted cities, ruined cottages, desolate country, the wild ravages of Wallenstein's army, and the slow march of the Swedes. All German literature and progress had nearly died. It was a dreadful desolation in the path of European history. To its escape from its tyrants Germany owes its present independence ; otherwise the Gallic legions might have overrun it at will. The history of Germany indeed enforces the necessity of its unity.

Passages from the Life of Charles Knight (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is abridged from the larger English autobiography. It introduces the reader to one whose whole life was devoted to the diffusion of popular knowledge, and to whom all English-speaking people owe a large debt of gratitude for his earnest and indefatigable services in

this direction, the results of which are to be witnessed not only in the publications in which he was directly concerned, but also in the impetus which he was largely instrumental in giving to the production of cheap literature. As the benefits of his life have been felt not less widely in America than in England, so ought his name to be known. His public career began in 1812; the preface of his autobiography is dated 1863. The book contains, therefore, a record of over half a century of literary industry. Part of that time was spent as a journalist, part of it as publisher and editor, part as author. His connection with the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, his labors in editing and publishing "The Library of Entertaining Knowledge," *The Penny Magazine*, *The Penny Cyclopaedia*, *The Pictorial Bible*, *The Pictorial History of England*, and *The Pictorial Shakespeare*, illustrate the nature and extent of his public services. When his literary life began the whole power of the government was exerted, directly or indirectly, to discourage if not to suppress cheap literature. The newspaper stamp was fourpence, the advertisement duty was three shillings. Criticisms on public men or measures subjected the publisher to fine and imprisonment. In 1814 William Cobbett was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine of a thousand pounds for an attack upon military flogging. In 1825, for an item correctly reporting a flagrant case of personal cruelty, the proprietor of the newspaper was mulcted in damages and costs five hundred pounds. Not until 1842 could the defendant in an action for libel prove the absence of actual malice, and a readiness to retract and apologize. Other difficulties in the way of cheap literature were nearly or quite as great. There were no telegraphs, no steam-carriages. Printing was done by hand; not until 1814 was even the *London Times* printed by steam. Mails were irregular, postage high, and country districts not supplied at all. The newspaper had to be sent out by personal messengers. Wood-engraving as a means of popular illustration was almost unknown. Charles Knight was one of the foremost to introduce it for that purpose. The life of one who began his literary career under such circumstances, who lived to see literature as cheap and plentiful as it was in 1863, and who himself was one of the principal agents in producing the change in public sentiment, which now demands the universal education that it once resisted, is one of the great lives of the century. The record of such a life is well worth study, not only because of the pictures which it affords of the "good old days" for which men ignorant of history still curiously sigh, but even more because of the inspiration to noble living which such a record affords to every reader able to catch the meaning of a life radiant with hope of the future, and strong with an unselfish and a beneficent purpose.

We read the first volume of the "Bric-à-Brac Series" with so much interest that we expected too much in the second, *Anecdote Biographies of Thackeray and Dickens* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.). The life of Thackeray has never been written, and, Mr. STODDARD tells us, will not be, "if his wishes and the wishes of his daughters are respected." We are at a loss to understand the nature of that sensitiveness which objects to

a complete and adequate biography, and does not object to scraps and fragments of the life, such as Mr. Stoddard has collected for us here. The paper on Thackeray's literary career, reprinted from the second series of *Spare Hours*, by Dr. Brown, of Edinburgh, serves measurably well the purpose of a true biography, though brief. The rest of the book is altogether anecdotal in character, and those anecdotes which are new are not remarkably good. The same may be said even more truthfully of the sketches concerning Dickens. These are, in the main, impressions concerning him by different writers, the chief value of which consists in the fact that they present him in different aspects, or as viewed by different minds. The reminiscences of Dickens do not add at all to the attractiveness of his character. There is nothing in Mr. Forster's "Life" which tends more to destroy the illusive conception of the novelist's character presented by his writings. In brief, Mr. Stoddard has done all that could be done with his materials; but he has gleaned in a field which has been well reaped before, and in which even careful gleaners have preceded him, and it is not his fault that he finds but little wheat, and that of a light quality.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

In his latest work, *Some Leading Principles of Political Economy newly Expounded* (Harper and Brothers), Professor J. E. CAIRNES gives us not a systematic treatise on the science, but "an attempt to recast some considerable portion of political economy." In form it is mainly a criticism upon the most important terms in use, and on certain received processes of reasoning. But the author's mind grasps his problems in all their relations; and even where at times his direct argument seems trivial, he is apt to throw out incidentally broad statements of principle and suggestive remarks of extraordinary value. The book challenges the attention of students, first, by pressing to its logical results the truth that in the aggregate "supply" and "demand" are but two names for one fact, the various products of labor offered in exchange for one another. The discussion is not free from passages of mere verbal controversy, which, like the greater part of every library and of nearly every treatise on the subject, would become waste paper if once terms were scientifically defined; yet the firmness and vigor of the author in reducing to their simplest elements the conditions of exchange, and in thus sweeping away a throng of common and plausible fallacies, make it singularly instructive. And Mr. Cairnes brings a real contribution to the systematic development of sound doctrine in his lucid derivation of the notion of "normal price" from the equilibrium of supply and demand in relation to a single commodity. In discussing the nature of the "normal value" measured by this "normal price," our author advances a new doctrine, which high authorities in England regard as making an era in the progress of the science. In the received theory of English economists, "normal price" represents the cost of production, which is defined as the outlay of the capitalist for the wages of labor, whether paid directly to the laborer, or indirectly, in the purchase of machinery or material, together with the profits on the capital. On this definition, as explained by Mr. Mill, Professor

Cairnes makes an eloquent attack. It assumes, he says, the capitalist's point of view, and regards the cost to him as the true cost of production, whereas the cost, not to him, but to mankind, is the question, that is, the toil and sacrifice of the laborer himself. A careful study of the author's elaborate theory on this subject will win approval for his warning that economists are often misled into reasoning as if the interests of capitalists were the interests of mankind. The reader will also recognize the importance, in considering the working-man's life and rewards, of studying the degree of sacrifice exacted of him by his peculiar industry. On these subjects Mr. Cairnes gives us many fertile and instructive remarks. But the entire argument out of which they grow is in this place irrelevant. It is sentimental rather than scientific; verbal, not logical. "Cost and remuneration," he says (p. 49), are "economic antitheses of each other;" but in Mr. Mill's definition "these two opposites are identified, and cost, which is sacrifice—cost, which is what man pays to nature for her industrial rewards—is said to consist of wages and profits; that is to say, of what nature yields to man in return for his industrial sacrifice." It is strange that a thinker so strong should be able to confuse for himself a thought so simple. The whole question is one of wealth, not of physical or mental experiences. Before production there exists certain capital, in raw materials and in food, clothing, and whatever else the laborer may consume. During production the material is transformed, and the food and clothing are furnished to the laborer in wages, and consumed. After production the manufactured article exists, and the capital, represented by wages and the raw material, has disappeared. What measures the cost of production? Clearly, the capital that is gone, and the value of its use until replaced, that is, the wages of the laborer and the profits of the capitalist. Is it to be imagined that our notions of the cost of production will be more definite if we attempt to measure the physical pain, effort, and weariness, the mental reluctance, discontent, or longing, which the laborers may have experienced in their work? Fortunately for the work before us, its argument is not seriously affected by this error, except as it weakens the author's grasp of his own doctrine of normal value, and confuses for him the unquestionable law by which "normal price" is identified with the cost of production.

The most original and novel part of the book is the discussion of international trade. The rugged exposition of this subject in Ricardo's famous seventh chapter has been an offense to many students, who could find no central principle uniting it with the received analysis of trade in general. The mere circumstance that the buyer and the seller belong to different political communities is plainly no good reason for an entirely new law of exchanges between them. Even Mr. Mill, though his review of the subject much diminished this difficulty, left it without a clear explanation. Professor Cairnes here draws the first satisfactory comparison of international with domestic trade. He shows how the peculiar doctrine of the former grows out of the general laws of exchange, and is in perfect harmony with them. He thus makes a long step toward a complete theory of commerce.

We regret the want of space for an outline of this most instructive discussion, which, however, will be eagerly read in full by all who care to understand the subject.

We can but invite attention to Mr. Cairnes's searching review of the old battle-ground of the economists, the relation of the demand for commodities to the wages of the labor producing it (Part II., Chap. 2); to his temperate and unanswerable criticisms upon the policy of the trades-unions (Part II., Chap. 3 and 4), the whole of which are, in principle, equally applicable to the cause of "the Grangers" in this country; and to his complete refutation of the current pleas by which the protectionist theory of legislation is upheld in the United States (Part III., Chap. 4). Throughout the work Professor Cairnes shows a familiarity with the economical history and conditions of our own land such as we find in hardly another British writer living; nor can thoughtful Americans read his survey of our present financial and commercial situation (p. 364-372) and not find a full explanation of the prevailing depression in industry and trade, with hints of the only remedies. Yet on one point he has seriously erred in his diagnosis of our troubles. He insists (p. 373) that our depreciated currency has had no perceptible influence upon our foreign trade. It can not stimulate imports or check exports, he argues, because prices are raised only in greenbacks, not in gold; and "the nominal gain in greenbacks on the importation is exactly balanced by the nominal loss when these greenbacks come to be converted into gold or commodities." This would be true if the greenbacks were depreciated as much when measured in gold as when measured in commodities. But such is not the case. When the currency is inflated, the whole mass of it is depreciated, gold included. Whatever depreciation is due to the excessive amount of currency alone is shared in by coin and paper equally. Whatever depreciation is due to distrust in the solvency of the government issuing the paper falls on the paper alone. Hence gold continues to be depreciated, and sells for a lower value in greenbacks than its normal value, as long as the whole influence of the credit of the government goes to sustain the paper. Besides this, gold itself, the chief demand for it, that for circulation, being suspended, is in excessive supply. In recent years it has been out of use at once in the United States, France, Spain, Italy, Austria, and Russia. This fact could not but have a powerful influence in depressing its price. For these reasons gold values have been excessively high in the United States for the last six years, far higher than in any specie-paying country; this has been the best market in the world to sell in, and we have consumed an immense amount of the products of other lands, obtained in exchange for our credit, which is yet to be redeemed. We are confident that Professor Cairnes, on reconsidering the subject, will ascribe the present deplorable prospects of American trade and industry very largely to this cause, and not, as in the work before us, exclusively to our tariff system, absurd and ruinous as it is. For the book displays the author's candor and zealous love of truth, side by side with his vast knowledge of his subject and his comprehensive grasp of its principles; and it is a delight to read the writ-

ings of one who, though neither his logic nor his style can be called exact or finished, still, on the whole, steadily prosecutes his scientific method as if inspired, and yet wholly unswerved, by a moral purpose.

NOVELS.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE has written no better story, and no more genuinely Christian story has ever been written by any one, than *In His Name* (Roberts Brothers), originally published as the Christmas number of *Old and New*, and now given to the public in a book form. It is a tale of the Waldenses, and is very simple in construction. Félicie, the daughter of Jean Waldo, a well-to-do and conservative burgher of Lyons, is poisoned, through a mistake of her mother, by a draught of home-made medicine. The young Florentine physician who is summoned declares that only one man can save her, John of Lugio, once a priest, an adept in the art of medicine, now a fugitive because of his reformed faith, hiding from persecution among the mountains. The adventures of the messenger who is dispatched for John of Lugio, and John's adventures in getting to the city and his patient, and the escape of both from difficulties, and their triumph over obstacles by the use of the Waldensian pass-word, "For the love of Christ," with its response, "In His name"—this constitutes the plot of the story. Its moral the author states simply and beautifully at the close: "We shall be worth reading about, if what we do is simple enough and brave enough and loving enough for any body to think that we do it 'for the love of Christ,' or for any body to guess that we had been bound together 'in His name.'"

Mrs. OLIPHANT's *For Love and Life* (Harper and Brothers) is one of those stories whose plot turns almost wholly upon peculiarities in the structure of English society; but its interest depends on the struggles of a young man for love and life, and this interest is common to all humanity. Edgar has discovered, at five-and-twenty, that he is not, as he has theretofore supposed himself to be, the heir of a great estate and of an old and honorable name. He is bereft of his fortune and his position; and at an age when most young men commence life equipped and full of hope and ambition, he commences it with all that had been cherished and dear swept away, and he himself unprepared and unequipped for its battle. How he gathered up his strength, how he put it forth, how he fought the battle of life, and how he finally won a victory, this is the story which Mrs. Oliphant tells. There is a side plot which adds complexity to the novel, but neither impairs nor enhances its significance. It is eminently healthful in its moral tone.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Trial of the Rev. David Swing (Jansen, M'Clurg, and Co.) is an official report, in a volume of nearly 300 pages, of the ecclesiastical proceedings in the prosecution of that distinguished preacher for heresy. The evidence in this case is of no particular importance, and forms a very small part of the volume. The book is chiefly devoted to reports of the arguments *pro* and *con*, and the opinions of the various members of the Presbytery before which

the trial was conducted. It thus possesses an interest apart from the case, since it is a reflection of the sentiments and opinions of leading thinkers in the Presbyterian Church not only on the theological points involved, in which the public take very little interest, but also concerning the liberty of the pulpit to frame and phrase its teachings according to the light of the nineteenth century, unrestricted by the formulas of the past—a question in which the entire public takes a very vital interest.

The Old Masters and their Pictures, and Modern Painters and their Paintings, by SARAH TYTLER (Roberts Brothers), are compact and convenient compendiums of art information for the use of schools and learners in art. They exhibit no traces of original examination of the works of the great artists, such as appear in almost every page of Mrs. Jameson's works, and none of independent power as an art critic; but neither do they exhibit that egotistic self-confidence which is so often mistaken by the possessor and occasionally palmed off on an unsuspecting public for the genuine critical faculty. Whatever a conscientious examination of books of art could enable the author to do, she has done; and if we can not applaud her for the delicacy of her perceptions, we can at least commend her for the modesty which substitutes the opinions of others for opinions which she evidently hesitates to form, or at least to express, for herself. The fact that her works are compends renders the second less valuable than the first, for literature affords less material and a less sure guide in writing about the modern painters than about the old masters. The former subject requires original research and independent art knowledge. It is therefore perhaps not strange, but it is certainly unfortunate, that living painters are so briefly and so imperfectly treated, that of American landscape painters Church and Bierstadt are almost the sole representatives, and that among the artists of the present century the names of such well-known painters as Mrs. Murray, Paul Weber, Inness, Hart, Bradford, De Haas, and Beard are not mentioned at all. But the reader must remember—this may soften the criticism, though it does not correct the defect—that the book is of English origin; and, remembering this, he will certainly be gratified, and possibly even surprised, that American art is so distinctly recognized, though so imperfectly described.

Apart from any other consideration, *Summering in Colorado* (Richards and Co.) would be a remarkable book, as an attestation of the degree of civilization which exists in a region which a few years ago was inhabited chiefly by wild beasts and savages; for the book is both printed and published at Denver, and the good taste, typographical and otherwise, displayed in it would do credit to any publishing house, and would fairly cause some very respectable houses to blush, if a house can be ever said to blush. It is, in substance, a readable guide-book to Colorado, useful for the tourists, who are going yearly in increasing numbers to the American Switzerland, and interesting to the would-be tourist, who is compelled to read at home of scenes which he can visit only in imagination. It lacks a map and illustrations. There is one edition, however, which contains a number of excellent photographs of natural scenery.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

THE *Astronomical* record for July includes the discovery on the 28th of the month, by Borelli, of the fourth comet of the year, which body, however, has not been visible to the naked eye. The comet of Coggia, after steadily increasing in size and brightness until it became quite a conspicuous object, moved very rapidly southward, and was no longer seen in the northern hemisphere, but remained visible for some weeks later to the southern half of the earth. On account of the proximity and brilliancy of this comet, its examination by the spectroscope and polariscope, as well as by the photometer and the thermopile, has an especial value. It would seem that the nucleus is an incandescent solid, but that the head and tail are of extremely fine solid particles, possibly the condensed vapors of the nucleus. The evidence seems conflicting as to the existence of a true gas among the minute bodies composing the tail. The question as to the chemical constitution of the nucleus and tail is still in an unsatisfactory state, owing to our ignorance of the peculiarities exhibited by the spectra of bodies at a very low temperature.

Mr. Lockyer has published a highly interesting sketch of the appearance of four faint successive envelopes arising from the nucleus of Coggia's comet, and forming its head, precisely as was observed by Bond in the case of the great comet of 1858. Although none of the other great telescopes of the world have reported any confirmation of Mr. Lockyer's observations, yet the peculiarly favorable atmospherical circumstances under which his observations were made, with the great telescope of Mr. Newall, assure us of their reliability.

The question of the existence of a satellite to the planet Venus has been revived by Dr. Vogel, who urges upon the observers of the approaching transit of Venus some attention to this subject, as the satellite, if it exist, may perchance be visible on the disk of the sun. The arguments of Drs. Vogel, Klein, and others produce a strong presumption in favor of the existence of such a body.

Professor Adams brings to the notice of British astronomers a proposal to erect a suitable monument in commemoration of the services to astronomy of Jeremiah Horrocks. It will be remembered that to Horrocks is due the credit of the first successful prediction and observation of a transit of Venus. It is not improbable that a tablet to his memory will be erected in Westminster Abbey.

In connection with the Venus transit it may be noted that according to our information the six French observing parties have been most generously equipped, and have in part already started on their voyages to the northern and southern hemispheres. Janssen himself will observe the transit from Yokohama, and will afterward proceed to Siam, where he intends to observe the solar eclipse that will be central there.

Professor Wright, of Yale College, has published the results of observations made on the zodiacal light with a delicate spectroscope. The latter shows only a faint spectrum, such as would be given by sunlight reflected from the ring of small bodies that seems to attend the sun.

In *Terrestrial Physics* we notice a communication from Mr. Hind, of Windsor, Nova Scotia, who calls the attention of geologists to the possible influence upon the variation of ocean level of changes in the shape of the equatorial section of the earth.

The deviation of the earth's equator from an exact circle is, indeed, probable, but is a quantity too small to be calculated with certainty in the present state of geodesy, although both English and German savants have made attempts in this direction. Mr. Hind has the credit of having suggested a vera causa, though one whose efficacy we are not at present able to estimate even approximately.

The general theory of the circulation of the waters of the ocean, as it has been maintained during the past ten years by Dr. Carpenter, is now found by him to be not materially different from that deduced by Leuz, the Russian physicist, over forty years ago, and most ably expounded by him. Leuz's theory, as Dr. Carpenter now calls it, has, indeed, been explained in several of the best German works since the date of its first conception, but seems to have escaped the notice of British students until a recent date. Observations of deep-sea temperature were made in 1823-26 by Leuz, on Kotzebue's voyage around the world, by means of ordinary unprotected thermometers, whose errors, as due to the pressure of the superincumbent water, were, however, carefully investigated. According to Leuz, the coldest waters are at the bottom of the ocean, and a bottom current is always flowing from either pole to the equator, the surface currents being in the opposite direction.

In *Molecular Science* much interest attaches to the complete investigation made by Osborne Reynolds into the questions stated by Professor Crookes as to the influence of heat on the force of gravitation. Reynolds shows that the minute forces of repulsion that Crookes has observed and attributed to the action of heat are, in part, if not wholly, due to the evaporation of minute portions of aqueous or other vapors condensed on the surface of the balls with which the experiments were made. Professor Reynolds's experiments seem to afford a new confirmation of the kinetic or dynamical theory of gases, according to which the process of evaporation from a surface serves to increase the pressure thereon; thus the evaporation of one pound of water at a temperature of 60° F. suffices to maintain a pressure of sixty-five pounds for one second on the evaporating surface; with mercury the effect is three times as great. Similarly, the ascent of hot air from a heated surface would, according to the kinetic theory, be attended with a diminution of pressure equivalent to half a pound acting for one second for each unit of heat.

Perhaps the most important *Chemical* investigations now in progress are those of Julius Thomsen, who still continues his long series of labors in the department of thermo-chemistry. Of this branch of chemistry he is rapidly making almost a new science by itself.

An interesting test for gallic acid is communicated by Procter. A very feeble alkaline solution of sodic or potassic arsenate is added to a

solution containing gallic acid, and the mixture left exposed to the air. An intense green color is rapidly developed, and if the mixture be undisturbed, this change will begin at the surface, giving the brilliantly colored layer above, resting on the colorless one below.

Nadler describes, but does not name, a new alkaloid derived from morphine.

Peligot has noticed some peculiar crystals formed in glass at Blanz. It seems from his investigations that glass by devitrification becomes converted into a mass of crystals of one composition imbedded in a matrix of another. This observation seems to have important bearings upon chemical geology.

Several new minerals have been described since our last reference to the subject. Among them are four silicates from North Carolina, discovered by Dr. F. H. Genth, of Philadelphia. He names them Kerrite, Maconite, Willcoxite, and Dudleyite.

Oellachite is a micaceous mineral from the Tyrol, remarkable for its containing barium.

The most important domestic item in connection with the subject of *Geology* since our last report is the passage of a law by the State of Pennsylvania authorizing a new geological survey of that commonwealth, to be conducted according to the most approved principles of research. A Board of Commissioners has been appointed to direct the enterprise, consisting of prominent representative men from different parts of the State. They have employed Professor James P. Leslie, the veteran geologist, to take charge of the work, and have given him the privilege of selecting his assistants. His general plans must be submitted to the Commission for their approval, after which he is allowed to carry them out without restriction or interference.

The *Geographical* record for the year begins to be quite interesting, various expeditions having been fitted out both in America and the rest of the world for initiating or continuing explorations. The parties of Dr. F. V. Hayden and of Lieutenant G. M. Wheeler are now in the field, busily occupied, each being divided into a number of sub-parties, provided with topographers, geologists, and naturalists, with the promise of rich returns of facts and material to be worked up in the coming winter.

Professor E. D. Cope, who has been heretofore a member of Dr. Hayden's party, has joined that of Lieutenant Wheeler, and expects to do good service in the department of vertebrate paleontology.

Among the other expeditions promising to yield important results are those of Mr. Henry W. Elliott in Behring Sea, and of Mr. William H. Dall, who, under the direction of the Coast Survey, continues his geographical labors in the same region.

Mr. Pertuiset, previously best known as the inventor of a very efficient detonating powder, has been prosecuting certain researches in Tierra del Fuego in behalf of the Chilean government, and expects to furnish an elaborate report on the subject.

Mr. Forest is doing good work in Australia, endeavoring to open up an extensive district in that continent.

The death of Dr. Livingstone is not likely to put a stop to efficient measures for African ex-

ploration. It is announced that the *New York Herald* and the *London Daily Telegraph* have combined to continue researches in the interior of that continent, an expedition provided with all the necessary means and appliances being about to take the field in a short time, with unlimited facilities at its disposal. Henry M. Stanley, the discoverer of Livingstone, has charge of the expedition, and will doubtless give a good account of this international labor.

The exploration of the Libyan Desert, under Gerhard Rohlfs, of which so much has been said from time to time, has been brought to a close, the parties having returned to Cairo on the 17th of April. The success of the expedition fell far short of the anticipations of its projectors. Sixty camels were lost in a futile attempt to reach the oasis of Kufarah, insuperable physical obstacles in the way of shifting sands and the absence of water meeting the travelers. They, however, added considerably to our knowledge of the geology and ethnology of the country. Remains of temples and other archaeological objects were investigated by them in the oasis of Dachel and elsewhere, to be hereafter fully illustrated and described. The geological observations were also of much interest, verifying or correcting previous impressions on the subject.

Reference has already been made to the very important explorations of the Abbé David in Thibet and Western China, and to the very large number of new and remarkable types of vertebrate animals collected by him. It is to be regretted that a large portion of his more recent acquisitions was lost by the shipwreck of his vessel in one of the rivers of China. A Russian officer, Captain Prijewalsky, has lately followed somewhat in the same path, and has duplicated many of the species referred to.

Mr. B. E. Steere, an American gentleman, has just completed quite an important exploration of Formosa, in which he devoted himself especially to the collection of specimens for the University of Michigan. He also obtained extensive vocabularies, which will doubtless be an important addition to philological material.

No important expedition to the polar seas has taken the field this year, the efforts to get up a British exploration appearing to have failed. Several parties have, however, fitted out vessels for visiting Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, voyages to that region having become a favorite summer adventure. Among these parties is that of Captain Wigans, who hopes to obtain traces of the Austrian expedition on board the *Tegethoff*, of which nothing has been heard for two years, and in regard to the fate of which much apprehension is felt. A Russian search expedition is also being fitted out, as probably an Austrian also, and it is proposed to offer a large reward for information, and thus enlist in the search the hardy seal and whale fishermen from Norway and other portions of Scandinavia who annually visit those inhospitable regions.

The American surveying vessel, the *Tuscarora*, under Captain Belknap, is still actively engaged in its labors in the Pacific, and continues to forward to the Navy Department at Washington, in addition to its charts and notes, rich collections in the way of soundings, specimens of natural history, etc., gathered by its officers. These soundings have been placed in the hands of Pro-

fessor Hamilton L. Smith, of Hobart College, Geneva, who has undertaken to examine and report upon them.

The latest advices from the *Challenger* are from Melbourne, at which point she arrived on the 17th of March last, having visited Kerguelen Land and other localities in the antarctic seas proposed as stations for the parties to be engaged in the observation of the transit of Venus. The observations and the collections made by the *Challenger* since leaving the Cape of Good Hope have been of equal interest with those preceding that date, and, like the others, have not only added very much to our acquaintance with the physics and natural history of the deep seas, but have also suggested important generalizations in regard to general geological conditions and the formation of sedimentary strata. Among those of the highest importance may be mentioned the explanation of the gradual passage of the chalky ooze abounding in shells and other calciferous matter into a uniform homogeneous red mud with little or no trace of calciferous life, the former condition occurring down to a depth of about 1500 fathoms, or along the ridges of the sea-bottom, and the latter representing the much lower levels between them. In the opinion of Sir William Thomson this is due to the fact, as shown by observation, that the deeper strata are very rich in carbonic acid, this forming more than one-third of the gaseous component of the water. This composition, together with the very great pressure exercised, causes a rapid solution of carbonate of lime, leaving only the other constituents. This has its counterpart in various well-known terrestrial strata, where a limestone abounding in shells, etc., passes insensibly into a slate entirely free from well-marked organic remains, excepting those originally of silicious or membranous character. It is difficult to exaggerate the value of such observations in their geological relationships.

We have nothing special to record in the matter of *Botanical Science* beyond the sending to the press by the Smithsonian Institution of a very important work upon which Mr. Sereno Watson has been engaged for several years past, namely, a complete synonymical and reference list of all the plants of North America. This will probably be completed in the course of the present year, and will furnish to the student the means of becoming acquainted with the botany of this continent; and will doubtless be a very satisfactory substitute, for the time at least, for a general descriptive work on the same subject. The latter, we are happy to learn, is in the course of preparation by Professor Gray and his assistants, and its publication in part will, we trust, soon be announced.

In this connection we may refer briefly to the greater enterprise manifested in the New World in the way of preparing and printing works on the natural history of a large area, as compared with Europe. We already have, thanks to the appreciation by the Smithsonian Institution of the need of them, treatises upon the mammals, the birds, the serpents, various groups of insects, the fresh-water and land univalves, the marine and fresh-water algae, etc., of America north of Mexico, all prepared by competent naturalists at the instigation of that institution.

An interesting lecture on *Anthropology*, by Dr.

Gustav Thanlow Kiel, appears in *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*, setting forth the designs and scope of the orders issued to officers of the navy by the chief of the German admiralty, at the instance of the Berlin Society of Anthropology, Ethnology, and Prehistoric Archaeology. A careful perusal of it by some of our own legislators might impress more forcibly on their minds the duty of saving from oblivion the knowledge which we may now acquire of the habits, beliefs, and implements of our savage tribes, in order to throw light upon the "early history of mankind."

A paper, by Mrs. A. W. Buckland, on "Mythological Birds ethnologically considered," was read before the Anthropological Institute on the 4th of July. The authoress insists upon the value of these "Bird Legends" as a guide to the history of many tribal relations among men.

A very valuable contribution to ethnological data will soon appear in the shape of a map, to be published by the Anthropological Society of Berlin, on which will be marked all the localities in Germany in which barrows or other prehistoric remains have been found. The Smithsonian Institution has for a long time contemplated the compilation of a map of this kind with reference to the mounds of our own country, and has made considerable progress thereon.

Mr. Henry Gilman publishes a paper in the Smithsonian Report for 1873, on the "Mound Builders and Platycnemism in Michigan." Professor Busk and Dr. Falconer were the first to call attention, in 1863, to this peculiar conformation of the leg bone in the human remains from the cave on Windmill Hill, Gibraltar, giving it the name of "*platycnemic*." M. Broca, in May, 1864, independently observed the same condition in tibiae from Chamant and Mainton, in France. Similar bones were noticed at Montmartre by M. Bertrand. Professor Wyman found the same peculiarity in Florida mounds, and first established the existence of platycnemism among the northern tribes by an examination of these specimens mentioned by Mr. Gilman. With reference to the bones exhumed from the great mound on the river Rouge, Mr. Gilman says, "The tibiae present in an extreme degree the flattening or compression peculiar to platycnemic men." In the fourth annual report of the trustees of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology Professor Wyman refers to the same specimens. In the circular mound on the Detroit River the transverse diameters of two tibiae are 0.42 and 0.40 respectively of the antero-posterior diameters, exceeding any platycnemism observed before or since.

It is well known that General Di Cesnola, whose wonderful discoveries in Cyprus excited so much attention, and whose collections are now the property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, signified his intention, after disposing of his earlier gatherings, of returning to his field of labor, and of continuing his investigations on a large scale with the aid of the funds thus acquired. This promise he has carried out, and the discoveries now making bid fair to nearly if not entirely equal in interest those of his former explorations. He has already found some localities where the works of man in his earliest and most primitive condition have been

detected, forming a very great contrast with those of the later Phœnician, Greek, and Roman occupants of the island.

Mr. Rivière, whose discoveries of prehistoric remains at Menton, in Italy, excited so much attention a few years ago, has given the subject a fresh stimulus by the exhumation of another human skeleton in one of the caverns, characterized like the former by striking race peculiarities.

Of general *Zoological* interest is an article in *La Revue Scientifique*, by Professor Giard, entitled "The Transformation Controversy." He refers to certain papers on the embryology of ascidians and the supposed origin of vertebrates by Kowalevsky, a young Russian zoologist, and his fellow-countryman the illustrious and now aged Von Baer. Though in 1828 the latter wrote that all animals were derived not only ideally but historically from a common original form, yet he does not now favor the more advanced developmental views of Kowalevsky and others. The article is essentially a summary of the views of Von Baer, some of which Giard holds to be incorrect.

Little has been known of those singular creatures called "hair-worms" beyond the fact that in their early tadpole-like stage they somehow get into the bodies of various kinds of insects, notably grasshoppers, within whose bodies they are found coiled up. We now have the promise of learning more about the habits and mode of development of these worms. M. Villot has published in the *Archives de Zoologie Expérimentale* the first part of a monograph on the hair-worms. They are oviparous, laying numerous minute eggs agglutinated by an albuminous substance, and forming long white strings. The young are parasitic, and pass through a number of metamorphoses, and at different stages live in different animals, as, for example, in one stage encysted in the aquatic larvæ of flies, and afterward again in the mucous layer of the intestines of fishes.

The dog is sometimes infested in China and Japan by a long slender worm allied to the Guinea-worm, and described by Dr. Leidy under the name of *Filaria immitis*. In two cases lately reported in English journals the dogs died "after three days of great suffering," and it was found on examination that the ventricles and auricles of the heart were completely blocked up by the presence of a large number of these worms.

A singular fact in the structure of some of the higher worms (annelids) has been observed by Professor Moebius, who figures a species (*Leipoceras uviferum*) with external ovaries. Another worm has been said by Sars to carry its eggs in pouches resembling a swallow's nest along the hinder segments of the body. Other anomalous modes of carrying the eggs are noticed in the same paper.

The mode of moulting of the lobster is for the first time described in the *American Naturalist*. It is thought after attaining its full size only to moult once a year, at some period between May and November. On November 8 one was observed to cast its skin. It drew its body out of a rent in the carapace, or shell covering the front division of the body. The shell splits from its hind edge as far as the base of the rostrum or beak, where it is too solid to separate. The

body is drawn out of the anterior part of the carapace. It has been a question how the creature could draw its big claw out through the small basal joints. The claw, soft, fleshy, and very watery, is drawn out through the basal joint without any split in the old crust. In moulting, the stomach, with the cartilaginous masses and bands, is cast off with the old integument. The length of the animal observed before moulting was six and a half inches, immediately after, seven and a quarter—an increase of three-quarters of an inch.

The poison of the scorpion has engaged the attention of De Bellesme, a student of Claude Bernard. He finds that the poison of *Scorpio occitanus* acts directly on the red blood globules of the vertebrate animals, especially the frog, causing them to agglutinate and obstruct the capillary vessels, and thus stop the circulation of the blood, producing death. The passage of these altered globules through the capillaries of the brain causes the convulsions, vomiting, vertigo, and other marks of congestion. When the quantity of poison is sufficient to cause rapid death, it takes place by embolism and arrest of circulation.

Additional examples of male siluroid fishes carrying eggs in their mouths are afforded by the two Indian genera, *Arius* and *Osteogobius*. Inside of the mouth of the males of several species of *Arius* and of *Osteogobius militaris* were from fifteen to twenty eggs, some of which were in an early stage of development, while in others the eyes of the embryo were very distinct, and even the young could be perceived moving about. These eggs filled the cavity of the mouth, and extended down as far as the branchiæ. The fishermen asserted, adds Dr. Day, that these adult fishes, which averaged about eleven or twelve inches in length, invariably carried about the eggs in their mouths until they were hatched. Every one of these was a male; and the proportion captured was five to every female. During the period of gestation the males fast, while the females eat as usual, doubtless a necessity for the due production of their eggs.

While ornithologists are in this country studying with so much interest the distribution of birds, we notice an interesting essay by H. J. Elwes in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society on the distribution of Asiatic birds, illustrated by an excellent map.

An extremely valuable work, in quarto form, has just appeared in San Francisco, in the best style of paper, printing, and engraving, on the marine mammals of the Pacific, by Captain C. M. Scammon, of the United States Revenue Marine Service. Captain Scammon has utilized his abundant opportunities in the preparation of a treatise upon the whales, porpoises, grampuses, and other cetaceans, as also the seals, sea-lions, fur seals, and the like, of the Pacific Ocean, which bids fair to be the standard work on the subject for many years. It gives much hitherto unpublished information in regard to the natural history of the seals and cetaceans, together with a complete account of the rise, progress, and present condition of the whale-fisheries in those seas, the illustrations furnishing an excellent idea of the species themselves as well as the circumstances under which their capture is under-

taken. A systematic catalogue of the cetacea of the west coast by Mr. Dall adds much to the value of the book.

A rediscovery of a long-lost American mammal has been made during the present year by Mr. La Munyon, of Kansas, this gentleman having actually secured and sent to the Smithsonian Institution a specimen of the black-footed ferret, a large weasel, described by Audubon thirty years ago from a single specimen, and of which nothing additional has been heard to the present time. The animal is said to be an occupant of the burrows of the prairie-dog, and to be its inveterate foe.

The prospect of important additions to the department of *Natural History* during the year is very good, especially in connection with the transit of Venus expeditions. Of the nations taking part in these, especially the English, German, French, and the American, all the parties have gone fully provided with collectors and apparatus for securing objects of interest; and in addition to these a special expedition has been undertaken by some German naturalists, among them Dr. Karl Moebius, to the Mauritius, for natural history purposes.

The American transit vessel, the *Swatara*, will leave at Kerguelen Land, in addition to the astronomical party, one naturalist, Dr. Kidder, of the navy, well provided with collecting apparatus. She was last heard of at Bahia, on her way out.

The zoological station of Dr. Dohrn, of Naples, of which so much has been said within a few years, has been completed, and is more than accomplishing its promise of usefulness in providing means for carrying on natural history research. Similar facilities are furnished in this country by the Anderson School at Penikese and by the United States Fish Commission, having its head-quarters for the summer at Noank, Connecticut.

The great success of the Brighton Aquarium, which, it is said, has already divided ten per cent. the first year to its stockholders, has induced the initiation of other establishments of a similar character, one being now under way at Manchester, under the direction of Mr. Saville Kent, and promising well for the future. It is to be hoped that an aquarium in the Central Park will not long be a desideratum, the opportunities for obtaining interesting objects being fully equal to any enjoyed abroad. Such an establishment would doubtless pay all its expenses, and something more, when once in full operation.

Referring again to the natural history school at Penikese, we may remark that this was opened on the 9th of July with some forty or fifty students, a selection having been made from a much larger number of applicants.

Under the head of *Microscopical Science* we notice an excellent paper by G. W. Morehouse, in the *American Naturalist* for May, "upon the markings of the diatomaceæ under high powers and careful illumination." The writer concludes that the perfect box-like form and elaborate ornamentation exclude the idea of a blind process of chemical crystallization, referring, we suppose, to Max Schultze's so-called "Artificial Diatomaceæ," and Mr. Slack's experiments with silica films. He is wrong, however, as to the siliceous build of the frustule according to its environments; it is by no means the case, as stated by

him, that those contained in gelatinous envelopes are less developed in strength of shell and bracing; for example, *Encyonema prostratum* is an exceedingly stout form, and contained in remarkably stout tubes, while *Fragilaria striatella*, attached to algæ in running brackish water, is so feebly siliceous that it will not stand acid treatment at all. Closely connected with microscopic examination of markings and structure of diatoms, we may notice the result of Professor Abbe's researches, published in a late number of Max Schultze's *Archiv*. He arrives at the conclusion that the limit of capability is almost reached by our best microscopes, and that all hope of a deeper penetration into the material constitution of things than such microscopes now afford must be dismissed, experiment and theory both showing that the changes wrought by diffraction, in the examination of very minute structures, are such that different structures may give the same microscopical image, or like structures different images.

The question of foraminiferous structure in *Eozoon canadense* is again opened by the well-known authority upon this subject, Mr. H. J. Carter, who alleges that not only is this condition entirely wanting, but that *Eozoon* presents none of the features of an animal. An abstract of his paper, which was published in the *Annals of Natural History*, may be found in the July number of the *Monthly Microscopic Journal*, and so far as the foraminiferous structure is concerned, Mr. Carter appears to have established his position. Dr. Carpenter has replied, and this we will notice hereafter. Geologists will await the final result of this discussion with great interest. Specimens of the so-called "ague-plant," described by Dr. Bartlett in a communication to the Chicago Society of Physicians and Surgeons, and published in the March number of *Grevillea*, 1874, having been examined, prove to be a passive, inert, chlorophyllaceous algæ, met with in suitable situations all over Europe; and in this connection we notice Dr. Greenfield's paper, read before the London Medical Microscopical Society, and the discussion at the April meeting, as to the part played by fungi in diphtheria; the subject is still *sub judice*.

Omineyganck has lately made an announcement of much practical value in *Domestic Economy*, should it prove to be confirmed by other observations, namely, that a small quantity of chloroform thrown into burning petroleum will produce an instantaneous extinction of the flame; and he suggests the propriety of keeping on hand a large quantity of chloroform in establishments where petroleum or any of its derivatives is used for any purpose whatever, satisfied that a timely application will always prevent the dangers resulting from accidental ignition or explosion.

An announcement not uninteresting to the housekeeper is made of the discovery of a method of manufacturing artificial vanilla undistinguishable from the natural article, and to be sold at a much less price. This is derived from coniferin, a substance obtained by a cheap process from the inner bark of the pine-tree.

The various enterprises relating to the subject of *Fish-Culture* have been carried on vigorously since our last report both by the State and general governments. An appropriation was made

by the last Congress for the propagation of food fishes, having special reference to shad and salmon. Owing to the late date at which the appropriation became available, nothing was done by the United States Commissioner in the way of hatching shad south of Albany; but through the aid of the New York Commissioners a large number of young shad were shipped from Castleton, New York, on the Hudson. When this locality was exhausted the celebrated fishery at Holyoke, Massachusetts, on the Connecticut, was taken up, with the aid of the Fish Commissioners of Connecticut, and a very large number were hatched out there, and widely distributed. The aggregate of such shipments by the United States Commissioner is said to amount to considerably over three millions, deposited in suitable localities in many of the States of the Union.

The United States Commission has also renewed its operations in the way of breeding salmon on the Upper Sacramento, in California, and on the Penobscot, in Maine, with the prospect of securing thereby many millions of eggs, which, as heretofore, will doubtless be duly distributed to the Fish Commissioners of the States.

In addition to the shad-hatching labors of the States of New York and Connecticut, just referred to, a similar enterprise has been prosecuted by the States of Pennsylvania and of Massachusetts.

An instance, as gratifying as it is useful, of the ways in which science, in the broadest sense of the word, can be applied to the improvement of *Agriculture* is to be found in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England*, of which the volume for 1873 is now before us. The most important article, perhaps, in this volume is a report by Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert of experiments on the growth of barley for twenty years in succession on the same land. This report, filling 197 pages of the *Journal*, describes one of the several famous series of experiments performed at Rothamstead, Herts, England, on the effects of different manures on different crops raised year after year on the same land. These experiments, by far the most extensive and valuable of the sort that have ever been made, have furnished an additional confutation of the so-called "mineral theory" of Liebig, and have thrown a great deal of light upon the questions as to the natural productive capacity of the soil, the theory of the rotation of crops, the amount of nitrogen in manure required, under various conditions, to yield a given increase of a grain crop, the effects of the unexhausted residue from previous manuring upon succeeding crops, and the loss of constituents of manure and plant food by drainage.

The same volume contains an elaborate report by Professor Voelcker on the characters of pure and mixed linseed-cakes. As chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society, Dr. Voelcker is called upon to examine, usually, during a single year from one hundred and fifty to two hundred samples of various kinds of feeding cakes. In samples of commercial linseed some twenty-five different kinds of "weed seeds" were found, the proportions of the latter varying in the different samples from one and a quarter to seventy per cent. The list of adulterating substances occurring in the feeding cakes examined by Professor Voelcker is still longer. The only ones of these materials which were positively poisonous were

curcas and castor-oil beans. In rape-cake black or wild mustard was frequently found in such quantities as to render it unfit for feeding purposes. In many cases of injury to animals from feeding cakes the cause was to be found in the rancid or mouldy condition rather than in any positively poisonous quality of the ingredients.

In this connection we may mention another kind of artificial food for domestic animals which is attracting considerable attention of late—the so-called "meat-flour." The Liebig Meat Extract Company, at Fray Bentos, in Uruguay, South America, slaughter annually nearly 80,000 beef cattle for the preparation of their extract. Until lately the residue from this manufacture, consisting of flesh, connective tissue, blood, bones, etc., has been thrown away. The company are now utilizing this material by making it into products known as "meat-flour," guano, and bone-dust.

The muscular tissue is cut into fine pieces, and treated with warm water, forming a broth, which is boiled down for the meat extract. The flesh, from which the broth has been removed, is dried and ground fine. It forms a grayish powder, containing about ten per cent. water, twelve and a half per cent. fat, and seventy-four per cent. albuminoid substances. In some of the German experiment stations the value of this meat-flour as a food for swine has been tested by experiments, the results of which have been, in the main, very satisfactory.

On the value of "Australian Concentrated Mutton Soup" as a food for pigs, some experiments have been recently made by Dr. Voelcker, but with hardly as favorable results as those above mentioned. This mutton soup is made by concentrating the liquor in which have been boiled the meat and bones of sheep for the manufacture of tallow. Two kinds of extract are thus prepared, the one intended for human food containing less "true meat juice and extractive matters" and more gelatine and water than Liebig's extract, but capable of being made into a "good, wholesome mutton broth." The second kind is recommended for food for pigs and dogs. Dr. Voelcker's experiments indicate that at the price proposed for this—£25 per ton—it could hardly be an economical substitute for pease or other concentrated food for pigs, though it might be profitable for use in small quantities to promote the digestion and assimilation of an excess of other food.

Several accounts have lately been published of examinations of the Fray Bentos guano and bone-dust above mentioned, by Hulwa, Peters, and Krockner, German chemists. The guano, consisting of the dried and pulverized flesh, connective tissue, blood, and some bone, is a yellowish-white powdery material, with a guano-like odor, and contains six to seven per cent. nitrogen, and twelve to eighteen per cent. phosphoric acid. The bone-dust made from the steamed and finely pulverized bone is a clean, nearly white, and quite fine powder, containing about three and three-fourths per cent. nitrogen, and twenty-five per cent. phosphoric acid. In 1873 the amount of these fertilizers furnished to the European market by the Fray Bentos Company alone was computed at from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 pounds.

An important observation concerning the analysis of commercial fertilizers is reported by Dr.

Maercker, of the experiment station at Halle, in Germany. Superphosphates, as commonly manufactured, even when made of such fine materials as bone-black or bone-dust, contain, besides the fine powder, larger particles that have clumped together in the process of treatment with acid. On separating the finer and coarser portions of several samples of such fertilizers, and analyzing them, Dr. Maercker found from 2.8 per cent. more to 4.3 per cent. less phosphoric acid in the finer than in the coarser portions.

In *Engineering* we can record that during the past month the final test of the strength of the Illinois and St. Louis bridge was made, under the supervision of Captain J. B. Eads, the chief engineer. The test consisted in moving out abreast and simultaneously over each one of the three spans two trains of seven locomotives each. The total weight was about five hundred and sixty tons. The two trains were stopped on each span, and the amount of deflection noted. The experiment was also modified to indicate lateral deflection. The result of the tests agreed almost exactly with the theoretical computations already made, and the trial proved highly satisfactory.

From abroad comes the information that the plans for the railway which is to ascend Mount Vesuvius are now complete.

A new Thames tunnel at London is projected, which is intended to provide a road and railway communication from the East India Dock road on the north side of the river to the Woolwich and Greenwich road on the south. Its total length is placed at 600 yards.

The last reports from the St. Gothard Tunnel state that in all 1840 meters had been accomplished.

The iron steam-ship industry of the country is likely to flourish for the immediate present at least. The Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company, it is said, is about to build three new steamers to add to the fleet it already has afloat, to be constructed on the model of the recently launched *City of Peking*, to be each of 3000 tons burden, and to cost \$600,000. The American Steam-ship Line of Philadelphia likewise proposes to increase its fleet by the addition of two more vessels of the same size and build as the *Pennsylvania* and her sister ships. This work, it is said, is all to be finished within the next twelve months, and is to be given to the Delaware River steam-ship builders.

The employment of steam on canals seems to be an accomplished fact. Six boats are now plying on the Erie Canal, and twelve others, it is said, are shortly to be added, all of them capable of making the trip from New York to Buffalo in five days.

In connection with *Mining* industries, we may notice that another coal-cutter is to be operated in the Brazil (Indiana) coal-field. The machine in question is the Winstanley, an English machine which has acquired some reputation abroad. It is described as very similar in its make to the Brown machine which we have already noticed. The introduction of machine-cutters is a matter of much interest to all coal operators.

The latest published statistical reports announce that the production of precious metals on the Pacific slope reached during the last

quarter century \$1,583,644,984, of which California mines produced three-fourths, nearly the whole of which was in gold. The amount obtained is now increasing rapidly, owing partly to the opening of new mines, but chiefly from the introduction of improved methods of extraction. The yield of the Pacific slope last year was \$80,287,436, against \$70,236,914 in 1872. The increase is mainly in silver.

In connection with the same general subject is the statement of the extent of coal deposits west of the Mississippi, given in a recent governmental report. From this it appears that this coal area is no less than 513,000 square miles, scattered throughout eleven States and Territories. Of this area Kansas claims 80,000 square miles; Iowa, 24,000; Missouri, 24,000; Texas, 30,000; and Dakota, 100,000. Thus far, however, but little of this has been developed.

We may record, as a novelty in the *Mechanic Arts*, the fact that Dr. Kuntzel, one of the inventors of the much-talked-of phosphor-bronze, has discovered what is claimed to be a great improvement in railway and other bearings, the same being a peculiar mechanical combination of phosphor-bronze and soft metal.

Some recent experiments in duplex telegraphy are reported from New York, which are said to have proved highly satisfactory. The improvement in question permits, it is claimed, of the simultaneous transmission of four messages at once on one wire, and either message can be dropped at any way station on the circuit. Nor is this all. The old duplex system can be applied to the new invention, and by this combination four messages can be sent simultaneously over the same wire in opposite directions between any two terminal points.

Of general interest, not belonging to any subject previously enumerated, we may mention the celebration, at his New World residence, Northumberland, Pennsylvania, of the one hundredth anniversary of the discovery of oxygen by Dr. Priestley. This occupied two days, the 31st of July and the 1st of August, during which an interesting episode consisted in the exchange of telegrams with a body of men celebrating the same event in Dr. Priestley's life by unveiling a statue erected to him at Manchester, England.

The deaths to be recorded since our last notice are not very numerous, although embracing some eminent names. In our own country we have to mention those of Isaiah Hoopes, of West Chester, Pennsylvania, a veteran botanist, and of Mrs. Louisa Audubon, the aged relict of Mr. John James Audubon, and for nearly half a century his devoted assistant in his scientific enterprises. The domestic catalogue includes also Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York, so well known in connection with the arctic explorations of Dr. Kane, Dr. Hayes, and Captain Hall; and Mr. George R. Crotch, an English entomologist of much promise, who had come to this country recently and made it his home. Of names abroad, we have to mention those of Rev. R. T. Lowe, known in connection with the work on the fishes of Madeira; Professor Cipoletti, of the astronomical observatory of Florence; Dr. Aloys Pichler, of Germany; Dr. Stoliczka, who was connected with the Indian Geological Survey; and Mr. Henry Stephens, an English agriculturist, and author of the *Book of the Farm*.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 21st of August.—

The Alabama Democratic Convention, at Montgomery, July 30, nominated George S. Houston for Governor. The political platform severely denounced the Civil Rights Bill.

The Utah election, August 3, resulted in the return of George Q. Cannon, the Mormon candidate for Delegate.

The elections in North Carolina and Tennessee, August 6, resulted in Democratic majorities.

The Louisiana Republican Convention at New Orleans, August 8, indorsed the present State administration.

The Pennsylvania Republican Convention at Harrisburg, August 19, indorsed the present State and national administration. The Hon. E. M. Paxson was nominated for judge of the Supreme Court.

The Tennessee Democratic Convention at Nashville, August 19, nominated Judge Porter for Governor, and in its political platform advocated the payment of the bonds of the government in greenbacks, and the "abolition of the present odious national banking system."

The returns of the Ohio constitutional election, August 18, indicate the rejection of the new constitution by a large majority.

General Custer, in command of the Black Hills exploring expedition, in Dakota Territory, has made two important reports to the government since his command left Fort Lincoln early in July. According to these reports, the Black Hills region is in its floral beauty a new Florida, and in its treasure a new El Dorado. As a grazing country it is not to be surpassed. Veins of lead and strong indications of silver have been found. Veins of gold-bearing quartz crop out on every hill-side. There are also unlimited supplies of timber.

The British Parliament was prorogued by a Speech from the Queen August 7. The Queen expressed her pleasure because of the reductions in taxation; the passage of the Factory Act, by which the health of women and children will be promoted; the passage of the act reforming church patronage in Scotland, which will, by removing controversy, conduce to the religious welfare of the people; and the passage of the Public Worship Bill.

In the French Assembly a vote was taken on dissolution, July 23, after the rejection of M. Casimir-Perier's constitutional bill. The result was a vote of 340 for dissolution and 370 against. On the 31st M. Gambetta made an important speech against prorogation. The organization of the septennate he declared to be as impossible as that of the monarchy. He made a powerful appeal for the establishment of the republic, "which would give peace and union to France," and concluded by demanding that the state of siege be raised. Subsequently a motion to raise the state of siege was rejected by a vote of 282 yeas to 366 nays. Then a motion to adjourn from August 6 till November 30 was carried by a large majority.

On the night of August 9-10 Marshal Bazaine, assisted by his wife, escaped from his prison on the isle of Sainte-Marguerite.

The Spanish republic has been recognized by England, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, and Belgium. The Carlists have recently suffered a series of defeats.

The International Congress, having for its object the establishment of an international code for the mitigation of suffering during war, was convened at Brussels July 27.

The Pope has declared his intention to create four new cardinals.

The Japanese expedition against the tribes of Formosa guilty of outrages against the Loo-Chooans has been successful, but there is fear of a war between China and Japan on its account.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary inducements now held forth to persons desirous of settling in this country by the unusually low rate for passage which the present competition between the ocean steam-ship companies has effected, the returns at Castle Garden show a steadily diminishing stream of new-comers as compared with 1873 and previous years. Those who come are, however, of a higher class. The average number of steerage passengers coming to New York in previous years was about 250,000 per annum. Between January 1 and July 1, 1874, the total of arrivals has reached only 73,353, and it is doubted if the whole number during the current year will reach 100,000.

In the year 1873 there were 156 firms employed in the production of silk fabrics in the United States, 61 of which were in New York, 30 in New Jersey, 25 in Pennsylvania, 22 in Connecticut, and 12 in Massachusetts. The total value of products was \$19,894,874. The number of operatives was 10,651.

DISASTERS.

July 26.—A destructive deluge in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, resulted in the loss of over one hundred lives.

August 5.—The steamboat *Pat Rogers* was burned on the Ohio, below Aurora. Over fifty lives lost.

August 15.—Collision on the Pennsylvania Railroad near Trenton. Three men killed and ten wounded.

July 26.—A land-slip at Alarra, in Navarra, Spain, caused the death of over two hundred persons.—A Carlist magazine exploded at Quiza, killing thirty men.

OBITUARY.

July 31.—At South Natick, Massachusetts, the Rev. Gorham D. Abbott, in his sixty-third year.

August 10.—In Chicago, Illinois, the Right Rev. Henry J. Whitehouse, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Illinois, aged seventy-one years.

August 1.—In England, death announced of Dr. Charles T. Beke, the African explorer, aged seventy-three years.

August 18.—In England, death announced of Sir William Fairbairn, the distinguished civil engineer, who built the first British iron ship.

Editor's Drawer.

WE have received from an eminent American jurist the following interesting narrative:

Near the close of the seventeenth century that renowned judge, Sir John Holt, Lord Chief Justice of England, esteemed by his contemporaries, as well as by men of after-ages, as an embodiment both of the law and of justice, was presiding at the assizes held in and for his native county of Oxford. A decrepit old woman was put on trial, charged with the crime of witchcraft. The history of the case, the offense of which the prisoner was alleged to be guilty, were laid before the jury by the Attorney-General prosecuting for the Crown. The Chief Justice listened to the opening of the case with unusual earnestness, for there was recalled to his memory a curious incident connected with his own early life. When a student at the University of Oxford his habits were wild and irregular, and he gave no promise of his great future eminence. In company with several other young students he had been for several days on a carouse through some of the country places in the vicinity of Oxford. Young Holt had separated himself from his companions, and riding up to a way-side inn, without any money in his pocket, he yet directed his horse to be fed and an ample dinner prepared for himself. Strolling into the kitchen, he noticed the daughter of the hostess was sick, and was told by her mother that she was a great sufferer from fever and ague, and that the doctors had been unable to cure her. The young collegian at once declared his ability to effect a cure. Taking a piece of parchment, he wrote upon it a cabalistic word in the Greek characters, bound it tightly upon the wrist of the girl, and then assured her that while she retained it she would have no further return of her chills and fever. He remained at the inn for several days, and the girl had no return of her sickness. When demanding his bill, the grateful mother said she had no charge against him, and only regretted that her limited means would not permit her to make him more ample payment for the healing of her daughter. He rode away in triumph. And now, as he sat on the bench as the Lord Chief Justice of England, he knew that the decrepit old woman on trial for her life before him was the daughter of the woman who kept the way-side inn, and upon whose wrist he had bound the parchment charm forty years before.

She had followed in his own footsteps, and had been using the charm for the benefit of her neighbors and friends. The Chief Justice called her up, and as she unfolded some old greasy rags, she presented to him the well-worn parchment with the cabalistic word in his own handwriting written upon it. It is needless to add that the woman was at once discharged. If the great Chief Justice had previously entertained any doubts on the subject of witchcraft, they were now removed.

There is a curious sequel to the incident above related. Some twenty-five years ago the writer of this article was sitting in the private office in Wall Street of the late Mr. S—, then a wealthy retired merchant, and acting president of one

of the principal Wall Street banks. He was a quaint, curious man, fond of the marvelous, and disposed to belief in spiritualism, then first coming into prominent notice. Our conversation had been continued for some time, discussing Scottish second-sight, supernatural appearances, and especially Kidd's buried treasures, when he suddenly changed the subject, saying, abruptly, "I can cure the fever and ague." On asking how, he produced a small piece of parchment with a cabalistic word written on it in the Greek characters, saying it must be bound on the wrist, and the disease will disappear or go away. He did not tell me how or when he had obtained the wonderful charm. Nor was I at that time aware of the trial before referred to, and sure I am that he could have had no knowledge of it. A hundred and fifty years had come and gone since the fallacy had been exposed by Lord Chief Justice Holt. It is probable that at some time during the forty years preceding that trial the woman possessing the pretended charm had communicated the secret, and given a copy to some friend emigrating to America, and that it may have been handed down through successive generations, and perhaps in some cases effecting cures by and through the imagination. It has been said that sometimes violent exercise and sometimes strong impressions on the mind will ward off attacks of what are called fits of ague.

THE ways of jurors are peculiar. In California, as in New York and elsewhere, when locked up to consider upon a verdict, there are parentheses in the discussion which are more or less filled up with fun. Recently in Truckee, California, a jury had been out four hours, when the judge sent the sheriff to ascertain whether they were going to agree. The sheriff put eyes and ears to the key-hole, and then he brought the judge. Together they opened the door. On a table in the centre of the room stood a bottle of whisky, and around it the hilarious twelve were marching in single file. The foreman carried on his back a bass-drum, upon which the man behind him was pounding. Next, a juror playing on a snare-drum; then a shrill whistle, imitating a fife. The rest were singing. "We couldn't agree on a verdict, nohow," said the tipsy foreman, in reply to the judge's reproof, "and we didn't think 'twas any hurt fur to have a soc'l time, s'long's we was a congen'l party." Then they all took just one.

THE late Senator Sumner was a discriminating man, and precise in his manner of statement. At the sale of his personal effects in Boston, ninety-five dollars were paid for an old Roman lamp, bearing the inscription, "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep," to which Mr. Sumner had added, "*of all colors.*"

HUMOR has not yet died out in the British Parliament. A few days ago Colonel Egerton Leigh, in a speech of ten minutes, asking for fair play for the fair sex, illustrated the difficulty of getting women to give evidence against their husbands in case of assault, by telling a story of a poor woman who came up with a broken nose,

and screening her brute of a husband by the assertion that she had bitten herself. "These fellows," said the colonel, "ought to be hanged, and I should like to see them hanged; but it requires a good deal of interest nowadays to get hanged."

Besides this we have an Irish member who voted, May 8, *against* closing public-houses in Ireland, and who voted, May 16, in *favor* of closing museums on Sunday in England.

The creed of — may be described
As "Toddy and Te Deums;"
Keep church and public open wide,
But shut up all museums.
The vote is good, and pleases well
Both brewer and divine;
It says, "The Sabbath sacred is—
Sacred to Beer and Wine!"

Much depends upon the way in which things are stated. For example, in one of our Western exchanges an account of a steamer accident is given, in which the reporter says, "The only passengers were T. B. Nathan, who owned three-fourths of the cargo and the captain's wife."

The following, which we do not remember to have seen before in print, is worthy of preservation in the Drawer: In his eulogy of the late Chief Justice Chase, Mr. Everts told a characteristic anecdote of Mr. Lincoln. It was in reference to the distribution of government patronage that he said, at the outset of his administration, "I am like a man letting rooms at one end of his house while the other is on fire." And this ludicrous simile is certainly an incomparable description of the system as he found it.

The following bit of dialogue is reported to have occurred between a Briton recently arrived in our home of freedom, and one of those sterling citizens of the Washoe region who have such an airy and winning grace of manner:

"Deah me, this is disgusting" (holding up his knife and gazing fixedly at its point). "This is eithaw the second or the third hair—I think it's the third—that I've found in this buttah!"

"You've not been in 'Merica long, I judge?"

"No, Sir; I arrived here yesterday morning."

"I thought so; otherwise you would not have complained of hairs in the butter."

"Not complain of hairs in the buttah! You suppwise me, Sir. How could I do otherwise?"

"Those hairs, Sir, are natural to Washoe butter; in Washoe the white sage creates hair. In a country where all the cows feed on the white sage, do you think it likely that the butter will be bald-headed? Would you like to try a box—ten dollars? You are rather weak on the north pole."

ONE of the peculiar people of Kansas is J. W. M'—, a justice of the peace and land agent in one of the thriving towns of that State. Not long since he was called upon to perform the marriage service, and he improved it in the following manner: "Therefore, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the laws of the State of Kansas, and the rules and regulations governing the land-office at —, I hereby pronounce you man and wife. Whomsoever I have joined in wedlock let no man part asunder. I charge you to be true to each other. True love is as

scarce in Kansas as honest men in our Legislature. Be always true and loving to each other, even if the chinch-bugs eat your corn, and your cattle die of Spanish fever. Take a homestead or piece of railroad land in this county, one with a good spring on it preferred (my partner knows where there is a good piece), and you will be comparatively happy. Happiness in this world consists of man and wife loving each other and playing checkers. It is a pity there is so much deception, but if your hearts throb in unison and laborers receive two dollars a day, you can consider yourselves in luck. A-men."

BRIGHT sayings are always to be heard in the courts, and the regret is that so few are willing to take the trouble of noting them down. The following will be appreciated by members of both bench and bar:

Sergeant Manning, a very nervous man, was arguing a case before the judges of the Common Pleas. He had a large number of books before him, almost sufficient to constitute a library. While reading the report of one of the cases a number of books tumbled off the table in front of him. He said, "My lords, it is reported in two other books in the exact words."

Mr. Justice Maule said, "Are you sure it is exactly the same?"

"Certainly, my lords."

Maule replied, "Why hunt for the other books? Read the same case again out of the one you have in your hand."

Of course every body laughed. The books were found, and Manning left the court.

AN Ithaca man thinks this ought to be put somewhere in the Drawer: Recently, on the train between Mount Pleasant and Burlington, Louisiana, a little girl traveling with her parents attracted the attention of the passengers by her brightness. A gentleman went to her seat and asked her if she wouldn't go home with him, adding that he had a nice little boy that she could play with. The little girl's eyes sparkled and her cherry lips rounded up when she said, "I am going to have a little brother of my own the first of November." Some of them laughed, and some didn't, but they all looked pleasant.

A BOSTON lawyer sends this:

"Twenty years ago, just after I was admitted to the bar in Maine, I called one evening on the young lady who has since become my wife. I made friends with her little brother Addie, and when he ran out of the room heard him ask his mother, confidentially, 'Mamma, do you think angels' wings are strong enough to carry lawyers to heaven?' The good woman's answer was lost in the 'Hush, dear!' but in the battle of life since then the question has come back more than once."

AN effort was made at the recent session of the Evangelical Ministerium in Allentown, Pennsylvania, to consolidate the German Lutheran papers in New York and Pennsylvania. The journals to be united under this proposition are the New York *Herold* and the Allentown *Zeitschrift*. It was resolved by the New York Synod that the two should be united and published under one name as the organ of the Ger-

man Lutheran Church. During the discussion which arose on the subject on the floor of the New York Synod a learned divine proposed that the name of the new paper should be "The New York *Herold* in Union with the Allentown *Zeitschrift*." Another equally prominent clergyman suggested that as the name was to be so long, it should be printed in a curved line, and in the centre there should be a vignette of Martin Luther, standing Bible in hand, with this motto, "Here I stand, God help me, I can not do otherwise." The two propositions seemed to meet with very general favor, when Rev. William Hoppe, late pastor of Zion's Lutheran Church, of Lancaster, thought he saw a weak point in this arrangement, and stated it thus: "Gentlemen, you are about to reach a consummation devoutly to be wished, the establishment of a German Lutheran newspaper which shall stand before the world as the great exponent and defender of the Lutheran creed. Let us see what the name of this journal would look like when once printed as suggested. It would, I think, read something like this, 'The New York *Herold*; here I stand, God help me, I can not do otherwise, in union with the Allentown *Zeitschrift*.'" The members of the Synod shook with laughter, and the pompous newspaper name, it is needless to say, was forgotten amidst the echoes of their merriment.

In the beautiful cemetery in the city of Kenosha, Wisconsin, is a fine monument, on which is clearly and neatly cut the following:

Emigrated to the land of Paradise.
My dear Pet meet me at the gate of Paradise.
I will be there by Nature's fast Express.
Until there we meet a loving adieu.
P.S.—W. B. is coming soon.

SENATOR JONES, of Nevada, tells the following incident in the career of a queer character of the name of Pokebury, who some time back dwelt in Nevada—a lawyer of some promise, who came to nothing through drink. Losing all his clients, he went to mining, and joined a rough miner by the name of Spokes. At the end of a week Pokebury appeared in town with a black eye, a swollen nose, and lacerated garments. Of course we were anxious to know all about it.

"Well, you see," said he, "Billy and I were partners, and I like Billy, for he's a well-meaning man for an uneducated cuss. But Billy and I dissolved partnership, we settled and struck—leastwise we struck each other, and Billy settled. Our first little difference was of an astronomical character. We divided the day different. Billy divided on 6 A.M., and I divided on 10 A.M., and Billy, instead of allowing for astronomical difference, said I was a lazy dog. But I didn't mind that, for Billy was my partner, you see, and had a right to his views. Then we differed on ablution. Billy ablated before breakfast, and said I was a dirty dog, for, you see, I always ablate after breakfast. But I didn't mind that, for people will differ, and so long as the difference don't affect business, what's the odds? But the third difference was just a little too much for me. We were sitting down to beans and slap-jacks, and Billy blowing about my being a greedy dog, when suddenly the fellow said to me, 'I'd thank you for those molasses.' This was too

much—no man can say 'those molasses' to me and live, and I just took him in the countenance with a right-hander that settled him and his insulting bad grammar together. That's the way we dissolved. I'm in town, and I guess Bill will be here in a couple of weeks."

In no State in the Union is that delicate regard for one's feelings manifested in a higher degree than in Michigan, especially where the object of attention, owing to some technical irregularity, has found himself temporarily in the hands of the law. As an example, please to take your eye in your hand, and, as the baseballist would say, pitch over the following account of a court scene in Detroit:

"John! oh, John! come out here and face the music," called 'Bijah, his head in the corridor and his body in court; and John Campbell came out.

"It seems a pity that a young man of twenty-seven, good-looking, large nice feet, lots of muscle, and a sore nose, should stand here charged with vagrancy," said his honor. "While all the rest of the world is moving and rushing and working, you fall asleep on the wharves."

"Can't help it, Zur," replied the prisoner, in a mournful tone; "can't get wor-uk any where."

"What kind of work have you been seeking for?"

"Wa'al, suthin kinder easy, for I ain't well."

"No, I can see that," remarked the Court; "your red nose, mournful eyes, large ears, and close-cropped hair all speak of a journey to the silent tomb at no distant day. In a little while, in a few more days, as it were, you will be laid away to sleep forever, and the world will forget that you ever lived."

"Yez, Zur," replied the prisoner, trying to look still more sad.

"Nevertheless, it is my duty, before you are laid away, to send you up for ninety days," said the Court, "and 'Bijah will see that you have a free seat on the wagon."

THE following humorous hints from a correspondent are offered in view of the unprecedented number (over three hundred) of college titles that have rushed like a fresher over the country during the late Commencement season:

D.D.'s may be carried, one in each hand, always ready for exhibition to delighted friends. It is safe to look over the Latin beforehand, with the aid of a friend if necessary, as an easy translation of the M.S. is desirable on such occasions. Nothing is more touching at an evening entertainment than to see a parchment with blue ribbons and magic seal gracefully unrolled upon the table, while the company are charmed with a little speech referring in delicate terms to the "honor conferred," the "recognition of a hard-earned reputation," and the "rising glories of *alma mater*."

D.D.'s may be worn as intellectual shoulder-straps. If the men are *light* and the titles heavy, this mode is recommended for hot weather. Of what use, in fact, are titles if they can not be seen? They are supposed to be the visible *insignia* of glorious triumphs won on intellectual battle-fields. During the war a newly fledged lieutenant could be seen Sabbath after Sabbath sitting alone in the gallery of a large church in

Chicago, his shoulder-straps the admiration of the whole congregation. When Tripp was made adjutant, in order to see how his title sounded, he crawled into an empty barrel, we are told, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Adjutant Tripp!" "Adjutant Tripp!" So a young doctor, to ascertain how his new title would sound in the parish, shut himself up in his little study, and called out as loud as he could without disturbing the neighbors, "Dr. Bugbee!" "Dr. Bugbee!"

This reminds us of the time the good doctor "winked out." One day Bridget rushed into the parlor, full of company, wringing her hands and crying, "Dr. Bugbee is dead!" "Dr. Bugbee is dead!" None having heard of the doctor, there was a solemn pause in the conversation, when Kate, that witch of a girl, said, slowly, "Well, that is bad, but not as bad as if Mrs. Bugbee was dead too!" Then even Bridget was seen to laugh through her tears.

A professor in a Western college had a cat named "Analytical Geometry." As the cat died rather suddenly, it was thought that perhaps its name killed it. Whether the good doctor's death was also hastened by carrying the weight of "honors conferred" is not known. It is known, however, that the corner-stone of the Capitol building of a Western State, on which a multitude of persons seeking immortality had carved their names, fell to pieces in the spring before the building was erected, crushed probably by the weight of respectability.

D.D.'s may be worn in the hat, thus giving the upper portion of the body a swaying motion, like a head of wheat heavily loaded. Care should be taken in such cases not to confound these titles with "bricks in the hat," which also give to the body a swaying motion. Some ships are loaded to the beam, and some doctors are so overloaded with dignity and dogma that they go under. How many doctors could be profited by Rusticus, who warned his studious son against overstudy, by reminding him of that law of physics by which only a given quantity of matter can be put into a given space! So he said only a given quantity of knowledge can be crammed into the head at one time—any more would crack the skull open! A wit has irreverently suggested that there are doctors of divinity now living whose skulls from the pure effects of dogma have begun to crack behind!

Truth requires us to say, however, that some doctors do not regard their parchments with as much deference as the importance of the MS. requires. When Humboldt died his friends found a room full of neglected ribbons and parchments—a sad disregard to "honors conferred."

Colleges generally confer these titles; but there is one instance on record where a D.D. was conferred in another way. When Quantrell was sacking Lawrence he hunted in vain all through that city for a noted abolitionist preacher, asking for him every where, always putting a D.D. before his name. The State University of Kansas has recently put another D.D. after his name. The first title is heathen—the last Christian.

Doctors of divinity are generally said to differ about as much as other people in natural gifts and graces. A professor in a theological seminary in the West is accustomed to tell the following story to his class about once a month:

"A gentleman got off from a ferry-boat in an Eastern city, and walking up to a stranger, said, 'Do you see those two men yonder?' 'Yes,' replied the stranger. 'Well, they are two doctors of divinity in our town, and their preaching only differs in one respect. In their sermons one always goes in at the same hole, the other always comes out at the same hole.'"

A ministerial wit in the West, who has not yet received his D.D., kept a body of teachers convulsed with laughter during a convention with his humorous sayings. One day he happened to mention the fact that he belonged to the sacred profession. One fellow from the country, gasping with surprise at this confession, was heard to exclaim, "A minister! Wa'al, I do declar'! If I was out shootin' ministers, he's the last man I'd snap at!"

The manner of obtaining D.D.'s sometimes employed, if written out, would furnish an amusing chapter.

A prosy minister, member of a board of trustees of an Eastern college, was accustomed for several years, when the time came for conferring honorary degrees, to retire from the board. Having received his D.D., he was never known thereafter to go out during session.

News came one day that a bill had passed the Legislature of Missouri granting a charter to a certain college. On receiving the news a few active friends of the college immediately got together, organized themselves into a board of trustees under the new charter, and after conferring a long-desired D.D. on one of their members, adjourned. News came next day that the bill had *not* passed the Legislature. But this divine, *merely out of respect to his associates*, wore his title to the day of his death.

An eloquent divine went to Washington during the war, but could not find accommodations at the hotels of the overcrowded city. A bright idea flashing over him, he walked up one of the broad avenues and rang the door-bell of one of the finest mansions in the city. A lady coming to the door, the doctor, a man of fine personal appearance, addressed her about as follows:

"Good-morning. I am the Reverend Dr. So-and-so, president of such a college in the West. I am a stranger in the city; have come to the capital on a brief visit; but can not find accommodation at the hotels. Would you be so kind as to refer me to some place in the city where I can find entertainment?"

The lady said, with a pleasant smile, "Why, doctor, we know you by reputation, and should be very happy to entertain you ourselves. Come in."

The doctor went in, and found sumptuous hospitality. After supper the host handed the doctor the Bible, who read a portion of Scripture, and engaged in prayer, the host responding "Amen" from time to time. The prayer grew warm at last with a fervid eloquence, and the "amens" rained down profusely. By-and-by the doctor began to pray for the country, and the "amens" grew fewer and more uncertain; but when he closed with an address to the God of battles and a fervent petition for the success of the Federal arms, "*the amens*," in the language of the narrator, "*dried up very rapidly*."

The family, although Southern sympathizers, treated the doctor with magnificent hospitality

while he remained in the city, and invited him to call and see them whenever he should return.

THE late Hon. Sam Galloway, of Columbus, Ohio, was a remarkably homely man. On one occasion, while dining with a personal and political friend in Chillicothe, the six or seven year old daughter of his host, who had been intently studying Galloway's face, said, loud enough to be heard by all at table,

"Ma, didn't that man's mamma love children mighty well?"

"Why so, my dear?" asked her mother.

"Oh, just 'cause she raised him!"

DURING the late session of the Presbyterian General Assembly in St. Louis the hotels were very much crowded, and so it happened that Colonel W. E. Gilmore, of Springfield, Missouri, was put to bed with a reverend Bourbon Democrat who had a great deal to say about politics.

The colonel listened in silence until the parson began to talk alightingly of President Lincoln, who, he assured the colonel, he personally knew, and that Mr. Lincoln "was a very ordinary man, Sir! honest enough, perhaps, but of no talents, Sir!" etc., etc.

"Your estimate of Mr. Lincoln," replied the colonel, "differs remarkably from that of the rest of the world. It is strange how universally people of all classes have been mistaken! Why, a great many actually regard him as the savior of our government."

"It is a positive *sin*, Sir, to talk of Lincoln as the savior of this country," said the parson. "God Almighty saved the country, Sir! And it would have been all the same if any body else than Lincoln had been President at the time."

"Well, maybe so," rejoined Gilmore; "but then, parson, *I think it required less Divine power to save it through Lincoln than it would have required to save it through—say, old Jim Buchanan, for instance! There was a great saving of Divine power, anyhow.*"

A CORRESPONDENT at Aston, Iowa, says:

Your capital hit at "red tape" in the army recalls a circumstance of the rebellion: At the battle of Chickamauga, General Willich, commanding a brigade, had by some very slight omission incurred the displeasure of General Rosecrans, the commanding general. General Willich was sent for, and notified by the general commanding that he could for the present consider himself under arrest. Then came the following dialogue:

GENERAL R. "General, consider yourself under arrest, and leave your sword here until your case is tried."

GENERAL W. "Yes, general, I will consider myself under arrest, and shust" (here the Germanic of General W. began to explode) "so soon as dis fight's over I'll come and fix him up."

GENERAL R. "But, Sir, I want you to consider yourself under arrest *now*."

GENERAL W. "Of course I do; and, Shiner! Rosecrans, as soon as I gits off this fight, I'll be up and settle this thing."

GENERAL R. "But, Sir, I can't let you go into

this fight. You are under arrest. I will assign a commander to your brigade."

GENERAL W. "You send an officer to fight my boys? He can't do it; they don't know him. Me they know; I teach them; I fight them, and none of the boys would know how to fight or what to do only when I goes with them. My boys belong to me. Yea, *me*, General Willich. *I command the brigade, and I must fight the brigade.*"

By this time the red tape of General Rosecrans had failed, and General Willich was requested to return and "fight his boys," which he did to the honor of himself and the cause. And that was the end of it.

IN the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's *Old Wells Dug Out*, a volume of sermons recently published by Harper and Brothers, he introduces the following anecdote:

"I saw an account the other day of a little boy who was to be taken by a city missionary, with some other boys, to the country to find homes. He was well clad, and had a new hat given him; but while the missionary was getting the other children ready to go, this boy went into the corner and took the hat he had thrown off and tore the lining out of it. The missionary said, 'What are you doing with that hat? You don't want it. What are you tearing the lining out of it for?' 'Ah!' said the boy, 'that was made out of mother's dress. She loved me very much before she died, and I have nothing to remember her by but the lining.' And so the boy tore it out and put it in his bosom."

The preacher "improves" the incident by asking, "Would you not like to have one shred of your mother's religion to remember her by?" etc., etc., etc.

APPROPOS of the present time, when politicians are about to mount stumps and warn us against the iniquities of the other side, Mrs. Partington has evolved from the depths of her inner consciousness one of those remarkable aphorisms that have so endeared her to the American people. Speaking of a platform orator, she says: "Dear me, how fluidly he talks! I am always rejoiced when he mounts the nostril, for his eloquence warms every cartridge in my body."

A GOOD story is told of Rev. Mr. B——, of —, in Massachusetts:

An old lady in his church was told by some one who did not like his theological sentiments that he was an *Arminian*. She was greatly distressed at the statement, and went at once to her pastor to ascertain from himself if the charge was well founded.

"Mr. B——," she said, "I've heard that you are an *Arminian*, and I've just come right to yourself to know if it's true."

"*An Arminian*, my good woman," said Mr. B——: "*why, I was born in Danvers!*"

"There, there," said the old lady, hastening back to her informant, "I knew it couldn't be so, and it isn't; for I went and asked himself, and he told me he was born in Danvers!"

The old lady evidently thought the term *Arminian* had some relation to geography, and that her minister's birth in Danvers settled the question.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXCIV.—NOVEMBER, 1874.—VOL. XLIX.

THE BAHAMAS.



HOPETOWN HARBOR, ABACO, FROM THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

WE had been steaming south in the fine steamer *City of Merida* for two days, followed by raw northerly winds, when the wind suddenly shifted to the south. The change in the temperature was magical. Overcoats were thrown aside at once, and all hands were called aft to spread the awning; the waves went down, the clouds disappeared, the cold gray color of the sea turned to azure, and every breath of the "sweet south" seemed to sing a welcome to enchanted isles where reigns perpetual summer. On the fourth night we passed the Elbow Light, on the northeast angle of Abaco, and sighted Hole-in-the-Wall at midnight. Many of us also now saw for the first time the Southern Cross gleaming over the bow, while the North Star and the Bear were still visible on the quarter. At dawn a long, low line of green keys lay abeam, and soon we saw the graceful groves of cocoa and the spires of Nassau gleaming in the sun, now rising in a cloudless sky. The steamer drew too much water to go over the bar, and therefore came to anchor outside of the lighthouse at the western end of Hog Island, a beautiful coral islet three miles long, which, by furnishing a breakwater cheaper and safer than that of Plymouth or Cherbourg,

enables Nassau to claim the best port in the Bahamas. Boats of all descriptions darted from the shore, manned by negroes, presenting sometimes a diverting variety of raggedness in the slender wardrobe prescribed by conventional propriety rather than by any need of protection against the weather. As we rowed in over the bar the first object to attract our attention was the absolute clearness of the water—hyaline, as a poet might truthfully call it—which enables the eye to see every thing on the white sand bottom, and the vivid, almost dazzling, green hue of the surface, mottled with varied tints of the same color, giving exactly the appearance of polished malachite. On landing, amidst a hubbub of negroes, we found the streets of almost snowy whiteness, intensified by the glare of the white walls, so that straw hats and shade umbrellas were at once called into requisition. One very soon gets accustomed to this, however, and the effect could be greatly modified if the worthy citizens would only content themselves with lower walls around their gardens, or would color those they have with some sober gray. This is evident when one rides out beyond the city, where the roads are of precisely the same character, but much more tolerable,

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VOL. XLIX.—No. 294.—51

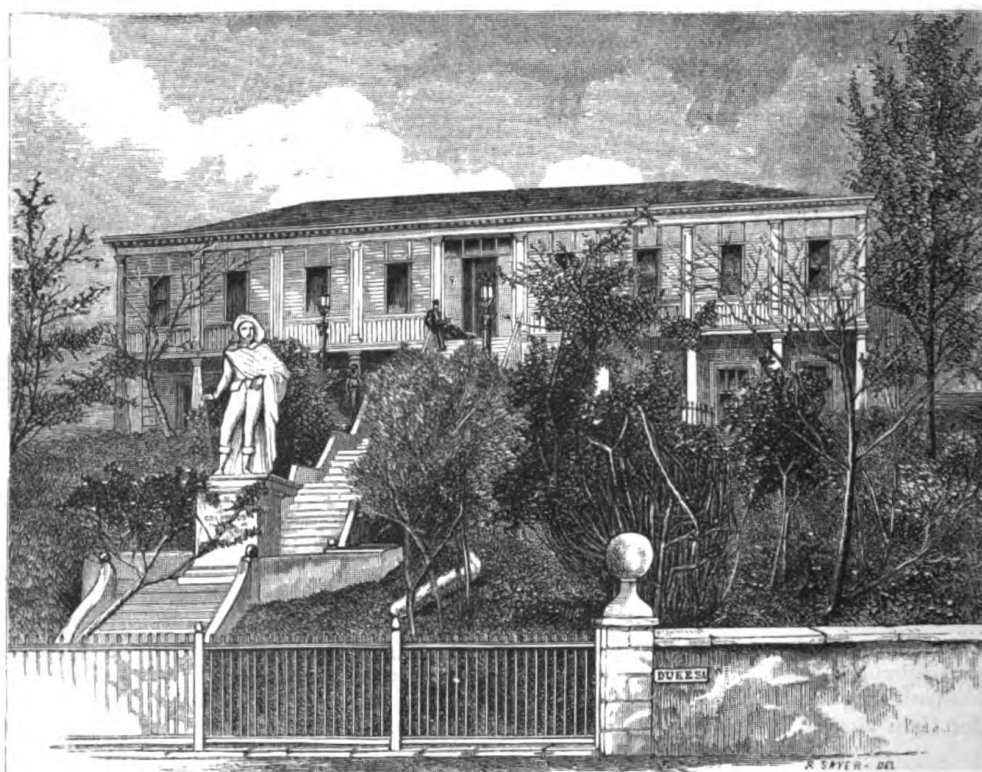
because lined with verdure instead of staring white walls.

It was a charming transition from the glare of the streets to the cool, spacious verandas of the Royal Victoria Hotel, which occupies noble grounds on an elevated position commanding a superb prospect over the city, the harbor, and the ocean beyond, and a breakfast of turtle steak, chocolate, and tropical fruits freshly plucked reminded us again that for a while at least we were free from the furnace-heated prison-houses of the North, and the icy, capricious, penetrating winds of our Northern spring, if it is not a misnomer to call it spring.

Nassau, as is generally known, is not only the chief town of the island of New Providence, but also the capital of the Bahamas. There the Legislature meets and the Governor resides. The Government House is pleasantly situated, and the approach to it is appropriately adorned by a colossal statue of Christopher Columbus. Governor Henessy, the present incumbent, is a courteous and intelligent gentleman, with enlightened views regarding what can promote the welfare of the islands, and those who have attended the elegant entertainments at the government mansion can testify to the kind and graceful hospitality of Mrs. Henessy. The Legislature is elected once in seven years, and generally includes several colored members. The black population largely predominates, for not only did the early set-

tlers own slaves, but many cargoes of captured slavers were taken to Nassau and left there to shift for themselves. They are generally tall and well formed, and very civil in their demeanor, and great crimes are very uncommon among them. Theft and licentiousness are their chief "irregularities;" but these vices are not confined to the Bahamas, "the more's the pity," and it is creditable to the people that the spacious and handsome prison recently constructed at high cost is half empty, which gave the jailer a curious uneasiness, because, as he said to me, he had a piece of road-mending to be done in the broiling sun of mid-day, and the number of criminals under his charge was not equal to completing it within a given time! The old prison, a rather picturesque building resembling a mosque, is now turned into a public library; the cells, once filled with pirates and boozy blockade-runners, now form the alcoves of a very well arranged library, stocked with some six thousand volumes, generally well selected, and open to the use of the public. As this institution is near the hotel, it is of great advantage to strangers sojourning on the island.

Some of the mulattoes display considerable talent as artisans. The shell-work they produce shows exquisite taste and skill; and Bethel, the best ship-builder of the group—and a very clever man he is, too—is of the colored persuasion. Captain Stuart, who commands the light-house and revenue



GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

schooner, is a man of commanding appearance and marked intelligence, and is regarded by the negroes of Nassau as "a sort of god round heah," as they phrase it, because he foretold the great hurricane of 1866. The colored people of Nassau are much addicted to church-going, and it is pleasant of a calm evening to hear the singing from the churches all over the town. Poppy Rumer, as he is familiarly called, a quaint, unique character, is their most noted preacher, and many of his curious sayings and eccentricities are current. He is in addition a man possessed of intellectual power, and is thoroughly in earnest. Old Gunnybags is another noted character of Nassau, a modern Diogenes, who takes up his residence in Grantstown, the suburb affected by the black gentry. The old fellow, not to speak disrespectfully of him, was crossed in love in his earlier days, it is said, since which melancholy event he has worn a suit of gunny bags of a fashion not borrowed from Paris, and has slept in a hogshead laid on its side under a wall by the way-side; owing to the narrowness of his quarters and the heat of the climate, he cooks his meals in the open air. A little beyond are the places called Jericho and Jerichobeyond-Jordan, which show what thrift the negro can display on occasion.

As a class, however, the negroes of the Bahamas are far more superstitious than religious. They are great cowards at night, shutting up their cabins tight as a drum to keep out the wandering powers of darkness, and their belief in fetichism is almost incredible. The obeah men drive a thriving business, and it is seldom a sponging boat goes to sea without first enlisting the valuable aid of the man-witch or warlock. They are said to be lazy, and certainly they seem to take life very easily, lying on the ground sometimes for hours under the full blaze of the noonday sun, chewing the end of a sugar-cane, or brawling in grandiloquent and often meaningless rodomontade at the street corners. But there is little need of exertion when it takes so little to supply their immediate wants. The pastoral of one of the ritualistic priests, giving directions for the observance of Lent, created "inextinguishable laughter" in Nassau last spring, for among other follies he forbade the eating of sugar. As sugar-cane forms the staple article of food with the negroes, a strict observance of his directions would have been followed by lamentable results. But I think the charge of laziness unfounded, if one but considers the severe labor the negroes often accomplish, as, for example, in the sponge fishery, which gives employment to the owners and crews of five hundred licensed craft of ten to twenty-five tons burden, and is carried on with some risk from the weather, and much hardship, for the sponges are two or three fathoms below the surface, and must be torn



OLD GUNNYBAGS.

from the rocks with hooks attached to long poles. The position of the sponges is ascertained by means of a water-glass, which is a simple oblong box a foot square, open at the upper end, and containing a pane of glass at the other; on holding this perpendicularly over the water one can see every thing through it as clearly as in an aquarium—fish, sponges, coral, or shells. The Bahama sponges are chiefly of four sorts, sheep-wool, which is the most valuable, reef, velvet, and glove, and although inferior to the finest Mediterranean sponges, are very strong, and serviceable for washing carriages, surgery, and the like. The sponge boats usually get in on Saturday, and the sponges are assorted in the markets, each boat-load and variety by itself. On Monday they are disposed of at auction, only members of the sponge guild and those making genuine offers being permitted to bid, which is done by written tenders.

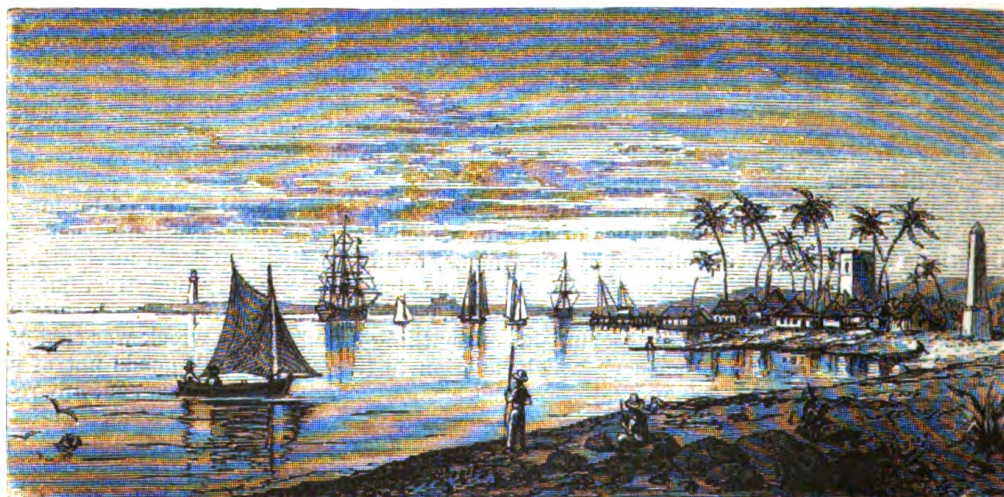
Wrecking is another branch of business for which the Bahamas have long been famous, owing to their intricate navigation. At one time this was very lucrative, but it has been falling off of late years. Formerly every thing saved from a wreck was sold at auction in Nassau; now all goods not of a perishable nature, and undamaged, are reshipped to the port of destination. Collusion between ship-masters and the pilots was also frequent, but increased vigilance on the part of the insurance companies has interfered with this nefarious business, while



SPONGE YARD.

the numerous light-houses recently erected by the government, with noble self-sacrifice, have operated in the same direction. The uncertainties attending money-making in this precarious way have their effect on the character of the people, as is the case when the element of chance enters largely into business; the prizes in the lottery are few, but are occasionally so large as to excite undue expectations, and thus unfit many for any pursuit more steady but less exciting. For months they will cruise about, watching and hoping, and barely kept alive on a scant supply of sugar-cane and conchs; then they fall in with a wreck, and make enough from it, perhaps, to keep them going another year. It is not a healthy or desirable state of affairs.

One Sunday morning a commotion arose quite unusual in the uncommonly quiet and orderly streets of Nassau. There was hurrying to and fro, and the sound of voices shrill and rapid, caused by some sudden and extraordinary excitement. The wharves of the little port were thronged and positively black with eager negroes, and great activity was noticeable among the sloops and schooners. Some were discharging their cargoes of sponges, shells, fish, and cattle in hot haste; others were provisioning or setting up their rigging; others again were expeditiously hoisting their sails and heaving up their anchors; while the crews, black and white, sang songs in merry choruses, as if under the influence of great and good tidings. What could it all mean? It meant



ENTRANCE TO PORT NASSAU.



BLACKBEARD, THE PIRATE.

this: another vein in the Bahama gold mines had been struck, another lead discovered, and the miners were off to develop it, each hoping to be the lucky one to turn out the largest nugget, and retire on it for life. In other words, news had just been brought of the wreck of a Spanish vessel on the Lavadeiros Shoal, one hundred and fifty miles away. She was none of your wretched colliers or fruiters, with a cargo valueless to wreckers, but a ship whose hold from keelson to deck beams was packed with a thousand tons of choice silks and stuffs for the black-eyed brunettes of Havana, just enough damaged to oblige them to be sold at auction in Nassau, where all wrecked goods must be brought for adjudication. Verily, we thought, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good;" the misfortune which has wrung the soul and perhaps ruined the happiness of one or two in far lands has made glad the hearts of several thousand darkies, mulattoes, and whites in the Bahamas. Here is a text for La Rochefoucauld, the modern cynic.

The manufacture and exportation of salt has also been one of the most lucrative pursuits of the islands. With the single exception of Andros Island, which seems to be still in a formative state, there is not a freshwater lake or stream in the whole group; but lakes of some size, containing more or less salt, are found on many of the islands. Vast quantities of salt have been made at Exuma, Long Island, Rose Island, Inagua, and Turk's Island. The latter is now under the jurisdiction of Jamaica, and the production of salt at the other islands is at present in a very languishing condition, the result of the high duties imposed by our government on the article, which act in two ways,

like a two-edged sword, forcing our people to pay a higher price than they otherwise would for what salt they consume, and effectually crippling one of the most important trades of the West Indies.

But the branches of business which in past years have brought most wealth into Nassau have been buccaneering, privateering, and blockade-running. The buccaneers were at one time in high feather there; they bought up or captured the governors, toasted and roasted the people when recalcitrant, and hiding behind the low keys in their little vessels, sprang out, spider-like, on any unwary trader quietly sailing by. Blackbeard, who is represented in the accompanying cut from an old print, was the most celebrated of the ruffian chiefs who at various times ruled over these islands. An immense silk-cotton-tree stood until within a few years on Bay Street, in Nassau, under the broad branches of which he administered high-handed justice, and caroused with his harridan dames. He was finally killed off the coast of South Carolina in a desperate fight, and the land had rest for certain years, the escutcheon of the colony bearing since that time the significant legend, "*Expulsis piratis, restituta commercia.*"

After the pirates came the privateers of the Revolution. Fincastle, Lord Dunmore, when he left Virginia came to the Bahamas, of which he was appointed Governor, and he was followed by many Tories. Although not a great man, his is one of the most noted names connected with the history of the Bahamas. Traces of his administration still exist in many places. There is a quaint fort named Fincastle behind the hotel, curiously resembling a paddle-box steamer, and the country-seat where he resided, now called the Hermitage, is still standing by the water, admirably situated, surrounded by a noble grove of oaks and cocoa-palms. Royal Island, having a snug little harbor easy of



FORT FINCASTLE, NASSAU.



THE HERMITAGE, COUNTRY-SEAT OF LORD DUNMORE, AT NASSAU.

access, was a rendezvous where arms and stores were concealed, and royalist privateers made it a common resort during the American Revolution. An old stone house still remains there which has doubtless witnessed many wild, mysterious scenes in days gone by.

We may add in passing that one of the most noted characters who ever figured in Nassau was Blennerhasset, notorious for his relations with Aaron Burr. It will be remembered that after the excitement produced by the trial had blown over, Blennerhasset passed off the scene; but Blennerhasset still lived. There is excellent authority for stating that the Bahamas, a refuge for so many rovers and adventurers, gave him a shelter during the closing years of his life. Leaving his wife, whom the classic oration of Wirt has made famous, to care for herself, he there assumed the name of Carr, and received the position of Attorney-General. The secret was known to but few. Another wife consoled him for the absence of Mrs. Blennerhasset, who once discovered his retreat, but was spirited out of the island, and maintained elsewhere on a separate allowance. Those were roistering days, when gentlemen drank hard, played high, and fought duels like devils—days now fortunately passed, it is hoped, forever, at least in Nassau—and Blennerhasset acted his rôle well, by no means a looker-on in Vienna.

And now we come to the most remarkable episode in the history of the Bahamas, the part they played in the Southern rebellion, about which a volume of entertaining information could be written. On the 5th of December, 1861, the first Confederate vessel arrived from Charleston, with 144 bales of cotton; and between that time and the close of the war 397 vessels entered Nassau from Confederate ports, and 588 sailed thence for Southern ports. Of these the steamers were to the sailing vessels in the ratio of three

to one. Of the clearances 432 were ostensibly for St. John, New Brunswick, and of the total number only thirty-two carried the Confederate flag—a pretty fair indication of the amount of complicity and lying practiced about that time by her Majesty's subjects and officials in Nassau, and of the value of the British capital engaged in this unjustifiable traffic. In nothing is this connivance on the part of a neutral power more evident than in the case of the *Florida*, or *Oreto*, which was three times seized by the commander of the British man-of-war *Bull-dog*, and three times released by the decision of the insular Admiralty Court on grounds afterward prudently disavowed by the home government. The plea of Mr. Anderson, the counsel for the prosecution, was culpably weak, and it is a well-established fact that \$80,000 were brought from England and divided between the late Chief Justice Lees (who received \$20,000) and other parties in Nassau engaged in this iniquitous transaction, a legal luxury for which England has since paid several millions.

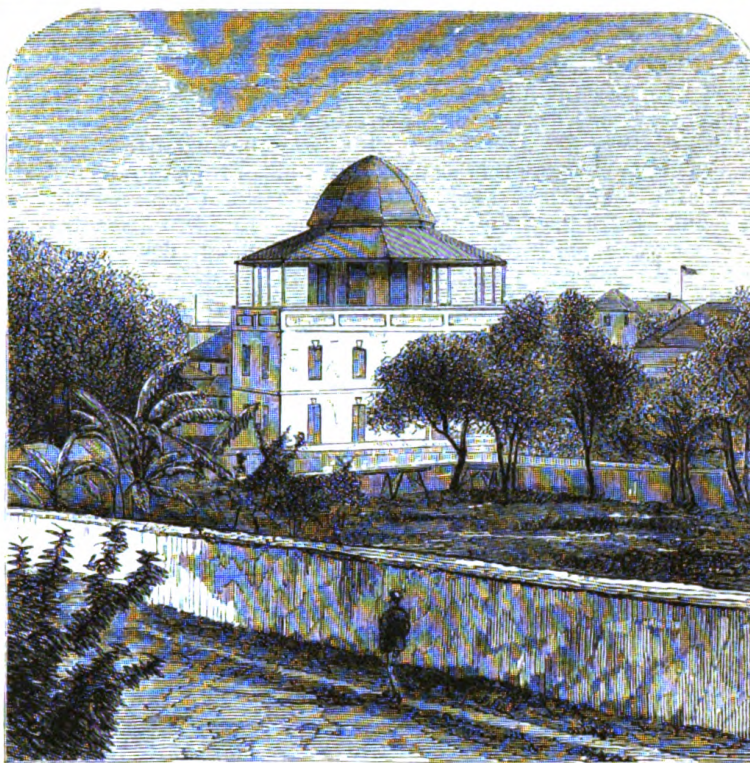
During the Confederate years the little town actually swarmed with Southern refugees, the captains and crews of blockade-runners, cotton brokers, rum-sellers, Jews and Gentiles of high and low degree, coining money and squandering it as if they owned the secret of the transmutation of metals. They played toss-penny in the verandas of the Royal Victoria Hotel with gold eagles! The shops were packed to the ceilings; the streets were crowded with bales, boxes, and barrels—cotton coming in, Confederate uniforms and pills of lead and quinine, to pepper patriots and patients, going out. Semmes and his bold boys twisted their mustaches at every corner, danced involuntary reels and hornpipes from groggery to groggery, and from the waxed floors of the Government House, where they were

always sure of a cordial reception, to the decks of the *Banshee* and *Alabama*, or brandished their revolvers in the faces of Union men, whose lives were too uncertain to insure thereabouts in those roistering days. Aspiey little paper called the *Young Punch*, edited by a witty Confederate in Nassau, gives a glimpse of the state of things then existing, and shows that there was some real fun connected with blockade - running. A rather grim joke was played at the expense of the rebels *via* Nassau. A large invoice of prayer-books was brought from England and reshipped

to Charleston with the express understanding that they were suited to the devotional wants of the Confederacy. Quite a number had been distributed before it was discovered that the prayers for the President and Congress of the United States had not been altered!

It is to the disgrace of our country that some of the goods smuggled into the Confederacy *via* Nassau were from Northern ports, as, for example, ship-loads of pistols brought from Boston in barrels of lard. On the other hand, there are many instances of noble patriotism on record. The name of Timothy Darling, Esq., is deserving the honor and respect of every true American. A native of Maine, but long a resident of Nassau, a British subject, and one of the principal merchants and politicians of the Bahamas, he was more than once offered the agency of the Confederacy, and always firmly declined—a proposal which, as the event proved, would have been worth many hundred thousand dollars to him.

During the continuance of the war the weather was exceptionally fine even for the West Indies; no hurricanes and but few gales of any violence occurred. Every thing went on merry as a marriage-bell, and the policies of vessels clearing for Nassau might well have omitted the words "wind and weather permitting." But in the year succeeding the fall of Richmond, 1866, occurred the most terrible hurricane experienced in those waters during this century. The



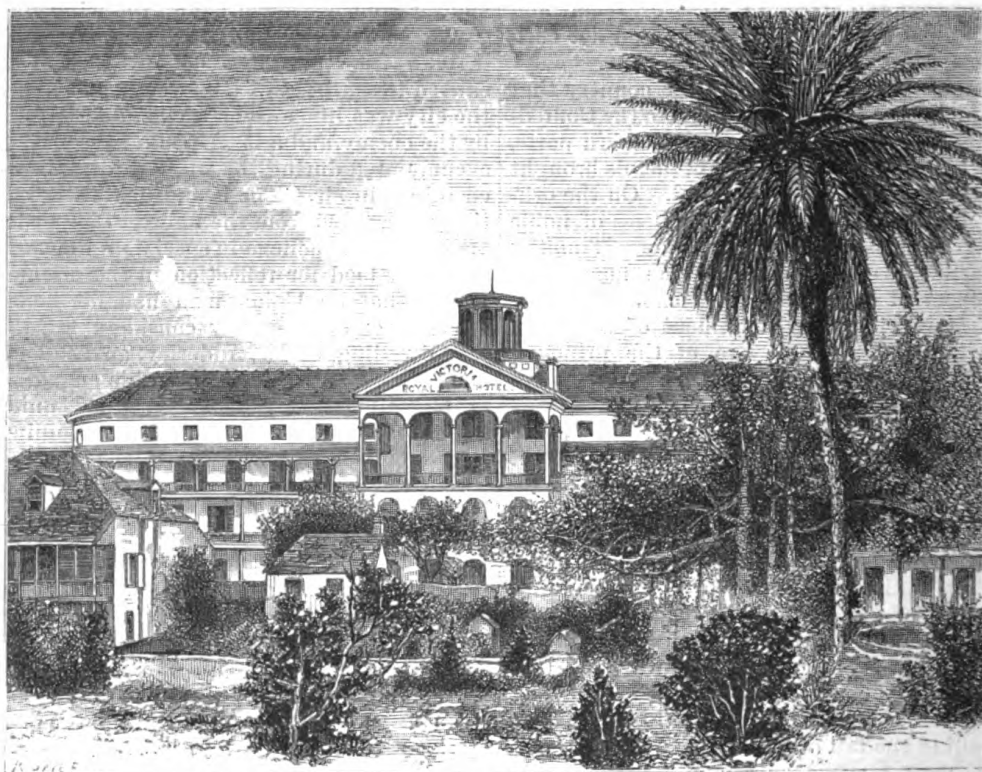
PUBLIC LIBRARY, NASSAU.

ocean rolled completely over Hog Island into the harbor in surges so enormous that the crest was even with the gallery of the lighthouse, sixty feet above the sea. Houses and forests went down before the wind like reeds; many which withstood its force when it blew from northeast collapsed when it shifted to southwest. In twenty-four hours the city was like a town sacked and burned by the enemy, and a large part of the wealth accumulated during the war had disappeared into thin air. The island has never entirely recovered from the blow. Those who are inclined to believe in special providences may find food for reflection in the circumstance that no Union man had his house wrecked or suffered any considerable loss. The dwelling of Mr. Adderley, an Englishman, whose principles forbade his engaging in any Confederate business, stood uninjured, while substantial buildings adjoining on either side were leveled to the ground. This is, at least, a curious coincidence. It is not to be supposed, however, that hurricanes or violent weather are frequent in the Bahamas. Formerly they occurred once in two or three years, in August to October, but now blow at longer intervals. There has been no hurricane since the one of 1866. The prevailing winds are north to south, round by east, taking the form of trade-winds from the eastward during a large part of the year, and it is rarely that the heat of mid-day is not cooled by a breeze from the sea. Great and sudden changes in the

weather are unknown; the rainy season begins in May, and during the summer a moderate quantity of rain falls, but from October to May the climate is dry and the temperature equable, ranging from seventy-three to eighty-five, and the invalid who goes there for consumption or neuralgic and rheumatic complaints always breathes a pure and health-inspiring air, free from either excessive moisture or malaria. For those flying the rigors of the North we can imagine no climate offering greater attractions and advantages within easy distance than that of Nassau, even the famed charms of Florida suffering in comparison, owing to its excessive rains and changeable temperature at the season most desirable for invalids, which, other things being equal, are always greater on the main-land than on a small island, where the air is equalized by the surrounding sea. It is fortunate for those who unhappily need such a resort that they can find in Nassau ample accommodations, and almost every essential comfort. The Royal Victoria Hotel, already alluded to, was erected by the colonial government in 1861 at an expense of \$130,000, and has since then been visited by many of our first people. The rooms are cheerful and neatly kept, and it is the aim of the government that it should be all that invalids, tourists, and pleasure-seekers could desire. The facilities for yachting and fishing at Nassau are admirable, fast yachts being al-

ways on hand, while the neighboring keys present charming resorts for picnic parties, and the variety, beauty, and savage character of many of the fish render fishing a sport of more than ordinary interest. The beautiful Lakes of Killarney, in the interior of New Providence, abound with wild duck, and those who care to cruise as far as Green Key will find lots of pigeon-shooting.

The drives around Nassau are also very charming, often leading by the sea-side. There are few scenes more replete with quiet but exquisite and satisfying beauty than the drive to Fort Montague toward sunset; on one side, groves of palms, lithe and graceful as nymphs, gently swaying their undulating plumage in the evening wind; on the other side, the sea murmuring on the yellow sand; in the distance, the city and the port limned against a sky ablaze with the glory of the tropics. The roads are always excellent, and of such a nature that the horses, when shod at all, are only shod on the fore-feet. With a few exceptions, they are small and meagre to a degree that renders Rosinante corpulent in comparison, being fed chiefly on sugar-cane stalks. It is curious that on islands generally the equine race, while exceptionally hardy, has a tendency to dwindle in size. But while appearances would lead one to expect a similar condition in the vegetation of the Bahamas, the reverse seems to hold good. With but one or two exceptions the islands are low calcareous



ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL.



SILK-COTTON-TREE, NASSAU.

rocks, probably the summits of peaks once rising far above the sea, and enlarged and re-elevated by coral insects since their submergence. The limestone is gray, and so hard as to strike fire when exposed to the weather, but soft enough below to be shaped with saw and hatchet, while the layer of soil scattered over it is so thin as to make it impossible to understand how any thing but scrub and goats could flourish upon it. Any Yankee so enterprising or hare-brained as to introduce the latest improved plow into Nassau would be considered a fit candidate for the Insane Asylum behind the bishop's residence. And yet there is not a plant of the tropics that may not be made to grow there, and many of the temperate zone. The mahogany is common, chiefly on Andros Island, and might be made a lucrative branch of commerce if there were roads to transport it to the sea. The variety called the horse-flesh is exceedingly durable, and is exclusively used for the frames of Bahama vessels. It seems to rival oak for this purpose. The pine reaches a good size in the interior of New Providence, where the palmetto is so intermingled with it as to present a suggestive blending of the vegetation of two zones. The wild pine-apple or air-plant, which lives in the branches of forest trees, holding sometimes a quart of dew in its silver-gray bowl of spiky leaves, is also an interesting object. The satin-wood, lignum-vitæ, yellow-wood, fustic, and cedar grow every where,

and cocoa and date palms abound, together with the *Ficus indicus*, a species of banyan. Of the East Indian banyan a very perfect specimen exists near Fort Montague. The banana, tamarind, sapodilla, mango, coffee-plant, guava, custard-apple, orange, sugarcane, mammee, and almost every vegetable production of the tropics grow more or less in the Bahamas. The oranges of San Salvador or Watling's Island are exceptionally sweet. How such vegetation can thrive on a mere basis of rock is a perpetual mystery. I visited an orange plantation outside of Nassau where the gray rock was completely honey-combed with depressions called cave-holes. On the bottom of these was a little soil, and there the trees grew and flourished in clumps of eight or ten. One of the most singular trees in the Bahamas is the silk-cotton, which attains a large size, not only reaching a good height, but spreading laterally over a wide surface, and buttressed at the base like a Gothic tower, evidently an adaptation by nature to support it in the absence of any perpendicular hold it might have in a deeper soil. The roots also extend to a great distance, creeping over the rock like vast anacondas, and clinging to every crevice. The bolls are full of a soft brown cotton, resembling floss silk, but not adhesive enough for use. One of the most remarkable specimens of this tree is one behind the Government House. Its roots extend nearly the eighth of a mile, and then

shoot up into another magnificent specimen in the grounds of the Royal Victoria Hotel, in whose branches a large platform has been constructed.

The cactus and aloe are, of course, common, and especially the Sisal aloe, from which manilla rope might very well be manufactured with a little enterprise, as might also be added regarding the production of castor-oil, as the plant grows abundantly on the islands. The pine-apple flourishes in San Salvador and Eleuthera, and the chief supplies of that delicious fruit which reach our markets are from the latter island.

The cruise to Harbor Island and Eleuthera is one of the most interesting within easy distance of Nassau. It can be made in a yacht or in one of the many little schooners constantly plying to and fro; keys are always in sight, and a lee can be made at any time; while one can return by way of Abaco, where a cruise in the sounds on either side of that island, and a visit to the curious little settlement called Hopetown, inhabited by descendants of the buccaneers, present various attractions. Spanish Wells, on the island of that name, is a singular place. Planted on the low beach, the houses are huddled together in inconceivable disorder, and built on posts to raise them above the sea waves, and also to keep them free from the incursions of the hermit-crabs, which live in the rocks in vast numbers, and often come

out at night and prowl over the land. Before every house is an oven—it was baking-day when we touched there—and the smell of fresh bread could be observed before we got to land. It was also ironing-day, and before every cabin flat-irons were ranged on coals. The women wear the peculiar oblong paste-board sun-bonnet which was common years ago in our rural districts, called in some places "rantaruskoots," and their appearance is not especially attractive; but then I did not see them in their best bibs and tuckers, and dress does make a difference. The school-house is thatched with palm leaves, and is a quaint little building. The school-master told me they lived on conchs and fish, and he had not tasted meat for two months. If fish makes brain, the Bahamians ought to be intellectual to a degree; but facts do sometimes conflict with theories. From Spanish Wells the track lies over a succession of coral reefs, through which the passage is of the most intricate character; one of the worst places, a long zigzag reef, is called the Devil's Backbone. Were it not for the extraordinary clearness and vivid malachite tints of the water, and that wherever a reef rises near the surface it is indicated by a complementary color of green, it would be next to impossible for a vessel to work into the port. The brilliance of these tints at mid-day also causes the deep water beyond to appear purple; and this tint, in a milder form, is carried into the sky,



STREET IN NASSAU.



HARBOR ISLAND.

which is rosy to the zenith on a bright day. The port of Harbor Island is spacious, and so protected by reefs and bars at each entrance as to be the safest in the world for vessels not drawing over nine feet of water, after they once get inside of it. It is formed by a low island stretching across a bight at the northeastern end of Eleuthera. On the inner slope of this isle is situated Dunmore Town, containing 2500 inhabitants, next to Nassau the largest settlement in the Bahamas. A very pleasing little place it is, encircled by beautiful cocoa-nut groves, and dreaming by the green water in an air of solitude and peace which is very bewitching to one who is weary of the rush and giddy whirl of the nineteenth century, while the cool trade-winds always moderate the heat. On the ocean side of Harbor Island is the finest beach I have seen, of very fine, delicate pinkish sand, hard as a floor, a glorious galloping ground for the half dozen ponies in the place. The people depend for fresh-water chiefly on wells sunk in the drifted sand immediately back of the beach. When the well is dug it is protected from falling in by three or four barrels, one over the other, and the rude curb is guarded with a padlock. The sea-water filters through the sand into these wells, and becomes sweet as ordinary spring water. A gale of wind destroys the wells once in three or four years, and excavating new ones is a dangerous process. The inhabitants gain a livelihood cultivating pine-apples on Eleuthera. A fleet of two hundred boats is owned in the settlement. Every morning at sunrise this little fleet spreads its wings to the trade-wind, and wafts eight hundred men and boys, black and white, to the lovely beach and cocoa-nut groves on Eleuthera, two miles away; every night they return. The pine-apples begin to ripen in April, and only grow to advantage on a peculiar red soil that is always thin, and is found in but few dis-

tricts. The plantations are on undulating ground, the highest in the Bahamas, and are skirted by mahogany, logwood, and cocoa-nut groves, overgrown with the brown love vine, and abounding in scarlet-flowered hop, clitoria or wild pea, and various other flowers, while the song of the brown thrush resounds in every thicket. A pine field when the pines are ripe looks as if it were on fire, the scarlet of the spiked leaves forming a flame-color with the vivid orange-yellow of the fruit. There are two principal varieties of the pine-apple, the scarlet and the sugar-loaf, the latter of which is the best.

Some charming excursions may be made from Harbor Island: one to the Glass Windows, a limestone arch eighty-five feet above the sea. The walk from Bottom Cove to the arch is remarkable for the beauty of the land forms, the whole effect being heightened by the peculiar stalks of the aloe rising here and there, like solitary bronze columns, lifting a massy coronal of golden flowers against the sky, while on one side, owing to the narrowness of Eleuthera at that spot, the green water of the coral reefs is close at hand, and on the other actually blue water, for Eleuthera is on the extreme edge of the Banks, serving for some seventy miles as a breakwater for the rest of the group against the vast surges of the Atlantic, which rise there suddenly sometimes without any wind, and last for several hours. The natives call these windless risings of the sea rages; they are probably caused by a heavy storm blowing at a distance. In 1872 a very extraordinary tidal wave rose without warning at the Glass Windows, washing under the arch and entirely over the island, carrying away several young people who were enjoying a picnic there. The account of the rescue of one of them is a thrilling and remarkable story, too long for narration here; but those who visit Harbor Island will find Mr. Cole, the intelligent and courteous school-master.

quite willing to repeat the narrative of an astonishing adventure, of which he was himself an eye-witness. Near Gregory's Harbor is a cave extending 1100 feet under-ground, enriched with stalactites of a brilliant brown hue. It is really worth visiting. There is also a large cave at Long Island, besides several smaller ones on other islands of the group. We may add before leaving Harbor Island that the traveler can find tolerable accommodations there at the house of Mrs. Stirrup. The cuisine is by no means elaborate, and the rooms are not sumptuous, but they will do for a week or two. South by east of Eleuthera is Cat Island, or Guanahani, celebrated as the land first seen by Columbus, and called by him San Salvador. Most of our readers must here be prepared, however, for a surprise, when it is stated that in all probability it was not Cat Island, which Columbus named San Salvador, but Watling's Island—a smaller isle a little more to the southward and eastward. The facts in the case are these: contrary, probably, to the general opinion, it has never been definitely known which was the island entitled to the honor; but about fifty years ago, when historians were busy with the voyage of Columbus, they undertook to settle the question by comparing his journal with the imperfect charts of the Bahamas then existing. Navarette fixed on Turk's Island, which later investigation has proved to be erroneous, while Irving, supported by the strong

authority of Humboldt, argued for Cat Island, and since then this has been generally accepted as San Salvador, and it is so designated on our charts to this day. But the English reversed their opinion some time ago, and transferred the name of San Salvador to Watling's Island, and it will be so found on their latest charts. The reasons for this change seem conclusive. Lieutenant Beecher, of the English navy, proves conclusively that Cat Island can not be San Salvador, and that Watling's Island answers the conditions required better than any other island lying in the track of Columbus. His two strongest reasons against Cat Island are that Columbus states that he rowed around the northern end in one day. The size of Cat Island makes this physically impossible there, while it is quite feasible at the other island. He also speaks of a large lake in the interior. There is no such water on Cat Island, while such a lake does exist on Watling's Island.

The lamented Agassiz contemplated an exploration of the Bahamas; and that there is abundant room for scientific investigation in the botany, shells, fauna, and perhaps the geology, of the group is evident at a glance, for they have never been thoroughly investigated. Catesby's work on the fauna of the Bahamas is valuable as far as it goes, but can hardly be called complete. Nassau, as a sanitarium for invalids, can not be too highly recommended.



GLASS WINDOWS.

SIBYLLA CUMANA.

By COMMANDER WILLIAM GIBSON, U.S.N.

MOON-CURVES of shore, and promontories and isles.
 A many-purpled sea flowing in and round.
 Wrecks of antiquity and yet elder myth.
 A rubbish, half on land and half in sea,
 Of Rome's once sumptuous sea-side luxury.
 Phlegræan fields, where Titan force still heaves
 The uncertain bases of the vernal hills.
 Volcanic bowls, smouldering and boiling yet,
 Or brimmed with cool oblivion of the wave.
 A ghastly tunnel in the sunny cliff
 Of one fair lake that bears Avernus' name.
 A narrow chamber of Cimmerian gloom
 And Phlegethonic steam (the Sibyl's grot).
 A green hill, crowned with venerable walls
 Of an Acropolis, and a lonely shaft
 Of fluted Doric, where Apollo's fane
 (The Sibyl's lover erst and tutelary god)
 Was reared by Dædalus, hither voyaging
 With wings, as fabled, or invented sails.
 And the hill honey-combed with labyrinths
 Of caverns, opening on the sunset sea
 (The hundred mouths of Sibylline oracles).
 The Acherusian lake. The Elysian fields,
 Clothed in the delicate atmosphere of spring,
 Sprouting with young vines, redolent of the fruit
 And flower of orange, true Hesperian gold,
 And the wide whisper of the violet.
 A round and vaulted ruin, temple or bath
 In times imperial, where two women danced
 The tarantella to a tambourine,
 That echo made orchestral: one a girl,
 Like a Bacchante in abandonment
 To her own grace, with pure Hellenic face,
 And plash of blue-black hair, and flashing eyes;
 And one a weird sexagenarian crone—
 Types of the Sibyl in her youth and age.
 These reminiscences of a long day
 By Baiæ's and more ancient Cumæ's shore
 Set me to dreaming of the mystic maid
 That sold the books to Tarquin. Me she led
 To no ancestral and prophetic shades,
 But through the gates of Sleep, ivory or horn,
 She brought me, with the scent of roses dead,
 One Sibylline leaf—a poem of her youth,
 Set to love-music by the Lyric god.

And as I read, or, rather, as the words
 Made subtle melody to my inner ear,
 I saw a maid of pure Hellenic face,
 And liberal hair the hue of starlight waves,
 Like my young contadina, but more fair—
 And how unlike the sweet and solemn eyes!
 The Graces, the wise Hours, and Harmony
 Modulated her mien; the perfect pose
 Of drooped head, flower-like on the swan-soft throat
 And shoulders; every undulating line
 Of beauty flowing from her virgin zone
 Clasped 'neath the ripening apples; the pure limb
 Bared by the looped-up robe; and sleeveless arms,
 A moulded music lessening to the hand,
 A lucid arch in sunlight, that threw half

Her face in rosy shadow, while the other
 Hollowed a dainty cup of warm wet sand,
 Glistening like diamonds. For the fervent West
 Ran in white splendor over Cumæ's beach.

This solitary Figure—and a Voice,
 Like the Greek chorus, in my dreaming ear.

Phœbus Apollo, beautiful Apollo,
 His golden locks laved in Castalia's fountain,
 With glitter of feet and of his shapely tunic,
 To me, that eve, out of a shining haze,

Moved, and spake wingéd words: "O youthful Sibyl!
 The wise soul and the tender charm, in shadow
 Of thy sweet brows, constrain me to thy service.
 Speak! is there any boon a god may give?"

I answered: "Life is brief, and death is dreadful.
 My thoughts, far-darting as thy shafts, O Phœbus!
 Pierce the veiled Ages—I fall at the threshold.
 I would my years were many as are these sands!"

Then he: "The grudging Fates exact conditions.
 Pause: they demand therefor a virgin Priestess.
 Years I can give, not fadeless youth: youth withers
 With the renunciation of young love.

"Lo! I that, in the deep folds of Parnassus,
 Am Lord of Song and Divination, warn thee.
 Erato's mirth, and not the Pythia's fury,
 Should mould the lyric of thy life. Expand,

"O Rose-bud, to the sun-warmth! Flower to flower,
 Goddess-like, lean to me in frank surrender
 Of balmy breath and bosom; for my passion
 In a rich sunset's rose descends on thee.

"Choosing the ephemeral rapture of the roses,
 Fertile of other roses, other raptures,
 Fulfill thy womanhood. Trust me. Like the Pleiads,
 Wed with a god, and night may win a star!"

Thus said or sang—for all his words were music—
 Striking a golden lyre with golden plectrum,
 The Lord of Light. And chanted, Io Pæan!
 The dear heart and the mind within my breast.

He drew me to him, one immortal moment
 Folded in unconsuming night of fire,
 Like a live brand, thrilled by the breath ambrosial
 And the relentless tyranny of his kiss.

Ai! Ai! the sweetness of it! No accession
 Of maiden shyness moved me; but strange horror
 Suddenly shivered through the soft desire,
 And wrenched me shuddering from the god's embrace.

And he made moan: "Unblest in love and friendship,
 My monuments are Hyacinth in flower,
 Lencothoe's frankincense, and Daphne's laurel.
 O Sibyl! cruel to thyself and me,

"The Parcæ do but fright thee, being jealous:
 Thy choice is free." Ai! Ai! the sadness of it!
 For something hardened in my breast. I answered,
 Coldly: "Forgive me, Phœbus, and farewell!"

"If pure and pale as lily-of-the-valley,
 Chaste as the rose-bud with its folded petal,



"HE DREW ME TO HIM, ONE IMMORTAL MOMENT."

And cold as rose or lily carved in marble,
Must be thine oracle—I am content."

Deep voices in the hills muttered approval;
The wide skirts of a goddess rustled near me;
Wings of a mighty eagle, swooping o'er me,
Darkened the world: it was the bird of Jove!

An angry Sun-god, nevermore my wooer,
Left the lone beach to shadows and to voices;
With shadows and with voices lonely ever,
The long, slow years have made me what thou see'st.

Then—with that deep-dissolving power of dreams
To make the mutable seem natural
As are the unfluctuating forms of life,
To fuse yet not confuse identity—
The Sibyl was an ancient woman, like
In little to the maiden of the shore.
A turban crowned the centuries on her brow
Wave-marked, as are the rocks; her features, worn
With vigil, fast, and hunger of the heart,
Had lost the memory of mobile grace;
And all the peach-bloom was a parchment scroll,
Wrinkled and written o'er with awful things.
But yet her eyes were lustrous as in youth,
Far-looking, listening, lofty, as if she heard
Voices from a sublimer sphere, and saw
Into the infinite Silence yet beyond,
Wherefrom we came, and whereunto we go.

One Figure, altered yet the same—a Voice
Of mournful cadence in my dreaming ear.

Oh, wisely for the welfare of mankind
Is Isis veiled! We, from the world apart,
Gain but a glimpse—and never smile again!

Gain, at this price, half-knowledge worse than none:
As moonlight is more dangerous than the dark,
Because deceptive, to the mariner.

One with Earth's life-voyage and vicissitudes—
Its wake the setting suns, its mast-head peaks
Rolled heavily against the rosy dawns—

Isis is all that hath been, that shall be—
Lo! while I speak, thy Present is her Past!
The immediate active Future is thine own,

If but the space 'twixt flash and thunder-bolt.
Look not beyond. The irrevocable Hour
Shape into ever-ready moulds of Love;

And aim to round thy duties with thy days
To perfect form; not willing to defer
Work at thy hand to hands behind the veil.

Be happy and make happy: morn tells morn
Apollo's golden rule for gods and men.
Yet is the best of bliss sweet scorn of self.

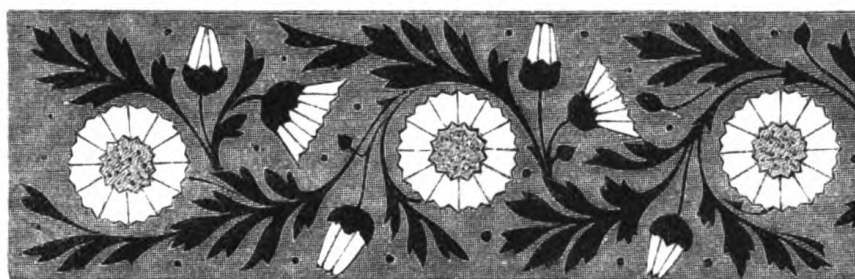
I, crowned by Sorrow, bid Aurora sing
With all her larks! Olympus doth send down
Its Iris on the thunders to the fields.

O fair Youth, cull the blossom in the prime!
No god forbids; and the gods envy thee
Thy cherished flower and its divine response.

O Maiden, with the May-bloom on thy cheek
And in thy heart, be generous while 'tis May!
Give while the gift makes sweeter all the world.

O Mortal, knowing nothing, Death is wise
With all of knowledge—Love! and leave the rest
To Hades and the Father of the Gods!

NAPLES, August, 1873.



DECORATIVE ART AND ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.

BY M. D. CONWAY.

[Second Paper.]

IN passing from the consideration of works of a public and semi-public character I can not refrain from paying some tribute to the most influential decorative artist whom England has produced, and whose death in April last all lovers of beauty are still mourning. Mr. Owen Jones carried into decorative art that spirit of archaeological accuracy—one might almost say that profound scholarship—which was brought into pictorial art by Delaroche in France, Baron Wappers in Belgium, and Maclise in England. It is said that there was but one thing in England which the Shah of Persia wished to carry back with him to his palace—the Alhambra rooms at the Crystal Palace; but of all their possessions there is hardly one that the London people would so unwillingly part with. Yet it is probable that as little as the Shah the thousands who every week find in those rooms their *châteaux en Espagne* realize what it really cost to put them there. Mr. Owen Jones had passed his youth and his early manhood journeying both personally and mentally on the track of the race of mankind to which he belonged: he had studied the mystical figures and lines of Egyptian temples; he had pondered the principles by which reason and truth find expression in stone amidst the ruins of Greece; he had learned the secrets of simplicity and grandeur in Rome, where were poured the converging streams of beauty from many tribes, each bearing its freight of faith and aspiration to be deposited in marbles and monuments which are the gospels and bibles of a primitive world. By this path, which meant for him a growing culture, he came to dwell on the heights of Granada as the recluse and devotee of Beauty, and when he thence returned to his native land he brought with him a new era. He expended a fortune on the grand folio

of colored drawings of the Alhambra, which brought him no return, but a single copy of which now is a collector's fortune. When proposals were being received for the decoration of the glass palace of the International Exhibition of 1851, Mr. Owen Jones offered to Prince Albert and the royal commissioners his plans. The prince held out against them for some time; but the fascination was on him, and again and again he returned to the exquisite designs, until he gave in. He selected Owen Jones with some tremor, but every year since the palace has been transferred to Sydenham has shown that it was the most felicitous incident of his life to have encountered the right man for a task which was to be of far more permanent importance than he supposed. Since then Mr. Owen Jones has not only given the large interiors of the great business establishments that beauty which makes many of them worthy of study and admiration, but he has won for himself and his country the highest honors of the three great Continental exhibitions. It was with some amazement that the world found itself pointed to England as the leader in decorative art by the French Exposition of 1867. "It requires," said the official catalogue of that exposition, "but a slight insight into modern domestic life in England to perceive how great a change has taken place within the last ten or fifteen years in the internal embellishment of the dwelling-houses of the upper and middle classes of society; and there can be little doubt that the extension of art education will lead still further to the production and appreciation of articles which combine the three requisites of fitness of purpose, beauty of design and ornament, and excellence of workmanship." It might be supposed by those who have not seen this master's work that it consisted merely

Vol. XLIX.—No. 294.—52



OWEN JONES.

in clever imitations of the Moorish and other designs with which his name is associated; but, on the contrary, his chief excellence was that he showed how the ideas and principles which underlie the great works of the past were capable of being led out into new forms and adaptations. In taking the chair at the Society of Arts in 1851, on the occasion of a lecture on the arts and manufactures of India by Professor Royle, Mr. Owen Jones, having accorded superiority to the Indian and Tunisian articles in the exhibition of that year over all contributed by Europe, added: "Many of these specimens have been purchased by government for the use of the School of Design, and will no doubt be extensively circulated throughout the country. But it is to be hoped that they will do more than merely teach us to copy the Indian style. If they only led to the origination of an Indian style, I should think their influence only hurtful. The time has arrived when it is generally felt that a change must take place, and we must get rid of the causes of obstruction to the art of design which exist in this country."

The *Daily News* (to an editorial article in which on the death of Owen Jones I am indebted for these notes concerning him) truly says, "It was to bring the beautiful in form and color home to the household, and to mingle its subtle influences with the whole frame-work of social and family life, that the great designer we are lamenting labored all his life with the patient, unselfish enthusiasm of one to whom, though full of the keenest sympathy with all the great historic movements and events of his time, his art was his life."

The devotion of such a scholar and refined gentleman as Owen Jones to decorative art has helped to make an era in that kind of work. Before that it suffered in England from being regarded as a sort of upholstery, implying neither talent nor culture. Some gentlemen of culture and wealth recognized the

genius of Mr. Owen Jones at a time when the Prince Consort was still inclined to regard him as a superior kind of upholsterer or house-painter, among whom must be especially mentioned Mr. Alfred Morrison, well known for his antiquarian and numismatical accomplishments. His residence in Carlton House Terrace is the truest monument of the genius of Owen Jones, and it is a work which need fear no comparison with any other, of whatever age or country. It makes the chief palaces of Northern Europe vulgar. Sâdi tells us of one recovering from an ecstasy, who said he had been in a divine garden, where he had gathered flowers to bring to his friends; the odor of the flowers so overcame him that he let fall the skirt of his dress, and the flowers were lost. Some such account one must needs give of a visit to Mr. Morrison's house. A thousand of the touches, the felicities, which combine to produce the happiest effects in this mansion can by no means be conveyed from the place where they would appear to have grown. I will only mention a few suggestive features of this system of decoration.

The house is one of those large, square, lead-colored buildings of which so many thousands exist in London that any one passing by would pronounce characteristically characterless. It repeats the determination of ages that there shall be no external architectural beauty in London. Height, breadth, massiveness of portal, all declare that he who resides here has not dispensed with architecture because he could not command it. In other climes this gentleman is dwelling behind carved porticoes of marble and pillars of porphyry; but here the cloud and sky have commanded him to build a blank fortress, and find his marble and porphyry inside of it. Pass through this heavy doorway, and in an instant every fair clime surrounds you, every region lavishes its sentiment; you are the heir of all the ages. Entering a room for reading and writing near the door, we are conscious of a certain warmth of reception even from the walls. They are of silk, made in Lyons after a design by Owen Jones. The shade and lustre are changeable, but the prevailing color dark red. The design is as if an endless series of the most graceful amphoræ had suddenly outlined themselves, and the lines had taken to budding off into little branches. The surface is Persian, and the whole sentiment of the room is Oriental, without having in it a single instance where Oriental work has been copied. The carpet is Persian, but the design is by Owen Jones, the most noticeable figure being the crossed squares, making a star shape to match a similar one on the coffered ceiling. This tapestry of silk starts a theme, so to say, which is carried with harmonious variations throughout the building, expanding in the larger rooms, until it recalls every variety of Etruscan shape, and taking on the most beautiful colors. There is a Blue Room, a Pink Room, a Yellow Room; yet in no case is there any thing "loud" or garish in the tints. The ceiling of the reading-room is somewhat after the fashion of the best Italian work of four centuries ago, a kind of moulding in deep relief, which probably ceased to be much used because it was found difficult to make it without incurring the danger of its falling, so great would be the weight. But Owen Jones invented something which he called "fibrous plaster," by which the most heavily coffered ceilings can be made with perfect security. It consists in first making the shapes to be used in wood; the wood is then covered with canvas, and this canvas is covered with repeated coats of the finest plaster, which is rubbed down into any mouldings required, and painted. The coffers here are star-shaped, and in each an inverted convoluted shell of gold. It is an indication of how finely the decorator has blended Oriental lustres and classic designs that the various

antique objects and fine metal-work, done by the best Spanish, Italian, and Viennese workmen, after classic models, every where set about the rooms, have an easily recognizable relationship with the scrolls and forms on carpets, ceilings, and walls.

But neither the Lyons silk nor the Persian carpets can be pronounced unique in the same sense as the wonderful use of various woods made in this house. In the dado, jambs, chair-boardings, we find no carved work, but simply the most exquisite combinations of ebonized and many-colored woods. Some of these, as the Indian holly, are so fine that the grain is invisible to the closest inspection. Other woods are so soft and beautiful that they have the surface of flower petals. Trees belonging to every land and clime of the earth have sent here their hearts, and, without a particle of pigment being used on any one of them, they gather to form rosettes on the chimney-pieces, cappings for the dados, and finest featherings around the doors—white, golden, red, cream-colored, brown, and these of every shade. The tables and chairs of several rooms are of this tarsia-work of forms untouched by staining or by metal.

In the library the book-shelves, which do the duty of a dado around the room, have alternate doors of glass and wood, and the latter are adorned with a foliation over two feet high, growing from the bottom of the panel and leafing out at the top, which can not be surpassed by any ancient marquetry. Above these shelves the green and gold lustres of the wall rise to a cone, which has the appearance of a blue and gold enamel, above which is an early Tudor ceiling of checker pattern between reliefs of a large star with four shadings of different colors, or star within star, golden, dark, and white. The chimney-piece here may be regarded as a large arched cabinet, with fire-grate beneath, having two wings, in which are contained specimens of porcelain from Persia and Cashmere, which, old as they are, have an appearance of having been designed by the decorator of the room, who certainly never saw them until they came into the harmony he had prepared for them.

The drawing-room, whose windows overlook St. James's Park, is a very large apartment, whose division, if it ever had any, has disappeared, giving an unbroken range to the eye, which, whether it takes in the whole effect, or pauses to examine a detail, is simply satisfied. The fretted ceiling; the frieze of damask picked out with gold; the tarsia dado, a necklace surrounding the room; the chimney-pieces, one of which Lepec of Paris was two years in making—they are all fine without frivolity, cheerful without fussiness. One mantel-piece reminded me of what Baron Rothschild is said to have remarked once when a fop was displaying his malachite

shirt studs—"Very pretty: I have a mantel-piece of it at home." Some of the incised ornaments here are gems indeed, but in no case have they the appearance of being set there for their costliness; they are all parts of the general artistic work. One of the best features of this drawing-room is that it is not stuffed with things. The objects in it are comparatively few, yet they are sufficient in number and variety, and being beautiful and interesting, one can look at each without being bewildered, as in some houses where an idea seems to prevail that the model for a reception-room is a museum.

Mr. Morrison is a strenuous opponent of the general belief that the arts are deteriorating. He believes that as good work of any kind whatsoever can be done now as in any other age of the world, if one will only look carefully after the men who can do it. His experience has certainly been fortunate in discovering those who are able to make entirely original designs, and yet conceived in a purely artistic spirit; but then he has had all Europe at his command. The best metal-workers he has found in Spain and Vienna. In the former country he found out Zouloaga, a workman residing in the little town of Eybar, and from him has obtained chased and engraved metal-work such as almost any of our connoisseurs would be apt to date before the Renaissance on a cursory glance. One piece of work by Zouloaga is in the drawing-room, a large coffer, nine feet by three, covered with all manner of figures and scrolls in iron, wrought in relief, and with a finish which would have made Andre Buhl himself rejoice that his own fine cabinet (of which Mr. Morrison is the fortunate possessor) should have found a place under the same roof with that of the Spaniard. Mr. Morrison told me that he felt sure the man could do a fine piece of work if encouraged, so he advanced him a thousand pounds, and told him to begin something on that. Zouloaga worked at the coffer for four years, and its owner saw at once that he had but paid an installment of the real value of this marvelous work.

But though Mr. Morrison has had to go to Spain for ornamented metal-work, to Paris for his mantel-pieces, to Lyons for his silk, he has found that in no other country than his own was he able to secure the best wood-work. It may be, indeed, that if his desire had been for the most perfect carving, he might not have had the satisfaction of obtaining it in his own country—though some of the workers that Mr. George Aitchison appears to have got hold of may render even that doubtful. But in pursuing inquiries as to the means by which the exceedingly bold designs of Owen Jones for ornamentation with the colors of woods could be carried out (and the inquiries were not confined

to this country), Mr. Morrison found that no house out of London was prepared to undertake a task that necessitated importations of select woods from all parts of the world. In Mr. Forster Graham, Owen Jones found a man able to enter into his ideas and to give practical effect to them. Indeed, the famous architect and decorator acknowledged his indebtedness to Mr. Graham for some effective suggestions for the improvement of the original designs. Those who know Mr. Morrison will easily guess that he too was by no means a mere by-stander while the work was going on. At any rate, he may now rejoice in having secured a home that has converted some portion of his wealth into a more real value, and of having thereby enabled one idealist to realize his vision. For there is nothing in this house not harmonious with its purpose. Every chair is as philosophically as it is beautifully constructed, and nearly every one is different from the other—one suggesting the perforated chairs of the Delhi palaces, and another the old Saxon throne in Westminster Abbey. It is related of a sensible and busy banker that on being visited by some one, he said, "I have a line or two to write; pray take a chair." "Do you know who I am, Sir?" said the visitor, haughtily; "I am the Envoy Extraordinary of ——" "Oh, are you?" said the banker; "then pray take two chairs!" This little story occurred to me as I was looking upon Mr. Morrison's chairs, and I fancied the Envoy Extraordinary, if asked to take one, would probably have considered it as a significant mark of respect.

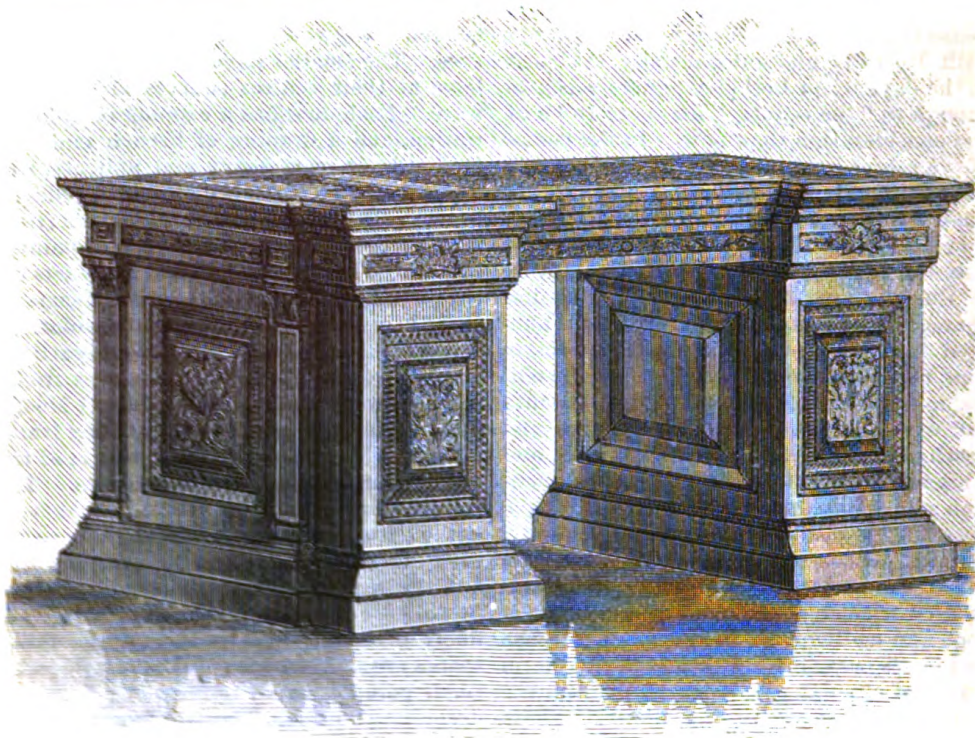
There is no sham in this house—no wood pretending to be metal, and no iron affecting to be marble. As each particle of a rose under the microscope has the rose's beauty, so here each part of the mansion bears witness to the care and taste with which the whole is constructed—the table-leg as truly as the Lepec mantel-piece. We may ascend the magnificent stairway, past the globes of light upheld by bronze candelabra rising seven feet from the floor, and as we go from story to story find good, painstaking work meeting us every where, in the bedrooms, the nursery, the closets, some of the best ornamentation in the house being a pale blue and gold scroll surrounding the sky-light at its top.

It is a pleasure to know that decorative skill has not passed away with Owen Jones. The house of Frederick Lehmann, Esq., in Berkeley Square, is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Mr. George Aitchison, one of the most celebrated architects and decorators in England, who has made the most of very favorable conditions, has called to his aid congenial artists and carvers, and has completed rooms which one would fain see themselves hung upon the walls of the Royal Academy, and not merely the designs of some of them, which

are, indeed, exhibited there this year. The house is ancient, and, though not very large, built liberally and substantially, evidently in the days when Berkeley Square was near enough to "the country" for space to be of less consideration than now. In the course of the recent improvements there was found behind an old chimney-piece a playing-card upon the back of which is written an invitation from a Mrs. Murray to Lady Talbot to pass the evening at her house; and Mr. De la Rue declares that no card of a similar character has been manufactured for a hundred and fifty years. Even farther back in time than that we may safely place the old-fashioned, nearly square hall—about twenty feet by seventeen—which is at once hall and vestibule. It contains tables, cabinets, and a stand for flowers, and the modern decoration sympathizes with what appears to have been the old idea of a vestibule—a sheltered cortile. The general tint is a very pale green, the surface-paneling large, and ornamented with stems starting from a common root and ending each in cones. The stems and cones curve toward each other, and form a sort of circular grouping. A door on the left introduces us to the library, whose walls are shelves of richly carved walnut, above which is a dark leather frieze, which elegantly sets off the treasures of ancient pottery and other antique objects which make the interesting finish of the well-stored book-shelves all the way around the room. At a certain point the books prove to be dummies, an unsuspected little door flying open at a touch and revealing a lavatory. In this library, where startling effects of any kind would be out of place, there are no plays of color, but ample light falling upon the exquisitely carved table for writing in the centre, which is the most remarkable for its conveniences and contrivances that I have ever seen.

Ascending to the drawing-rooms, we enter first a small apartment, whose floriated ceiling gives the effect of a bower. Between this and the golden cornice is a cove of inlaid gold, upon which are traced leaves of wistaria, interspersed with light pink clusters of the phlox. The chief ornament is a large cabinet reaching nearly to the cornice—ebony and ivory—recently brought from the Vienna Exhibition; it contains specimens of Eastern porcelain, etc., collected by Mr. Lehmann, who would appear to have voyaged around the world and found relics of all civilizations and all the ages of art. This, however, is but an anteroom to the chief drawing-room, with which it communicates by a large double sliding-door. This door, and another like it which admits to the dining-room, are truly superb. They have a frame of ebonized wood inclosing panels of finest-grained amboyna. The ebonized wood is foliated with gold, and the long cen-

tral panels are adorned with ovals of olive-colored wedgwood, presenting classical figures. The smaller panels above and below have at their centres squares of the same ware. Each door has a capping of gold floriation, and a draping of French embroidered silk, at once heavy and delicate, like tapestry. The walls are of a dark reddish-brown color, arranged in large panels (from floor to cornice) inclosed by a fine painted edging. This background elegantly sets off the pictures, which are all excellent, some of them being among the best water-colors of Turner. The ornament which chiefly strikes the eye in this room is a matchless frieze, painted by the eminent artist Albert Moore, the design being peacocks, their long trains in repose. The cornice above this is of the egg pattern, with a fretting above. The ceiling is, in a manner, paneled; that is, it has on each side stiles or beams crossing each other, making the large central space and the side spaces almost deep enough to be called coffered. These cross-beams are finely feathered with gold, and the inter-spaces are adorned with curved boughs, with small pointed leaves terminating in round decorative flowers. The fireside of this room is highly ornamented. The grate is antique in general appearance, but novel in structure; the silver owls (life size) sitting on either end of the fender bar and the old brass mountings of the fire-dogs have come from the past to guard a grate which slides backward and forward as the regulation of the heat given out may require. The tiles are representations of six varieties of humming-birds, a paroquet, a sun-bird, and several other feathered beauties. Near by is a folding screen of brilliant Japanese silk. The room is covered to the border of the parquetage with a bright Persian carpet. In the dining-room the original ceiling, with dark oak reliefs (curved), has been retained—not happily, I am afraid, such ceilings always absorbing too much light. Mr. Aitchison has given the spaces a luminous decoration, but nevertheless the dark wood-work above can only be retained by the use of a corresponding shade in the furniture. This furniture is of rare beauty. The side-board is most delicately carved, and the serving table inlaid with medallions of ivory, the designs of which, by Albert Moore, represent various animals and fruits suggestive of the uses of the room. There is a chimney-piece of ancient work—ebony, with side pillars and excellent gold settings; but a comparison of this bit of last century work with the furniture recently made is likely to raise a question in the minds of those conservatives who insist that the making of beautiful things is a lost art. It is a pleasure to find hung in a room where each object bears the trace of really fine art that portrait which has long been acknowledged to be the ablest



FRONT SERVING TABLE—MR. LEHMANN'S HOUSE.

work of Millais, representing Mr. Lehmann's little daughter seated on a Minton garden seat on a lawn. When this picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy a few years ago a writer in the *Fortnightly Review* pronounced it the work which, among modern English productions, most recalled the peculiar vitality and sentiment which have given the old masters their fame. I had the pleasure of seeing the little lady herself in her own boudoir, to make which beautiful, Mr. Aitchison appears to have put forth his talent as earnestly as Mr. Millais to paint her picture. A blue border incloses the large panels of the walls, on which are *fleur-de-lis* spots, and a bittern at each panel centre. The frieze is painted in graceful floriations of lemons, and the cove above is adorned with balsam and jasmine. The apartments of this little girl, thus tenderly but not gaudily adorned, open into the sleeping-room of her parents. This also is simply beautiful. The walls are of a delicate blue shade, and all the textures appear as if inwoven with softened sunshine. Mr. Smallfield's genius has here been brought into requisition, and he has painted beautiful groups of flitting birds over the doors. The same artist has painted boughs of apple blossoms upon the door panels in the boys' room. But his finest work is a frieze in Mrs. Lehmann's boudoir—for such her monogram woven in the Persian carpet and carved in the marble mantel-piece announced it to be—which consists of doves, swallows, and flowers in pots. Mrs. Leh-

mann's boudoir is on the same floor with the dining-room, from which it is separated by a charming little sitting-room. The walls of this last-named room are entirely covered with the finest Gobelin tapestry, above which a deep cornice of chased gold supports a cove, chocolate, with decoration of silver leaflets.

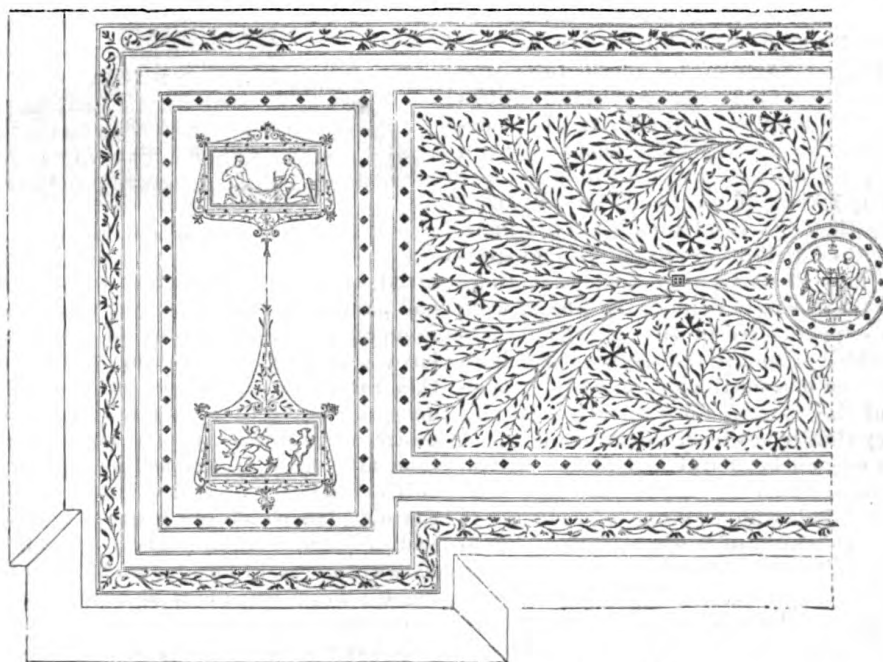
No wall-paper at all is used in this house. The ornamentation of the walls throughout has been put on by the hand, and generally by pouncing. Perhaps it may be well enough to state that the method of pouncing is far more expensive than that of stenciling. In pouncing, the figures to be painted on the wall are first pin-punctured on paper; this paper is then laid on the wall and beaten with bags of colored powder. When the paper is removed each ornamental form is delicately outlined on the wall in innumerable fine points. It is then necessary that the decorative artist should trace the figures with a pencil, and afterward paint them. Stenciling, which is less costly than this by about one-third, consists simply in direct painting through perforated metal, though it is necessary in most mural work that the blank interstices so left should be painted over by hand. The latter work is, however, always more stiff than the pounced. The friezes have been painted on canvas, of course, since no gentleman would allow his possession of works by such artists as those whom Mr. Lehmann has employed to depend upon his remaining in any particular house. It is indeed a very significant thing that

such men as Albert Moore and Smallfield should have been found ready to undertake work of this description; for though it is a return to such work as Giotto and Michael Angelo were glad to do, we have heard of late years occasional sneers at "mere decoration." Rightly speaking, *all* art is mere decoration. There are other instances also where the artists of the greatest eminence have done excellent work of this character. In the house of the Hon. Percy Wyndham, Belgrave Square, there is a grand staircase which has on the wall near one of its landings five life-sized classical figures by Leighton, the Academician, and at the top a deep frieze of cormorants, storks, and other wild birds; and the dining-room of the same beautiful mansion has been elegantly adorned by Mrs. Wyndham—herself an artist—aided by Mr. V. Prinsep.

The pleasure with which I have visited Mr. Lehmann's house is just a little tempered by the difficulties I have found in the effort to convey some impression of it. When I passed down the stairways amidst the delicate hues lighting them up at every turn, and through the doorways curtained off from halls by rich Oriental draperies, and found myself again in the embowered square at the front of the house, I felt conscious of an utter inability to give any reader an adequate conception of the decorations amidst which I have invited him to wander in imagination. Let any one who has passed a morning in visiting the interiors of the old Venetian palaces attempt to describe them! He will have a dreamy impression of soft colors fading into each other, of apartments

that have caught on their walls the tints of rosy morning and golden evening, and held them in a thousand little contrivances to catch such sunbeams, and he will feel that the subtle influences of beauty have overpowered his analysis. The finer secrets of art elude detection, much more explanation, like those of nature.

The houses I have been describing are those of millionaires. Whatever may be thought of the large sums expended on their mansions, they do not suggest the remark made by a wit to a gentleman as remarkable for spending little as for making much, "You can not take all this gold with you, and if you did, it would melt." They have preferred that their gold should be transmuted in this world, and into forms that are none the less beautiful for being costly. They are men who occupy a somewhat abnormal position even in wealthy London, and one which admits of a correspondingly rich and even grand environment. They have occasion, and are able, to have rooms which relate them to a large and cultivated world, while they can reserve for domestic privacy apartments which fulfill the want which to others is the only end of a home—a centre amidst a busy and weary world for friendship, love, and repose. Even in these grand palaces one may, indeed, witness a modesty and reality which contrast favorably with the at once stimulating and exhausting splendors of the princely dwellings of the past. There is no attempt here to heap into the rooms the great works of art which appropriately belong to the community, and should be set up in edifices built for



TOP OF SERVING TABLE—MR. LEHMANN'S HOUSE.

the common benefit. One perceives, too, that the time has passed away when Madame De Guerdin could define the life of an apartment as consisting in "fires, mirrors, and carpets." The life of an apartment consists in the degree to which it subserves its end. The decoration of the salon may well sympathize with the gayety of festive occasions, for it does not exist for the family alone; but in the more private rooms the tired limbs will require rest on chair or couch, and equally the eye will need rest upon soft and subdued shades.

There will, however, arise in the mind of many a reader of the poor descriptions I have been able to give of these two houses (which represent an exceptional class) a moral misgiving. Is not all this a waste of money that might have been expended for greater and nobler purposes? Is not all this mere luxury and extravagance? Well, in the first place, it is difficult to draw the line between the beauty which Nature seeks as she climbs to flowers and man as he decorates his dwelling, and the luxuriousness which makes external beauty in itself an end rather than a means. Take away all that has been added to our homes by art, and we all become naked savages living in mud or log huts. But, in the second place, what about this "waste of money" so often charged against expensive decorations? Poor Zouloaga, working in a little peasant village of people poor as himself, might not have the same charge to bring against the wealthy Englishman who found him out. He and a host of artists and artisans in this and other countries might find more wisdom in Rhodora's philosophy, that

"If eyes are made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being;"

and they might add that if the taste and skill which are able to make beautiful things exist, there may be good reason why a demand should also exist for what they can supply. I do not propose to argue the vexed question of political economy concerning the degree to which luxury is justified by its distribution of capital among laborers, but it seems very clear that there can be no reason to deplore the free or even lavish expenditures of the wealthy for objects which are not in themselves pernicious. It has been one particularly gratifying incident of the passion for decoration in this country that it has been the means of opening to women beautiful and congenial employments.

Miss Jekyl, who was one of the first to take up this kind of work, attracted the attention of Mr. Leighton, Madame Bodichon, and other artists by her highly artistic embroidery, and has since extended her work to repoussé or ornamental brass-work—especially sconces—and many other things. She has, I hear, acquired not only distinction but

wealth by her skill, some specimens of which are exhibited in the International Exhibition at South Kensington this year. There also may be seen the work of other ladies who have followed in her footsteps, some of the finest being by a Miss Leslie, a relative of the celebrated artist of that name. Indeed, there has now been established in Sloane Street a school for embroidery, which has succeeded in teaching and giving employment to a number of gentlewomen who had been reduced in circumstances. Miss Philott, whose paintings have often graced the walls of exhibitions, and have gained the interest of Mr. Ruskin, has of late been painting beautiful figures and flowers on plaques, which, when the colors are burned in by Minton, make ornaments that are eagerly sought for. A Miss Coleman has also gained great eminence for this kind of work. Miss Lévin, the young daughter of a well-known



POT DESIGNED BY MISS LÉVIN.

artist, has displayed much skill in designing and painting pots, plates, etc., with Greek or Pompeian figures. Many of these ladies have begun by undertaking such work as this for personal friends, but have pretty generally found that the circle of those who desire such things is very large, and that their art is held in increasing esteem among cultivated people. It is even probable that the old plan which our great-grandmothers had of learning embroidery will be revived in more important forms, and, with the painting of china, be taught as something more than the accomplishment it was once thought.

It has been found, too, that artists, architects, decorators, and the numerous workmen they employ have great respect for any

woman who can do any thing well, which contrasts favorably with the jealousy which the efforts of that sex to find occupation in other professions appear to have aroused. One example of this is particularly striking. Nearly twelve years ago I heard of a young lady of high position who was making almost desperate efforts to win her way into the medical profession. She had taken a room near one of the largest hospitals in London, to which she was not openly admitted, that she might study cases of disease or injury, but where, through the generosity of certain physicians, she was able, as it were, to pick up such crumbs of information as might fall from the table of the male students. By dint of her perseverance means of information and study increased. I visited her room near the hospital, and found this young lady surrounded by specimens such as are conventionally supposed to bring fainting fits on any person of that sex at sight. I found that, being excluded from the usual medical and surgical schools, she had been compelled to employ lecturers to teach her alone. Fortunately she had the means of doing this, but it amounted to her establishing a medical college, of which she was the only student. That lady is now known as Dr. Elizabeth Garrett-Anderson, an eminent physician, who has done not her sex alone but this entire community a great benefit, by showing that a woman's professional success is not inconsistent with her being a devoted and happy wife and mother. By the side of the long struggle through which she had to go to obtain her present position—a struggle in which many a woman with less means and courage has succumbed—I am able to place the experience of her younger sister and of her cousin, Agnes and Rhoda Garrett, who have entered into a partnership as decorative artists. These young ladies, it may be premised, have by no means been driven to their undertaking by the necessity of earning a livelihood. They belong to an old family of high position, and are as attractive ladies as one is likely to meet in the best society of London. But like the better-known ladies in the same family, Dr. Garrett-Anderson and Mrs. Professor Fawcett, they are thinkers, and they have arrived at conclusions concerning the duties and rights of their sex which forbid them to emulate the butterflies. A few years ago, when the decorative work of such firms as Messrs. Morris and Co. began to attract general attention, it appeared to them that it offered opportunities for employment suitable to women. They determined to go through a regular apprenticeship; and though they were met by looks of surprise, they were not met with any incivility. One gentleman allowed them to occupy a room at his offices, where they might pick up what knowledge they could in the art of glass-

painting, and here they awaited further opportunity. The architect who had been connected with this glass-staining firm separated from it, and, having begun a business of his own, accepted the application of the Misses Garrett to become his apprentices. They were formally articulated for eighteen months, during which they punctually fulfilled their engagement, working from ten to five each day. Of course there were good stories told about them. Some friend, calling upon them, reported that though the interview was interesting, the ladies could not be seen, as they were up on a scaffolding, lying flat on their backs close to a ceiling which they were painting. From that invisible region their voices descended to carry on the conversation. The ladies themselves were quite able to appreciate all the good-humored chaff attending their serious aim. When their apprenticeship reached its last summer they went on a tour throughout England, sketching the interiors and furniture of the best houses, which were freely thrown open to them. They have now started in business for themselves at No. 3 Cornwall Residences, Regent's Park, with fair prospect of success. Mr. J. M. Brydon, of Marlborough Street, is the architect who has the honor of having had these ladies for apprentices; and they assure me that during their stay there and in their work since they have met with no act of incivility. Occasionally the workmen may stare a little at the unaccustomed sight of ladies moving about with authority, but they are most respectful when they find that there is intelligence behind the authority. From a friend of these ladies I heard a significant anecdote. They directed that a certain kind of mixture with which paint is generally adulterated should not be used. When they came to look at the work they found that the mixture had been used, though it is what no untrained eye could detect. They called the painter to account, and he said he had used very little of the mixture indeed.

"That is true," said one of the ladies, "but we told you not to use a particle of it."

The painter was amazed, and at last said, "Will you be kind enough to tell me how you knew that mixture had been used?"

It is precisely this *knowledge* which every where secures respect. The Misses Garrett have made themselves competent decorators; they undertake the wall decorations, upholstery, furniture, embroidery, etc., as fully as any other firm. Nor are they the only firm of women engaged in this business. Two ladies of high position and education—Mrs. Hartley Brown and Miss Townshend (the former a sister of Chambrey Brown, Esq., a very accomplished architect)—have set up in the same business at 12 Bulstrode Street—a quaint and interesting old house, by-the-way, built by the famous Adames, with a frieze

representing some of Æsop's fables. These ladies, who have been employed to decorate the interiors of the new Ladies' College (Merton) at Cambridge, have not only devised a number of new stuffs for chairs, sofas, and wall panels, but also for ladies' dresses. In the ancient code of Mann it is said, "A wife being gayly adorned, her whole house is embellished; but if she be destitute of ornament, all will be deprived of decoration." It is not a little curious to find the remote descendants of those whom Mann thus instructed including female dress among the concerns of decorative art. This is, indeed, theoretically done in the lectures given at South Kensington, and Charles Eastlake has interspersed some valuable hints concerning ladies' dress in his work on *Household Taste*. But the practical way in which Mrs. Hartley Brown and Miss Townshend have taken up the matter indicates, if I mistake not, a quiet revolution which has been for some time going on in certain London circles. It is said that the artists of England once thought of getting together and making some designs for dresses, which they would recommend to ladies; they did not do so formally, but they have certainly availed to modify very materially the costumes visible in thousands of English drawing-rooms. The "pre-Raphaelist lady" with her creamy silk, short-waisted and clinging—at once child-like and great-grandmotherly—is now a well-known figure in evening companies. But there is no uniform for ladies any more. At a fashionable party lately I was unable to pick out any two ladies out of a hundred whose dresses were cut alike, and the variety of colors suggested a fancy-dress ball. Yet these colors were all of moderate shades, and Hippolyte Taine himself must have admitted that very few of them were "loud." It would not at all surprise me if the world which has so long laughed at the Englishwoman's dress should some fine evening glance into one of these quiet Queen Anne interiors and feel as if the ladies in their Queen Anne costumes—and the other rich but also quiet variations of it now becoming frequent—are among the most agreeably dressed of womankind. But I must return from this digression.

The Misses Garrett appear to have an aim of especial importance in one particular. They tell me that they have recognized it as a want that a beautiful decoration should be brought within the reach of the middle class families, who are not prepared or disposed to go to the vast expense which the very wealthy are able and willing to defray, thereby occupying the most eminent firms. They believe that with care they are able to make beautiful interiors which shall not be too costly for persons of moderate means. This can surely be done, but it can only be through a co-operation between the owners

of the house and the decorators which shall make it certain that there shall be nothing superfluous. If an individual wishes a beautiful home, especially in dismal London, it is first of all necessary that he or she should clearly understand what is beautiful, and why it is desired. The decoration will then, in a sense, be put forth from within, like the foliage of a tree. In each case the external beauty will respond to an inward want, and be thus invariably an expression of a high utility. Nowhere more than in the homes of the great middle classes is there need of beauty. Their besetting fault is a conventionality which often lapses into vulgarity, and their thoughts (so called) are apt to be commonplace. The eye is often starved for the panuch. The pressure of business sends every man engaged in it home fatigued, and yet it is only when he enters that home that his real life, his individual and affectional life, comes into play. On the exchange, in the office or shop, he has been what commerce and the world determine; he has been but perfunctory; but now he shuts the door behind him, and his *own* bit of the day is reached. What is the real requirement for this person? Does a house that furnishes him bed and board suffice him? or, which is of greater importance, does so much alone suffice others who dwell habitually in it?

In the ancient Chinese Analects we read that Kih Tsze-Shing said, "In a superior man it is only the substantial qualities which are wanted; why should we seek for ornamental accomplishments?" Tsze-Kung replied, "Ornament is as substance; substance is as ornament: the hide of a leopard stripped of its hair is like the hide of a dog stripped of its hair." It would be difficult to find in literature a finer or more philosophical statement of the deep basis of Beauty than thus comes to us from a period of near three thousand years ago, and from a race whose applications of decorative art to objects of every-day use are models for Europe. The spots of the leopard are the sum of its history; its hair is the physiognomy of its passion and power; it bears on its back the tracery of the leaf and sunshine amidst which it hides, and the purpose of the universe hides with it. Transferred to floor or sofa in a room, the coat of that cat is a bit of the wild art of nature, full of warm life, purely pictorial; more beautiful than the skin of our domesticated cats, because these have been adapted to other purposes, and reduced to an environment of less grandeur. But strip the two of their hair, and they are only larger and smaller pieces of leather, and the depilated hide of a dog is the same. All of which confirms Tsze-Kung's dictum that ornament is substance, and it at the same time suggests the converse truth that throughout the universe there must be substance to insure true ornament. When we

ascend to the region of finer utilities—those, namely, which are intellectual, moral, spiritual, social—we discover that household art is another name for household culture. What germ in the child's mind may that picture on the wall be the appointed sunbeam to quicken? What graceful touch to unfolding character may be added by the modest tint of a room? Who can say how much falsehood and unreality have been shed through the life and influence of individuals by tinsel in the drawing-room and rags up stairs?

Just now we are the victims of two reactions. Our ancestors made external beauty every thing, and the starved inner life of man rebelled. Puritanism arose with grim visage, turning all beautiful things to stone. From it was bequeathed us a race of artisans who had lost the sense of beauty. A reaction came, in which the passion for external beauty displayed itself in an intemperate outbreak of gaudiness and frivolity. We are sufficiently surrounded by the effects of that reaction, sustained by wealth without knowledge or taste, to make Charles Eastlake's description appropriate to ninety-nine out of every hundred English homes. "This vitiated taste pervades and infects the judgment by which we are accustomed to select and approve the objects of everyday life which we see around us. It crosses our path in the Brussels carpet of our drawing-rooms; it is about our bed in the shape of gaudy chintz; it compels us to rest on chairs and to sit at tables which are designed in accordance with the worst principles of construction, and invested with shapes confessedly unpicturesque. It sends us metal-work from Birmingham which is as vulgar in form as it is flimsy in execution. It decorates the finest possible porcelain with the most objectionable character of ornament. It lines our walls with silly representations of vegetable life, or with a mass of uninteresting diaper. It bids us, in short, furnish our houses after the same fashion as we dress ourselves, and that is with no more sense of real beauty than if art were a dead letter. It is hardly necessary to say that this is not the opinion of the general public. In the eyes of *materfamilias* there is no upholstery which could possibly surpass that which the most fashionable upholsterer supplies. She believes in the elegance of window-curtains of which so many dozen yards were sent to the Duchess of —, and concludes that the dinner-service must be perfect which is described as 'quite a novelty.' Mr. Eastlake well says, also: "National art is not a thing which we may inclose in a gilt frame and hang upon our walls, or which can be locked up in the cabinet of a virtuoso. To be genuine and permanent, it ought to animate with the same spirit the blacksmith's forge and the sculptor's *atelier*,

the painter's studio and the haberdasher's shop." Under the influence of such scornful words as these persons of taste and culture have risen in reaction against the reaction, and the result is that there are now in London several thousands of homes which have filled themselves with those old shreds of beauty which Puritanism cast to the winds. Most of these are the homes of artists or virtuosi, and as they have thus set the fashion, a still larger number have tried to follow them. A genuinely old thing is competed for furiously, and as it is apt to go with the longest purse rather than the finest taste, we find the past as often re-appearing in a domestic curiosity-shop as in a beautiful interior.

Now Puritanism in its day was one of the most useful of things, and if we do not see the traces of beauty which it has left, the fault is in our own eyes. The artists know very well that if it had spared the old tapestries and furniture for the main uses of our present society, the effect would be as unlovely as if our homes were all buttressed and turreted in feudal style. Feudalism and Puritanism have alike left to us just as much of the styles of their ages as we need—enough to give, as it were, a fair fringe to the appropriate vestment of to-day. A house made up of antiquarian objects is a show-room, a museum, but not a home. We have fallen upon an age when cultured people know that external beauty is but one means to integral beauty, and when the prophets of that higher end can see that the very flowers of the field are ugly if they drink up that which ought to turn to corn and wine. Much is to be said for the antiquarian taste if it does not run into an antiquarian passion. It may safely be admitted that our churches need not be sombre nor our services gloomy, that a few good pictures would not harm the one, nor more poetry and music the other; but what is to be said of those who find in albs and chasubles and incense-burners the regained Paradise of man?

But if there can be no real beauty secured by building for a life that is to be lived in one century a mansion that grew out of another, as little can a high taste be satisfied by the conventionality of its own time, which admits of no relation between the individual and his dwelling-place. In a normal society each man would be able to build his house around him as he builds his body, and to take the past, the east, the west, for his materials as much as brick or stone. "Let us understand," says the wisest adviser of our time, "that a house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It stands there under the sun and moon to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep; but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend

from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves, to be the shelter always open to good and true persons—a hall which shines with sincerity, brows ever tranquil, and a demeanor impossible to disconcert; whose inmates know what they want; *who do not ask your house how theirs shall be kept.*"

One residence particularly has connected itself in the course of my observations with the high place given, in this extract from Emerson's chapter on "Domestic Life," to the individuality so essential to a home, and so difficult to obtain. Those who have found delight—as who has not?—in the paintings which the American artist, Mr. George S. Boughton, has given to the world will not be surprised to learn that he has built up around him a home worthy of his refined taste and his delicate perception of those laws of beauty which enable it to harmonize with individual feeling without ever running into eccentricity. Few of those who have enjoyed the fine hospitalities of Grove Lodge, Kensington, can fail to recognize that the much-admired residence is as unique a work of the much-admired artist as any of those charming pictures of his which so tenderly invest the human life of to-day with the sentiment and romance of its own history. Passing lately through his hall, touched every where with the toned light of antique beauty, to his studio, the picture which he was just finishing for the Royal Academy appeared as a natural growth out of the æsthetic atmosphere by which he was surrounded—some girls of Chaucer's time beside an old well and a cross, filling the water-bottles of pilgrims on their way, amidst the spring blossoms, to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, "the holy, blissful martyr," at Canterbury. The embowered English landscape closed as kindly around the figures and costumes and symbols of the olden time as they do now about the features of a new age; and no less harmoniously do the ornaments and decorations of this beautiful home surround the cultured society which the young host and hostess gather to their assemblies. The house is, as I have intimated, remarkable for the impression it gives of being the expression of individual taste. It might well enough bear on its threshold that signature which bears such increasing value, so truly does it represent the man—as free from ostentation as from conventionality.

Entering the door, we find ourselves in a square vestibule, separated from the main hall by rich and heavy curtains of greenish-blue tapestry. The walls are here, for a distance of one-third of their height from the floor, covered with a paneled wainscot colored in harmony with the hangings. For the rest, the walls are covered with a stamped leather papering of large antique scrolls, outlined in gold. A rich light fills this lit-

tle apartment by reason of the quaint and deep-hued glass of the door and side window. In these both roundels and quarries are used. In the door there are roundels above and quarries beneath, furnishing a neat border to larger stainings representing marguerites and clover blossoms on a blue ground. Above the door is a curious horizontal glass mosaic, set in lead, as indeed are all the squares and circlets of both window and door, with bees and butterflies at the angles of the irregular lines. The zigzag flight of the little winged symbols of industry and pleasure required that the pieces of glass should be irregular, and this result was secured by an odd device. The decorator having come with his oblong pane of precious glass, asked how he should cut it up. The artist promptly ordered him to let it fall through some feet on the door-step, and then gather up the fragments. This was done, and as the pieces came of the fall, so were they put together, with the bees and butterflies at their angles. The effect of this irregularity is very fine indeed, as setting off the precision of the patterns in the rest of the door.

Passing through the curtains, we enter a hall running about two-thirds of the depth of the house to the dining-room. The hall is lined with fine old engravings and cabinets, with here and there an old round convex mirror. The general color of the walls of the dining-room is sage-green, thus setting off finely the beautiful pictures and the many pieces of old china. There are several cabinets which have been designed by Mr. Boughton himself, and a *buffet* somewhat resembling that drawn by Charles Eastlake (Fig. 12, *Hints on Household Taste*), but improved, as I think, by being made somewhat higher, and having a small ornamental balustrade on the top shelf. And I may here say that Mr. Boughton's art has enabled him to make his many beautiful cabinets, the antique ones as well as those designed by himself, particularly attractive by introducing small paintings on the panels of their doors or drawers. These figures are generally allegorical and decorative, and are painted upon golden backgrounds. They are of rich but sober colors, and usually female figures with flowing drapery, great care being taken that their faces shall have dignity and expression. In some cases an old cabinet has small open spaces here and there which will admit of medallion busts and heads being painted, and if care be taken that the colors shall not be too loud, and especially that the designs are not realistic, the beauty and value of the cabinet are very much enhanced. The *buffet* to which I have referred has a curtain over the arch beneath, and such an addition may be also made to a cabinet which rests upon legs with good effect as well as utility, if care be taken that the color of the curtain shall not be obtrusive.

This dining-room is lighted by a large window set back in a deep recess, curtained off from the main room with hangings of red velvet, and exquisitely environed by original designs. The window is composed of the richest quarries, holding in their centres each its different decorative flower or other natural form, and these being collectively the frame of large medallions of stained glass representing Van Eyck, Van Orley, and the burgomaster's wife from Van Eyck's picture in the National Gallery.

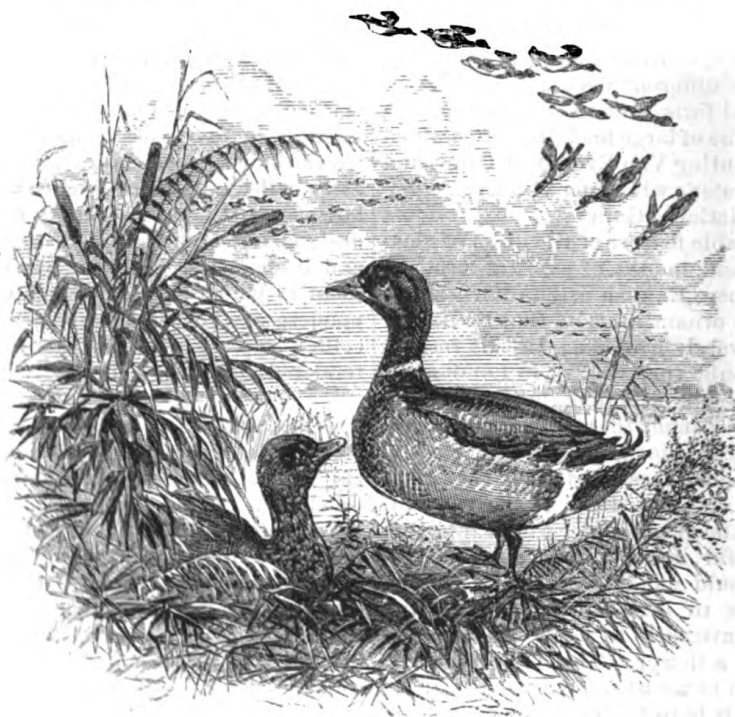
It is a notable feature of the ideas of glass decoration, and, indeed, of paper decoration, in houses where English artists have superintended the ornamentation, that realism in design is severely avoided. In this respect I can not doubt that we are in London far more advanced in taste than those decorators of Munich, and some other Continental cities, who try to make the figures, in their glass at least, as commonplace real as if they were painting on canvas. Even if the material with which the glass-stainer works admitted of a successful imitation of natural forms, the result could not be beautiful. No one desires roses to blossom on his window-panes, nor butterflies to settle on the glass as if it were a flower. The real purpose of the glass can never be safely forgotten in its decoration: it is to keep out the cold while admitting the light; the color is to tone the light, and prevent its being garish; and if, further, any form is placed upon the glass, it is merely to prevent monotony by presenting an agreeable variation from mere color. But the form must be in mere outline, transparent, else it suggests an opaque body, which were a denial of the main purpose of the glass, *i. e.*, to do away with opaqueness. Even when the ornaments on the little panes are thinnest, they are hardly suited to the English sky, which sends us little superfluous light.

The drawing-room at Grove Lodge is adorned on the theory that its function is one which requires a degree of richness bordering on brilliancy, which were out of place in a study, or studio, or sitting-room. Here are to be happy assemblies of light-hearted people in gay dresses, and the room must be in harmony with the purpose of pleasure which has brought them together; but then the drawing-room must not obtrude itself, it must not outshine their lustres nor pale their colors; rather it must supply the company with an appropriate framing, and set them all in the best light. I have rarely seen a more picturesque drawing-room than that at Grove Lodge, and none that has seemed to me a more purely artistic creation of a beautiful out of a rather unpromisingly constructed room. A paper of heraldic pink roses, very faint, with leaves, in mottled gold, makes a frieze of one width above a wall-paper of sage-gray, which has no discernible

figures at all on it. This sage-gray supplies an excellent background to the pictures—which are moderate in quantity, charming in quality—and for the picturesque ladies, who are too often fairly blanched by the upholsterer's splendor, as they might be by blue and silver lights in a theatre. At the cornice is a gold moulding and fretting, making an agreeable fringe to the canopy (as the star-spotted ceiling may be appropriately called). The ceiling is not stellated, however, with the regularity of wall-paper designs, but with stars of various magnitude and interspaces. It must be, of course, a room in which the deep tones of color preponderate which could alone make such a ceiling appropriate. In this instance it is rendered appropriate not only by the character of the hangings of the room, at once rich and subdued, and by the carpet, which Mr. Boughton has had made for this room, the basis of whose design is the greensward, touched here and there with spots of red, but also by the fact that it is a double drawing-room, lighted in the daytime only at the ends, and requiring therefore a bright ceiling. There are two old Japanese cabinets: one is richly chased, but with nothing in relief except the gold lock-plates, and some twenty-eight hinges (themselves a decoration); the other is more complex, and has figures in relief. In addition to these there are two cabinets of unique beauty, designed by Mr. Boughton—one possessing a beveled mirror running its whole width at the top, the other with panels on which the artist has painted Spring and Autumn in gold.

Before leaving this charming residence I must mention that some of its best effects have been produced by the extraordinary lustre of color and quality of surface in the stuffs used for curtains, furniture covers, and upholstery. These are such as are not ordinarily manufactured, and can be procured in London only by searching for them. Manufacturers in this country, and no doubt in America also, are in the habit of bleaching their stuffs as white as possible, and the consequence is they will not take rich and warm dyes. The secret of those Oriental stuffs upon whose surface, as they appear in our exhibitions, English manufacturers are so often seen looking with despair, is that they never bleach to whiteness any thing that is to be dyed. If the Eastern dyers should put their deep colors upon a surface bleached to ghastliness, their stuffs would be as ghastly as our ordinary goods speedily become. The Oriental dyer simply leaves the natural color of the wool or cotton creamy and delicate, and the hues never turn out crude and harsh, as do those of English stuffs. This bleaching, moreover, takes the life out of a natural material, and is the reason of the superior durability of colored Oriental fabrics.

AMONG THE WATER-FOWL OF THE WEST.



THE MALLARD.

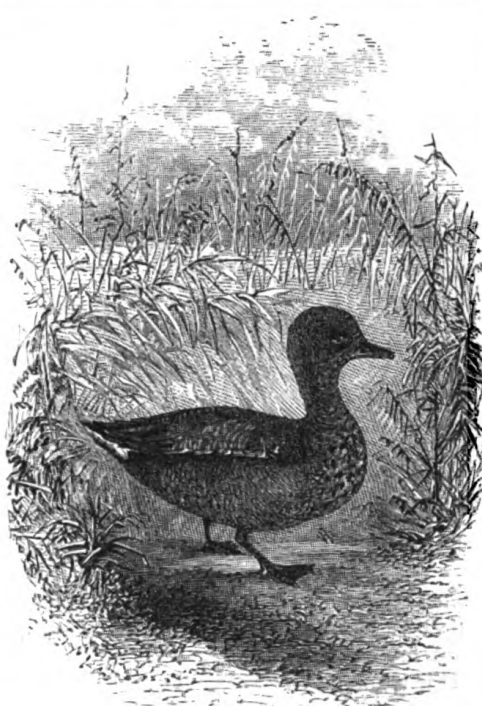
LONG ISLAND, Barnegat, Chesapeake Bay, and Currituck have each enjoyed an enviable reputation among the shore shooters, long unchallenged by any presumptuous rival within the scope of our domain.

Little did the denizens of Fulton Market in years gone by dream of the paradise in store for the lover of sport in the vast Western country, of the numberless resorts for their favorite birds on the boundless prairies, of the endless chains of miniature lakes abounding with their favorite food. But the encroachments of civilization, the multiplication of steam-vessels, and, above all, the continual hammering of the myriads of shooters who swarm around the larger cities of the Atlantic sea-board, have had a tendency to exterminate and to drive the main flight of our water-fowl to more quiet retreats in the West, while the more tempting grain fields and rice lakes offer to these fowl greater inducements to abide in their new home. Vast tracts of marsh and meadow which once offered a fine feeding ground around the bays and creeks of the coast are now an almost barren waste, where few birds can be seen, except fish ducks, such as coots, alowives, loons, sheldrakes, divers, etc., none of which offer any temptation to the true sportsman.

We will consider none but the edible species, the true game birds. Among these the

glorious mallard has a prominent place, from its greater abundance, from the wide range of country where it is found, and the quality of its flesh. It is a universal favorite at the table, and is more marketable than all other varieties combined. It affords, too, a wider field for genuine sport than all others. The canvas-backs of the Chesapeake, it is true, draw many lovers of the sport, who for years have practically known no other field, and who can recapitulate volumes of exploits among the red-necks and canvas-backs of Chesapeake Bay. As a favorite for the table this magnificent bird ranks first, when size and flavor are both considered. The wild celery upon which it delights to feed imparts to it a delicious flavor, and gives it the pre-eminence. Nowhere can we find its fit comparison save in the blue-winged teal of the West, which in September, after fattening on the wild rice while "in the milk," emerges a "perfect roll of butter," and in point of flavor and delicacy is not surpassed.

The black duck, which seems to be identified with the sea-coast, is also a great favorite. More wary than any of the other varieties, extremely sensitive to the approach of man, quick of perception, and exceedingly shy, it is the very ideal of a game bird. No sportsman returns with a round score of black ducks strapped over his shoulders, the result of a day on the marsh, but has earned the credit due to pa-



THE TEAL.

tience, perseverance, strategy, and accurate aim. The bag tells the story. "That fellow lay low for black ducks." So closely is the black duck allied to the mallard—there being but a slight variation in the plumage—that it is hardly worth the while to class them separately. Yet it is singular that throughout the vast migratory track of the West this bird is almost unknown. The mallard is every where; the teal, the widigeon, the pintail, the blue-bill, the red-neck, canvas-back, and all the favorites generally, are found in greater or less numbers as the locality favors; but rarely the black duck, which seems to be confined to the coast, and therefore doomed to extermination.

The Canada goose, too, while it frequents the sea-board of the Atlantic and Pacific and the whole of the country lying between—while it swarms on the vast grain fields of the West, destroying countless bushels of corn, pasturing on the sprouting winter grain, yet it does not exist on the Atlantic coast south of Currituck. During the winter months spent on the inlets and among the sea islands of South Carolina, when the bays teem with water-fowl, not a goose can be seen. There is no food for them.

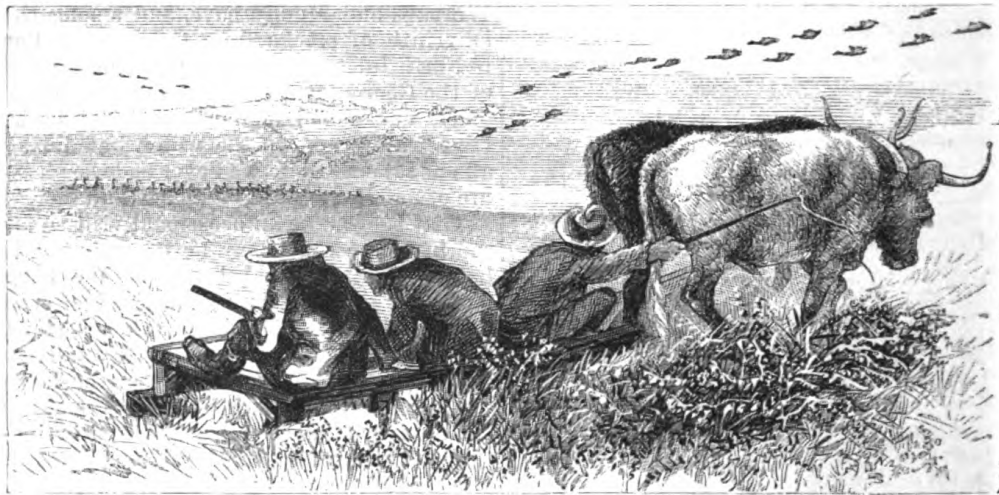
The ducks visit the old rice fields during the night, and return in the morning, lying off in the bays during the day, and occasionally taking a trip among the innumerable creeks, where they become an easy prey to the sportsman concealed behind his blind of palmetto leaves, which encircle his skiff. Many days have we spent on the Waccamaw,

Winyaw, and Muddy bays, and among the labyrinth of creeks from Georgetown Bar to North Inlet, the favorite shooting ground of the Georgetown district—many score of black ducks and mallards, rice-fed birds, have we brought to the water, but during all our sojourn there we never had the pleasure of drawing a bead on an "old hunker."

That they make an occasional visit so far south on the coast may be true; but it is beyond their natural bounds. We have made havoc in their ranks in the vast corn fields of Illinois. We have taken a stand in the centre of a large corn shock, and have seen them come in myriads from the large swamps in the vicinity—always making their entry at a certain point instinctively, and their exit at another, if undisturbed. Here, sportsman, is your field, if you can kill a goose! if you never did, ten to one if you draw a feather. Nothing is more deceptive than a long line of old hunkers bearing down on the hiding-place of a novice at goose-hunting. The size of the bird, the clack of their goose-talk as they approach a feeding ground, the apparent proximity of the noisy fellows as they seem to fly almost in one's face, create the impression in the mind of the uninitiated that they are only a few feet off; but when he suddenly rises and fires, to his chagrin he discovers that the flock has turned about at some eighty yards distance without a scratch. Many a splendid shot have we lost in this way through the nervousness of some amateur sportsman, who was sure of almost any other bird, and who could make his right and left shots very creditably, but who had never shot a goose.

The Canada goose is a heavily fledged bird, and bearing down in a direct line upon the hunter is no easy prey, until it is passing or has passed. It is better to wait until you can see its white tips; then a quartering shot under the wing will bring down your game. Four drams of good powder, an ounce of shot, No. 2 (which is coarse enough), and a little attention to the business will usually settle your goose question.

But shooting geese on the vast wheat fields in early spring or late in the fall, after the winter wheat has sprouted nicely, is another thing. Here are miles of expanse like the ocean, without cover of any kind; there are the geese, numbering thousands; the knolls are black with them. Now is the time for strategy. You must select a windy day—for they can not rise down the wind—provide yourself with a team of oxen and an old sled; lie down; allow the oxen to graze gradually toward them, making a circular tour toward the last, so that it will bring you to the windward; and work toward them until you notice symptoms of alarm, shown by the double note of the old gander. Now is your chance. To your feet before they



GOOSE-HUNTING ON THE OPEN PRAIRIE.

can gather! you are near enough. They must pass to the right or left, for they can not rise in any other direction. Each man select his birds, and if you do not bag two each, you should never shoot at a wild goose again, unless absolutely in self-defense.

Much cunning is exhibited by these birds in localities where they are frequently disturbed. We have often seen them in the great swamps of the Bureau Valley along the Illinois come in about dark, when it was just too late to draw a sight, noiselessly stealing along, so as to evade the random shot of the hunter returning to camp after a long day's work. So attached are they to their old grounds, and so liable to be pursued at night by reckless adventurers, that after a few warnings they baffle the most intelligent. Should their line of entry be discovered to-night as they come across the marsh from the south, to-morrow night, if you watch, you may hear the vibration of their wings as they pass over the timber to the north, in their approach to the old rice pond, or open water of the big slough. Upon all other occasions, and also when disturbed, they exhibit their usual propensity to indulge in gabble and goose-talk.

The most prominent among the varieties in the West is the Canada goose. The next, and existing in great numbers, is the white-fronted or laughing goose, called by many, "brant." Of the regular brent-geese we have but few. We killed one out of a flock in the Illinois River, in 1860, on a sand-bar, and believe it is the only flock we ever saw in that valley. The brent-geese is about half the size of the Canada variety, and is about two-thirds as large as the white-fronted, mottled, or laughing goose. But in the absence of the regular brent-geese, the mottled bird known as the laughing-geese carries the name of *brant*. And *brant* it is, so far as the average shooter is informed; for

few of them have ever seen a brent-geese—and this is the only bird which, to their knowledge, ever bore the name. These same fellows call a partridge a pheasant, and an English snipe a woodcock.

It is amusing to watch a flock of laughing-geese as they approach a favorite feeding ground or a resting-place. They come first in the regular acute-angle line of flight. Suddenly they break ranks, and with one accord the whole flock begins a series of evolutions, tumbling and turning high in air, and then descending in a most comical and irregular manner, to the amusement of the observer, all the while indulging in a jabber more resembling the merry laughing of a bevy of school-girls than any thing else, from which peculiarity they receive their name. As a table bird it is highly esteemed, and is generally preferred to the Canada goose. In point of numbers it exceeds the latter in this locality, while in other parts the ratio is reversed.

They visit the West in March and April, on their regular migrations to the lakes and bays of Northern Minnesota, the British possessions, and Labrador, remaining with us sometimes as late as May in small detachments. Many are killed before they reach their northern breeding grounds. After raising the usual brood, and replenishing their thinned ranks, they gather for the autumnal return flight, and in October we see them wending their way to their old and favorite haunts, until the cold weather drives them southward to the great marshes of Arkansas and the Lower Mississippi. As they pass north in March, generally before a southerly gale, which carries them along with little apparent effort, their coming is welcomed as a harbinger of returning spring. They come, too, in large numbers, accompanied by all the usual varieties of water-fowl in even greater profusion.

It is a pleasure to witness one of these

pilgrimages; and a trip to the West at the proper season, if for no other purpose, will repay the ornithologist. No sooner has the ice left the rivers, and the southerly gales secured the ascendancy, than the flight of water-fowl begins, line after line, flock after flock, all bent in one direction, and with one common purpose. If much rain has fallen, and the numerous ponds and sloughs of the prairie are



WILD GEESSE IN A CORN FIELD.

full, large numbers alight in their passage, and visit the large corn fields of the stock-raisers, where they pick up the corn which is trodden under foot by the feeding herds. Sometimes these vast tracts are covered with water after the spring rains, and before the frost has entirely left the ground; the cattle have cleaned the ranch, and the waste corn which lies trampled in the mud and water becomes a rich harvest for the weary birds; and here they congregate, acres upon acres of wild fowl of every variety. When fully alarmed by the sound of the gun, they rise with a noise like that of distant thunder, in tens of thousands, until the air is thronged with them. Should the spring be dry, and there be little water on the prairies, they pass over the locality, alighting occasionally in the rivers or in the adjacent ponds, but seldom break ranks until they reach the more extensive marshes of the Calumet, Winnebago, and other streams, or the lakes of Wisconsin and Minnesota.

The Calumet Marshes, near Chicago, are, and have been for years, a favorite spot, where these birds in their pilgrimages mostly gather. This, however, is becoming to such an extent a resort for sportsmen, pot-hunters, and every variety of the genus *homo*, in search of ducks and a "good time generally," that we fear its days are numbered.

Here you will find the sterling representatives of Chicago's favorite clubs, her renowned "shots," who come in their marsh rig—a bottle of cartridges and a belt full of whisky—untrammelled with by-laws or resolutions of club origin, and far beyond the reach or influence of the Woman's Anti-whisky League. They secure some primitive "dug-out" of ample dimensions and sufficient breadth of beam, and with a unanimity of purpose worthy of the undertaking, they sally out to make that marsh the hottest place for ducks that the imagination can conceive, until the last bottle of ammu-

nition is exhausted, when they join in the favorite chorus,

"Oh! we'll never get drunk again,"

buy up of some more successful shots enough ducks to make a show at home, and beat a hasty retreat cityward.

The Calumet promises little for the sportsman of the coming generation, through the incessant hammering of the mob of sportsmen that congregate there, and, like the Atlantic coast resorts, in a few years it promises to be the abiding-place of the solitary heron, with an occasional sprinkling of crow-ducks, divers, and here and there a pensioner. This continual hammering drives the birds to other localities, and the main flight passes entirely over the locality, to stop only where they can escape this incessant warfare.

A man may be a good quail or snipe shot, and may be able to kill chickens admirably well, for this requires little skill or judgment—any boy who can handle a gun can bring down his prairie-chicken—but mallard duck shooting is another thing. If the birds are young and green—the first of the fall flight—they can be secured easily within twenty yards. But suppose them to be full-fledged, and that it is later in the season, with the wind light, while the birds fly wide, what are the chances of the ordinary marksman? Ah! then it is a different business, requiring tact and experience. I have seen good "shots," who could kill quail, woodcock, and snipe, shoot all day at ducks, and only succeed in crippling a few. Most of their shooting has been done at point-blank range, which, when applied to duck-shooting under ordinary circumstances, fails. The barrel is always a tangent to the line of flight of the shot, which describe an arc of a circle, and always fall after leaving the muzzle. In aiming point-blank at a duck on a cross shot forty yards away, if you do not aim ahead proportionately to the veloc-



A CHICAGO CLUB MAKING IT HOT FOR DUCKS ON THE CALUMET.

ity of the bird, and above in proportion to the distance and the natural fall of the shot, your bird will seldom grace your game-bag, unless you make a "scratch," which is often the case.

Take for example a blue-bill or a teal, coming down the wind, and *they* mean business when they fly: these are admirable subjects upon which to experiment if you are in doubt. Suppose a line of blue-bills come whizzing by twenty yards high and forty yards distant. You aim at the leader. What is the result? If you drop any, it will be one of the last in the line.

The most sportsman-like way to kill ducks is over decoys, and this requires much practice and experience in handling decoys. For to a novice it is more than likely his decoys will be in his way, and instead of drawing birds to him, he will drive them off. In the first place, secure a gun of proper weight and length. There is not so much depending, however, upon the gun as upon the man behind it. Most modern guns are good, and a good "shot" will kill birds with a musket. Select a gun about No. 11 calibre, with solid metal at the breech, and tapering very light at the muzzle; for one great object in water-fowl shooting is to have a good weight of metal at the breech of the barrel, since in constant hammering with light guns your shoulder will suffer after a day's work. Nine pounds is a good weight for a thirty-inch gun of No. 11. Properly handling this gun, you can do all the execution which opportunity may afford. Cumbersome duck guns are useless. I have

done some of my best shooting in the creeks of South Carolina with a No. 12, eight pounds; and one day, while there, I made a handsome bag of black duck and mallard on Marsh Island, in Winyaw Bay, near Georgetown Bar, with a fifteen-dollar gun—a No. 12, thirty inches—but I observed the ordinary well-settled rules in duck-shooting. For a short neck a straight-breech gun is absolutely necessary, and for a long neck the reverse. The eye always follows the object, and the gun should be suited to come right to the line of vision without changing the motion of the eye at all. Therefore, in selecting a gun, place the gun at the hip, or present arms, fix the eye on an object, close your eyes, then raise your gun quickly to the shoulder, open your eyes and see what the gun covers, and what would have been your chance of hitting it if a bird. You are then precisely in the position of a person shooting woodcock in a dense thicket: your eye is so busily engaged in following the bird that you can not stop to look for the sight; but the ear, the eye, and the hand follow each other instinctively, and you have the bird without ever seeing the gun at all. This is quick work, and is called "snap-shooting." Now a gun with which you can do this is a good one for ducks, provided you load it properly, and observe the other rules.

Early in the season, when the first of the flight comes down, and most of the birds are young and quite green, falling an easy prey to the sportsman, No. 8 shot will do the work effectually. But later in the season they are well fledged, will bear heavy pound-

ing, and get away under ordinary circumstances. Then four drams of coarse powder is a charge for a mallard, and an ounce of shot—*never* more than that. The size of shot should be governed by circumstances.

For mallard, No. 8 will answer until the birds become large and strong; then use No. 6 shot.

Provide yourself with a set of large decoys; anchor them in the right place, being careful to set them in such a position that the birds will always draw in front of you, being careful at the same time not to place yourself in such a position that they will draw every time right in the line of sunset or sunrise, as the case may be. Observe that ducks always draw, in alighting, head to the wind, and your position should be such that you have the wind on your right shoulder, when the birds will draw from the left. Push your skiff in the sedge, and cover it well with grass, wild rice, or whatever is most prominent, and always endeavor to conceal it. Have a suit of clothes as nearly the color of the sedge as you can. A black hat or cap is fatal. A dirty white cotton cap, such as is worn in summer, is good, if you rub it up with oil and iron rust, so that it will appear about the color of surrounding objects. Every thing prominent and striking is to be avoided. In such a rig you can take your stand. As soon as you see a flock, drop; watch the line in which they draw; move not a muscle while they circle around. When they come up the second time, and set their wings for a drop, select the first, and if you are patient you are sure of your bird. Then the whole flock spring, and you select the nearest, which is, in fact, a better shot, for he is going from you, climbing as no other bird can climb. The result—a pair of mallards. Let them lie, for there will be more along soon. Mark! there comes an old drake. He has his wings set, and is making a bee-line for the decoys. Let him

swing first, and then take him as he draws. He likes not the looks of these decoys, on a closer scrutiny, and is inclined to make a tour of inspection. Here he comes, right on your quarter. He springs—you are discovered. Drop him. There comes a flock of pintails. They see nothing but the decoys. Don't let them light; but when they draw and bunch, get a quartering shot and rake

the line with No. 8 shot. Lie down: there come three mallards. Watch when they draw; they often cross each other. The two outside birds are drawing together. Now is your chance: the three birds are yours.

This is decoy shooting, such as is practiced in the marshes by those who understand it.

The most favorable days for duck-shooting are cold, windy days; the heavier the gale the better; it keeps them on the wing, and they can not lie out in the bays and ponds, nor seek a cove to the windward and fly low. Great judgment is required in selecting a good spot in which to work decoys. The country and the habits of the birds must be studied, their lines of flight, the changes which the shifting of the winds produce, where they feed, when they feed, their favorite haunts. The mallard duck loves company. Thousands of them can often be seen in a small pond no larger than a city lot, and by the exercise of judgment and skill you can bag a couple of dozen easily.

One of the most successful days the writer ever had was in Southern Minnesota, on Pine Creek, where a slough was discovered in which a thousand mallards were quietly resting. My comrade was bent on crawling up for a shot, and with difficulty did I persuade him to refrain. "Put down your gun," I said to him. We walked up, drove the ducks out, took our position at the windward end in the black flags, and prepared for their return. Shortly a couple of mallards rounded a point of timber not far distant and made a straight line for the slough. One apiece we dropped them. Then the work was begun, and in less than two hours we had secured eighty-eight mallards. Of the vast myriads in the great rice marshes of Minnesota few have any idea who have never beheld them in the season. This is the great migratory track, and here are their



THE DRAW—BIRDS SWINGING ROUND.



TWENTY-EIGHT AT ONE SHOT.

principal feeding grounds. In September, 1860, on an island in the Illinois River, the writer made a shot across a line of blue-winged teal preparing to migrate, and with a charge of No. 8 shot, with a No. 5 single heavy gun, he killed twenty-eight birds at one shot, and with a small No. 12 gun he killed fifty-four in fifteen minutes. This was done in the presence of Moses Osman, Esq., one of the editors of the *Ottawa Free Trader*, and now of Fairbury, Illinois. This shot was published at the time, and counted good, although it was a "poor day for ducks."

The valley of the Illinois was once a vast feeding ground for water-fowl on their passage, and even now is frequented by thousands. Bureau Valley is a favorite resort, lined with sloughs, rice lakes, and marshes, with easy access to the corn fields. The water-fowl cling to this home with a tenacity worthy of protection. Thousands are sent from Chillicothe, Henry, Peoria, Spring Lake, and Pekin to the market of Chicago, to be shipped to the Eastern cities, while Calumet, Winnebago, Green River, and the lakes of Wisconsin furnish their quota for the tables of the Eastern epicures. Great is the slaughter; but they return from the Northern breeding grounds next fall with their broken ranks replenished. Occasionally a drought destroys their harbors on the prairies, and we see few ducks. Then reports come to us that Western Iowa is teeming with ducks and geese, for the flight has

followed a track three hundred miles west for water, where they are comparatively undisturbed. But after a mild winter a wet spring, to fill up the marshes and sloughs, brings them back to their old track again.

While I write (March 5, 1874) the flight is passing north, and the papers announce, through advices from one of our clubs, that Calumet is teeming with myriads of ducks. The market bears faithful evidence of the truth. The Klimman boys, the great duck-hunters of the Calumet, are reveling once more in their favorite and lucrative sport.

A few years since I was one of a party of four who came out from the East year after year, each of us a crack shot. None save myself had ever been West. All had shot from Long Island to South Carolina, but had no conception of the vast multitudes of water-fowl in the West. We procured tents and other appliances, and struck out for Chicago, and thence to the town of Chillicothe, at the head of Peoria Lake. A storm had just passed, a driving storm from the northeast, which filled the marshes. A stiff norther was blowing a gale. The main flight of fall birds was coming before the wind down the valley in countless numbers. From twenty to fifty flocks could be seen bearing down across the head of the island, and making for the old Goose Pond, Spring Branch, Black Partridge, the Big Slough, and other resorts, until the swamps seemed alive with water-fowl. We got our boats, camp,

rig, and provisions, and made for the opposite shore. Such a sight, said one of our party, he had never witnessed any where along the coast, and he never expected to witness a grander one. Here was game without limit. Barnes pulled away at his pipe with his eyes fixed on the long black lines of geese as they turned over the head of the island a mile north, making a bee-line for the sloughs, and adding to the already dense masses. We pulled down stream, passed the island, and went to the main shore to survey the country. We worked across the marsh in a line for the Goose Pond—an almost inaccessible marsh, about a mile long, filled with wild rice, and protected by timber, secluded and safe. Here, upon a projection of timber growing out of a sort of floating bog, we pitched our tent and built our camp fire. Abbott took his decoys and went for the mallards, while we got the camp in order and secured enough of sedge-grass with which to make our beds. The condition of the ground was such that we found it necessary to build a foundation of twigs upon which to lay our sedge-grass to keep it dry while we were preparing. Abbott was at work, and a more beautiful sight we never saw. Every flock apparently came straight for those decoys, and before dark he had bagged sixty mallards. He came in and we repaired to supper, after which we were enjoying our quiet smoke when a fine setter dog of Abbott's came at full speed for the tent. We stepped out, and in the darkness were two large eyeballs glaring from an old fallen tree, and a yell such as I never heard before greeted our ears as the eyeballs disappeared. A couple of trappers in search of musk-rat and mink were camped close by, and from them we learned in the morning that a large lynx had been prowling around the night before.

We remained on this spot about two weeks, and then changed our camping ground for

the Big Slough, whence our facilities for reaching the market were excellent, and we had regular access to the mails. Continual pounding for two weeks in the Goose Pond had driven the birds away to the other ponds. The wild rice grew here the alternate years, and this year there was abundant cover and feed, and with a will we went to work.

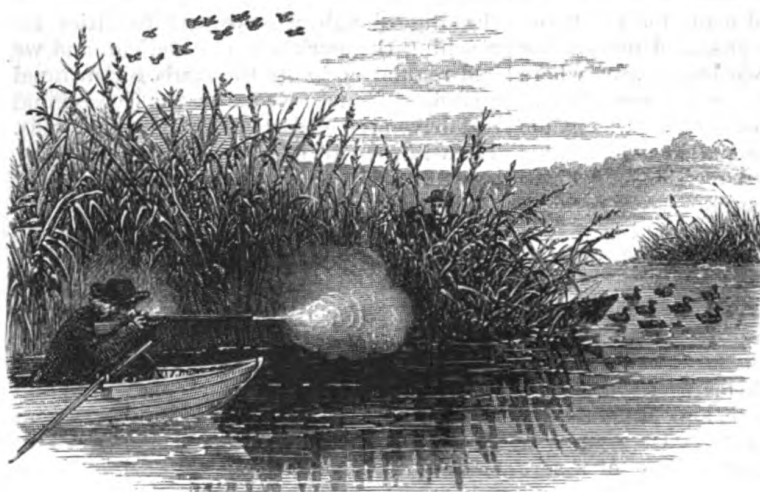
That the reader may not indulge in too generous an idea of the luxury and ease of camp life in a duck country, where the great object is to secure a full supply and the cream of the sport, we will point out some of the duties incidental to our daily routine.

The birds begin to fly at daybreak, and then it is very necessary that each man shall be in his place, probably a mile or two from camp. At four o'clock we indulge in a hearty breakfast, which with us usually consists of fried ducks' livers, buckwheat cakes, fried potatoes, and coffee. Each man has his boat, in which are his decoys, safely stowed away the night before, a good paddle, a pole, and a pair of oars. Often two go together in one skiff; but, although more companionable, it is more difficult to work about in the dense rice, over the ooze and black flags, when oftentimes speed and dispatch are necessary, and nothing but extreme buoyancy of the boat will permit quick motion. One man is also less likely to be detected by the ever-watchful eye of the duck than two. One man seldom indulges in unnecessary talk when birds are flying; two are generally exchanging ideas, when a flock near at hand is startled by the sound, and turns away, unobserved until too late.

We decide where each man will go, and usually arrange that the ducks can be kept flying from one set of decoys to another by proper posting of the shooters; for if a flock fails to draw to one, it is quite sure to take to another. Before daybreak each man has shoved his boat in the sedge in a favorable



THE GOOSE POND.



AN OLD CURMUDGEON.

spot, and built his screen or blind in such a manner that he can push his skiff in and out as it becomes necessary in picking up ducks and chasing cripples.

With the first gleam of light on the eastern horizon comes the dash, and oftentimes while engaged in setting the decoys in darkness the quiver of many wings can be heard overhead; and sometimes a splash, followed by a dozen or more in close quarters, denotes that the birds have discovered our decoys before we are prepared to receive them. The decoys being set in such a way that they will swing to leeward, and ride free from each other, leaving space enough between us and them to secure the pitch of the ducks in front rather than behind, we get behind our blind, and are ready. The flight has commenced, and the booming of guns is heard all over the marsh. The sight of a dozen decoys riding apparently undisturbed is an inducement to join company. The passing flock detects them, and the birds set their wings for the stools. Down they come, rocking and swinging, until close to the tops of the rice, when they swing around to scrutinize their irresponsible companions. One moment

more and the cheat may be discovered by the older heads, and away will go the flock. But we are quick to take our chances, and our harvest is an abundant one.

We always make it a rule to secure blue-winged teal for our table. We can roast them, broil them, toast them, or fry them in butter. Stuffed with mushrooms, and toasted, they leave a canvas-back in the shade, in my opinion. Early

in the season we find loads of mushrooms on the old pastures here, and there is nothing finer than a fat blue-winged teal stuffed with fresh mushrooms.

We proceed to draw the birds preparatory to shipping. This is done very neatly. The large mallard duck livers are always preserved, washed and slightly salted, for our breakfast, and a more delicate morsel can seldom be found. This done, the birds are sponged, tied in pairs, and hung up to dry. Afterward we put them in bunches of six, label, and ship them the next morning by the cook when he goes over for the



THE DRAW—DUCKS SETTling TO DECOYS.



DUCK-SHOOTING IN A PRAIRIE SLOUGH.

mail. The express company deliver them, and we draw against them, the proceeds covering our expenses. On our last trip we sent to the Chicago market some fourteen hundred head of mallard ducks, widgeon, blue-bills, and geese, which were our surplus after giving away, consuming in camp, and sending to our friends East a fair share.

After dinner we take a smoke, and about three o'clock we sally out for the evening flight, which though shorter, is often stronger and more exciting, especially if on the eve of an approaching storm. This is a privilege not enjoyed in South Carolina. There you have no evening shooting, as the ducks leave the bays, where they congregate during the day, rising about dusk almost in a body for the rice fields ten to twelve miles up the river. But in the gray of the morning they return to the creeks and bays, affording fine sport for a time.

Other methods of securing these birds in the prairie sloughs of the West are somewhat different from that we have attempted to delineate. Our method is that practiced by the scientific sportsmen who pursue the sport for the love of the pastime—a method in which strategy, calculation, and study are concerned, and in which patience and perseverance secure success. Go down on the Calumet and you will see shooting practiced in all its modes. There you will find the true sportsman who has left his place of business for a day's recreation and relief. He does his work thoroughly. He has not come to cripple and to maim, but to kill. But paddle down the creek, and on every projecting point you will find posted some pot-hunter, who blazes away at every passing flock, frightening far more birds than his shot reaches, and crippling more than he kills. He never shoots at a single bird, but bangs into a flock pell-mell as it passes, to be treated in like manner by the next pot-hunter.

In the spring, when the prairie sloughs are full of water, the birds as they pass north remain for some time. Here is no cover at all—no means by which an approach can be made without discovery. The tempting sight of a thousand ducks in a mere pond or slough, almost at your door, gives occasion to a vast deal of strategy. Generally speaking, the birds in this situation are safe. Many times we have been perplexed to find some means by which we could secure our game. There they sat—elegant birds, all ready for an invitation to be bagged, but far beyond the effectual reach of flying shot. What is to be done? We get a team and drive to town, procure a cask and a spade, also a lot of stones—for you might as well look for a needle in a hay-stack as a stone on the prairie. We select a spot on the edge of the slough commanding the whole area. We dig a large hole and dam up around it to keep out the water. After the hole is large enough to admit the cask to within six inches of the rim, we bale it out and put it in, then throw in the stone until we have settled it fairly, and tramp the clay well around it. When the cask is firmly set, we throw out the stone and cover it with some old bleached prairie hay. Then we get inside, and, with a few decoys, our cover is complete. We have shot mallards in this way, to the utter astonishment of the farmers, who never were able to get near enough to touch a feather. The next season we go up to the old spot, and the cask is full of water. We bail it out, put some hay in the bottom, and are then again ready for work.

In the fall these birds resort to the vast corn fields to feed, and when they once come to understand the business, they soon fatten, and are in elegant condition. The best method of working a corn field which the ducks have been in the habit of visiting is to go in a party of three or four, take your

positions commanding the whole field, pull up the standing corn by the roots, and stack it up as you would stack muskets—enough to make a secure blind; get under cover and wait. About three o'clock in the afternoon the ducks begin to come, just over the tops of the corn, hundreds and thousands of them, according to the locality. We have seen them sally forth from the sloughs and marshes near Peoria Lake in a direct line for the corn fields in numbers that would surprise the novice.

Here is a fine chance to secure every bird. Cripples stand no chance of escape. A

broken wing is just as effectual as a broken head; for when they strike the soil you can pick them up. Quite different is it if they fall in a marsh; there they hide in a trice, and when the opportunity offers, at once make for the margin of the pond or the shores—eventually to die, to be eaten up by minks, musk-rats, foxes, or hawks, or to become the prizes of some fortunate poacher or bush-whacker. The cleanly picked bones often mark the spot in the lonely marsh where the wild-cat or fox has made "a square meal" from what was once a plump corn-fed mallard.

RAPE OF THE GAMP.

CHAPTER IX.

PROUD AS LUCIFER AND DARK AS EREBUS.

WHEN gentle Mrs. Browne plaintively remarked that she was doubtful as to what papa might think of "these new doings," she used the plural number advisedly, alluding not only to the monstrous innovation of walking before breakfast, but more obscurely to another change of doubtful tendency, which had crept almost imperceptibly into the practice of this well-regulated family. Mr. Browne, attended by the ladies of his family, worshiped in a district church which had been built in his part of the town. This edifice was of the Georgio-Palladian era, built of bricks, disguised inside and out with stucco, and lighted by means of tall sash-windows of the usual domestic pattern. Its interior was rendered at once elegant and commodious by a gallery which ran round three sides of the structure, like the dress circle at a theatre; and a handsome three-storied pulpit formed the grand centre of attraction. Walter Browne, Esq., was a very regular attendant at this place of worship, and expected his women-folk to be the same; but for many months past his expectations had been imperfectly fulfilled.

The old parish church, dedicated to the Holy Apostles, has been described as standing prominently on the brow of the cliff. It is a massive Gothic structure, and, having been designed for grand functions and pompous ecclesiastical processions, has a vast chancel and choir, extensive nave of seven spans, and broad aisles. The fourth seat in the northern aisle was facultied to Mr. Browne's house, which, before the other church was built, of course depended on the old one for spiritual ministrations. In this seat Albert, Frank, and Hubert Browne were wont to worship still, accompanied by Robert when on a visit to his family, and of late by Janet, who now affected to despise the rectangular "temple" (as Frank called it), and had been observed making efforts to pe-

ruse a hand-book of Gothic architecture and other works of a retrogressive character. It happened that the three front seats in this aisle were facultied to the Grammar School, and that Mr. Lane sat in the left-hand corner of the front seat.

A habit prevailed at Pedlington of entering the parish church by a door in the north wall of the choir, where, during the infrequent week-day services, the scanty congregation was easily accommodated in the stalls. But on Sunday the body of the church was filled; so those who went early sat in rows confronting those who came late. Every Sunday, just as the service was commencing, Albert, Frank, and Hubert would march down the choir steps, sweep to the right in front of the school seats, wheel to the left round Mr. Lane's corner, and so reach their own place in what seemed to them a quiet, unostentatious manner. After service they returned by the same way, again filing past Mr. Lane.

It must be said for this out-of-the-way angle of the church that those who worshiped there sat or knelt in the glow of a magnificent painted window which filled the wall at the eastern end of the aisle. Of late—at first occasionally, latterly more regularly—Mr. Lane had become aware of a graceful figure and a wave of delicately perfumed air attending his friends' arrival; and when he looked round from time to time at the boys behind him, the fair face of Janet, lit with tinted rays, closed the vista. At least he saw no further. Beauty such as hers, even with him, had power to arrest the eye, and say, "Thus far shalt thou come." But he averted his look, and went on with his prayer and praise. A poet-artist might have imagined this wayward girl unbonneted and seated under the gilded organ-pipes in full blaze of all the chancel windows, and so, crowning her golden hair with white roses, might have made a St. Cecilia of her, as many a Madonna has been made. But Mr. Lane put such foolish ideas away from him, and pursued his devout exercises. Yet was

he growing accustomed to feel that she was near him in church, greeting him with happy smiles on the way to his daily task, and always present, though seldom speaking, in that house which was his favorite resort in all the town.

The Brownes dined early on Sundays, as most good people do in Pedlington, and as no member of that family attended evening service at church, they were not sorry to see Mr. Lane drop in to their frugal supper, which he had now acquired quite a habit of doing. If there was any difference in his manner to Janet and to the others, it was merely that, as being younger, and therefore farther removed from him even than sister Joan, he made less attempts to converse with her. He used frankly to admit that, while he could understand and sympathize with, and generally win the confidence of, boys of all ages, young ladies from twelve to twenty-four years of age were a complete mystery to him, and that therefore they must pardon him if he seemed stiff or harsh or silent with the young ladies present. Then Nelly would laugh, and say he was always very agreeable to her, and papa would rally her, and say perhaps she was the exception to Mr. Lane's rule. Of course every rule had one exception. But Janet would be quite silent on such an occasion, her eyelids would be lowered, and the dark curling lashes motionless. Really Mr. Lane did often try to draw her into the common conversation, but it seldom availed. He talked too much upon abstract subjects, very often making almost all the talk himself, and only drawn out by affectionate appeals from the mother, or by half-sarcastic questions and inductions on the part of the eldest daughter. And when an abstract question was not on the *tapis*, the talk was seldom about individuals, and never degenerated into that harmless though personal gossip which is dear to women of all ages. On Sunday evening the conversation was often religious, and whatever Janet may have *thought* of Mr. Lane's theories and opinions, she *felt* they answered doubts and difficulties of her own, and that they were singularly unlike the rigid unreasonableness of her father's code. Mr. Browne, when he listened, which was not often, for he preferred his book, looked upon it all as harmless theorizing, very well for a single solitary man, who might range over the whole world of ideas and yet live an honest, upright life, but quite unsuited to the decorum and stability of family economy. Perhaps occasionally he was rather astonished and alarmed at a startling novelty; but knowing as he did that his children must sooner or later take wing from the paternal nest, and become more or less inoculated with other opinions than his, he thought it well that their first introduction to outlandish sentiments should be in com-

pany with a man whom he both liked and esteemed. Mr. Lane always treated the mother with more respect and consideration than her daughters. He never paid the girls any marked or conspicuous attention, never exchanged glances or smiles with them on any subject which was not spoken of openly *coram magistro*, and, above all, Mr. Browne felt quite sure that Lane was a man who had his way to win in the world, and that he had no idea of encumbering himself with a wife in that toilsome ascent. He also united with his wife in thinking that Mr. Lane's friendship had been of inestimable service to Hubert, and might have the indirect effect of infusing into Frank a dash of his energy and more vigorous habits of mind.

One Sunday evening Frank was absent. He had gone from home on the Friday, and was not to return till the following Monday morning. A great storm had been raging throughout the whole Sunday, but at about eight o'clock in the evening Mr. Lane appeared as usual. It happened that no one but Janet was in the drawing-room when he was shown in, and she was sitting on a footstool by the side of the fire, leaning her back and head against the white marble mullion.

"I *won't* get up for you, Mr. Lane," she said, putting out her warm little hand to him, "because I know you think me only a little girl who ought to behave properly."

"That's right," he said, quietly; "you know I sympathize with all rebels and disaffected people all over the world. It's a part of my creed to do so."

"Ah!" she thought to herself, but of course did not utter the thought, "with people all over the world; but if *I* were breaking my heart, he wouldn't think about *me*."

"What a dreadful storm it is!" she said, presently. "And how long it *has* lasted! It made me so sad last night to hear the wind howling in that terrible manner."

"Well it might," he replied. "And they tell me that last night or this morning early a large steamer from Bremen ran ashore at the mouth of the Peddle. She went to pieces, and all hands were lost before an effort to save them could be made."

Janet expressed her sympathy for the "poor things," and wondered whether there was a Dutch Jonah on board, and whether they could have saved the ship by throwing him overboard to the white-bait. But she was thinking inwardly, "He does not care whether *I* was sad or not. He does not like me the *least bit*."

Then she resolved desperately to *make* him ask her for his umbrella. "It doesn't matter what he thinks of me *now*," she thought; then said, looking at him pointedly, "I can see you are quite wet, Mr. Lane. How very shocking! Had you not got an umbrella?"

In the mean while this big strong man had been quite dreading some allusion to his *umbra*. Since that morning on the cliff he had never seen it. He was attached to it from long service and many pleasing associations, and would not buy another. Consequently when it rained he allowed himself or his coat to get wet. To this arrangement he had little or no objection. And if Janet had mislaid and so lost his *umbra*, thinking it had been returned to him, or having forgotten all about it, she would be vexed to find out the state of the case; and he could not bear to inflict the least annoyance on her. But if, as he suspected, she was keeping it in sweet durance, he could do nothing honorably (he thought) but ignore the fact.

Now he was in presence of the enemy—actually under fire. The question was fired at him point-blank. His courage, as that of a true hero always does, rose to the occasion; but his chivalrous, watchful care of this lovely foe did not flag for an instant.

"I think I had a common old parachute once," he answered, looking at her, or rather into her, with such calm, forbearing eyes that her purpose nearly quailed. But his indifference had made her desperate. She would *make* him treat her like a human being, with at least gratitude and regard for one who had dealt kindly with her, and who had deserved so well of her by his services to Hubert.

"Think, Mr. Lane?" she urged. "You know you had. The dearest old nice large one. And you lent it to me."

Poor little Janet! She said those last words in a voice ringing with joy, and with triumph dancing in her eyes. But the knight of green gamp was not so easily overthrown.

"So I did," he said, still fixing upon her that calm, unwavering glance. "What a long time ago that was! You really were a little girl then. I don't think you were sixteen. You and Nelly couldn't have held it between you if you had not rested the end of the handle on the seat of the boat. But I shall never be so gallant again. You are quite a woman now, as you say; and if I were to lend you an umbrella, the gossips would gossip about you. Besides which, *I have lost it, and don't intend to buy another.*"

Janet might have made another effort to retrieve the day if Mrs. Browne had not come in at that moment. But it is doubtful whether she would or no. Mr. Lane was so stern and yet so tender. He was thinking of her all the time, and fighting with her to secure the privilege of not seeming to think of her, and to secure her from the imputation of thinking about him, and still more of being thought a flirt. How noble he was! yet how invincible in his nobility! "Is it only possible, then," she thought, "to vanquish the weak—to have

those at one's feet at whose feet one could not lie?"

"I assure you we were not flirting, Mrs. Browne," said the gentleman.

"No need of assurance," she replied, smiling.

"But what do you think we were doing? Quarreling?"

"Quarreling? No," replied Mrs. Browne, incredulously shaking her head.

Then Janet, with her eyes full of tears, said, "Mr. Lane was scolding me for being sancy and bold, mamma. I am too self-willed; I know I am. But he is not as kind to me as he is to Hubert. He doesn't care for what I think or feel."

Then a little pause of utter astonishment on the mother's part and a deep wonder on Mr. Lane's part ensued, after which Janet brushed the tears away, rose up smiling like Hebe, and said, "I know papa is down stairs waiting for us to come to supper. Mr. Lane will give you his arm, mamma."

And off she ran, but turned at the head of the stairs with an arch smile, which alone would have slain any champion but this one, and said, "It was very kind of poor Mr. Lane to have come to-night, mamma, as it is so wet, and he has *no umbrella!* I was afraid he would not come to-night, as Frank is not at home."

That was Janet's Parthian arrow, shot as she retreated from the field. When they sat down to supper, conversation became general, and hostilities were not renewed. But added now to Mr. Lane's admiration for Janet, a profound and not at all unpleasant wonder at her strange behavior to him settled on his mind. Yet he was resolved to be even less kind to her than usual, and to show her as plainly as any negative course could do that her conduct was imprudent, and that he was displeased at it. "Poor little pet!" he thought to himself. "She is too playful, and too guileless of wrong. Some fellows would have taken advantage of her. I must give her a silent lesson in propriety." Accordingly, for many weeks he slighted her so pointedly that her mother noticed it, and said to her one evening, after Mr. Lane had left, "I fear you really have offended him, Janet." And Frank, overhearing this, and having himself noticed a want of his usual gentleness in Mr. Lane's manner to Janet, observed that he should have thought Lane too generous a fellow to be angry with a girl; at which Janet could restrain herself no longer, but burst into tears and left the room. When she reached the solitude of her own chamber, and had turned the key in the lock, she opened a cupboard door and peeped in ruefully at the *umbra*, which stood gravely in a corner, and, although carefully mended and patched by her hands, seemed to reproach her for levity and waywardness. "I don't care," she said to the inanimate ob-

ject, shaking her head at it as if it were a sentient being—"I don't care. I sha'n't give you back until he asks for you. So he may get wet, and be as cross as he likes."

On the Sunday afternoon before Mrs. Browne's party, as Frank passed Mr. Lane after the service, he slipped a piece of paper into the latter's hand. "I am coming," the note said, "up to your rooms this evening, but don't stay at home if you have any engagement. F. B." In the evening, accordingly, Frank came, and found his friend writing.

"Ah!" he said; "I see. Writing letters. Don't let me interrupt you, but I hate writing letters; often have sixty or seventy to write in a week."

"I don't write as many in a year," said Mr. Lane. "No wonder you hate it. But I was not doing so just now. I was preparing a Greek Testament paper for my class."

They sat without talking for a while, and Frank fell to wondering, as he often did, what the secret of Lane's life could be. To a man of his sagacity and penetration the idea of some entanglement with a woman would have occurred in the case of almost any other man. But Lane's character and habits seemed to repel the supposition. Among all his acquaintances Frank had seen no man who treated women with such courtly respect as Lane did; and yet in this was no tinge of what is commonly called gallantry. Even the old Ada, his housekeeper, was a member of a privileged sex, and treated as such. But that in some way, or for some reason, Lane had severed himself from his early friends, Frank was pretty sure. The Pedlingtonians had gradually arrived at a belief that Dr. Phelps and Mr. Lane were friends of old standing; and as to Captain Fuller, he had broken out one day with an assertion that he had known Lane for twenty years, and that he was "a devilish good fellow, and highly connected." When pressed for further information, he said that Mr. Lane was born in India, and early left an orphan; that he had been educated abroad, and had not cultivated his connections and acquaintances in England. In this latter statement the soldier did not adhere rigidly to the truth; for, though the subject of the conversation had completed his education in Germany, he and Captain Fuller had been school-fellows at Harrow, and being both powerful and impetuous youths, had kicked each other's shins and struggled together furiously over the foot-ball, and the armies on either side had paused, as in Homeric combats, to see the champions fight. Moreover, Mr. Lane's father and the captain's father having been brother officers and friends, the orphan school-boy was frequently invited to spend a part of his holidays at Rivermead, the Fullers' house, and these invitations had been most urgently renewed since Mr. Lane's

return to England. "But he never went any where now," as the dragoon concisely expressed it.

Still, as Frank was forced to believe, Lane must have had some friends and connections in his youth as well as the Fullers; and if not, his cutting *them* was all the more strange. Who was the guardian who had brought him up? Oh, *he* was dead, was he, and his wife, and every one belonging to him! In short, Lane had been born and bred in the household of the man in the moon, and sent to Pedlington in a balloon, which had then returned, and so cut off his means of communication with his relatives. "No, Captain F., that won't do for yours truly, F. B. The truth is, Lane has quarreled with his family; and whichever is in the wrong, *he* will never give way. It would be easier to drag the old church off the cliff than to make *him* knuckle under. Don't you notice, Fuller, that religious men are always either pusillanimous or proud? If they're soft-hearted fellows, they get soft-headed too; if they're made of tougher stuff, like our solitary friend, they get as proud as Lucifer and as dark as Erebus."

This dialogue and these reflections will throw some light upon Frank's view of Mr. Lane's position. We shall leave them sitting together over Lane's fire, because their conversation is too interesting for the end of a chapter.

CHAPTER X.

BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH.

WHEN Frank Browne felt any curiosity upon a subject, his habit was to talk all round it, casually as it were, and without apparent interest in it, yet hovering about it, so that an unwary interlocutor was sure to expose some of its secret places, especially as Frank's languid eyes, with their drooping lids, never looked more drowsy than as the critical moment was approaching. He was, however, too wary to sound a vigilant and susceptible man like Lane in this way, although some curiosity concerning such a mysterious friend was inevitable. Frank certainly might have cunningly extracted rather more from Captain Fuller than the plain-spoken warrior had already divulged, but thought it ungentlemanlike to "pump" a man about his friend's affairs. He had gone as far as to ask Fuller directly whether Lane had no private property, and Fuller answered without any restraint that he might have some little trifle saved out of his education fund, but that he was heir to a snug little property on the death of a relative who had passed middle life.

After the two strangely assorted friends had sat silently over Mr. Lane's fire for several minutes, Frank said again, as if he had

been thinking of nothing else since last saying it:

"Yes, I hate writing letters. I'm sick of it. And, now I come to think of it, how you must hate boys!"

"No, I do not," replied the other, laughing at the idea, though somewhat gravely. "Boys are not like letters, written and never seen again."

"And then they pay so badly," continued Frank, "considering the labor you have with them. But in that respect you and I fare pretty much alike."

"But I assure you," Mr. Lane urged, "that it's a great thing to watch a boy's character growing and expanding, and to help him to become honest and brave and generous. It more than requites the trouble."

"I dare say," replied Frank. "But that's a luxury to which I'm a stranger. And it's a new idea in Pedlington. The only rivalry between the master and me was which should hate the other worst."

"Now Hubert," continued Mr. Lane, "would blush at the thought of doing many things that he might have considered venial if no one had watched over his moral growth; and his mind is at any rate more receptive than it was a year or two ago."

"Yes," Frank replied, heartily, "he's getting on, and coming out too, is Hubert." Then, after a pause, "But you won't stay here long, I suppose?"

"Don't you think," asked the usher, "that the corporation would give me the Doctor's berth if he were to get promotion?"

"No," said Frank. "Much as they respect and as every one likes you, they couldn't do that unless you were in orders. We find they exceeded their powers last time. The trust-deed directs that the candidate selected must be a priest of the English Church, and must act as chaplain to the mayor and corporation. But they were resolved to have a good master, and broke the statute; and as it's a life appointment, Phelps can stay as long as he likes. But I'll tell you what, Lane; no doubt the archbishop would give you a title to orders, and you could qualify yourself for the head-mastership."

But Mr. Lane shook his head. "No, no," he said; "no climbing over the wall for me. But, seriously, I did not think of stepping into Phelps's shoes. My intention has been to complete three years of service here, and then go up and keep terms at Cambridge."

F. B. "What can you want of another degree?"

MR. LANE. "It is not exactly the degree which I want, but the opportunity of taking up a new course of study thoroughly for one thing, and a fellowship, if I can get it, for another."

F. B. "We could put a brief in your way on the home circuit, if you went to the bar."

MR. LANE. "Which promise I shall remind you of if I don't get a fellowship."

F. B. "Then you don't look forward to matrimony?"

MR. LANE. "No."

F. B. "Not if a nice girl with money fell in your way?"

MR. LANE. "Every man to his taste. My stomach would rebel at the poor girl's money, and it would be a bone of contention between us."

F. B. "I confess it would suit me. I should like to find just such a girl as Janet, with just such a snug little nest-egg."

"Now," Mr. Lane thought to himself, "this is a feeler," so he answered, very gravely: "I wish that young lady would find it in her heart to see Fuller with the eyes of half the other girls in Pedlington, to whom he appears a demi-god. If he were to marry, he would sell out and go and live at Rivermead, the most charming spot in Oxfordshire. You know his father is dead, and though his mother and sisters are there now, the place is his own."

F. B. "Would he propose?"

MR. LANE. "If he thought there was a chance."

F. B. "I know you wouldn't say so unless you were sure."

MR. LANE. "I am sure."

F. B. "I will sound her delicately, but I fear it's no go. I like Fuller too, very much, and think his wife will be a lucky girl. But no one can do any thing with Janet."

MR. LANE. "Fuller is the most generous and gentle man in the world. I believe he would treat his wife like a duchess."

"Evidently," thought Frank to himself, "Lane does not want Janet for himself. He is quite in earnest about Fuller; but I know nothing is to be done in that quarter."

In the mean time Mr. Lane, though he had spoken seriously and with deep interest about Fuller's regard for Janet, had been sorry to miss the opportunity of asking Frank (apropos of Phelps's name) why such an absence of all cordiality prevailed between his family and the Doctor. Phelps had refused to tell him, merely saying that no affinity existed between Mr. Browne and himself, and that they had had the good fortune to discover the want at their first meeting. Nevertheless he professed to respect Mr. Browne, and to think him "an honest, pig-headed Englishman."

Now Mr. Lane returned to the subject abruptly, and asked Frank why the acquaintance had dropped so suddenly.

"The truth is, my dear fellow," replied Frank, "that Phelps is interested in an infernal scoundrel who seduced and deserted a young lady closely connected with us. He doubts the facts, but we know them to be facts. And this fellow, not contented with such an outrage, threatens (at least so we

hear) to come back to England, and try to rob Blanche and Janet of their fortunes. Of course he can't do it. But he might give us a great deal of trouble. The governor had an attack of paralysis once, and we fear that any publicity about this affair would bring on another. However, Phelps was incautious enough to mention the fellow's name to my father, hoping, I suppose, to effect a reconciliation. The result was that the governor told my mother he never wished for Dr. Phelps's presence in his house again; and he never goes back from his word. You understand that we quite exonerate Phelps from any intention to hurt our feelings. And while I am on this painful subject, let me tell you that I fancy Janet's dislike to Captain Fuller is based on her belief that Fuller and this scoundrel were friends at Harrow, and that Fuller still has a sneaking regard for him. This is only a guess of mine, but I think it is so."

"What a dreadful story!" said Mr. Lane. "But what claim has the man to your sisters' fortune?"

"None, either in common law or equity; but he was Captain Lyte's nephew, and expected to be his heir. And there are black-guard solicitors, you know, Lane, who would contest the legality of the will."

"Thank you for explaining it all to me," said Mr. Lane. "I trust you will find the latter apprehension to be without foundation, at any rate."

"I hope so, I am sure," rejoined Frank. "It would kill the governor. And that would be a serious disaster to all of us just now. And I should be very sorry, though he has not used me well."

After another pause Frank turned to his host and said, "By-the-way, Lane, are you going to your friends at Christmas?"

And again it occurred to Mr. Lane that Frank was curious about him, and perhaps considered that confidence deserved confidence in return. He detested the secrecy which circumstances, or a mistaken view of his own position, had forced upon him, and was determined not to simulate a candor which he could not exercise. So he said, "Let you and me understand each other, Browne. I have no friends in England, except in Pedlington, whose friendship I can claim or avail myself of. My life here for two years and a half has been an open page which any one may read. But there is a barrier between me and the past which I can not surmount. I tell you this plainly, because I feel it due to you. And now that you know it from my own lips, would you like me to withdraw from the acquaintance of your family?"

Frank was standing before a little old cracked pier-glass which stood on the mantel-shelf, curling his handsome brown whisker on his forefinger. Even this abrupt as-

sault found him imperturbable. Looking at Lane with amused astonishment, he said, "Not at all, my dear fellow. Excuse me for seeming to pry into your affairs. I rather like a man to talk to me about my own sometimes. But what I was going to say was, my mother thought you might like to drop in as one of ourselves on Christmas-day, only I didn't know whether you would be here. We always have a grand feed on Christmas-day; and Robert is coming, and my sister Blanche, though I'm sorry to say her husband can not come."

Whatever Mr. Lane suffered, he was free from those coward qualms and eternally recurring suspicions of being suspected which haunt the timid wrong-doer. It was clear that Frank meant what he said, and that only. And under this sense of unmerited generosity two pictures rose before Mr. Lane's mental vision: one, the happy united family seated round their Christmas board; another, a solitary conscience-haunted man standing under a gaunt crucifix by a rain-beaten window, through which he dimly saw the old sexton half-buried in a re-opened grave on the opposite slope of the churchyard.

Another long pause occurred; then remembering that Frank would expect an answer, Mr. Lane said, "You are all very good, and Mrs. Browne is kindness itself, but I shall not be able to come."

As far as any emotion was visible in Frank's face or manner, he seemed utterly indifferent whether Lane would come or not, and, indeed, whether he cared to come or not.

"But we shall see you on Tuesday night," he said. "Fuller is coming to dinner, and Key. A curious coincidence, is it not? They were both school-fellows and contemporaries of Phelps at Harrow."

"Very curious. I will certainly drop in about nine o'clock. I have already made Key's acquaintance."

"There is a smack of crypts and confessions about our new rector," added Frank, "which is apt to give one a cold chill in a dark room. But he is organizing a choir, and introducing what he calls reforms right and left. We shall soon have 'a grand function,' as he calls it, instead of the old humdrum service at the parish church. And, what is more, he is a splendid pianist, and great in glees and madrigals. Haven't the girls been wiring into our poor old Collard for the last few days? That's all."

"I admire Key very much," said Mr. Lane, shortly. In truth, he did not care much to discuss the new rector with Frank, because Key was one of those ecclesiastics who, even when partaking of secular amusements, seem to be inseparable from their sacred functions. Frank took rather a secular view of all such duties, whereas Lane held them in such high veneration, and was so



"WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO WITHDRAW FROM THE ACQUAINTANCE OF YOUR FAMILY?"

much impressed by the devout earnestness with which Key discharged them, that he longed to have the young divine for a friend and counselor, and was casting about in his mind to see whether he could achieve this with safety.

Presently Frank reverted to the dinner question.

"Who do you think," he asked, "is to have your chair at dinner on Tuesday?"

Mr. Lane happening at that moment to be thinking about Mr. Key, and recalling certain associations which his advent to Pedlington revived, had forgotten poor Frank's

existence, and had to be roused like one out of a dream.

"Upon my word, Lane, you are a thorough hermit," said Frank, good-naturedly. "You live and brood so much alone that I do believe you look upon shadows and airy nothings as realities, and upon live men and women as the very ghosts of nonentity. With you, women have no sentiment and no passions; men are so refined and idealized that you couldn't take their photograph."

"I beg your pardon, Frank," said the hermit, calling the man of the world for the

first time by his Christian name. "Perhaps I am a fool; but I have sinned and suffered; and, as you see, I have striven hard to purge and purify myself."

Frank was really moved by this outburst. He spoke more earnestly and with more feeling than Mr. Lane had ever heard from his lips before. "Lane," he said, "how can you talk like that, man? Do you take Pedlington for Paradise, and me for a 'spirit of a just man made perfect'? What have you done that I haven't done—I mean of wrong? If your life and mine and that of any other three men in Pedlington were written in columns, I doubt whether yours would not be the cleanest story of the five. But now, who do you think is to represent you? I want you to guess, because it is such a joke. We all thought he was sweet upon Nelly. But that little gay deceiver Janet seems to have bagged this Plumstead partridge too."

"Then of course you mean Martin?"

"The same. The truth is that the governor is looking up the J. P.'s just now, and when he heard that I had failed with you, he expressed a wish that Martin should be asked."

Mr. Lane merely said, "I am sure he will be delighted to come."

And Frank went on: "He finds that young Delavine has been making interest with the Great Unpaid for the reversion of their clerkship, and wants to secure it for me at his death. But between you and me, Lane, I would rather be without it. There is only one clerkship worth having, and that is the Peace. The governor let old Delavine slip into that, and the rest may go begging for aught I care."

"Martin is a gentlemanly, amiable young fellow," said Mr. Lane, trying to throw cold water on Frank's candor.

"Doesn't his laugh," Frank rejoined, "remind you of a young donkey braying? How will he do at Oxford? Have to avail himself of the pitchfork, I suppose. But of course you don't like to talk about pupils. It would be like our talking about clients. My brother Alfred, who died at the Cape, and who knew Phelps at Oxford, used to say that the dunces were pitchforked through the schools."

"Martin's mother is a very superior woman," Mr. Lane remarked. "And his father, though rather pompous, is a kind and honorable gentleman."

"Ye-es," drawled Frank. "You know how his father came in for that property. The grandfather was a corn dealer, or something of that kind, in Mark Lane, and used to buy hops of Squire Everington, whose son wanted to marry Blanche. The estate had been mortgaged time out of mind; and two or three years of glut in the hop market ruined the old squire. He and the son cut

off the entail, and old Martin, who had bought up all the mortgages, stepped in."

"I suppose you see a good many estates changing hands?" Mr. Lane said.

And Frank replied: "Yes. Conveyancing is our legitimate business. Are you going to the ball to-morrow night?"

Surprised at the sudden change of subject, Mr. Lane merely said that he never went to balls, and should feel like a fish out of water at one.

Some further talk on this subject ensued, but it will be referred to in another chapter.

"Well, good-night, Lane," said Frank, rising.

"Good-night," said the other. "I'm sorry you can't smoke, as tobacco is my only incense offering."

And the lawyer went, leaving his mysterious friend under a heavy cloud.

As he went, Mr. Lane thought: "That man is more generous than I am, with all his worldliness. He talks without reserve, and freely admits me to his family, knowing there is a mystery about me. But surely there can be no danger in gazing on flowers."

What could Mr. Lane have meant? Of course there can be no danger in gazing on flowers, unless the blossom of the upas lurks among them. But the school-master shrunk from following out this line of thought, and turning to his table, completed that Greek Testament paper upon which he was engaged when Frank came in.

CHAPTER XI.

DE GUSTIBUS NON EST DISPUTANDUM.

As became the future head of a firm of old and fair repute, and also of a family whose respectability was a gem of the purest water, Frank Browne kept a watchful eye upon himself and his acquaintances. His regard for Mr. Lane, though as sincere as yours or mine might have been, was nevertheless subject to the surveillance of this orb. That Hubert was making rapid progress under Mr. Lane's tuition, and becoming manful under the influence of his friendship, Frank saw. Nor did he fail to observe that by these means his youngest brother would be able better to advance his own interests in life, and would avoid any serious risk of becoming a charge upon the firm. That Mr. Lane, without any vulgar egotism or self-assertion, caused himself to be respected wherever he went, Frank also saw, and felt that the acquaintance redounded to his own credit. The old saw, "Noscitur a sociis," never wears out. Mr. Lane, admired and desired by ladies and men, poor and rich, clerical and military, young and old, led Frank by the arm into a current of pop-



"OH! AH! BY-THE-WAY, SHALL YOU LOOK PARTICULARLY NICE TO-NIGHT, JANET?"—[SEE PAGE 813.]

ular air. "We always thought *that young man had nothing in him*," the old ladies of Pedlington would remark, figuratively; "but Mr. Lane could never put up with his society if it were so. Evidently he was not appreciated in his own family, and rejoices at the opportunity of intercourse with a kindred spirit." "A master spirit, *I should say*, my dear Mrs. Joy," suggested another matron. "The spirit of a master, at any rate," facetiously rejoined the first speaker.

Moreover, even in the charmed circle of the Maison Browne, where the blind little god fluttered with felonious intent in the

gauzy curtains, as they rippled like a silvery water-fall in the summer breeze, or lurked (in winter) about and among the substantial comforts of well-carpeted rooms, darkened by the heavy folds of crimson drapery, but lit with that joyous homely blaze which makes an English home a temple and an English hearth an altar to the gods—even here Mr. Lane was never suspected of a suspicion of flirtation. Wherefore Frank reckoned him a safe friend for a man with good-looking sisters in a scandalous radical borough like Pedlington. And then the fact was not to be hastily rejected by a prudent

calculator that men who do not flirt usually do marry sooner or later. Janet, beyond a doubt, with her face and fortune, might do better than marry Mr. Lane. Indeed, there was no marriage so high in the social scale as to be absolutely inaccessible to Janet, though for his part Frank thought Nelly a very living and breathing impersonation of Psyche, and far superior in mere beauty to her more fortunate sister. Yet, on the other hand, Janet, with her romantic, willful disposition, might form some preposterous attachment, and do much worse, both for herself and for Frank, than to marry his honest friend. Fuller evidently knew the secret of Lane's parentage, and declared him to be "well connected." This talismanic phrase counted for much with Frank. Captain Fuller himself belonging to a county family in Oxfordshire, and speaking of a man as "well connected," gave that man, so to speak, a patent of nobility. Frank knew too well that the same expression would not have been applied to him in the same quarter, and never would be, unless he should marry into an aristocratic circle; and even in such a case the term would strictly only apply to his children, and revert to him incidentally. And yet his father's brother was a squire, a small squire of a small parish, and less than his ancestors, the race in its descent having become "small by degrees and gradually less." But the blot on the escutcheon was that the uncle who intervened between Uncle Robert, the squire, and Walter Browne, Esq., solicitor, had become a tradesman; and Theodore Browne, Junior, the presumptive heir to the — estate, actually kept a tea warehouse somewhere in those regions delicately intimated in polite circles by the initial letters E. C. Frank Browne's vigilant eye grew dim with vain regret as he reflected upon this wrong done to his house. "Why can't that fellow Lane," he thought, indignantly, "utilize his connections? What is the use of a man really having a clean 'scutcheon, and money in the background too, as Fuller says, unless he makes use of it? Why not make his sublime relations fork out? I would, in double-quick time. And why can not he enter at one of the Inns at once, and keep his terms, without muddling away time over another university degree? Surely he has foreign degrees (*and things*) enough. What is the good of all those degrees? I can't see that Alfred was any the better for his, except that he assumed a kind of superiority to all of us, and would scarcely open his mouth for fear we should not understand what he said. If Lane goes on at this rate, he will be forty before he ever sees a brief. Why, he must be hard upon thirty now. I am eight-and-twenty, and he seems much older than I am; while Janet is only eighteen. Oh yes, she is nineteen, though, and

Nelly eighteen. These religious men are always as proud as Lucifer. Either his people have offended him, or he has offended them; and neither he nor they will give in (if they're pious too) till the crack of doom, and not then. I hate such folly. Why can't he be a sensible fellow, and avail himself of his opportunities? Splendid chances! I would back him through thick and thin. I can tell you what, B. (what does B. stand for?)—B. Lane, Esq., of Bohn and Gottingen, B.L., D.C.L., and Ph.D. (whatever that may be), it is not every ugly, grim, red-headed fellow who gets such a chance as I more than suspect you have got."

These calculations and musings of Frank were the burden of similar musings and calculations which passed through his mind at various times on the subject of his new friend. With Frank, feeling and calculation always went hand in hand, or rather, we should say, that from long habit feeling had become subservient to interest, and that he never allowed free scope to the former without carefully considering its relation to the latter. For example, it is incumbent upon this chronicler, with an eye to veracity, to admit that Frank Browne hated his brother Albert, yet not with that malignant hatred which would prompt a Mexican to use his stiletto, but with a genteel and even domestic kind of hatred, knowing that Albert would be, if absent, a permanent charge of two hundred a year on the profits of the firm. But Albert having the privilege of drawing two hundred net, or drawing one hundred and living at home, was counseled by Frank to adopt the latter course, which saved nearly seventy pounds a year, adding the value of Albert's services to the difference between the actual cost of his maintenance and the hundred pounds which he annually resigned, for what he facetiously termed "the amenities of home." Again, Mr. Browne had insured his life heavily in favor of Mrs. Browne, thus securing to her an annuity for life, in which he directed that Joan (if still unmarried) should participate. But as this latter provision would, in any case, terminate with Mrs. Browne's life, it was still probable that sister Joan would be returned upon the hands of the firm. Pretty Nelly was a charge upon the same devoted enterprise of eighty pounds a year till married, and of fifty pounds a year for life after marriage. For tying up all which charges securely Frank entertained a hearty detestation of his respectable papa. To persons of a more excitable temperament it must remain a mystery how the father and son could abide together under the same roof. Yet they did so, had done so, and intended to do so until death should them part. Frank, however, took some credit to himself for not wishing to hasten that consummation. Talking to Mr. Lane

one evening about the old parish church, and the changes which the new rector had introduced, he said, "One comfort is that now the choir will make such a row it will be immaterial whether any one miserable sinner responds or not. Some fellows think it necessary to repeat all the responses, like a parish clerk; I don't."

"I do," briefly rejoined Mr. Lane.

"Well," continued Frank, "there's no accounting for tastes. But how, my dear fellow, can I say that 'the burden of my sins is intolerable,' when they don't bother me half as much as one new act? Or how can I honestly call myself a 'miserable sinner,' when I never even wish to brain the governor?—and he has used me shamefully."

Mr. Lane gently suggested that the value of these phrases was relative, and that a lofty ideal of virtue induced a somewhat depreciatory view of one's own merits.

"I never did advocate crying 'Stinking fish!'" said Frank; "and if I had my own way with the liturgy, I should adopt some expressions a little more consistent with self-respect."

But Frank would scarcely have hated his father so cordially had it not been for that sore about his work. Mr. Browne had thought proper to bind Frank to certain payments after his death, in part because he chose not to curtail his establishment while his daughters were of marriageable age, and partly because, as the price of his admission to the firm, Frank was duly called upon to make such payments. But Frank knew that his father had no wish to impoverish him by these charges, nor to reduce the firm to a lower rank in the rising generation. On the contrary, this very prospect soured the old Tory against the young Tory, the latter declaring that the Board of Guardians and the Turnpike Trust and the commissioners of all sorts of local institutions were a parcel of unblest radicals, and that he would chuck their clerkships into the gutter. It further leaked out that an aspiring young solicitor of contraband proclivities had been making interest among the justices of the peace for the reversion of their clerkship, which office Mr. Browne senior considered the crowning glory of his professional career, and was naturally anxious to secure for his son after him. Frank had heard of this mine, and had neglected to countermine, the truth being that he disliked all these clerkships, and thought that he saw his way so to increase the office-work as to be independent of them. But why should he exert himself to do so during his father's lifetime? "I am only to have two hundred pounds a year till he dies," Frank would say to a particular friend who was expostulating with him on this subject. "And what would be the use of my making money for him to put by for Albert, who will

end by eloping with a scullery-maid and marrying her, and having nineteen children with harelips and no roofs to their mouths?"

But Frank extended his animosities no further. Perhaps he thought Joan a fool not to have married and got off his hands (prospectively) when she had her chance, and perhaps he despised her accordingly. He also thought his mother weak for conspiring with his father against him. But, for that matter, his opinion was that a wife should side with her husband in all things (his wrong being right for her), and Frank resolved that whenever he took a wife, that devoted lady should perform such a duty to him.

Robert, the soldier, was already comfortably provided for, Mr. Browne's elder brother, the territorial head of the family, having charged his paternal acres with an annuity of two hundred pounds a year for his military nephew. And though Hubert was an expense and a present burden on the finances of the house, yet Frank more than suspected that his father had a private purse laid aside for starting that young gentleman in life, so careful had the good man always proved himself to leave his house in order if he should be called away. Moreover, Frank was proud of the boy, and liked him; for Hubert was bashful, ingenuous, and brave, and excelled in all the athletic sports of youth. To what extent Frank's generosity might have endowed his younger brother is doubtful, but, if necessary, he certainly would have played the elder brother's part with beneficence and conscious pride.

Nelly, too, was a permanent entry in Frank's good books. When he could spare the time, he was *almost* always pleased to take her where she would; for was she not both lady-like and beautiful? And was he not in some measure her patron and guardian? Yet he would caution her sagely, after one of her innocent skirmishes with the ruder sex, in which she invariably fought single-handed against odds.

"You shouldn't have too many fellows about you, my Nelly," he would say to her. "It keeps the best sort of fellows at a distance, and will make all the women mad if you don't drop it. That sort of thing is very well for a *débutante* for the first few months, as long as it's the fashion for every one to pet her. But you must pitch half of them overboard now. Depend upon it, a girl who goes about like a comet, with a ridiculous long tail of idiots, will never get a berth among the stars."

"Pray interpret, Mr. Oracle," says Nelly, demurely.

"I mean, dear, that a woman without birth or fortune who encourages more than one admirer at a time has very little chance of being *bien vue* in good society."

Perhaps Frank's pronunciation of the *cue*

is not strictly Parisian. Perhaps his sister desires a little reprisal.

"*Bien* who?" she asks, innocently. "*Bien* rous? What does it mean, *M'sieu' Mentor*?"

"Oh, if you want lessons in colloquial French, you had better send for our linguist," Frank retorts.

"I will tell Mr. Lane what you say. See if I don't," Nelly rejoins. "I am sure *he* does not regard me in the light of a comet."

"If all the men were like Lane, my dear," Frank adds, "it would not matter so much. But some fellows have no dignity or reticence. If a pretty girl smiles upon them, they fancy they have made a conquest, and go and prattle about it. Then other girls get hold of the story. Then a lot of old cats (and pottering old men who are no better) take up the cry, until the poor girl's name and fame are caterwauled over half the house-tops in the town."

But taking all things into consideration, Frank's fraternal affections inclined most toward Janet. She would never cost him a shilling; that was clear. Again, she would probably marry, and might happen to have no children, and to leave her money to him. At some future time she would probably take Joan off his hands, or even Nelly, if that little luminary should come to grief among the pitiless stars. A hundred things might happen. And in that other respect Janet was no comet. If she was a little too reserved with women, at least she held her own among men. No jackass could boast of *her* favor. Indeed, Frank had been much puzzled at her *poco curante* social airs, and at the absolute indifference with which she met the advances of her admirers, until he began to suspect her covert preference for his saturnine friend. At first, too, he only reckoned that a girlish freak, and thought, shrewdly enough, that her wish to be admired or noticed by Mr. Lane was provoked by his apparent unconsciousness of her charms. However that might be, Janet's manner was very nice, and quite up to Frank's ideal. Some persons objected to her silent habit, and set it down variously to pride, shyness, or stupidity. But Frank liked it. He objected to a woman who was "all jaw, like a sheep's head," and declared with emphasis that the highest gift the gods could bestow on a girl already endowed with beauty was the art of saying little gracefully. And then Janet made a rule of only dancing once with the same man at a ball. In any social difficulty she always appealed to Frank, and never disputed his sentence. She respected his opinion and enjoyed his little jokes, often slyly inventing an occasion for him to repeat the latter. At any moment she would pop on her tiny thimble and deftly mend his gloves. Jouvin hadn't a girl in his factory who could touch her. Every Monday she attended to the buttons on his shirts, which

services seemed rather to be a pleasure than a burden to her. On one occasion she actually proposed to darn his socks; but that he forbade. He wouldn't have her delicacy of touch and handling degraded to such mechanic drudgery. Happy Frank! Here and there a husband would exchange his wife for such a sister. "A gem of sisters you are, my Janet," he would say to her. "I wonder what sort of wife you'll make!" And once only she answered (and Frank, passing languidly to another subject, still pondered on the answer), "That depends upon whether I get *my husband* or no."

Après le bal. The Tuesday morning has arrived, the languid, washed-out, limp, pallid November morning, when (as the Reverend Melanchthon Marmaduke elegantly expresses his dolorous sentiments on this subject)—when "the jaded votaries of Terpsichore silently regret those nocturnal excesses amid which they have pandered to the World, the Flesh, and the Devil." These penitent votaries have indeed submitted to the filial penance, and eaten a more or less hearty breakfast at 8.45 A.M. They have apologized to their guest, Miss Philadelphia Lyte, for that pandering to three Powers of Evil on the very evening of her arrival. They have explained to her that it was the first of the three great "Hunt Balls" of the season, from which no fair Pedlingtonian dares to absent herself, under penalty of omission from the future list. She has graciously condoned their offense, with a sly remark that the Pedlingtonian hunters used in her day to understand the conditions of a successful ball far too well to strike out such pretty names as those of Janet and Nelly Browne. And poor Frank is now—for business must be attended to—making his office toilet in his room, when he sees the reflection of Janet's face, somewhat sad, beside his own in the mirror. But this Adonis imperceptibly continues the disposition of his neck-tie. If the reflection were (supposing such a thing possible) that of a spectre, his languid utterance would neither fail nor falter.

"Dropped a shilling and picked up sixpence, Janet?" he calmly inquires.

A little fleeting smile passes over the reflection of Janet's face, leaving gloom as before.

"Ee—aw!" cries Frank, playfully drawing the first note in a shrill falsetto from the recesses of his stomach, and bawling out the second in a bronchial bass, at the same time beginning to operate on his scanty locks with a pair of ivory-backed hair-brushes.

"I wish you wouldn't," pleads a voice behind him, in a tone half of petulant anger, half amusement.

"Ah, but, my dear," urges Frank, willfully misunderstanding her—"ah, but, my dear, if my hair were in the smallest degree

disheveled, we should lose the only client we have left. And then what would become of Sister and Nelly and Berty?"

"Don't be redic'lous," retorts Janet, with difficulty suppressing a laugh.

"Stoopid ball, was it not?" Frank asks.

"Odious!" she replies, with energy. "Odious! What did you try to make Mr. Martin tipsy for?"

"I!" exclaims Frank, in a tone of grievous injury. "It was Fuller. The ruffian! And then made me ashamed to be seen with him by laughing in that uproarious manner."

"I didn't see any thing to laugh at," says Janet.

"Nor did I," Frank quietly adds, still plying the elegant hair-brushes.

"Then why did you go on like that?" Janet inquires.

By way of answer Frank throws up his chin in a most asinine manner, and again cries, "Ee—aw!" so irresistibly that Janet fairly laughs against her will, and blushing delightfully. She knows that this bray is understood to be an imitation of Martin's laugh. And Martin, though only nineteen years of age, is an elegant young man, an only son, and is devoted to Janet.

Frank now turns his chair half round, and devotes considerable attention to his finger-nails, which he trims with an instrument of ivory. Looking up at Janet for a moment, quite casually, he adds, "No one you care about was there, I think?"

"I like Mr. Martin very much," says Janet. "And if his voice is breaking, I see nothing to laugh at in that."

"And Fuller?" Frank inquires.

"Can't bear him," is the decided answer.

"Very distinguished officer," urges Frank. "Man of good family. Nice little estate of his own down in Oxfordshire."

"Be quiet—do," is the strange remonstrance.

"Well," Frank replies, with resignation—"well. *De gustibus non*. I can only say he admires you extravagantly, and is one of the few honest, straightforward, gentleman-like men in this nasty radical town."

"I don't know any thing about *gustibus*," says the young lady, with conspicuous veracity; "but I know I do *not* like Captain Fuller. And I wonder at your taste, Frank."

"I suppose you know that our mysterious friend Lane has known Fuller all his life, and has the very highest regard for him." As Frank says this, still in his drawling, careless way, he looks up from a favorite finger-nail, and sees Janet blushing crimson. So he returns to the nail, giving her a minute's grace, then resumes, "Don't you wonder why Lane never shows himself at a ball?"

No answer.

"I fancied he thought it worldly, or un-

converted, or some humbug of that kind," Frank continues.

"Is that it?" Janet asks, thoughtfully.

"Oh no. He says the girls get themselves up for admiration, and go there expressly to be admired, and to have things said to them which they don't believe, and wouldn't listen to elsewhere."

"I don't see any harm in looking nice now and then," Janet urges vaguely on behalf of her sex.

"No," Frank rejoins. "But going about admiring girls, and talking egregious nonsense to them, and hopping about like a pea on a hot shovel, is not in his line. It's all very well for me, as it is my duty to take care of you and Nelly. And it suits those fellows at the dépôt. But Lane has something else to think about."

"Does he dance?" the young lady inquires.

"I expect not," her brother says. "I hinted to him that you don't waltz badly, which you really do not, with a good partner."

"How redic'lous you are, Frank!"

"I don't mean any thing, of course, you know," says Frank, languidly rising and apparently dropping the subject, now that his toilet was completed. But Janet, closing with him, and giving him a little affectionate pinch on the tender part of his arm, asks, "When you said that nonsense about me, what did Mr. Lane say?"

"He made a very striking observation."

"What was it?"

"One which proved to me what I have always thought, that Lane is a man of refined taste, and with a high appreciation of the beautiful and the graceful."

"Oh, *what* was it?"

"He stared at me point-blank, and said, 'In-deed!'"

At first Janet's high-pitched curiosity refuses to sink to this level. But gradually the cold, blank indifference of that dreamy word reveals itself to her mind. She sees in phantasy a vivid representation of the scene: Mr. Lane abstractedly gazing into space; Frank gracefully *pose*, introducing the subject (as it were) casually, speaking first about balls generally, then about dancing generally, then about waltzing in particular, then of partners, good, bad, and indifferent, then of his own sisters as partners, lastly of her, Janet, as a good partner in the waltz. She sees Mr. Lane still gazing into space, thinking, or musing, on higher topics, but catching Frank's words and their import as in a dream, and supposing that courtesy demanded an answer, dreamily responding, "In-deed!" then continuing to muse on those higher topics, far away and above, out of Janet's reach, beyond her ken. "In-deed!"

She throws away Frank's arm, which a moment before she was tenderly clinging to. "You provoking creature!" she cries.

Frank feels for his pretty *protégée*, but is resolved to warn her of impending danger. "Now that we are talking about Lane," he continues, as if the merest accident had brought that gentleman's name on the tapis, "I will tell you something else about him. He is not quite such a poor devil as people think. He will be well off some day. And, what is more to the purpose, he is well connected—a Devonshire Lane, I believe (Earl of Sandilands, you know, is the head of the family). And our friend is much too proud to jump down your throat. Depend upon it, he will never marry a girl with money till he comes into his own, which may be a hundred years hence."

"Would he marry one *without*?" Janet asks, pensively.

"Doubtful," is the laconic answer. But the important ceremony of dressing for the office being now concluded to the lawyer's satisfaction, he lounges elegantly away, leaving Janet disconsolate, pouting, leaning back against his chest of drawers with a finger to her lip.

Turning at the head of the stairs, he just looks into his own room again, saying, languidly, "Oh! ah! By-the-way, shall you look particularly nice to-night, Janet?"

Starting into sudden emphasis, she replies, "No; I shall not."

A subtle smile flickers about Frank's countenance.

"I would, if I were you," he draws. "The Old Bird" (by which term he designated their guest, Miss Lyte) likes to see every one spry and spruce. And, now I think of it, Lane is coming in for an hour this evening, if he's not stifled in the Ragged School first, or garroted on his way down here."

Was that "music from the spheres?" Janet's face is illuminated with joy.

"What did you say about being stifled?" she asks, running up to Frank, and again embracing the fraternal biceps.

"Oh, don't you know?" Frank explains. "Every Tuesday and Friday evening he slaves in a stinking school which some crack-brained radicals have established up by the barracks for all the scum of the town. I went there with him one evening to *smell* it. You couldn't see for the reek and steam of the damp ragamuffins. But I was obliged to send that suit of clothes to Westphalia to be fumigated. We occasionally favor some of Lane's aromatic pupils with an interview at Petty Sessions, you know. I thought Lane might have put them off for once. But, as I said before, there is no accounting for tastes. *De gustibus non.*"

The sagacious reader will have divined the lurking motive which brought Janet to her brother's room for a private interview, and will doubtless have noticed how warily that cold-blooded counselor had suffered her to approach the central topic, picking up her

coveted scraps of information, and meanwhile revealing her secret heart to his vigilant eye.

Frank may go now. He has at length parted with his treasure, and left Janet passing rich in anticipation. Will she "look particularly nice to-night," as her brother advised? If we peruse the next chapter, we shall see.

Going straight to her maiden bower, Janet helps, or hinders, in "making the bed." Then she bustles the laughing house-maids out, locks the door, litters the chamber with drapery, gets her mind into a similar state of confusion, and sitting down in the midst of it, muses. She was wont to call such a mental process "thinking;" now she has adopted Mr. Lane's more accurate term, and calls it "musing."

First, of the Ragged School, as Frank calls it, though she has previously been given to understand that the "crack-brained radicals" in question call it a "night-school," and estimate that the work of the J. P.'s, and consequently of their clerk, Walter Browne, Esq., is diminished at Petty Sessions in a corresponding ratio to the increase of their demented labors. "How delightful," is Janet's reflection, "to go and teach poor dirty creatures for nothing!" Why is she not a man, that she too may do such noble things? Papa and Frank may sneer if they like. Will not those drops of knowledge fill the "cup of cold water" which Mr. Lane is giving to more than "one of these little ones," these poor sinners, in the name of One who himself was poor and unlearned? Janet's loving instinct is better than her father's and her brother's "fine old English" conservatism, wiser than their self-satisfied "worldly wisdom." But is there nothing which Janet can do? How trumpery her life must seem to Mr. Lane, with nothing to do but to "look nice" and be smiling and good-tempered, and not always succeeding even in that! The five intellectual Misses Delavine, daughters of the Clerk of the Peace, teach in the Sunday-school, and two of them visit a district. "But papa says it is only to gossip and play with the curates. Rose and Clara Ormsby help to decorate their church. But Frank used to sneer at all that sort of thing before he began to like Clara. He used to say it was unbecoming for girls to do curates' and sextons' work, and ask if they would take to grave-digging next. I should like to help to decorate *our* church for Christmas. But Mr. Key has formed his committee now, and they would only laugh at me. Besides which, papa wouldn't let me go."

Then, in despair, Janet's mind gives up the desire for work, as if such a luxury were wholly out of reach in this world of compulsory idleness. Next she recalls what Frank said about Mr. Lane not marrying a

girl with money, about his not dancing, about his indifference to her dancing well, his objection to going where girls go in search of admiration, to paying vapid compliments. And for each of these peculiarities peculiar Janet Browne respects Mr. Lane more than other men, but above all for his

devotion to "the damp ragamuffins" of "the Ragged School."

At length she winds up her contemplation with a glance of coming triumph in her eye and a fixed resolve upon her lip.

"He *shall* admire me, though," she says to herself.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Fifteenth Paper.]

III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(Continued.) RELIGIOUS IDEAS.—IV.

BUT as the eighteenth century is a revolutionary age, it necessarily has all the passion and all the injustice of revolutions. And its criticism—revolutionary and not historical, because the eighteenth century ignores every thing outside of its aspiration to emancipate intelligence, and with it mankind—its criticism is aimed principally at religions. In the opinion of a large majority of its thinkers they are all impostures, and more than all that one founded by Christ, the nearest and most immediate oppressor of reason. It is an age which neglects logic, the dialectic of the development of the idea and its sequence. It therefore detests revelation. It can not understand that the conscience should ever have declared its independence of itself. And in fact it was necessary to this end to break the harmony between man and nature, which was so beautifully manifested in the ancient Greeks and their marvelous statues; to combat not merely sensualism, but matter also, and the vivid universe; to create by pain, penitence, and maceration, in a terrible struggle with the senses, a human soul within itself, isolated, separated from the world as a being entire, independent, infinite. The philosophers of the past century saw nothing in Christianity but the present oppression, and declared against it with a genuine revolutionary fury which the nineteenth century, essentially human, serene, impartial, the century which has really created history, and which has done justice to all the manifestations of the human spirit, can not comprehend. But these exclusive passions of each age have been valuable to the education of the human race and the progressive development of its luminous ideal; because if these exaggerations have for a time been tyrannical, they have at the same time been destructive of error, and society has concluded by returning to its calm impartiality, and distributing in due proportion through all its organism the current of ideas, and entering into its indispensable equilibrium.

The eighteenth century was full of exalted ideas and noisy contradictions in the question of religion. Wolff, with great fidelity

to his philosophic ministry, opposed the supernatural, and maintained that every thing which is supposed to have come to us by the way of miracle could have arrived as well by means of natural reason. Philosophy thus prepared the way for a religious transformation, just as the religious transformation prepared the political. The writers who bore the new rationalist idea into all the spheres of practical life, into all the furries of controversy and all the passions of the schools, were writers of scanty reading, poor in science, passionate in their judgments, of a style deplorable in its mediocrity, and in moments of excitement more deplorable still for its violence and vulgarity. Edelman began as apologist for religion, and ended as skeptic. His doubts were singular in a Protestant so pious and a rationalist so recent. He questioned if dumb animals were not happier than men or angels, not having in their minds these religious problems filled with ideas, but swelled also with griefs and troubles. He asked how man, regenerated through Christ, could continue sinning, and, if he continued to sin, how he could have been regenerated. He asked if baptism was efficacious when it did not extinguish sin. He next attacked all dogmas, all beliefs, and declared that the whole of the Old Testament was written in the time of Esdras, and the New Testament in the time of Constantine, the first having been prepared in obedience to the prejudices of race, and the second in obedience to the necessities of politics.

Nicolai was an associate of Edelman in the criticism of historical religion. Dr. Strauss complains, in one of his most profound works on religious problems, of the contempt in which the German conservatives hold the eighteenth century, calling it the age of Nicolai, the worst of writers. Nevertheless this worst of writers was known by all the great geniuses of his time in a different way from Tacitus, who boasted that he did not know the emperors either through benefits or injuries (*nec beneficio nec injuria cogniti*). Nicolai was either the enthusiastic friend or the bitter enemy of all his literary or scientific contemporaries. His reckless criticism, his tone of buffoonery, his superficial acquire-

ments, his brusque sallies, his brutal insults, gained him a detestable reputation and inextinguishable enmities. He revenged himself noisily, classifying all writers in three categories—orthodox roundheads, æsthetic impostors, philosophic numskulls. He afterward published a novel against the morals of Protestant priests; and in his travels in Switzerland rudely and coarsely attacked the most illustrious professors, preachers, and poets of his time, accusing them of belonging to an immense Jesuitical society devoted to the subversion of character and the vitiation of ideas. Naturally all these men of genius, insulted and abused by a man of such vulgar mind and commonplace style, avenged themselves in phrases which, by their energy and cleverness, were long remembered. His reputation, therefore, is unmerited. It is true he dealt in exaggeration; but he fought with the same ardor as the Encyclopedists, although without their genius or their grace, a Protestant clergy in reality as ignorant and intolerant as the Catholic priesthood. His work greatly resembles that of the philosophers of the past century, who, avoiding theologic ideas, and placing above them common-sense, thought to accomplish a philosophic revolution, and in reality brought about a democratic one.

Bahrdt closes the cycle of these writers midway between religion and philosophy. Born in Protestantism, and destined to undermine the Protestant Church; nervous, impressionable, changeable, fickle; more attentive to his passions than to his studies; a preacher from his seventeenth year, and, like all precocious youths, without true development or maturity; a theologian by profession, philosopher by inclination, and, in addition, cook, barber, and tavern-keeper; always miserably poor, always in pursuit of money; the lover of one woman, the unhappy husband of another, the cudged suitor of still another; servant and lord at once; now surrounded by respect, and the next hour abandoned to general scorn and insult—his life, he said, appeared like one of those picturesque novels, his character like one of those odd types, which our writers copied from nature, and which the facile pen and the brilliant imitative talent of *Le Sage* made known to all Europe. Born and brought up in Protestantism, a preacher who might almost be called pietist, he went from one eccentricity to another so far as to construct a novel upon the life of Christ, and to say that, as Confucius and Moses were extraordinary men who preceded Christ, Christ was merely another extraordinary man who had learned his lesson in a secret society whose followers were ancient Masons, and who was destined by Providence to serve in turn as the predecessor of Bahrdt.

In reality the man who founded liberty of thought in Germany is Frederick II. In the

history of his race there is no character more attractive, because there is none more human. His idea is not that narrow one of Herrmann, nor is his passion the national passion of Luther: it is the idea and the passion of humanity. Those who survey history, with its rudenesses and obliquities, as if they were viewing the serene and tranquil region of philosophy, are in the habit of reproaching him with the fact that he wrote an ardent book against Machiavel, and made use of Machiavelian practices; that he sang the advantages of peace like a Virgil, and scattered war like a Cæsar; that he execrated conquest like the Abbé St. Pierre, and was a conqueror like Cyrus and Alexander. But those who examine men and their acts, having in view the difficulties which they encounter, the obstacles they overcome, the evils which they abolish, and the progress they accomplish, will never sufficiently admire the crowned philosopher, who, alone in the world, persecuted by all sovereigns, worried by Russians, Tartars, Croats, Hungarians, and French, abandoned by his friends and allies, with his motley little army strong only in its rigorous discipline, and without other motive power than the great soul of its general, impelled in turn by another greater idea, creates in the centre of Germany the power destined to be, in respect to the liberty of thought, what the house of Orange and England were in respect to political liberty. No doubt the instrument which he used was a bad one, the absolute monarchy; the stains which disfigure his reign are serious ones, like the dismemberment of Poland; his conscience rarely rises to the ideal of justice; his lips utter epigrams which bring on wars; his skepticism degenerates into thoughtless sarcasm; but with all these defects, with others still greater, it may be, there is no personality of his time in which shines forth with such strength and brilliancy the immortal spirit of his age, that essentially humanitarian century. If he had no other glory, the king who received a dominion of barely two thousand square leagues and three millions of inhabitants destroyed to its foundations the formidable Holy Empire, the representative of tradition, the Goliath of absolutism, the jailer of nations, the enemy of William Tell, the executioner of John Huss, the assassin of Padilla, the poisoner of the Latin races, which, if it had triumphed, would have consumed the very marrow of our bones, reduced our consciences to ashes, and made of all Europe what, with its fatal authority and its terrible policy, it made of our haughty Spain, a desolate desert.

The conquest of Silesia, which has been so harshly criticised, was a conquest of liberty of conscience, for the inhabitants, being in large majority Catholics, all received the consecration of their rights from the hands

of a king educated in Protestantism and nurtured in philosophy. After the battle of Striegan, in 1749, two thousand peasants wished to cut the throats of all the Catholics of the border. The king was indignant. The humane spirit of tolerance beat in his heart; the spirit of the age took possession of his mind; the Eternal Divine Word rose to his lips, and invoking the theme of "Love your enemies," he pronounced a discourse, a worthy echo of the Sermon on the Mount, which caused the crazy fanatics to drop their murderous weapons. With a great memory, as befits a statesman; with scanty fancy, like his age; with ideas rather clear than profound, a fine and delicate irony, more brain than heart; a character sometimes served and sometimes commanded by a great intelligence; haughty with the powerful, simple with the humble; passionately devoted to genius and science; unconditional admirer of merit; commonplace in his verses, incorrect in his prose, vulgar in his philosophy, but worthy of comparison with Cæsar when narrating his own exploits, not only in the sobriety of the narrative, but in its simple and natural modesty; gay, like the antique heroes; the most moral of administrators; eminent as a lawyer; zealous that justice should reach the lowest social classes; tolerant of the opinion of his people, whom he allowed to say what they pleased, reserving for himself the right to do as he pleased; firm in adversity, serene in danger, thoughtful in his plans, tenacious in his purposes—above all his qualities shines out that effusion with which he opened the frontiers of his kingdom, the gates of his palace, the arms of his friendship, to all those who thought, believed, or worked for any idea; to the philosophers of the Encyclopedia, persecuted by prejudice, and burned in effigy by hangmen; to the Moravian Brothers, with their Utopias; to the Freemasons, excommunicated by the popes; to the Jesuits, cursed by the kings; to all those who suffered for any faith. His brow rises above all others and shines, reflecting the light of the future, the thought of ages to come, because his soul embraced with ardent enthusiasm universal tolerance.

V.

The two men who really personify in Germany the climax of the religious revolution in the eighteenth century are Cimaros and Lessing. The first rose above pious traditions and universal revelation to seek, not in the skies which were deaf to his prayers, but in the depths of conscience, the law of the spirit, the natural religion derived from our inmost being, and in harmony with the principles and the rights of reason. And it is well to note this historic phenomenon; for from the moment when reason seeks outside of religious traditions the natural law

of conscience through a logical movement superior to the individual will, through a dialectic force self-imposed, it will seek also outside of political traditions the natural law of society. To-day the fundamental principle of Cimaros has become an ordinary principle of common-sense. Every man of ordinary instruction knows that religion should be sought not so much in revelations as in nature and conscience, just as every man of ordinary intelligence seeks in turn the basis of society not in traditions, but in fundamental human rights. But in ages different from ours, in times of obscurity, it costs a superhuman effort to rise to a new ideal, and grievous martyrdom to communicate to the blind and obstinate the splendor of that light.

But Cimaros did not restrict himself to the expression of new ideas; he attacked as well the old traditions. In his exaltation he showed little respect to ancient beliefs, and attracted implacable enmities. He understood as soon as he had begun to raise the veil from his thought that a great tumult was imminent. Therefore, after having written whole reams to interpret the Bible and the Gospel, he guarded with restless jealousy the product of his ideas, as a robber guards his spoils. The rigid education of the Lutheran schools, their narrow historic spirit, their fanatical dogmatism on the subjects of sin and pardon, their invincible repugnance to all the inspirations of human reason, had made of the philosopher who breathed all the vital air of his century a most ardent, intense, and at times reckless enemy of the ancient religious faith. Thus in his fragments he maintains that baptism imposed by force upon children was a usurpation of human rights and of Divine authority and of the ministry of reason; that the Trinity and its dogmas the more they are investigated appear not superior but contrary to human reason; that eternal punishments inflicted upon finite, weak, and ignorant beings are devoid of moral sense, mercy, and justice; that Christ and John the Baptist were two mere Jews, devoted to the Jewish ideal, worshipers of a material and tangible kingdom of their race, rebellious to the Roman yoke, conspirators against the authority of the Cæsars, enemies of a priestly aristocracy more politic and wiser than they, and whose privileges, preserved through the tolerance of the prætors, our Saviour attacked on the day of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, thus bringing Himself under the law and rendering Himself legally liable to death by crucifixion. All that Christianity has of more ample, more spiritual, more human, the kingdom of God as opposed to that narrow kingdom of the worldly Jews, its exaltation over the fragile crowns and the low ambitions of the world, was due principally to after-times, to the ac-

quisition of more philosophic ideas, and the natural progress of conscience.

As it is seen, the criticism of Cimarus was in the sense of irreconcilable opposition to Christianity, that is to say, the sentiment of his age. The dialectic development of ideas in history is like this. The generation which has to realize a certain term in the series of human progress is unjust, passionate, and even cruel toward preceding generations. When we gaze with rapture upon the perfect beauty of the Venus of Milo, and bless the benefactors who have saved from the wrath of men and the deluge of ages this rare prodigy of loveliness, the incarnation of the human ideal in marble, we can scarcely comprehend that the early Christians saw clearly in that grace, that serenity, that harmony in the incomparable beauty of the goddess, the deformed face of the devil and his angels. But perhaps there was need of this horror of nature, of the taste and of the art of the ancients, to create, with a formidable reaction of the human conscience, the saving Christian spiritualism. And as the business of the eighteenth century was to create the free man in the plenitude of his right, every bond which attached the spirit to the past, if it was not unfastened, was broken—was cut with fury and violence. How many beliefs, sweet and consolatory, fell like dry leaves! how many sources of consolation were dried up, after having satisfied for ages the devouring thirst of the infinite! how many cheering images, shining like stars in the night of the soul, were blotted out, and vanished from the horizon of our hopes! how many orphaned spirits lay naked, hungry, and cold at the feet of the altars, without God, in the midst of a society without faith! But the human spirit burst its fetters, overleaped its barriers, and plunged boldly among the tempests into the conquest, which was often a bloody one, of its inprescriptible rights.

The publisher of Cimarus's criticisms upon Christianity was to attain an immortal name in science, in the arts, in literature, in criticism and religious philosophy, as precursor of the great geniuses of Germany. His name was Lessing. We may call him the critic *par excellence*, as we may call his age the critical age of history. The thought which Frederick II. realized in politics Lessing sustained with enormous force in letters—universal tolerance; the human spirit rising purely above the discords of men; the eternal revelation of God by means of the various religions; the right of every conscience, of every being, to communicate freely and intimately with its religious ideal, which, in whatever form, always embodies the infinite. These ideas gained him bitter opponents, proceeding principally from the bosom of the Protestant orthodoxy. And his opponents, like all those who assume to pos-

sess absolute truth with their religious faith, far from consenting merely to refute the ideas contrary to their own, insult, defame, and persecute those who maintain such ideas, seeing a crime where perhaps there may be an error, in the case of beliefs, almost always independent of the human will, and imposed upon the understanding by forces superior to our own. To spread his ideas among the masses, to enlighten consciences and persuade minds, Lessing chose the sphere intermediate between the real and the ideal, the sphere of Art; and in art that manifestation which is most nearly related to life, which partakes most of its emotions and its incidents, the Theatre. Drawing his inspiration, like the great English dramatist, from the luminous narratives of Italian literature, from which dramatic subjects have been drawn, like the fine marbles from the rich quarries of Italy, Lessing took the foundation of his drama, a genuine defense of toleration, from the famous tales of the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio. It is the time of the Crusaders. Jews, Christians, and Mussulmans meet about Jerusalem, the Holy City, where all have imbibed the idea of the unity of God, and whence all have departed from rivalries of race more than from motives of dogma and belief. And nevertheless that close communication between races, though it be made by means of so destructive and inhuman an element as war, teaches a truth which it is hard to hide from natural reason—that all those enemies, rivals, warriors, who hate, persecute, and kill each other, have the same affections and needs; live in common griefs and hopes; are all weak or strong in the same conditions; all hungering for the ideal, and needing the light and air of nature; subject to death; forced to join in mother earth those mortal frames which in life have kept apart their hostile creeds and religions; to wake perhaps in another life, and to discover there that one God illuminates and vivifies and nourishes with his uncreated light not only all worlds and suns, but all souls and consciences.

The Patriarch of Jerusalem is the type of the intolerant ecclesiastic materialist—avaricious, sensual; loaded with jewels and diamonds, dressed in costly brocades; more careful that the faithful should fear, venerate, and maintain himself than his God. Saladin is the Sultan, who has risen above the intolerance of his religion to a more intimate and profound worship of humanity and its rights. The young Templar, born in the feudal castles of Germany, a child of royal blood, who has sought beneath the palm-trees of Jerusalem the sepulchre of his God, represents the middle term between the intolerance of the Patriarch and the humane and generous spirit of Saladin. He is, without knowing it, the son of an Arab prince, the brother of the Sultan, and of a German gentlewoman

belonging to a noble family. The hero of the drama is the wise and prudent Jew named Nathan. Religious hatreds, intolerant fanaticism, have led the Christians to burn his home, and with it his children. He is at first filled with implacable horror of Christianity; but he afterward sees that these passions should give way to pure and intelligent tolerance, and receives in his home as his own child a daughter of his persecutors, the fair and pious Rachel, educated by her protector in sentiments more humane than those of selfish sectarianism. Saladin being in want of money, intends to extort it from this Jew by proposing to him a delicate question—which of the three monotheistic religions he prefers. The Jew tells this story: A certain lord possessed a beautiful ring, to which were attached all the advantages of life and fortune, and he ordained that the one of his sons who should receive the ring should be his sole heir, with the right to transmit it to his successors. It was traditional in the family that the best among the sons of these heirs should inherit the ring; but in the course of time it happened to one of these lords that his three sons were equally good and worthy, and he ordered to be made two rings identical with the ring of marvelous prestige, and gave them to his sons. The father having died, each one of them believed he had the true ring, and demanded the inheritance. A suit was begun, and when all the three rings were brought to the tribunal they were so identical that no distinction could be made; and the judge decided that he whose life should be most blameless should be held the possessor of the true ring. Saladin, who believed that he had left the Jew no escape, because if he declared in favor of Judaism or Christianity he would have to give up all his treasures as a blasphemer, and if he declared in favor of Mohammedanism he would have to give them up as a convert, was astounded with this dexterity and prudence. Such considerations persuaded him more and more toward tolerance; and it is afterward seen that the Jew's daughter Rachel and the Templar were niece and nephew of the Sultan, children of his brother, who, captivated by the beauty of a noble Christian woman, had listened to the voice of his affections more than to that of his creed: showing how nature brings together beings divided by the discords of men and their religions.

Lessing was not contented with defending toleration in the theatre; he raised it to a creed in his theory of the education of the human race. In the opinion of the great thinker, the glory of humanity does not lie in the quiet possession of truth, but in the contests and struggles which the truth has cost. He says that if God should call him and say, "In this hand I hold the truth, and in this other the rough and painful road

which leads to the truth—choose!" he would choose the road, although at the risk of moistening it with his sweat and his blood. Yes, sanctifying virtue of struggle, of labor, of pain, thou appearest to destroy, and thou createst! thou appearest to abase, and thou exaltest! thou appearest to be the sign of our inferiority, and thou art the splendid proof of our greatness and glory!

Lessing accepted the struggle for the truth to strengthen his spirit, as the ancient athlete entered the gymnasium to strengthen his body. And in these exercises of thought he found the truth that all religions are different grades, scattered fragments, varied shades, of one religion, which has progressively educated the human race. The religious ideal is not found contained in a single book, but in all the books which have sustained and consoled humanity on its rough and sorrowful road toward the realization of its ideal. As the labor of the East was not lost, nor the labor of Greece and its philosophers, nor of Rome and its lawyers, so also the work of the different churches will serve to clear and enlighten the human conscience. From the peaks of the Himalayas, to which the fathers of the earliest gods raised their supplicating arms; from the summit of Sinai, from which the Jehovah of Moses still speaks in lightning and thunder; from the sombre hill of Calvary, where flows the blood of the Son of Man; from Hybla, which saw the cradle of the Greek gods and heard the dialogues of the divine Plato; from the Coliseum, over whose arches shone the protecting genius of Rome, and in whose centre to-day the cross spreads out its arms, appearing to be nourished by the ashes of martyrs, as a tree by the sap of the soil; from the domes of St. Peter of Rome and of St. Paul of London; from the towers of the church of Worms which heard the protest of the monk Luther, and the towers of the Cathedral of Cologne, which still shelters the Catholic reaction—there comes no final discovery of the ultimate limits or signs of revelation. We can not see in the past the beginnings of religious tradition, nor in the future the limits of religious hopes. For as the book of the Vedas has been the book of nature, the book of the Persians the book of light, the book of the Old Testament that of God the Father, the New Testament of God the Son, and the Reformation that of the Holy Spirit; as the human understanding can never count the stars nor measure the infinite, so it can never know how many religious books full of disclosure and light may come hereafter in progressive ascension to continue the work which the others have begun, to embellish and sanctify the human spirit, for which are reserved in the depths of the heavens eternal and incessant revelations.

The fundamental idea of Lessing is that

all religions have powerfully contributed, although in different degrees, to the totality of human education. The spirit of progress entered, therefore, even in those secluded and sacred spots which appeared to be excepted from the movement and the renovation of all beings and ideas. The saints saw the fluttering of the leaves of their inert books of stone before the breath of the wind of their age; they saw the germs of new ideas taking life in progressive transformations in the very warmth of their sanctuaries. These agitations of conscience gave birth to high conceptions of human dignity; and whenever knowledge gives prominence to human dignity there follows of necessity an outburst of the conscience, freighted with ideas, and with this outburst comes perforce another victory of liberty.

WOODED BY AN ATTACHÉ.

I

MR. BRENTON entered the ball-room at ten o'clock, with his wife on his arm, and followed by his four daughters, who resembled a flock of doves.

It was their first ball. The daughters were in a flutter of anticipation; Mr. Brenton found his cravat stiff; and Mrs. Brenton gave her rich gown a stealthy adjustment as she prepared to confront one thousand pairs of eyes. All this agony came of being sent to Congress by appreciative fellow-townsmen. The entertainment was given in honor of an Oriental prince, who sat in a stage-box. He carried a fan in one slender brown hand, with the pointed nails; and he wore an embroidered petticoat.

"He looks just like the figures on grandmother's best china tea-pot," whispered Fanny Brenton.

"Or an Eastern idol," added Kitty, saucily.

May Brenton scarcely heard these comments; she seemed to have entered an enchanted realm. Music floated down from some concealed height; the atmosphere was sweet with the breath of flowers; light glittered from gilded chandeliers; the eye was dazzled by a moving sea of color.

Ah, lovely, delicate May Brenton! soft violet eyes looking out shyly yet eagerly on this new life, yourself a gracious vision in cloudy white, with ivory shoulders and slender throat upholding a small head crowned with golden hair! Better to perish like one of those tropical insects which serve as the living gem of a night than never to have sipped the cup of revelry at all.

Every one was at the ball—foreigners of many classes, and free-born citizens innumerable; all with nuts to crack beneath the great central hammer. The city was a Christmas-tree hung with golden favors by

capricious fortune, and the flocking crowds hoped to find their individual names inscribed thereon. Along the stream of pilgrims ambition had hurried the Brenton family. It can not be said that they expected to find the fathers of their country draped in classical mantles while making laws; but still less were they prepared to discover them in easy lounging attitudes, bandying words and probing each other's weaknesses unmercifully.

Adelaide Brenton, a young woman whose audacity filled her relatives with pride at this critical juncture, coolly scanned the multitude with her fine black eyes, and received back the coin of masculine admiration. Mademoiselle, in shimmering raiment like the sunset, veiled in black lace, made an appearance not to be despised.

"I intend to set my cap for the minister from Patagonia," she remarked. "Aud, pa, mind that you get us presented to the French minister's wife: a vicomte has just joined the embassy."

"I don't see how it is to be managed, my dear," pleaded Mr. Brenton, with a furrowed brow.

Then little Mrs. Bird, who knew every body, and liked to consider her tiny self a female diplomatist, introduced a grave gentleman to May, who led her away for the Lancers. May was pleased with her partner, and with every one. Was it not her first ball? Mr. Cobb was a gentleman from New Jersey, proverbially supposed to carry specimen cranberries and oyster-shells in his pocket; but he made no allusion to these articles while dancing with May.

The next lady in the set rustled and sparkled; her diamonds would have graced a princess. She said,

"There's going to be a right smart of people at supper, I reckon."

Why was it that May became abstracted, confused, replying to her partner's remarks at random? Because her glance had met that of her vis-à-vis, a thrill has passed from one to the other, communicated by the contact of finger-tips; and although May curved her neck like a swan in assumed unconsciousness, she was aware, with a delicious sense of undefinable happiness, that his eyes continually reverted to her face. This vis-à-vis was Captain Charles Frederick Chevenix, attaché. He was a man in the prime of a grand type of beauty, superb physical development united with youthful grace, and regular features redeemed from effeminacy by a massive chin. He wore a diplomatic uniform, and evinced military training in every movement.

"A new girl from Yankeedom," said Miss Longford, in reply to a question of the captain's. "Do you think her pretty?"

But Captain Chevenix was far too wily a bird to be caught in any such feminine net.

"Rather pretty," he returned, indifferently.

"Her father represents the manufacturing interest; he makes pins, I believe," continued his partner, toying with her bracelet.

Miss Longford was *passée*, with haggard lines of fatigue beneath her eyes, a high Roman nose, a slim, elegant form. Perhaps she had the greatest prestige of celebrity of any woman at the ball. "How does she achieve it?" cried her indignant sisters, powerless to compete with her, however young and pretty. She was not especially accomplished, and yet she had never been a wall-flower during ten years of society life. The solution was simple: she had been well placed on the stage at the outset, had a small fortune, and belonged to an old family. It was not by means of nature's scale of real worth that she was appraised, but the fictitious value set on human jewels by the world. Her toilets were exquisite and original, her coiffure imitated the severe simplicity of a Grecian knot at the crown of the head. May Brenton was conscious of entire collapse to the balloon of satisfied vanity when she noted Miss Longford's creamy robe, which clung to the supple form like a glove, and terminated in a long, sinuous train. The belle understood very well how to carry herself with a calm hauteur. She need not dread old maidenhood, since she could marry. Was there not a vulnerable spot in the polished cuirass when she contemplated a peachy new face like May's? Captain Chevenix mentally inquired wherein lay the difference, in a republic, between making pins and raising tobacco. Indeed, the pin interest, as a disadvantage, made such a slight impression on his mind that he forthwith obtained an introduction. Captain Chevenix was fond of searching out novelties. May Brenton would be elected a beauty, and he enjoy the vantage-ground, in first recognizing her claim, from which to keep other men at a distance.

The next moment she was whirling away in his arms, he clasping her firmly and lightly, the crown of golden hair brushing his cheek, the very buoyancy of motion seeming a dreamy response to the enchanting Strauss music. Miss Longford experienced one of those stabs beneath the polished cuirass as they passed, although the bland general who fanned her was not aware of the pang. That waltz was an era. When it ended the young people found themselves in a gallery, screened by flowering plants, a delightful retreat from which to observe the moving throng below. It is possible that Captain Chevenix's varied experience has brought him in contact with more brilliant conversationists than our May, but she is fresh, and he adapts himself with ready tact to her mood. Then there is that glamour of beauty and appealing grace about the girl. His fine gray eyes, in-

dolent and tender in expression, watch the changing color in the soft cheek, note the delicate curves of the sensitive lips.

Here Dame Nature has played the aristocrat a trick. May has the small fine ear, the taper fingers, and arched feet, denoting high blood, so often found among American women of humble origin. Her grandfather began life a tin peddler, and how do you account for it, Charles Frederick Chevenix, lineal descendant of the Earl of R——? So the night wears on; the Eastern prince sits in the stage-box, blinking impassively; Miss Longford sweeps away on the devoted general's arm; Mr. Brenton has made it up with the Representative who rudely interrupted his speech of the morning in the House, and they are amicably discussing Pacific Railroad stock; Adelaide is flirting with Mr. Cobb; and Fanny giggles in a corner with a midshipman. Captain Chevenix, after leading May to her carriage, presses a small white glove to his lips.

An unbidden guest has entered the ball-room, changing the splendor to a sickly glow: it is the pure, unwelcome dawn.

II.

Such dissipation as the ball brought lassitude and weariness to the Brentons. In the afternoon of the following day May sat in the bow-window overlooking the street, pale and languid. John Pendleton was ushered in, his advent imparting electrical animation to the ladies.

"Oh, John, how did you come? We are so glad to see you!"

May's greeting was a shade cooler. It was irksome to meet John. Her conscience smote her. Had they not been almost lovers at home? Would they not have been engaged if Mr. Brenton had consented instead of bidding them wait? She had become years older, in experience, during the month which had since elapsed. John was no longer a hero. She went back to the window, and leaned her chin on her hand. The world was before her, and she could afford to spin her garment of folly of any bright hues that pleased her fancy.

John was an apple-faced young man, his habiliments of an unmistakably rustic cut. Not a hero, by any means; only with a broad brow and clear eye that promised future ability. Mrs. Brenton was delighted to see him, for he represented home. She called him Johnny, unmindful of the flush this appellation occasioned. The good lady was more interested in the ways of the new minister, the behavior of the mill hands, the ravages committed by rats on Aunt 'Liza's chickens, than in the most finished effort of oratory in the Senate-chamber. She was Lady Bountiful at Milltown. Here she was ill at ease, afraid of doing something to disgrace her husband, crushed by her own insignifi-

cance. Of a shy and irresolute disposition, she took refuge in the martyrdom that the girls wished to come; and when once they were launched in society, she intended to elude all obligations in a chronic condition of nervous headache. She viewed the courage of her offspring, in their present position, with mild wonder.

The coolness of May's greeting stung John Pendleton's pride. He glanced furtively at the window while answering questions. What ailed May? He was slow to appreciate that she might have outgrown him so soon; slow to realize that this meeting was not as much to her as to himself, when he had worked early and late to earn the brief vacation. The Brenton mill had many slaves; indeed, Mr. Brenton was a sallow, care-worn man, while young John was chained to Labor's chariot wheel.

"Where is Madge?" inquired May, with averted face.

"She is in Paris with Mrs. Ward," replied John. "They return soon."

The girl at the window started perceptibly, a deep blush succeeding her previous pallor. Captain Chevenix had just dismounted beneath the bow-window and given his horse to his groom. The ensuing peal of the door-bell rang on May's heart with a quick vibration of alarm. Her first impulse was to run away and hide; her next to smooth the folds of her lavender dress.

"Must I see him?" asked Mrs. Brenton, querulously, taking the attaché's card.

"Do not bother your dear head," said Adelaide.

Then the Misses Brenton went down stairs. John Pendleton was utterly forgotten.

III.

A July morning in Milltown. Industry turned wheels and spun webs just the same as if the sun did not steep all the adjacent hills in blue haze. Milltown was a thriving place, aspiring soon to become a city. The village street was shaded by lofty elms, and on this thoroughfare was located the Brenton mansion, not without pretension in the way of conservatory, cupola, and plate-glass windows.

On this July morning two strangers arrived by the train, evidently master and man. The master glanced about him with some curiosity, the man maintained that stolid, wooden aspect peculiar to grooms of the highest breeding. All Milltown saw them in a trice; the factory girls became enthusiastic; John Pendleton, glancing down through the dusty window of his office, felt a sudden coldness at heart; two of the Brenton girls, in *négligé*, were hanging new curtains in the parlor; May was transplanting in the conservatory; the industrious Kitty assisting mother to make currant jelly.

Captain Chevenix, having deposited serv-

ant and portmanteau at the Milltown House, walked up the gravel-path.

"Why do they not have parks instead of court-yards? Surely the country is large enough," he soliloquized.

Fanny's arm dropped the curtain; May overturned a flower-pot; mother and Kitty came swiftly and stealthily from the kitchen, still imbrued in the blood of the currant. Who should answer the bell? Their faithful servitor, Bridget, had been summoned home by illness. May's face glowed with a sweet content. The constant companion of every pleasure during the winter had not forgotten her, then! Adelaide was equal to the emergency. She metamorphosed herself like the fairy in the pantomime, and came tripping down stairs in white raiment, in the act of tying a blue sash, her hair floating over her shoulders, negligently confined with a band of ribbon. Then who so smiling when she threw wide the portal to the distinguished stranger as the young woman lately poised on a step-ladder, hammer in hand?

"We didn't think much of the redcoats in my day," said grandmother.

The captain's greeting was eager; he had been at Newport hoping to meet them there, and now he had ventured to search them out. These remarks were addressed to the serene Adelaide, who listened as if she had not a care in the world, while his gaze sought the classical profile of her sister. They were left alone one moment, and drew nearer instinctively.

"Are you glad to see me, dear?" How caressing the tone! how tender the light in the gray eyes!

"Very glad," whispered May, confidently. Never was knight of romance like this one. His image had entered in and taken possession of her imaginative soul. Captain Chevenix murmured, softly,

"Sleep was no sweeter than her face to me,
Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea."

In the mean while the feminine element sat in judgment in the dining-room. The crisis was grave. Pa must invite the attaché to move over, bag and baggage; he could not be permitted to stop at the Milltown House, which was a large, barren hotel, with swinging sign, and pervading odor of bar-room.

"We must get Hepsibah to help; and for Heaven's sake, ma, don't have dinner at half past twelve," said Adelaide.

"At what hour would you dine?" inquired grandmother.

"Lunch at two and dinner at half past six o'clock. I wish we had a morning-room; and, ma, that servant will consume more beef in a day than we do in a week."

"Lord bless us!" ejaculated grandmother. "No one can keep their health who takes tea later than six."

"We must make an effort. He has come to propose to May, and I guess the match will be a feather in our cap," continued the ambitious Adelaide, seizing a broom and leading the way to the guest-chamber.

Ignorant of the consternation he had occasioned, the captain became a guest; Hepsibah, grim of aspect and stiff in her ways, was pressed into the service; the late dinner was served, Mrs. Brenton nervously presiding, Mr. Brenton striving to be facetious, the girls with many misgivings as to the salad. Grandmother persisted in sitting by the dining-room window, during the meal, with her knitting, and conveyed as much disapproval of the entire proceedings as a very rigid old lady in her best cap may do by a frozen silence. Aunt 'Liza had come to the rescue by rushing in the front-door, with an ice-cream freezer in her hand, just as May was strolling forth with Captain Chevenix.

"I've made you some cream, seeing's the day's so hot," panted the good woman. "I thought your company might relish it. How do you do, Sir?"

Thomas, the servant, made himself at home in the kitchen, treating Hepsibah with a mocking deference, while Job, awkward, simple-hearted man-of-all-work, who took care of the young ladies' ponies, became slave at once to his superior sway.

John Pendleton sat at his desk with knitted brow, lost in painful thought. Before him was spread a sheet covered with mysterious characters—hieroglyphics that meant future fame to John as an inventor. This man of the world, brilliant, accomplished, and handsome, had come to rob him of May. This conviction smote on him with a throb of pain and fear, and he acknowledged, nay magnified, every advantage of the rival, shrinking into undeserved self-abasement. The other was clever, proud, rich. How impossible to imitate the quiet ease of manner, the perfect breeding evinced in unobtrusive adaptation to the circumstance of the moment, like fitting on a glove, the entire absence of all personality in conversation! Captain Chevenix never spoke of himself or his family, read poetry to the girls, was interested in Milltown politics, and was altogether so affable that even grandmother thawed. John, keenly aware of his own constrained shyness, the size of his boots, the difficulty in disposing of his hands, perceived these things, and for one terrible moment, full of anguish, longed to hurl the stranger into the gulf of grinding machinery, as he stood talking with Mr. Brenton.

If the master was unassuming, the man was not. Thomas was obliged to resort to the Milltown House for his beer, whither he lured the guileless Job, to the manifest detriment of the latter's morals. Hepsibah, mem-

ber of a temperance society, sipped her cup of tea in silence. Why dwell upon the trials of the week, how Mrs. Brenton was stretched on the rack of housekeeping cares; how Thomas insisted on filling his master's portable bath-tub in the middle of the velvet carpet of the guest-chamber; how grandmother sat on the stairs to watch that the captain did not fire the house by late reading; how May frequently retired in tears of mortification! The captain was very much in love, and the hours devoted to simple pleasures flew by on wings. The soft twilight of the best parlor knew not of the noisy clamor of the kitchen. Nevertheless one can not live on bonbons alone; there were suppressed yawns of a morning when an hour at the club would have been welcome. May was sent on long drives in the pretty pony carriage, in order that her sisters might dust and re-arrange the visitor's costly toilet apparatus, in deadly fear of being caught by Thomas serving as chamber-maids.

"A grandson of the Earl of R——!" exclaimed Mrs. Ward. "Let us have afternoon tea on the lawn, my dears, and croquet."

Mrs. Ward lived in an old brick house surrounded by spacious grounds. Milltown never understood her, and now that she had returned from Europe, she was more incomprehensible than ever. In years gone by she had issued cards with "At home Thursdays" in the corner, and Milltown had exclaimed, "Supposin' she is to hum, she needn't print it." All that could be clearly appreciated was that her husband had left her a large fortune, which her adopted daughter, Madge Pendleton, would inherit.

So the Brentons took their lion up there, blessing Mrs. Ward in their hearts, and were entertained in faultless style. Madge Pendleton, a fair girl, best described as harmonious to any position in which she was placed, looked wistfully at radiant May, in her delicate green draperies and Mand Muller hat, whose side the captain seldom quitted.

"Chère maman," she said, when the others had departed, "that would be a man to worship."

A summer night on the lake, where a boat floated idly on the calm surface. This lake, embosomed among the hills, fed the mills in the valley below. Moonlight silvered the foliage, spread a broad track of liquid splendor for the boat, and glorified the youthful faces of the occupants. May Brenton, with a white shawl over her head, was changed by the moon's wand to a pure Madonna. Her mood was gay; she sang little snatches of song which alone spoke of her increased confidence—how readily she was assimilating her own happiness to the daily uses of life! John Pendleton wielded the oars, occasionally making gruff comments, or indulging in mirthless laughter, which betrayed his own unhappiness. From the height to

which she had attained May looked back at John with tender pity. He would yet marry, the wound be healed, while she went forth into the world. Midsummer evenings remain in the memory a dream of perfumed stillness, of dusky banks fringing the water, of a calm expanse of heaven spanning a universe. As they landed on the island Madge took her brother's arm. When their parents died Mrs. Ward adopted the girl, and John was placed in the factory.

"I am sure that May will be punished yet," said the sister.

"Hush!" returned John, humbly; "she can not help it."

Beside the glistening waters, with the trees forming a shadowy dome of darkness above, Captain Chevenix had taken May's hands.

"I am going away to-morrow, dearest. Do you divine my reason for coming at all?"

Yes, she knew it. With her head on his breast, and the handsome face bending over her, realized all in the silent pressure of eloquent lips. "Thou, and no other," is the lover's creed.

John was sharp and rude going home. Captain Chevenix turned his aggressive hostility so quietly and coolly that it was impossible to tell if he perceived the animosity. This galling composure well-nigh drove John frantic.

Thomas celebrated the eve of his departure by imbibing more stimulant than usual, in company with the unhappy Job, and attempted gallantly to salute the prim Hepsibah in consequence. A violent scuffle ensued, and was succeeded by the appearance of that indignant woman in the parlor.

"I can't stand such actions no longer, marin," she said. "I'm goin' hum." And she went.

Captain Chevenix behaved with discretion, only requesting to be allowed to correspond with May. Mr. Brenton consented in some perplexity. He was an indulgent father, and he was in no haste to give away the lily of his garden to a stranger. The affair with John had blown over, then? Fate brought her gifts to the Brenton door with a lavish hand. Lo! as May watched her lover depart, Mr. Cobb, of New Jersey, dawned on Milltown. Adelaide blushed vividly.

"I don't care," she said, vehemently; "he may take us as we are, or not at all."

May twined her arm about her sister's neck. "Let me work for you as you did for me, dear."

"It might be nice to have fresh cake for supper," assented Adelaide, revealing a dimple of satisfaction.

IV.

A year elapsed, bringing many changes. John Pendleton had gone to England in the interest of Milltown manufactories; Ade-

laide had married Mr. Cobb, and become queen of one of those prospective cities chiefly indebted to enthusiastic advertisements for an existence. May Brenton leaned her arm on the mantel-piece, watching the clock dial absently, almost wearily. Her costume of black lace, strewn with gilt stars, denoted that she was again decked for a ball, but how different from the first one! Here was only blasé indifference; her movements were no longer impulsive. Her beauty was undimmed, yet she had gained in dignity what was lost in soft, rounded outline.

"Are you ready, my dear?"

"I thought you would remain at home in peace, papa."

"Why should I be banished? Am I too old for an escort?"

This assumed gayety nearly proved too much for the girl's cold composure; she bit her lip hard to force back the tears.

"Good old father; always the same! Charles was to have been here at ten. I suppose he will meet us instead."

"May," said Mr. Brenton, in the carriage, "Captain Chevenix has been talking over settlements with me. He seemed surprised at the smallness of your portion. I can not endow one child at the expense of the others. I have four girls."

"What did he say?" Her voice was sharp and strained.

"Oh, he is a gentleman, my dear. He only regretted that the condition of his own fortune necessitated an ample provision for his wife. I wish—" and here Mr. Brenton's wish ended in a profound sigh.

May slipped her hand into that of her father; her eyes were very bright and hard. She would not weep; indeed she could not; and there was an intense nerve tension about her mood which strung her to apparent composure. The secret of this excitement was jealousy. Miss Longford at the ball said to the still attentive general:

"I never thought the engagement between the attaché and Miss Brenton would come to any thing. There is no *dot*."

"*On dit* that he has a penchant for the heiress instead."

An abrupt pause in the music wafted these words to the recently arrived Brentons. The father flushed angrily; the daughter shuddered. Here was May's perfect fruit of happiness crumbling to ashes. She had been the subject of polite gossip for a year, identified on every public occasion with one cavalier. Half an hour later Captain Chevenix entered the room, escorting Mrs. Ward and Madge Pendleton. They had spent the winter at the capital, where Madge was a favorite in diplomatic circles, not only as an heiress, but as an accomplished linguist. Captain Chevenix hastened to May's side. Mrs. Ward had asked his advice about some

engravings; in fact, he had dined there. May listened coldly, her gaze distraught, then accepted her partner's arm. She had filled her tablet of engagements with feverish eagerness. Captain Chevenix frowned slightly, and danced with Madge, whose unfeigned pleasure was balm to wounded vanity. How May's beauty blazed into richer splendor under that sting of anger! Once she detained Fanny to ask, "How do I look?"

"Splendidly," returned sisterly pride.

May smiled. She dreaded that hollow-eyed despair should look out on all those cruel people, who would rejoice in her downfall. How she wished that the polished floor would yawn at her feet, and receive her into welcome darkness of oblivion, away from the hateful noise and glitter of the scene!

"Perhaps you will allow me to escort you to the supper-room," said Captain Chevenix, in an injured tone. He found her an alcove, where May daintily sipped her ice.

"I waited for you until ten o'clock."

"I am sorry that I detained you. We must add it to my list of faults. I do not seem to be fortunate in pleasing you."

When reproach steps in, love flies out the window. She played with her bouquet in obstinate silence; he looked at her furtively, pulling his mustache.

"I may have to run over home next mail," he finally said.

He was dissatisfied with himself, and still more so with May. She took this to be the chance of dismissal desired.

"We have made a mistake from the first, I fear. Consider yourself free." She did not dare to trust herself to speak of friendship: her grief might overpower her at any time.

"You know best what is for your own happiness," was the dignified response, as he bowed over her hand. The wide river now rolled between them, but months before they had stepped on either side of the tiny rivulet. After that May was crouching in the carriage, wildly imploring her father to take her away, to hide her from the scrutiny of those innumerable eyes. All was over!

Captain Chevenix went home, wrapped himself in a Delhi dressing-gown, lighted a cheroot, and surveyed the field. He was reluctant to give up his pretty May, but he had on the previous day received a letter from his brother, Lord H——, bluntly declining to assist him further, and concluding with a suggestion that he should marry and settle in America. The attaché set his white teeth, and looked at a ring on which was engraved his family crest—a couchant leopard.

"We shall see, my lord," he muttered.

What a mere bagatelle May's portion would be! Why could not Mr. Brenton make a sacrifice to endow his daughter handsomely? The lover was very fond of

her. He took out her photograph, and kissed it; he twined a silky tress about his finger. On the whole, he pitied himself very much for being curbed by stern necessity in his choice.

A week later Miss Longford said, in the name of society,

"Of course she is finished for this market. He never allowed another man to admire her, and nobody wishes a discarded plaything for a wife."

V.

A night in March five years later. Milltown was asleep, and it was midnight when May Brenton closed her book. She was alone—a stern, grave woman, old beyond her years, with lines of repressed pain about the mouth, a pathetic sorrow in the large eyes; for May had cherished her grief, brooded over it, until every happiness had suffered eclipse. Shunning the sympathy of friends, she had lived the life of a recluse until her mother died, and then she had taken her place as head of the household. Milltown had ceased to wonder at her ways; only one pair of eyes followed her regretfully—those of prosperous John Pendleton, who owned the mill on the hill, and had returned from Europe enlarged in mind, as he was improved in appearance. He made no secret of his preference, and he was Mr. Brenton's confidant, but May took no heed of a devotion which was none the less noble because undeserved. Once he had spoken, and been rejected. A less patient man would have turned to Kitty, ready to smile at his lightest word, yet John waited, in his heart deep compassion for the sensitive plant blighted by his own sister. Madge had married Captain Chevenix, attaché, four years ago, and letters came to Milltown from the young matron more English by adoption than a native-born Briton, which caused May's wounds to bleed afresh. Madge wrote about the London season, Ascot races, and Cowes regattas, for her husband had not followed his brother's advice to settle in America, as a *dernier ressort* for penniless younger sons.

May closed her book, and gazed into space. Kitty was falling in love with John Pendleton. The thought gave her pain. Why? She arose and went to the window. The rain had ceased, the wind lulled, and just then the moon rifted the clouds. She saw a stream of water flowing down the steep hill opposite. Her heart stood still. In that awful moment the bond of apathy which had held her so long was broken. Sleeping Milltown was at her mercy. May knew very well what the rivulet meant—the lake above the town, swollen by recent storms, was forcing a passage through the embankment. A cry rang out through the street: "Save yourselves! The lake has overflowed."

Then the church-bell pealed forth an alarm. That was all she could do; the bell was an iron voice. She pulled the rope until the waters poured in a window above her head; escape was impossible; she climbed to the belfry where the bell hung. Thank God that father and Kitty were absent. If she died she need not be missed. She had often longed to die.

And now! The record of five years rose before her in stern rebuke. What had she done? Wrecked her own life and clouded those of others for the sake of a man to whom she had been as the idle wave on a shore left far behind. She bowed her head on her knees, and waited. The loneliness was awful. Below, the waters surged and lapped. John's mill was hurled into the valley. Would the church stand? Was it indeed founded on a rock? The voiceless prayers of dead generations seemed to rise from the venerable walls, and shield her with unseen wings. Oh, the prolonged agony of suspense! She had saved Milltown only to be forgotten. She seemed to read her whole life traced in fiery characters on an unfolding scroll. For recreant Charles Chevenix the idle boat drifting on the calm lake surface; for her the devastating overflow of an angry flood.

At last she put out her hand in the dark-

ness, and drew back shuddering. The water was creeping slowly up to the belfry: already the church was submerged. This was the end; death awaited her in the gloomy abyss below. A despairing cry broke from her lips.

"May, where are you?" shouted an agonized voice on the hill above. What hope the voice inspired!

"Oh, John, I am here. Do not risk any thing for me."

"I am coming. Courage, poor love!"

Darkness and silence succeeded. May clung to a beam; a wave swept through the belfry. The next moment might decide her fate. A warm, human hand grasped her own, and she was led, step by step, over a swaying plank to the next building, and thence to the hill above. Saved! Day dawned cold and gray; the wreck of Milltown lay at their feet.

"We must begin the world over again," said John, gravely.

May looked at him beseechingly.

"If you can forgive me, John, let it be together."

Not in the least like the wooing of Captain Chevenix; but in that cold dawn, with stained garments, and consecrated by the solemnity of a great sorrow, they prepared to begin the world.

SOME TALKS OF AN ASTRONOMER.

VI.—MEASURING THE HEAVENS.

AS I have said before, by observations with an instrument of any kind, made at one place, we can only determine directions, and not distances. But by making observations at two places very far apart, they can be arranged in such a way as to determine distances also. It is not always necessary to actually travel to another part of the earth for this determination, because in the evening we are, in consequence of the earth's rotation, eight thousand miles from where we started in the morning, and it is therefore possible to use this change of place produced by the motion of the earth instead of using observations made at two distant places. But as the latter will be more readily understood, we shall explain the method of determining distances on the supposition that we have two instruments and observers at different points of the earth's surface making simultaneous observations on the same heavenly body. I think I can explain at least a principle on which such observations are employed to determine distances in a very simple way. Suppose that at night, looking down a street, you see two gas-lamps, one of which is much further than the other. Suppose the one nearest to be so much fainter that they both appear to you of the same brightness;

then stand still, and by looking at them you will not be able to state which is the more distant; but you can decide the question very easily by walking a short distance at right angles to the direction of the lights. The nearest light will seem to move in an opposite direction to that in which you walk.

In Fig. 1, if you see two lights to the north, and stand east of the line joining them, the nearest light will seem to be west of the more distant one. Now walk toward the west, and when you reach the line joining them, the two lights will be seen together; pass still further to the west, and the nearest light will seem to cross over to the east. You see that in consequence of your motion the lights have changed their direction, and the change is greater the nearer the light is to you. Now this change of direction is called *parallax*. Parallax may be defined as the difference in the direction of a body as seen from two different points. Given this difference of direction, and the distance and direction of the two

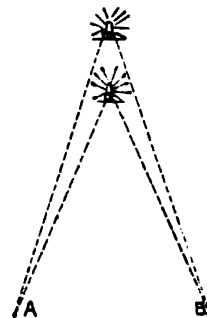
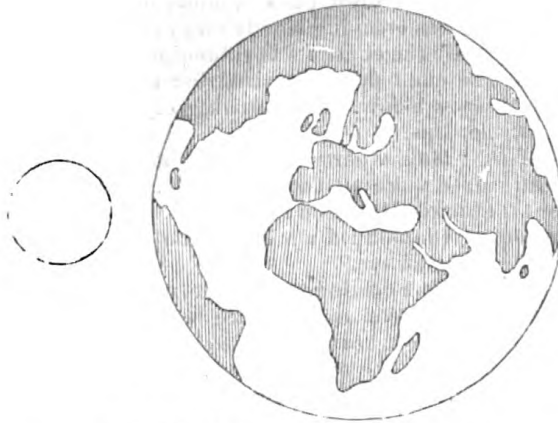


FIG. 1.



COMPARATIVE SIZE OF MOON AND EARTH.

The distance between the two bodies is thirty diameters of the earth.

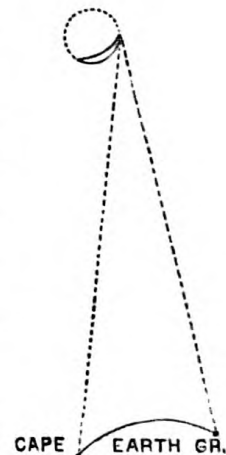
points from each other, and we can, by a simple trigonometrical calculation, determine the distance of a body from each of the points without making any actual measurements. If, then, two observers, one in Australia and one in America, can determine separately, by such an instrument as I have described, the exact direction of a heavenly body at the same moment, we have at once the means of calculating its distance from the difference between the two directions.

You naturally inquire how can two such distant observers be sure they make their observations at the same moment, and what common point of reference can they use to be sure that their directions are measured in the same way? In regard to the former, I observe that it is not necessary that the observations should be made at the same absolute moment, if we only know the real moments at which they were made, and are able to calculate the motion of the body during the interval. To furnish all the data we do not depend upon a single pair of observations, but always employ a long series, the combination of which enables us to calculate the motion of the body during the interval between one set of observations and another. As points of reference we may use either fixed stars, which are so immensely distant that they seem to be in the same direction from all points of the earth, or we may use the direction of the earth's axis. The stars near the pole, in their apparent diurnal revolution, cross the meridian twice, once above the pole, and once below it. If we determine the point on the circle when the telescope points to a star crossing above the pole, and again determine it when the telescope points to it when it crosses below the pole, the average of the two determinations will be the position of the circle when the telescope points exactly at the pole. Subtract this from the position of the circle under the microscopes when another star

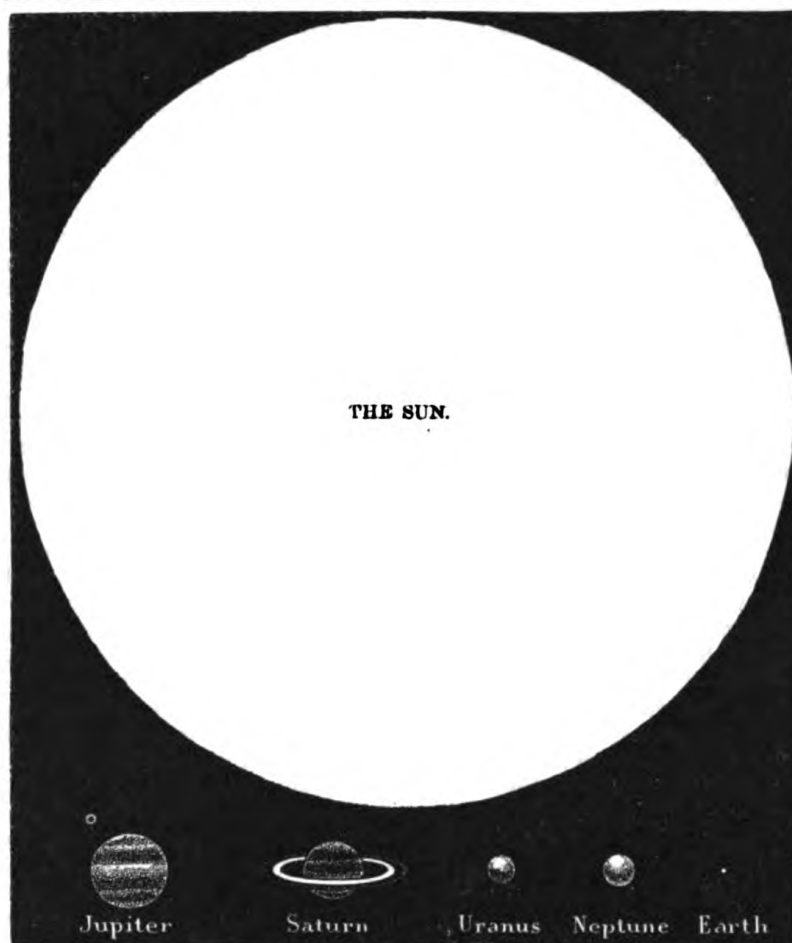
crosses the meridian, and the difference of the two will give the difference of direction between the pole of the earth and the body observed. On this principle vast numbers of observations have been made, at the observatories at Greenwich and at the Cape of Good Hope, to determine the zenith distance on which the moon crosses the meridian on various days. The combination of these shows that the difference of the direction of the moon as seen from the earth's surface and from its centre is nearly a degree. And from these observations the distance of the moon has been determined within a few miles. This distance varies in different points of the moon's orbit, and amounts, on the average, to a little less than 240,000 miles.

The distance of the planets outside of the moon, or those which revolve around the sun, is so great that their parallax is very small, and the accurate determination of their distance is a very difficult problem. The planets coming nearest the earth are Venus and Mars, and even their parallaxes never become so great as the smallest object visible to the naked eye. The parallaxes of the outer planets are yet smaller, and scarcely admit of exact measurement. In consequence of this extreme smallness of the angle to be measured, all our estimates of distances in the solar system were twenty years ago erroneous by about one-thirtieth of their entire amount. For instance, the distance of the sun was supposed to be ninety-five millions of miles, and it is now known to be only about ninety-two millions. Notwithstanding this, the proportions between the distances of the planets are known very accurately. For example, we know that Neptune, the outer planet, is almost exactly thirty times as far from the sun as the earth is, and once knowing the distance of the sun, we can find the distance of Neptune with great accuracy by multiplying it by this number.

At the beginning of this paper I called your attention to the fact that five of the stars which we see change their places in the heavens from time to time. These are the five planets which, with the sun, earth, and moon, constitute the solar system as it was known before the invention of the telescope. The



EXPLANATION OF PARALLAX.



RELATIVE PROPORTIONS OF THE SUN AND PLANETS.

furthest known planet is Neptune. This object is entirely invisible to the naked eye. It is, as I have just said, thirty times as far as the sun. By the principle of parallaxes, which has just been explained, all these bodies will be seen in different directions as the earth changes its position while moving around the sun, just as a street lamp seems to change its direction as an observer walks past it. In the case of Neptune this change of direction amounts to two degrees, a quantity which can be seen and measured without the aid of any astronomical instrument. It is in consequence of the great extent of this angle that we are enabled to determine the proportion between the distances of the planets and the distance of the sun.

Now let us turn our attention to the thousands of millions of fixed stars which do not seem to change their places in the heavens from year to year. Evidently these bodies must be much further off than the planets, because if they were not, we would see them in slightly different directions as the earth moved in its annual course around the sun. We know there must be some such change in their direction, but how great a change

we can not tell until we measure it. By measuring it we shall be enabled to find the proportion between the distance of the earth from the sun and the distance of the star we measure. And this measurement of change of direction in different times of the year is the only method yet known for determining the distance of the fixed stars. Hence astronomers have for two hundred years or more been engaged in attempts to determine the annual parallax of the fixed stars; but so small is this parallax that until quite recently it evaded every attempt to see it. The effect of heat and cold in changing the instruments used by the astronomers and in altering the rates of their clocks was far greater than the parallax which they had to measure. At length, about forty years ago, it was found by Bessel, the great astronomer of Königsberg, that a small star in the constellation Cygnus had a parallax of one-third of a second. Let me give you an idea how small an angle one-third of a second is. Suppose you were to put three hundred stars in a row, the distance between every two consecutive stars being one-third of a second, so that the whole three hundred extend over a line one hundred seconds

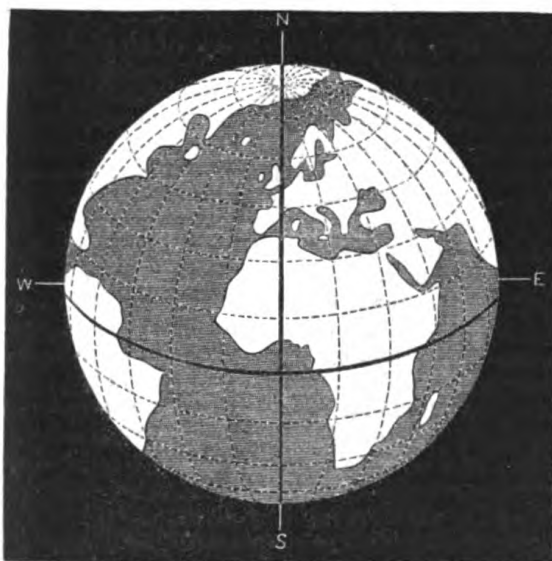
long, the three hundred stars would, to the keenest eye, appear as only a single round bright star in the firmament. It is only by using powerful instruments, and employing every artifice which human ingenuity can invent to guard against innumerable small sources of error, that it is possible to measure a quantity so small.

The star just mentioned is so small as to be barely visible to the naked eye. It was selected for this measurement because it changed its position in the heavens about five seconds a year. From this change it was concluded that it was probably nearer than many brighter stars. The fact that it was within a distance admitting of measurement being once settled, it became of interest to learn whether the parallaxes of other stars could not also be determined. Measurements have since been made from time to time of every star of the first magnitude in the heavens, and on a great many smaller ones which it was suspected might be near our system; but not in a single case has a parallax greater than one second been found. The star α Centauri, in the southern hemisphere, is found to have a parallax of about one second, but no other star in the celestial vault has been found to have a parallax of more than half a second. In quite a number of stars the parallax ranges from two-tenths to half a second. Let us see now what these measures give us for the distance of the stars. When a star has a parallax of one second, it shows its distance to be a little more than two hundred thousand times the distance of the earth from the sun; with a parallax of half a second, the distance is twice as great; with one of a third of a second, three times as great, and so on, the distance being inversely proportional to the parallax. As there are only

two stars of which the parallax exceeds half a second, it follows that with the exception of these the stars are all more than four hundred thousand times as far as the sun. The sun being nearly a hundred millions of miles, this distance amounts to about forty millions of millions of miles. Hence the nearest known star is distant twenty millions of millions of miles; there are about a dozen others of which the distance ranges from two to five times this amount, while all the remaining ones are situated at distances yet farther. You see that bright star, α Lyra, now (October 1) a little west of the zenith? Dr. Brunnow has recently determined the parallax of that star to be almost one-fifth of a second, consequently, by the rule we have just given, its distance is more than a million times that of the sun, i. e., it is just about one hundred millions of millions of miles.

I can not leave this subject without saying that the distance of the sun has been found by yet other methods, one of which is too wonderful to be omitted. Suppose we had a messenger whom we could send to and fro between the earth and the sun, and who could tell us exactly how long it took him to perform the journey; suppose we could also find by trial exactly how fast he could travel; then multiply his speed by the time occupied in coming from the sun, and we shall have the distance of that body, just as we would get the distance of two cities when we knew that a train running forty miles an hour took seven hours to run between them.

Such a messenger is light. Let us find how long it takes light to come from the sun and how fast it flies, and we have the distance required. How hopeless a task it seems to find either the time or the velocity! But both have been found by methods which admit of being understood without any great amount of scientific knowledge. The time of the journey has been found by two entirely independent methods. The first is by the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites. The inner of these satellites revolves around Jupiter very regularly in less than two days. He passes through the shadow of Jupiter in every revolution, and thus becomes eclipsed. These eclipses can be observed with a small telescope, and the time noted within a few seconds. The time of revolution and the form of the orbit being precisely determined, the moments at which future eclipses are to occur can be exactly predicted. The first astronomer who accurately investigated this subject found that when the earth was between the sun and Jupiter the eclipses were seen several minutes sooner than they should have occurred; as the earth moved away, they were seen later, and finally, when the earth got to the opposite side

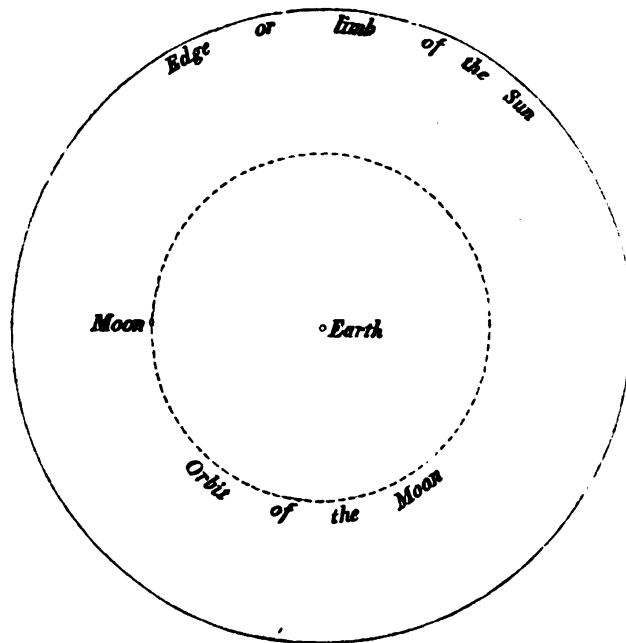


THE EARTH, SEEN FROM THE SUN (SUMMER SOLSTICE, NOON AT LONDON).

of the sun, they were as much too late as they had been too early. As the earth returned, the eclipses again came earlier, and the irregularity continued in the same order year after year. The variation was found to be about eight minutes in time on each side of the mean. Persuaded that no such irregularity in the motions of those bodies could really exist, he attributed the appearance to the progressive motion of light, and hence concluded that this agent was about eight minutes in passing over the space which separated the sun from the earth. The most exact determination of this time was made about seventy years ago from an examination of all the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, observations of which were to be found in the Paris Observatory. The result was 8 minutes 13.2 seconds.

The other method of finding the time light requires to pass from the sun to the earth is due to Bradley, who was Astronomer Royal of England in 1750. In making observations to determine the parallax of the fixed stars he was surprised to find an apparent annual motion of the stars of about 20 seconds, which did not correspond to the parallax at all. After long study on the subject it occurred to him that, owing to the rapid motion of the earth in its orbit, no star would be seen in its true direction unless it was in the line of direction of the motion; but the motion of the light itself would be combined with that of the earth. The angle being 20 seconds showed that the velocity of the light coming from the star was 10,000 times that of the earth in its orbit. Since the velocity of the earth would carry it to the sun in about 57 days, light would, by this theory, require about $\frac{1}{10000}$ of 57 days to reach the sun. Calculate this time, and it will give 8 minutes 12 seconds. The most exact observations of recent times give 8 minutes 18 seconds. There is therefore an outstanding discrepancy of five seconds only between the results of the two methods, and this is accounted for by the uncertainty of the old observations of Jupiter's satellites.*

The terrestrial velocity of light is also obtained by two different methods. The mechanical difficulties involved in them may



THE CIRCUMFERENCE OF THE SOLAR GLOBE COMPARED TO THE ORBIT OF THE MOON.

be judged by the fact that it has been necessary to measure a space of time less than a millionth of a second. The most accurate method is that of Foucault, in which a beam of light is made to fall on a rapidly revolving mirror, from which it is reflected to a second mirror, which throws it back to the revolving mirror. If the light required no time whatever to pass between the two mirrors, the stationary mirror would reflect it back to the same point from which it came in the first place, for, however fast the other mirror might turn, it would be in the same position when the light was first reflected and when it came back after the second reflection. But if the light takes any time to go and come, the mirror will have moved a little between the two reflections, and the rays will be thrown back to a different point from that from which it came. By giving the mirror a velocity of a thousand turns per second the deviation of the second reflection was sufficient to be measured by the aid of a telescope, and the results of the measurements indicated that the velocity of light was 185,000 miles per second. Multiply this by the 498 seconds it takes light to come from the sun to the earth, and we find the distance passed over to be 92,130,000 miles, a result remarkably accordant with the other recent determinations of the sun's distance.

VII.—WEIGHING THE HEAVENLY BODIES.

I have thus tried to give you a general idea of the methods by which the celestial distances are measured. You now wish to know how the planets are weighed. The only way by which we determine the weight

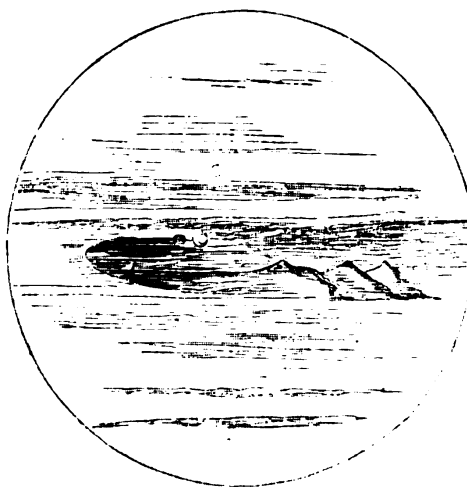
* Since this was written all the eclipses of Jupiter's first satellite observed during the past twenty-five years have been investigated by Mr. S. Von Glase-napp. His result is that the time in question is eight minutes twenty seconds—only two seconds different from that given by the aberration of the fixed stars.

of a celestial body is by the measurement of its attractive force on some other body. Attractive power, mass, and weight, as understood in common language, amount to the same thing, the weight of a body being simply the attraction between it and the earth. It is found by experiment at the surface of the earth that the inertia of all bodies is proportioned to their attractive power, and there is a certain regularity in the movements of the planets which shows that they are subject to the same law. I must remark, however, that the weights we get are not pounds or tons, but fractions of the mass or weight of the sun. If a planet has a satellite revolving around it, the determination of its mass from the movements of the satellite is very easy. You know the earth has one satellite (our moon), Jupiter has four, Saturn eight, Uranus four, and Neptune one. So, to determine the relative weights of either of the five planets I have mentioned, we find by careful observation the distance of every one satellite from a planet around which it moves, and the time of one revolution about it. We then take the cube of the mean distance, and divide by the square of the time of revolution; the result gives the mass or weight of the planet. We can apply this rule equally to determining the mass of the sun by the distance and times of revolution of the planets around it. Taking the cubes of all the distances, and dividing by the squares of the times of revolution, we obtain a series of numbers showing the proportions between the weights of the several central bodies. Where different satellites revolve around the same primary, we shall get the same result for the mass of the primary, no matter which satellite we take. So, also, whatever planet we take to get the mass of the sun, we shall get the same mass for the sun. In fact, one of the great laws of planetary motion discovered by Kepler was that the cubes of the distances were proportional to the squares of the times of revolution. He found the law solely by observation. It was reserved for Sir Isaac Newton to discover that the proportion in question depended upon the weight of the sun. By the rule thus explained it is found that the mass of the earth is $\frac{1}{320000}$ that of the sun; the mass of Jupiter is $\frac{1}{1045}$; that of the planet Saturn is $\frac{1}{3200}$; that of Uranus, $\frac{1}{43000}$; that of Neptune $\frac{1}{40000}$.

The planets Mercury, Venus, and Mars have no satellites; hence this method can not be applied to them. But in speaking of universal gravitation it was stated that every heavenly body exerts an attractive force on every other heavenly body, and thus causes it to deviate slightly from the orbit it would otherwise follow. By measuring this deviation we can determine the force that produces it, and thus learn the mass of the planet which exerts that force. The attrac-

tion of Mercury produces some small irregularities in the motions of Venus, from which its mass is found to be $\frac{1}{300000}$ that of the sun. The attraction of Venus and Mars produces certain deviations in the course of the earth around the sun. They cause the position of the ecliptic to change very slightly from year to year. By a study of these changes it is found that the mass of Venus is about $\frac{1}{400000}$ and that of Mars about $\frac{1}{300000}$ that of the sun. Of course the same method can be applied to the planets which have satellites. You know that between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter there lies an immense group of very small planets, sometimes called asteroids. More than one hundred and thirty planets of this group are now known, and several new ones are found every year. The planet Jupiter exerts a very powerful attraction on these bodies, and a number of mathematicians have calculated its mass in this way. Different calculators get results varying from $\frac{1}{1047}$ to $\frac{1}{1033}$. You see how wonderful the agreement between the results found by methods so different.

The determination of the mass of the planets by this second method requires the most profound mathematical knowledge, and the calculations are so complicated that very few can undertake them. Every thing must be computed with the greatest precision, for a single mistake in whole volumes of calculations might spoil the result. Where there are so many sources of error it might seem hopeless to attain certainty; but the discovery of the planet Neptune must make it plain to all who are disposed to doubt how great a degree of certainty has thus been attained. The planet Uranus was discovered by Sir William Herschel in 1781; it was then the outermost known planet. During the sixty years which followed this discovery it was found that its motions could not



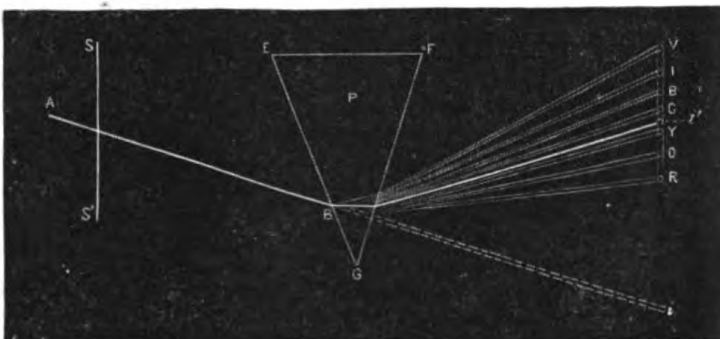
JUPITER, AS SEEN BY THE GREAT WASHINGTON TELESCOPE, MAY 7, 1874.

be satisfactorily accounted for by the attractions of the known planets. Many astronomers judged that these deviations were due to the attraction of some planet not yet discovered; but as they did not know where to look for the attracting body, their speculations led to no result. About 1843 two young mathematicians, Adams in England and Leverrier in France, undertook to calculate where a planet must be in order to produce the observed deviations. The telescope of the Berlin Observatory was pointed in the direction which they indicated, and there was a new planet within one degree of the computed place.

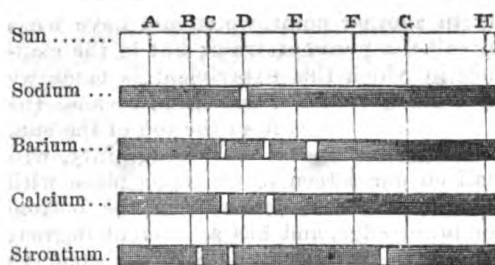
VIII.—THE SUN AND SPECTROSCOPY.

It seems surprising enough that men should have been able to weigh the heavenly bodies and measure their distances; but within the last fifteen years they have succeeded in doing what is yet more wonderful—being nothing less than determining, to a limited extent, the chemical constitution of such of them as are self-luminous. This is done by spectrum analysis. Although this has become quite an extended subject, its first principles are so simple that I think they can easily be rendered clear. Let us begin with an experiment with which all are familiar. You know that common white light is really compounded of light of many colors, and that when we pass it through a glass prism these colors are spread out over a certain scale, red appearing at one end, and gradually changing from yellow, green, and blue up to a faint purple or violet. This spreading out of the different colors to view is called the solar spectrum, or simply the spectrum. It is produced by the bending of the light out of its course as it passes from the air into the prism, and again as it passes out of the prism into the air. This bending is called refraction, and the property which produces it is called refrangibility. The separation of the light into the different colors shows that these different colors possess different degrees of refrangibility, that is to say, that some are bent out of their course by the prism more than others. It is found that common sunlight is a mixture of light of every degree of refrangibility, just as in a pile of sand we may have a mixture of grains of every size between the largest and the smallest. If we could arrange our prism so that the light of only one degree of refrangibility should fall in one point, and the light of another degree of refrangibility

in another point, we should have what is called a pure spectrum; but in the manner in which this experiment is made we can not get such a spectrum, because the light which comes from the top of the sun, and has one degree of refrangibility, will fall on our screen in the same place with the light which comes from the bottom or lower edge, and has a different degree; and in the same way light of the same degree of refrangibility passing through the upper part or the lower part of the prism will fall on different parts of our screen. If we should admit the sunlight through an extremely narrow slit, and also cover up all of our prism except an equally narrow slit, we might have nearly a pure spectrum; but then it would be too faint to be seen. To avoid this, a slightly different arrangement is made. The light is admitted through a very narrow slit, as at A; it is then suffered to fall on the whole side of the prism. Immediately beyond the prism a lens is placed which has the property of bringing to one point on the screen all the light which passes from the prism in any one direction, and of taking to a different point every ray which passes in any different direction. In order that the slit may be made extremely narrow without having any waste of light, the observer looks into this lens, placing his eye beyond the point or focus toward which the rays converge. To assist his vision, he looks into it with a small magnifying-glass. He thus has a little telescope with which he is looking through his prism. The spectrum which before was formed on the screen is now formed on the retina of the observer's eye, and he can examine its different parts by direct vision with far more accuracy than he can observe it on the screen. This arrangement, consisting of a narrow slit, a prism, and a small telescope, forms the spectroscope. When he adjusts his prism and telescope in such a way as to get a pure spectrum, he finds that this spectrum is crossed by a great number of dark lines parallel to the slit. These lines indicate that in the light which we receive from the sun certain particular degrees of refrangibility are missing.



THE SOLAR SPECTRUM.



SPECTRA OF VARIOUS BODIES.

To refer to our illustration by grains of sand of all sizes, the principle is the same as if, on accurately weighing every grain, and separating the sand according to the size of the grains, we found that grains of some special size or weight were missing from the whole. These lines, hundreds or even thousands in number, thus spread over the spectrum, are the open book in which we read something of the chemical constitution of the bodies from which the light has emanated, or by the gases through which it has passed.

If instead of sunlight we take candle-light, or light from a red-hot iron or from a glowing body of any kind, we see none of these dark lines. This shows that these bodies send out light of all degrees of refrangibility. Since we know the sun to be a glowing body, we conclude that he is of the same nature, and that the missing light indicated by the dark lines arises from those particular kinds of light having been culled out by the gases through which the light has passed. This culling out of light of particular degrees of refrangibility by a medium is called selective absorption. Now it is found by experiment that each gas, such as hydrogen or nitrogen, exerts this act of selective absorption on light of particular degrees of refrangibility in a peculiar manner. Different gases select light of different degrees of refrangibility, and therefore show lines in different parts of the spectrum. When light passes through the vapor of iron we see a great number of dark lines, but every one in a definite position. Learning what sorts of light any gas thus calls out or selects, we can always recognize light which has passed through this gas by seeing this sort of light missing—in other words, by seeing dark lines in the corre-

sponding part of the spectrum, as is shown in the accompanying illustration.

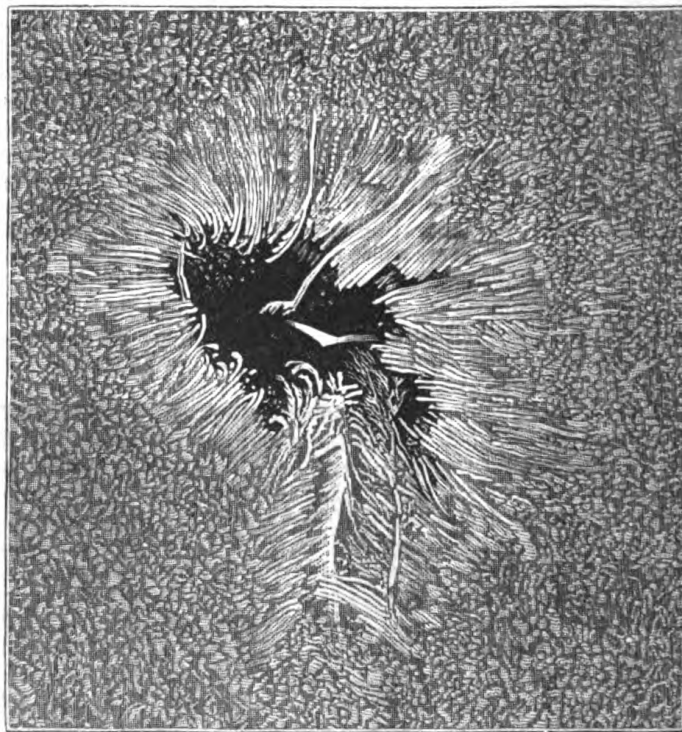
The three rules of spectral analysis are these:

1. A glowing solid or liquid body sends out light of all degrees of refrangibility; therefore when we examine its light by the spectroscope, we see a continuous spectrum, without any dark lines. Hence the spectroscope can give us no definite information respecting the constitution of such a body.

2. A glowing gas sends out light of special degrees of refrangibility; therefore when we examine its light by the spectroscope, we see a greater or less number of bright lines separated by dark spaces. Each gas has its own system of lines; therefore by looking at the spectrum of the gases and measuring the lines the spectroscopist can tell at once what gas it is which produces those lines.

3. When light from a glowing solid or liquid body, as in rule 1, passes through a gas, that gas absorbs light of the same degrees of refrangibility with that which it sends out when it is itself glowing; therefore by examining this light with a spectroscope the observer can decide from the dark lines which he sees what gases the light has passed through.

It appears, then, that the information given us by the spectroscope is, after all, practically limited to bodies in a gaseous state. When we find a spectrum without either dark or bright lines, we know that it comes from a solid or liquid glowing body, but we can not tell any thing of the chemical constitution



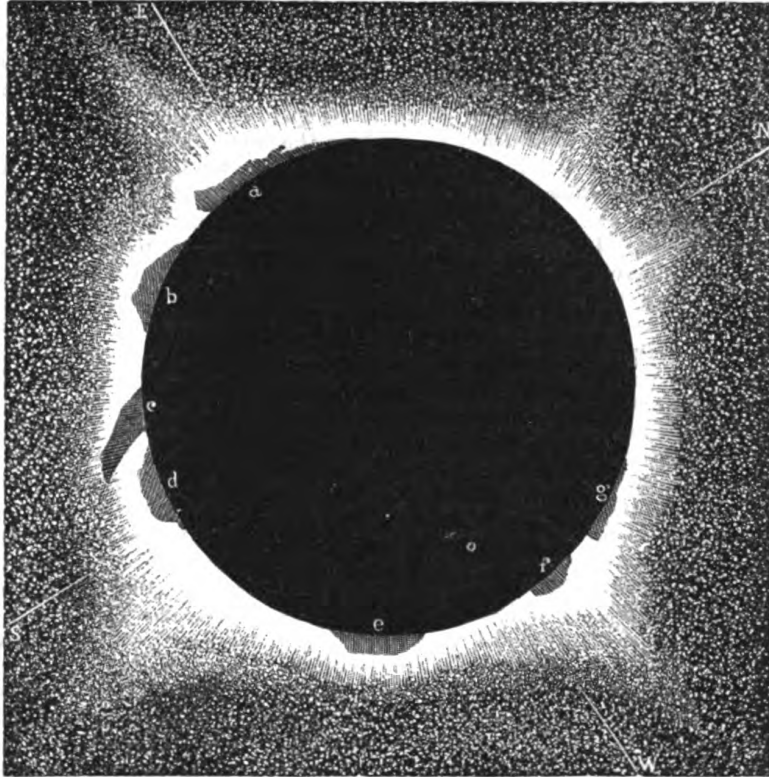
A SUN SPOT.

of that body. To obtain this information we must have the substance we wish to examine in a state of vapor, and then we detect its composition either by examining this vapor in a state of glowing heat, and noting the position of the bright lines, or by passing ordinary light through it, and noting the position of the dark lines.

The question may arise, How do we know that the same lines which we observe in the spectrum may not be produced by different chemical substances? Is it not quite possible that some other substance than hydrogen should give rise to the same lines

which we see in the spectrum of that gas? It is, of course, impossible to prove that no other substance should give rise to them. The evidence in the case is much of the same nature as that by which we recognize the picture of a friend, and conclude that it is not the picture of any body else. For any thing we can prove to the contrary another person might have the very same features in all respects, and might therefore make the very same picture. But as a matter of fact we know that practically no two men whom we have ever seen do look exactly alike, and it is exceedingly improbable that they should look so. The case is just the same in spectrum analysis. Among all the numerous simple substances which have been examined with the spectroscope no two give the same system of bright lines. It is therefore exceedingly improbable that a given system of bright lines should be produced by more than one substance. From what has been said you will perceive that spectral analysis can tell us only of bodies which exist as vapor in the atmosphere of the sun or planets. A great many known substances are thus recognizable in the sun's atmosphere by the dark lines in the solar spectrum. Iron, for instance, magnesia, and hydrogen are always strongly indicated.

The spectroscope has also, within the past six years, shown that the sun is at all times shooting up immense volumes of fiery vapor.



THE ECLIPSED SUN, AUGUST, 1869.

The corona and prominences are shown at *a, b, c, d, e, f, g*, as observed at Des Moines.

These masses of vapor have for several centuries been seen during total eclipses of the sun, but their nature remained entirely unknown until the spectroscope was applied to them. This instrument shows that they consist chiefly of hydrogen gas. With a powerful spectroscope, aided by a small telescope, they can be observed at all times when the air is quite clear. A number of eminent spectroscopists are constantly engaged in these observations, and we may hope to learn from them something more than we yet know of the nature and destiny of the globe from which we derive our light and heat.

The spectroscope can be applied to the stars with as much success as to the sun. It is thus found that the physical constitution of the stars is, for the most part, of the same general nature with that of the sun; in fact, that the stars are themselves suns. They consist of immense masses of solid or liquid matter in a state of glowing heat, surrounded by vapors which exercise a selective absorption upon the light of the star as it passes through them.

IX.—COMETS AND METEORS.

The celestial movements, as I have already described them, take place with a majestic regularity which has in all ages impressed the minds of men with a sense of the unchangeableness of the heavens. But this

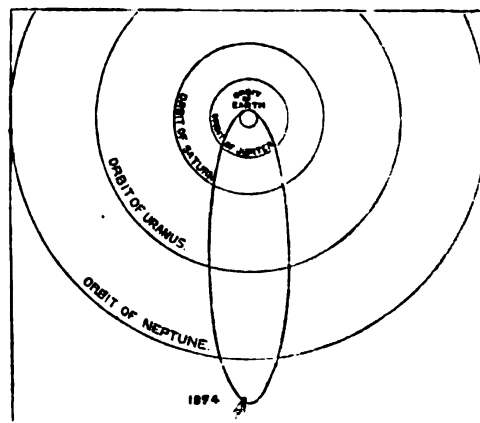
regularity is from time to time broken by the apparition of bodies of an extraordinary aspect, which hover in the heavens for a few days or weeks, and then disappear, to be never again heard from. Comets have appeared, at intervals of a few years, from the period of the earliest historical records, the last one having been seen by nearly every body in the northwestern horizon only a few months ago. In days when men thought that the heavens were only a little larger than the earth, that the celestial movements were under the control of beings like the kings and warriors of the world, and that the latter was the only world in space, these bodies were looked upon as portending great calamities here below—war, pestilence, the death of kings, and the fall of empires. Indeed, as late as the fifteenth century we are informed that Pope Calixtus ordered prayers to be offered up for protection against the Turks and the comet—a circumstance which has given rise to the popular myth of the pope's bull against the comet. Accordingly, in a great many cases, we find the account of a comet connected with the death of some emperor, or the occurrence of some great event. Perhaps in the simple fact that we of the present day look on these bodies without terror or foreboding, we have a fair compensation for all the labor the world has spent in acquiring a knowledge of the heavens.

As to the frequency of comets, we may say that from fifteen to thirty, plainly visible to the naked eye, generally appear in the course of a century; so that if any person grows to mature age without seeing one, it is because he does not make proper use of his eyes. The appearance of a bright comet is so peculiar that it is impossible to mistake it. It consists of three portions, known as the nucleus, the coma, and the tail. The first is a bright central point, looking exactly like a star, from which it would be impossible to tell it but for the foggy appearance of its light. This arises from the "coma," which is an envelope of white nebulous light surrounding the nucleus, and gradually shading off in every direction. Lastly, we have the tail, a long stream of milky light, growing wider and fainter as it recedes from the comet, until the eye can no longer trace it. A curious feature, noticed from the earliest time, is that the tail is always turned from the sun. The length of the tail is very various. Sometimes it can scarcely be seen, while that of the great comet of 1861 extended more than half-way across the heavens. The absolute length nearly always amounts to many millions of miles.

When it was found by Kepler and Newton that all the planets revolved about the sun in conic sections in exact obedience to the law of gravitation, the question naturally

arose whether comets did not move in the same way, and subject to the same law. It was found by Newton that the great comet of 1680 did move in an orbit so near a parabola having the sun in its focus that the deviation from that curve could not be detected by observation, and that it was therefore subject to the gravitation of the sun just as the planets were. But in the case of a body moving in a parabola, the velocity is so great that after making part of a turn around the sun, it will go back nearly in the direction from which it came, never to return. The actual portion of the orbit in which the comet could be observed was so small that it was impossible to distinguish between a parabola and a very long ellipse; and if the latter were the orbit, the comet would ultimately return, though it might be only after the lapse of hundreds or even thousands of years. As a matter of fact, this comet has not returned yet, and, for aught we know, may be flying away from the sun to this day; if so, it is now far outside the orbit of the most distant planet.

It was Halley, the friend and co-worker of Newton, to whom was reserved the honor of first showing that at least one comet revolved around the sun in a regular period. A great comet appeared in 1682, and in calculating the position of its orbit Halley found that it coincided almost exactly with that of a comet which had been observed by Kepler in 1607. If I were to draw the two orbits on this page the lines would be so close together they would almost run into one throughout their entire length. It was almost certain that the two comets were really the same body, which had returned to its perihelion after the lapse of seventy-five years. If this were so, it ought to have returned every seventy-five years during past centuries. So, searching the records of observations, Halley found that a comet had been observed in 1531 moving in almost exactly the same orbit. There could no longer be any doubt that this was really a comet moving around the sun in a very



ORBIT OF HALLEY'S COMET, SHOWING ITS PLACE IN 1874.

elongated orbit, for although the length of the intervals between its several apparitions was not always the same, the difference was no greater than would result from the effect of the attraction of the planets. Halley therefore ventured to predict that the comet would appear again about the end of 1758 or the beginning of 1759. Meanwhile mathematicians found out how to calculate the effects of planetary attraction, and making the necessary allowances, Clairaut of France computed that the comet would return in the middle of April, 1759, but announced also that the imperfections of his calculations might lead to an error of thirty days. Actually the comet returned to its perihelion on the 12th of March of that year.

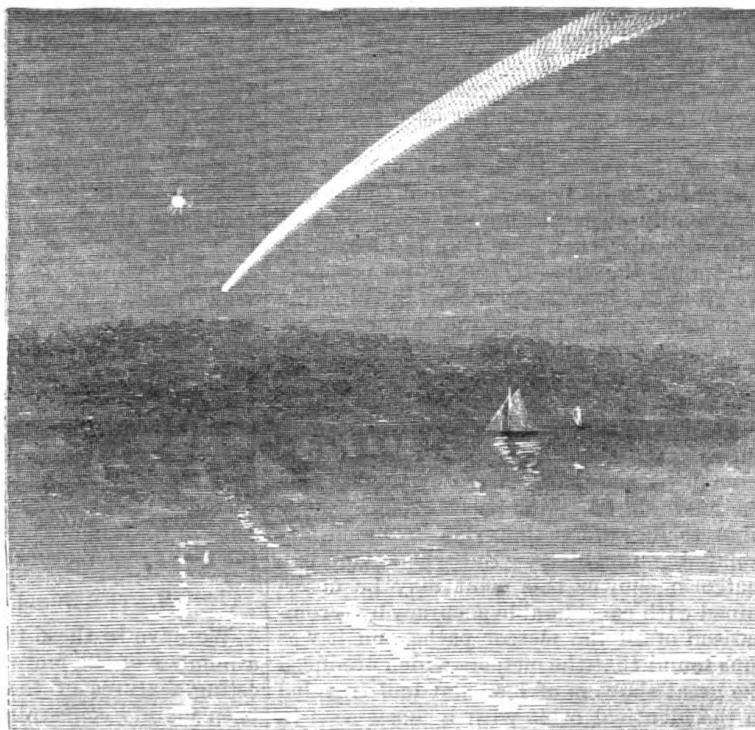
The next return was in 1835. Mathematical science had made such great advances that the time was predicted within three days. The next return of this most interesting of all comets will take place about the year 1910; I can hardly tell you the exact year now, but no doubt before it appears astronomers will be able to announce the very day when it will pass perihelion.

When the heavens came to be swept with telescopes, it was found that comets so small as to be invisible to the naked eye appeared with great frequency. The more careful the search, the more frequently they were found; and now hardly a year passes without one or two new ones, and sometimes five or six. A large majority of these seem to move in parabolic orbits, and if they ever return at all, it will be only after the lapse of centuries. But a couple of dozen or so have been found to be periodic, returning at intervals varying from four or five years all the way up to seventy or eighty. For any thing we know, all the comets may be destined to return some time. There is little doubt that the great comet of 1858, the most brilliant that has appeared this century, returns in about 1900 years, but there is none of more than eighty years which has certainly been seen at more than one return to the sun.

To the question, What is a comet? science is still unable to return a defi-

nite answer. When examined with the spectroscope, the most of the light of all comets seems to be separated into three bright bands. By the rules of spectrum analysis already given, this would indicate that the comet is a gaseous body shining by its own light. The position of these bands also seems to indicate that the gas is some combination of carbon. But this opens two very difficult questions—first, why does not this gas at once expand in space, as we know every gas does when relieved from pressure? and secondly, how can it remain hot enough to shine by its own light? It seems pretty certain that the brighter comets can not be wholly gaseous. The first such comet which has appeared since the introduction of the spectroscope is that of last summer, and the nucleus of this one gave a continuous spectrum, but the coma showed bright lines, as other comets had done.

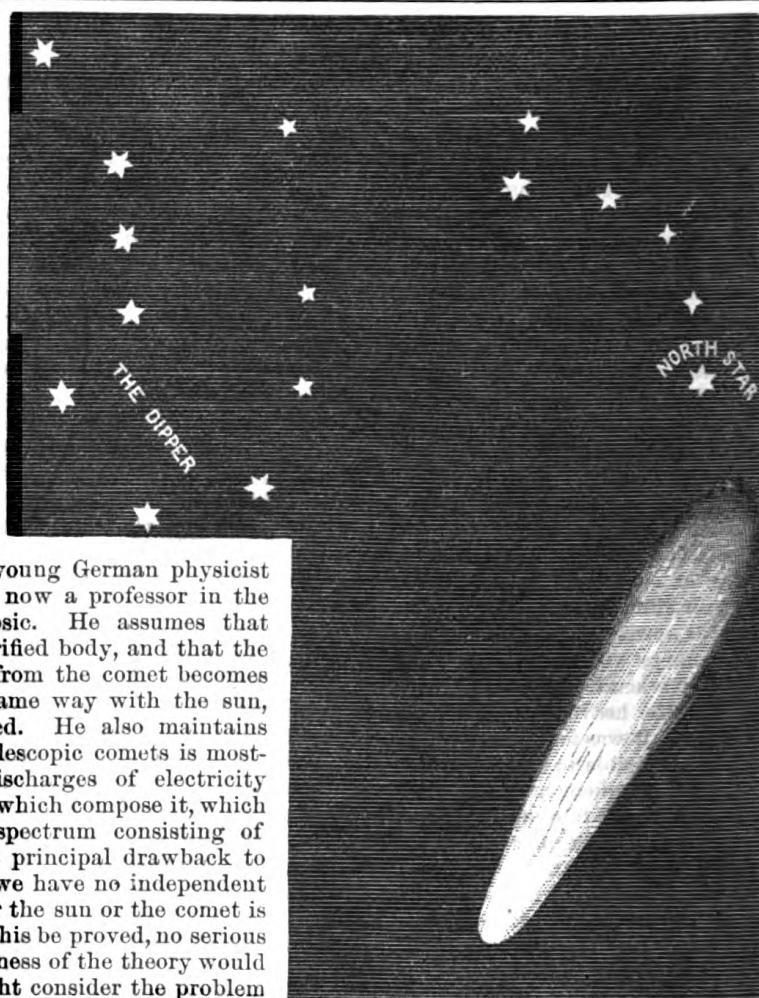
To the telescope the nucleus of a comet looks quite solid, and it is probably either a large solid or liquid body, or an immense cloud of such bodies of small size individually, but so great in number that we can not see through them. The most plausible theory that can be formed respecting the coma and tail is that the nucleus is composed of some substance which is evaporated by the heat of the solar rays, and thus forms a cloud of vapor round it. This cloud of vapor is the coma. Now comes the most mysterious operation of all. The material composing the coma, or at least some portion of it, is repelled by the sun, and driven off into space



DONATI'S COMET OF 1858, AS SEEN IN SEPTEMBER FROM THE EAST BANK OF THE HUDSON.

in a continuous stream, just as smoke rises from a chimney. It is this stream of vapor which constitutes the tail. The great problem of comets is, Why does the sun repel the vapor which rises from the comet instead of attracting it, as he does every other known form of matter? The only theory of this action which has any thing worthy of consideration is that of Zöllner, a young German physicist of much eminence, now a professor in the University of Leipsic. He assumes that the sun is an electrified body, and that the vapor which rises from the comet becomes electrified in the same way with the sun, and is thus repelled. He also maintains that the light of telescopic comets is mostly produced by discharges of electricity through the vapors which compose it, which accounts for the spectrum consisting of bright bands. The principal drawback to this theory is that we have no independent evidence that either the sun or the comet is electrified. Could this be proved, no serious doubt of the correctness of the theory would remain, and we might consider the problem of the constitution of comets as satisfactorily solved.

Within the past few years a relation of a remarkable character has been found between comets and shooting-stars. The nature of the latter is perfectly understood. The earth, in its passage around the sun, is continually encountering vast numbers of minute bodies, each revolving in its own orbit around the sun. These bodies probably weigh only a few grains each. Striking the atmosphere with the enormous velocity of the heavenly bodies produces a degree of heat which instantly burns them up, with the production of a most brilliant light. This light it is which produces the appearance of the shooting-star. These bodies have never been seen except by the light of their own destruction; it is therefore impossible to determine the orbit in which any isolated one revolves. But when there is a meteoric shower this orbit may be determined with considerable accuracy by a comparison of all the meteor paths, and it was thus found that the meteors which produced the great showers of 1866 and 1867 traveled in the identical orbit with a comet seen in the former year. We can not avoid the con-



COGGIA'S COMET, EARLY IN JULY, 1874.

viction that these bodies are simply fragments of the comet which it has gradually been throwing off and leaving behind in its journey. Since that time other meteoric showers have been found associated with comets in the same way. Very curious in this connection is the association of the shower of meteors on the evening of October 27, 1872, with the lost comet of Biela, of which you have probably heard. This comet was formerly bright enough to be seen by the naked eye, but grew fainter at every return, and at last disappeared from view in even the most powerful telescopes. On October 27 of every year the earth passes very near the orbit of this comet, and in 1872, although the comet itself could not be seen, some of its fragments showed themselves in the air as a meteoric shower.

X.—THE STELLAR UNIVERSE.

We have in these talks passed in review a number of the more prominent and interesting features of the heavens. We have been mainly concerning ourselves with the solar system, comprising those bodies which

are, astronomically speaking, right around us. But what are these thousands of stars we can see with the naked eye, and those millions we see with the telescope? What is this "universal frame" in which our earth and all its kingdoms and peoples, our sun and our planets, with all their attendants, are but an insignificant speck of star dust? This is one of the sublimest questions we can ask of astronomy, but it is one to which she is not yet able to give a definite answer. What we wish to know is, first, how the individual stars are constituted—what a star is, in fact. Then we should know their distances, their motions, their distribution through space, and the magnitude of the space which they fill. Finally, we should know the bond of connection among them, and in what respect they constitute a whole. I shall briefly indicate what is known or supposed of these various questions.

Of what a star is the telescope can hardly tell us more than the naked eye. To the latter the star is nothing more than a lucid point, and in the most powerful telescope it is only a brighter point. Until starlight was analyzed with the spectroscope we could only judge from analogy that the stars, being suns, were probably constituted like our sun. But this instrument shows that this conjecture is well founded, though we do not yet know enough of what our sun itself is to tell from this alone what a star is.

Until the present century was well on its way we were as much in the dark respecting the distances of the stars as we were with respect to their nature. The only way of measuring these distances is by the method of parallaxes, already explained. The earth in its annual course around the sun sweeps around a circle of 185,000,000 of miles in diameter, so that we have a base-line of this enormous length with which to triangulate out to the stars. Determine the exact direction of a star properly situated now, and again after the lapse of six months, and the change of direction not otherwise accounted for may be attributed to parallax, and will afford an index to the star's distance. For the three centuries which have elapsed since Copernicus promulgated the theory of the earth's motion, astronomers have sought to detect and measure this change. Before the invention of the telescope Tycho Brahe made the most careful observations of the altitudes of stars without being able to find any change whatever. When the telescope was applied to astronomical measurements a vast step forward in accuracy was made, and in the seventeenth century we find Picard, the Cassinis, Flamsteed, Roemer, and a number of others working at the same problem, in every way their ingenuity could suggest, without success. In the early part of the eighteenth century the problem was taken up by Bradley, with an

instrument much more delicate than any before applied, and it was in the course of his researches that he discovered the phenomenon of "aberration," already described. But this apparent change of direction of the stars could not be attributed to parallax, because the direction was the same at the two ends of the base-line, and it was in the middle of it that the greatest deviation took place. The efforts were continued by a great number of astronomers in the early part of the present century without any better result. Apparent changes like those which would result from parallax were sometimes found, but critical examination showed that they were really due to changes in the instruments produced by temperature and other causes.

It was now seen pretty certainly that the parallax of even the brighter stars must be less than a second, and that to determine it some instrument must be found which could be at all times relied on to give results correct to a small fraction of a second. Such was the state of things when the question was taken up by one who, though little known to the general public, may fairly rank as the greatest practical astronomer of the century. Bessel had at Königsberg only what would now be considered a very small and insufficiently equipped observatory, but he inaugurated a system of carefully investigating the errors to which all his instruments were subject, as well as every other cause which could influence the results of observations, which has almost revolutionized instrumental astronomy, and has enabled the astronomers of the present time to attain a degree of accuracy in their results which would have been thought impossible a century ago. The instrument with which he succeeded in determining the parallax of a star was the heliometer. This instrument is essentially a telescope, of which the object-glass is sawed in two across the centre. If the two pieces are put together as they were in the first place, an image of a star will be formed in the focus just as if the glass were in one piece. But if the two pieces are slid along past each other, each half having its own focus, there will be two images of a star, one formed by each piece, the distance apart of which will be equal to the distance the pieces have slid. If there are two stars near each other, and the glasses be slid till the easternmost image of one star comes exactly over the westernmost image of the other, the distance of the images of the two stars, as it would be were there but one glass, is proportional to the distance the two glass halves have been slid. The latter distance can be regulated and measured with great exactness by having the motion made by a fine screw, and thus the angular distance of the two stars can be determined when the focal length of the telescope is known.

The method employed by Bessel and most of his successors in determining the parallax of a fixed star is this: Some star is selected which either from its brilliancy or its proper motion is supposed to be comparatively near our system. One or two very small stars are then sought for as nearly as possible in the same direction with the bright one. The former, from their smallness, are supposed to be immensely more distant than the latter, though, as seen in the telescope, they may seem right alongside of it. The annual motion of the earth must then produce a change in the relative positions of the stars as seen in the telescope on the same principle as the lights already illustrated. It was this change in the case of the star 61 Cygni that Bessel sought to determine by his measures with the heliometer. Continuing his observations for some years, he found that as the earth swung from one side of its orbit to the other the star seemed to swing one-third of a second on each side of its position. The great problem was solved. Bessel's determination was followed by a number of others, as I have already said, and there are perhaps a dozen stars within a million times the distance of the earth from the sun. Immense as are the distances of the few stars which we have described, nearly all the others, even those visible to the naked eye, are situated at distances immensely greater. We have every reason to believe that these fainter stars are really as bright, on the average, as larger ones, and that their faintness arises entirely from the immense distance at which we see them. But the stars visible to the naked eye form only a very small fraction of those which are seen with great telescopes. I believe that the great Washington telescope already mentioned will show from thirty to fifty millions of stars. The smallest stars we can see through it are probably more than a thousand times as far as the brightest that we see in the heavens, such as Sirius and α Lyrae. You see that our sun with his whole retinue of planets is hardly more than a point in the stellar universe. Taking the distances which I have already given, you perceive that the nearest star is more than six thousand times as far as the farthest planet. The distance of the farthest the telescope will show can not be accurately estimated, but it is probably so great that light would take ten thousand years to pass over it. Even then we have no certainty that this is the utmost extent of the universe. But the stars beyond this are probably more thinly scattered than they are inside this limit; in other words, if we do not see the limit of the universe itself, we probably see the limit of its densest portion. It is of course beyond human power to say how far the stars may be scattered through those portions of space which our telescopes can not reach.

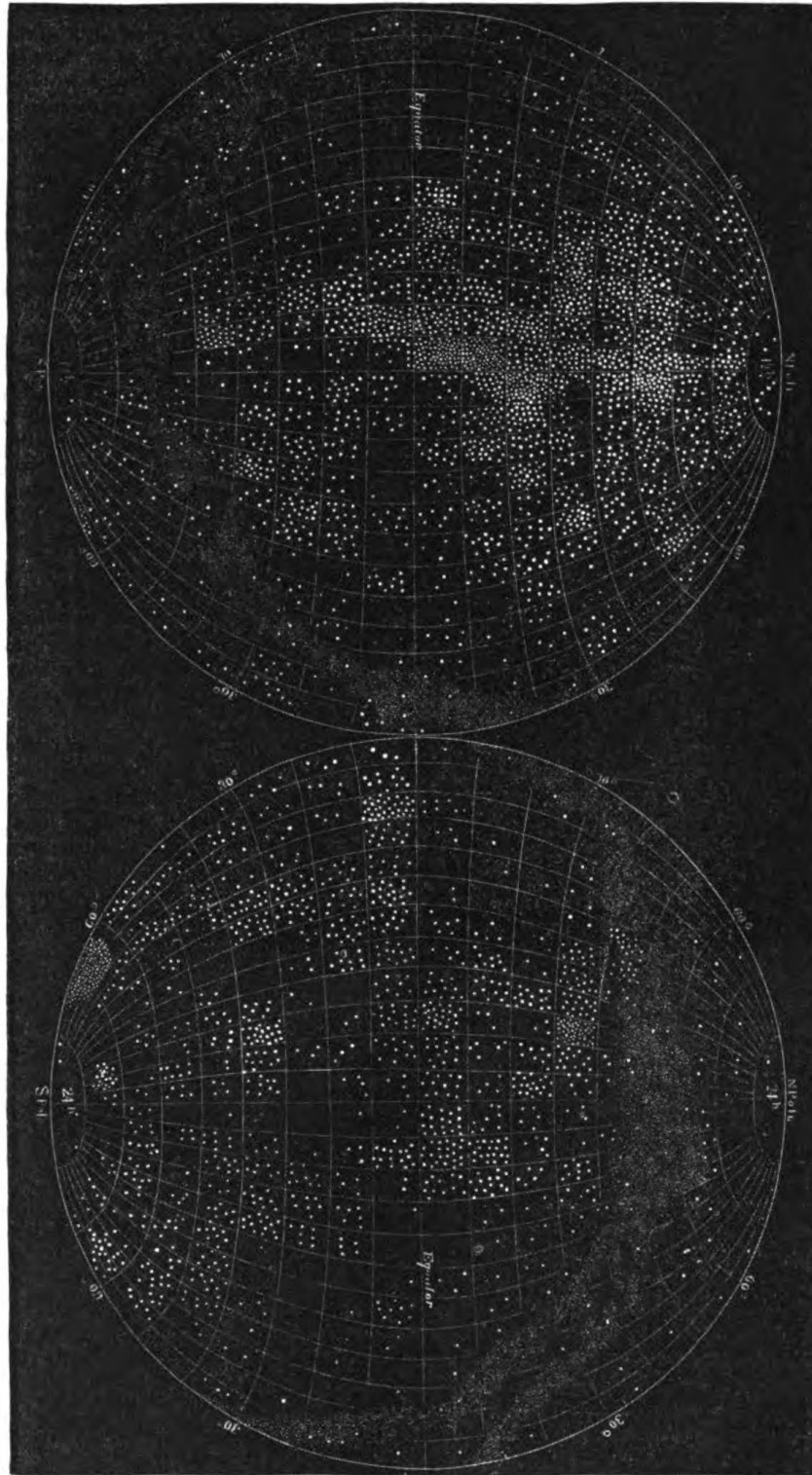
Our next question is, according to what law,

if any, are the stars distributed throughout space? It needs only a glance at the heavens with the naked eye to show that this distribution is by no means uniform, but that in certain regions many of the stars are aggregated in clusters, while in other regions there are very few to be seen. But the most remarkable feature of the distribution is brought out with the telescope. Pointing this instrument on any part of the Milky Way, we find it to be formed by the scattered light of uncounted millions of stars too faint to be individually seen with the unaided vision. If we could see the whole Milky Way at once, we should find it to extend like a girdle round the whole heavens. With the most powerful telescopes the number of small stars visible in this girdle is greater than in all the rest of the heavens. We thus have the singular fact that a large portion of the suns which make up the invisible universe are condensed into a vast girdle or irregular and broken ring, and that our sun is situated somewhere in the plane of this ring, and not far from its centre. We can hardly even guess at the dimensions of this ring, but light itself would probably require hundreds or even thousands of years to fly across it.

Our last and greatest question is, whether these stars are entirely separate and independent of each other, each one moving on in its own infinite orbit, or whether they form a system, every member of which revolves around the same centre, like our sun and planets do. The latter has been a favorite idea. You are all familiar with the celebrated theory of Mädler, that Alcyone is the central sun of our universe. But truth compels me to say that this theory, sublime though it is, has not the slightest evidence to sustain it. It is true, as I remarked in our first conversation, that very slow motions among the stars are known to exist; but they do not follow any regular law, as they would if they all took place around some centre. So far as yet observed each star moves forward in its own straight line, and these lines cross each other in all sorts of ways.

The most singular fact connected with the proper motions of the stars is that one or two stars are flying through space with such enormous rapidity that the combined attraction of all the stars visible with the telescope could never stop them. This seems to be especially the case with a small star, invisible to the naked eye, designated in astronomical literature as "Groombridge, 1830," from the name of the astronomer who first recorded its position. The rate of motion of this star is about seven seconds per year—the greatest known. It was hence concluded that it must be very near us, and a number of astronomers have sought to determine its parallax, but have found it to be only about

GREAT NEBULAR GROUPS.



a tenth of a second. Its apparent motion in a year being seventy times its parallax, it moves at least seventy times the distance from the earth to the sun in a year, or eighteen millions of miles every day, and more than 200 miles every second. From what we know of the distribution, masses, and num-

ber of the stars, it seems probable that the attraction of all the bodies in the universe can never stop this headlong speed, nor bring this star into any orbit, and that consequently it will pass through our universe, and leave it entirely in its passage through infinite space. If we had accurate observa-

tions of the star's position three or four thousand years ago, we could speak with more certainty of its destiny. We may expect that our posterity of a few thousand years hence will, by the aid of the observations and tables we shall transmit to them, be able to come to a definite conclusion respecting the age and the structure of the universe. But at present we have no conclusive evidence of any connection at all between the several stars, such as exists among the planets and satellites of our system, excepting in the case of double stars. In the first place, there is no direct evidence that gravitation itself extends to distances so enormous as those which separate the stars from each other. It is true that few, if any, astronomers would doubt that it does so extend; but it is equally true that its action must then be exceedingly small. In the next place, if we grant this, there is no proof that the mutual gravitation of the stars is sufficient to prevent them from all flying away from each other in virtue of the proper motions which they are seen to possess. It would, however, take millions of years for this to occur; so that the universe, as we see it, is fitted to endure unchanged through periods of time far beyond those of which man can form any conception.

XI.—THE PRESENT WORK OF ASTRONOMERS.

No doubt you think the business of an astronomer is to gaze through his telescope at the stars. As there are several hundred people in the world who are now employed as astronomers, being either students of the science or astronomers by profession, you wonder what they can all find to look at that has not been fully observed since the time of Herschel, and why they do not get tired of looking. But you are mistaken in supposing that simple star-gazing forms any important part of the work of an astronomer. The principal problem of the astronomy of the present day is the determination of the motions of all the heavenly bodies. To find how such a body is moving we must know its position in the heavens at two or more times—the more the better. I have before tried to give you an idea how positions in the heavens are determined. Any one observation of position is liable to many errors, small and great, arising from the imperfections of the instrument, and accidental mistakes in pointing the instrument or recording the numerous numbers on which a position depends. Hence two or three observations must be made and calculated before we can be sure of the exact position of the star. And an hour's calculation may be required to reduce one observation. Then, as the position must be determined a number of times in the course of years before the motion of a star can be decided on, you see how much time and labor are required to de-

termine the motion of a single star. Consider that a million or two of stars are visible with an ordinary telescope, and you will see that the work of determining the positions of them all would occupy all the astronomers of the world for generations. As I have already indicated, owing to the immense distances of the stars, their apparent motions are so slow that it will require centuries of observation to determine them with accuracy. Among the millions of visible stars there are not a hundred thousand the positions of which have yet been exactly determined.

Now look at the solar system. We have, besides the sun, eight large planets, nearly a hundred and forty small ones between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, and eighteen moons. Tables of the movements of the earth and the brighter planets must be kept up with such precision and certainty that the captain of a ship years hence shall be able to learn from his nautical almanac the exact altitude of sun or planet at any required day, hour, and minute. On the accuracy of this information he must often risk his ship and all on board. To determine the motions of a single planet or satellite under the influence of the attraction of all the other bodies which affect it involves an amount of labor of which no one not acquainted with the subject can form any conception. Several mathematicians have spent ten years or more of unremitting labor in working out the algebraic formulæ which express the motions of the moon, and enable them to be calculated. As time advances, the number of observations increases, and greater accuracy of results is required. The labor increases enormously, so that future corrections to the tables must be the combined work of several. The French Academy of Sciences has for eight years past been offering a prize for new tables of the satellites of Jupiter without securing a single competitor. You will not now be surprised to learn that in investigating the laws of the celestial motions there would be work to keep all the observatories of the world actively employed for many years to come.

There are a great many other subjects to be investigated besides the motions of the heavenly bodies, and nearly all such investigations require the co-operation of many observers. Take, for instance, the physical constitution of the sun. Observations of the solar spots seem to show that they run in a period of between ten and twelve years. The source of this period is still an entire mystery. In fact, there are more mysteries in the constitution of the sun now than there were before the spectroscope was known, and before we can hope to penetrate them we must have a long series of observations of solar phenomena both with the telescope and the spectroscope.

Another class of interesting objects which occupy the attention of many astronomers are the variable stars. There are perhaps a hundred stars the light of which is known to vary in intensity. One conclusion which the observations of these changes has led to is that the so-called "new stars" which on several occasions have suddenly blazed out in the heavens are really only variable stars, and were in the same place before, only too faint to be noticed by the eye. We should like to know what sometimes causes a star thus to blaze out and increase its light and heat a hundred or a thousand times. Because if such a thing should happen to our sun, every living thing on the surface of the earth would be destroyed, and the elements would literally melt with fervent heat. But he has shone so long without any change in his light and heat that we need not feel in any danger of such a catastrophe.

The physical constitution of the planets is another subject of astronomical investiga-

tion. Jupiter is an object of especial interest to the astronomers engaged in these researches. It now seems probable that most of the planets are covered with layers of clouds and vapor so thick that the rays of the sun can not penetrate to their surfaces. In the case of Jupiter these layers of vapor assume various colors, the cause of which has not yet been made out.

You now see that if we know a great deal about the heavens compared with what was known in past ages, we know very little compared with what there is to learn, and that there is no lack of work for all the astronomical investigators in the world.

I have been able to give you only a very short and summary survey of the work of astronomers in exploring the heavens. The subject is altogether too vast to be disposed of in so simple a way. I shall be satisfied if I have given you some general idea of the manner in which the great discoveries of astronomy have been made.

THE TRAGIC STORY OF EMILIA DARÀNO.

TRANSLATED BY AN EXILE.

[The letters and papers of the following narrative were accidentally found in a rusty metal casket among a heap of ruins and ashes beneath the ground-floor of one of the houses on the outskirts of Naples destroyed by the recent eruption of Vesuvius. The house had been too humble even to have been the residence of any of the Neapolitan nobles, though it may have belonged to one of their retainers; but how this small metal box with the faded manuscript came there, where it seems to have been secreted in the walls of a vault or cellar, probably during the last hundred and twenty years, those who have transmitted the papers have no means of ascertaining. At any rate, this is all the account they think it prudent to give, being apparently in fear (and they more than hint this) of causing offense to some of the descendants of a once powerful noble.]

The extraordinary and, it is to be feared, too truthful recital of some of the deeds that were enacted under a despotic rule (when private atrocities could even surpass such public vengeance as were remorselessly practiced down to the days of Pellico and Baron Puerio) has obviously been written first in English, for greater safety, and then translated by the lady herself into Italian. No complete copy of either is said to exist, and the present narrative is made up from fragments of the two copies. The Italian portions carry with them their own evidence of having been written by one who *thought* in English, as they continually seek to render the English idiom and phraseology.

The asterisks and other signs of omitted passages do not always denote the suppression of portions, which (as in the case of the documents relating to the tragedy in the Cenci family) were too shocking realities to be recorded, but also actual gaps caused by the writing having become quite illegible from mildew and rust, while here and there portions have been lost, or purposely torn off and destroyed.

These letters and papers were evidently addressed to some dear female friend of early years, though not a relative; but they could never have been received, and were no doubt seized upon and secreted for some sinister purpose on the death of the ill-starred lady.

It scarcely becomes the humble position of an editor and translator under the present circumstances to offer any critical or other remarks. All that he will venture will be in half a dozen words. Certain cruel atrocities, both in public and in private, well known

to have been practiced in various parts of Italy—and nowhere worse than in Naples—are never likely to be repeated, thanks to such patriots as Mazzini and Garibaldi. With regard to the character of the unfortunate Lady Emilia Daràno, it is a curious problem, presenting, as it does, something extraordinary in the alternations of miserable weakness with an unconquerable fortitude—the apparent lack of volition with a determined and unshaken continuity of affection for her lover, even while death is constantly imminent—an alternate prostration by suffering from fiend-like provocations with reactions of heroic energy. Her closing scene is profoundly pathetic. She says of herself that she has no faculty for describing things, but she certainly tells her dreadful story with remarkable clearness. The only exceptions are when she is in a state bordering on delirium from the intensity with which her memory revivifies the events of her unparalleled trials.

AN EXILE.]

THE LETTERS AND FRAGMENTS.

FORGIVE me, dear, dear Otty, the length of time that is sure to elapse before I am able to keep the promise made to you before I was taken away from home as the wife of the Marchese di Albarozzi. You said you were sure I should have a thousand strange things to tell you, dear; but, alas! you could little imagine the scenes would be painted in distemper and encaustic. You will wonder how such technical words come into my head, dear Otty, but you will understand all about that very soon. Soon, do I say?—well, soon or late, but most probably much later than I wish, because neither my head nor my hand is very often in the best condition for writing; and when it is done, or a certain portion is done, I shall then have to wait till means can be found to transmit it to you. Am I a prisoner, then? Am I watched? Ah! dear, sweet Otty, when we used to play at having a feast, with primroses and poli-

anthuses set out in paper trays and scallop shells in the garden of your uncle's house by the sea, what philosopher, what genius, nay, what angel, could have foreseen the terrible contents of that cloud which in a few years was to burst over the little golden head you remember, now so prematurely gray, and besides so thin, dear, that the lightest breath of wind scatters it all over my eyes!

You, so happily married and encircled, not only with all the luxuries of India, but with tender and loving hearts, will deeply feel my..... In English it will have a better chance of getting safe out of this country; my Italian translation is intended for the nearest relation of my dear one, in case we should both be suddenly cut off. What I have to tell you has all transpired within a very brief space—in fact, since I was carried away the victim of family misfortunes, pride, and blindness. Often I have taken up a pen when thinking of you, Otty, intending to lay bare the secret of my secluded, my worse than withered life; but the pain and the loathing disgust at some things, far more than a sense of shame or remorse concerning acts entirely induced as well as done by others, have continually rendered me unable to write a single word. Still from time to time I shall force myself to do it, especially as there is always great relief in such communications to those we love.

That I am the only daughter of an Irish nobleman, who disappeared abruptly from fashionable circles, is about as much as you know of us, unless your uncle has communicated the rest. And this, I fancy, he would not be likely to do, as he was aware that some of our family history was a tender subject. My mother was the daughter of an Italian lady of rank, the widow of Count C——, whose estates had been confiscated by Austria after he had been shot as a leader in one of the patriotic rebellions. Having nothing to support herself and her daughter, she went on the stage as a cantatrice. She was well received, chiefly on account of her misfortunes, but also because she was regarded as possessed of a peculiar beauty, having brilliant light golden hair, and dark eyebrows, with long black eyelashes. My mother's hair was quite black, you know; and so was that of my father. Curious, wasn't it, that I should so take after *her* mother, and be so unlike my own. But these odd things do happen now and then, I have heard. Well, my father, Lord A——, at that time a dashing young man on a tour through Italy, seeing that golden head one night at the opera, fell in love with it more than with the singing, and obtained an introduction. But directly he set eyes on my mother, then a girl of little more than sixteen, he was struck with the difference between the real beauty of youth, unadorned and not made up (*senza ornamenti e non composto*), and a

pale, care-worn face that needed rouge and stage-lights to give all the beauty that had enchanted him, poor man. So he married my future mother (the phrase, dear, has a smack of my Irish blood, don't you think?), and took her straight to his house in London. In a few weeks more my mother would have been on the Italian stage; but they both agreed to keep all silent on that matter.

Lord and Lady A—— were equally proud of their descent, and were equally without any ideas on economy. Whenever they saw any thing or heard of any thing they fancied, it was at once ordered without the slightest thought of what it might cost. They were comparatively poor, this youthful couple, yet they lived quite up to their position in society, and therefore greatly beyond their real means, so that by the time my education, such as it was, was completed, and I should have been introduced into society, my father found himself quite ruined. They both seemed as much astonished at this as if it had happened to somebody else. The wrecks of his property being gathered up, Lord A—— saw that there was barely sufficient for a respectable existence. We therefore were obliged to quit London, and giving up all society, we retired to an old dilapidated castle on the coast of Clare, there to live as best we might, and at any rate avoid the endless humiliations that attend the poverty of a family of rank in England.

I had just attained my nineteenth year, when a rich Italian nobleman, bearing the title of the Marchese di Albarozzi, arrived one morning at the castle with letters of introduction from a Neapolitan nobleman who was not aware of our present condition. He had been very intimate with my father, Lord A——, during the short-lived period of his imprudent splendor. But now concealment was impossible. The fallen turret, the cracked walls, the weed-grown wilderness, once a fine garden, our broken and faded furniture, not to speak of our defaced china-ware (*porcellana scagliosa*), as well as our habiliments, all displayed our ruin at a glance. My mother was still more shocked at the state of the bedding in the only spare room that was habitable. One of the windows also was half boarded up, and the others had several cracked panes pasted over with paper. The pride of an Irish nobleman, who had been accustomed to all the attentions and homage which they so commonly receive on the Continent, writhed under this; but Lord A—— had no alternative, and was compelled at once to state frankly his altered circumstances, and the impossibility of his receiving the marchese with that hospitality which his letters of introduction would otherwise have insured. In fine, he could only accommodate the marchese for the night; and Lady A—— would

never have consented even to that had there been any hotel within reasonable distance. As for me, I was very glad he was not to remain, as I had conceived the utmost antipathy to our distinguished visitor at first sight, and this was greatly enhanced by his first look at me.

But, to the utter discomfiture and vexation of us all, the marchese made very light of our difficulties and scruples, assured Lord and Lady A—— that he had been a great traveler, and was a man of the world. He then flattered and softened them by great respect and courtly compliments, reminding them of their fine equipage and position among his friends in Naples; gracefully lauded my beauty (my grandmother's, you know, dear), and finally, in a not very round-about way, actually threw out hints of his wish to ally himself some day to a family of rank in Great Britain or Ireland. As for fortune, he had enough and to spare; and with a few more such remarks, he proposed to send away his servants, and remain a day or so at our dilapidated abode. Lord and Lady A—— seemed to carefully avoid exchanging looks, and with faint apologies, but evidently changed minds, they consented.

The horses, carriage, and servants of the marchese were all sent away to the nearest town, except his valet, a very old man, named Andrego. This valet was decrepit, or else deformed—I never knew which—and with a complexion so freckled and dark that at first I took him for a Malay or Eastern slave of some kind. His crouching, abject demeanor aided this impression. He was very like a toad. As there was no room to be had with us, a bed was found for him at the cottage of a road-side blacksmith not far distant.

Day after day passed, and the marchese did not depart, nor even allude to leaving us, but constantly paid me the most marked, and all the more odious, attentions. My distress at this was much increased on perceiving that Lord and Lady A—— evidently favored his suit. It is not in my power as to internal character, but easy enough as to all externals, to give my impressions of the Marchese di Albarozzi. He was very tall, and of most elegant carriage and courtly manners. He had a fine symmetrical figure and limbs, except that his arms were too long, and his hands and feet very bony and large. His face would have been considered by every body as handsome but for the mouth, which was coarse and gross. He had a small retreating chin, a large heavy throat, and ears that stood erect, with a fringe of hair at the edges almost as black as his eyebrows. His voice, like his manners, was very subdued and deferential, and gave the effect of one accustomed to the highest court circles. He seldom looked at me in a direct way, though very often by indirect means,

such as a mirror or side window; but when he did look pointedly at me the eyes almost paralyzed me with their cold glitter, notwithstanding the smile on the rest of the features. His movements were singularly easy and graceful, and he bowed and swerved as he walked with a noiseless elasticity quite remarkable. When he offered me his hand to lead me here or there, any one might have supposed that I was a princess. He wore very choice and costly jewels, and had various accomplishments. Nevertheless, I had made up my mind not to accept his proposals.

As to accomplishments, he spoke several languages with fluency, was a fine musician, and intimated that he was a proficient on the viola and the bass-viol (*viola di gamba*); and he was not only a connoisseur of painting, but had himself studied the art in Florence. Twice he induced me, or, rather, it was by the express wish of my father, to accompany him on a little sketching excursion. He certainly had much skill and taste. But on the second occasion he suddenly lost all his habitual courtliness, and made advances to me, both by words and actions, that caused, on my part, a precipitate retreat, not, however, without my observing an expression upon his countenance as though he could have struck me dead at his feet, or worse. The marchese returned not long after, and he met me in the evening with more than his usual respect, as in humble apology for his recent conduct, and my mother, to whom I had indignantly complained, desired me to think no more about it, as the intentions of the marchese were perfectly honorable. His proposals had, in fact, been accepted by Lord A——.

When I heard this my heart seemed to die within me. I hastened to my own room, and wrote a few lines to my father, declaring that I could never become the wife of the marchese, and, moreover, that I entertained an unconquerable antipathy with respect to him. Not content with this, in an evil moment, and with rude indiscretion, I made a copy of this note, and had it handed to the marchese the same night, declining to leave my room the whole evening.

Next morning the marchese saluted me as usual, and without the slightest appearance of constraint, so that I thought the servant had never delivered my note. But on inquiry I found that it had been duly received. To my surprise, not the least notice was taken of it either by him or by Lord and Lady A——. Meantime the marchese manifested no signs of taking his departure, but often strolled out for long walks in the neighborhood with my father, and it appeared that they often sat up late at night together. Our table also was far better served than we had known since our arrival in this seclusion, and hampers often came containing

game, wine, and *drogheria* (drugs or groceries, probably the latter). How did this happen?

One morning early, after a sleepless night, I dressed anyhow, not feeling to care for myself, and went down before any of the rooms had been put in order. Walking from room to room, without any object, I chanced to go into my father's library, so called, and found the furniture as if it had been pushed about, half-filled wine-glasses on a side-table, and a dice-box and loose cards flung under the fire-place. What could all this mean? I wandered round the garden and shrubberies in a maze of perplexed thoughts. At breakfast the marchese was grave and thoughtful, while Lord A—— was far more cheerful than he had been for a long time, more attentive to the marchese—indeed, more attentive to all of us—than usual. Did this bode any good to me? I scarcely thought so.

The very next day there was a bustle in the castle, old Andrengo being very busy in packing up all that remained of my father's library, which the marchese had purchased, and also in packing up for his master's departure. But before I had time to realize and enjoy the thought of this, I was startled at finding Lord and Lady A—— equally busy in packing things as for a long journey, and giving directions about shutting up the castle during a period, they said, of perhaps several years. My mother now took me aside, and informed me that through some secret political influence the marchese had in London my father had obtained the governorship of a distant settlement, and that his kindness and generosity had in various ways helped them out of their ruined position. She was sure I could not, after this explanation, do otherwise than accept the honor of the marchese's hand, who professed himself quite ready to forgive the insult of my previous behavior. Lord A——, she said, commanded my obedience as the highest duty of a daughter, and at the same time, as my father, he most earnestly entreated it. Otherwise—and here my mother's firmness was evidently failing, but she took her breath, and went through with it—otherwise there was nothing before me but some low marriage, or to become a pensioner in a poor-establishment, unless, indeed, I preferred a convent. What else was there? They could not take me with them, my mother was sorry to say, and I could not live alone in the castle.

I was dismayed and overcome by all this, and yet more confused in my thoughts when Lady A—— hinted vaguely, but not without emphasis, at certain gambling transactions rendering our position with the marchese one of most peculiar delicacy and sense of honor. Our position!—delicacy—honor—what had occurred? It seemed as if I had scarcely understood half that my mother had been saying. What was it that

I was called upon to pay for, with my revolting mind thrown into the bargain? Lord A——, then, had lost heavily to the marchese in a gambling transaction. Were the dice loaded—or was the wine drugged? But had the marchese really won? If not, what was the meaning of such expressions as his "kindness," his "generosity," our position of "delicacy" and "honor?" To my thinking there had been foul play of one kind or another; but on whose side was the advantage? Some things in life are never cleared up, and very often they are not worth the trouble of clearing. In any case I was to be the victim. These conflicting thoughts rushed through my brain while my mother stood silently bending over me. I was sinking backward, and had covered my face with both hands; indeed, I believe I did sink down upon..... [The MS. is here illegible, and a leaf or two are missing.]

"Yes," said I to my mother next day, "and I can give a reason for it. Mere prejudice, girlish innocence, morbid fancies! Something more than these causes my refusal. All his professions of love for me I disregard; they are without one spark of pure affection. Strong passion? Yes, indeed; but of what kind? A wolf and a tiger, however quietly they may lurk restrained in ambush, have strong passions, none the less for their savage patience; and so has the serpent that crushes you slowly before he devours. What has been the secret life of the marchese? None of us know. I can not even imagine it, but I feel as if it had been far worse than I am able to imagine. If, as you say, the reading of some horrid characters in romances must have put such things into my head, then what but some knowledge could have put such things into the heads of those who wrote the romances? I hate his demonstrations of passion, and I hate still more his savage patience. And all the while so courtly and graceful!" My mother left me with anger.

That night was very stormy; and as we were near the sea-coast, the weather always told heavily upon our old walls. The marchese slept in a chamber of the north wing of the castle, beneath a tower so ruinous as to have become little more than a shell; and every time I heard the wind come rushing from the sea, I devoutly wished that it would strike that tower with all its force. This may appear very wicked in me; for what harm had the marchese ever done me? you will say. Still, I felt this wish. It was from my foreboding heart—a true instinct of nature with some people, I do believe.

In a day or two more every thing was to be settled, and the castle was to be vacated and locked up. Andrengo had completed his packing, and was sitting crouched down with his back against a wall. He looked

more like a reptile than ever, it seemed to me. No doubt he resented my refusal of his lord's overtures; and as I passed by he gave me a steady, impassive look, and I saw a lambent golden light in his eye, just like what one often sees in the eyes of a toad. Surely no good and amiable man would ever have had a servant of that sort!

....."If I would but give my consent!"

And Lord A—— added, in a tone of paternal solicitude, that "there was always a blessing of some kind in a wealthy marriage." And yet, I argued, there might be curses that overbalanced it. But this he would not listen to, and even hinted that I had had bad thoughts beyond my years. This was unjust; they were not properly thoughts; they were only strong impressions and misgivings....."Would but give my consent!" Consent! I never *did* consent; but at last, in utter exhaustion of energy and prostration of mind, they saw that I would let it happen. What manner of man must he be who would marry a girl under such circumstances? I did not then know. One thing would have saved me—a deep love for another. This I had not, never having really been in society, and having seen no one who inspired such a feeling.

The marriage was to be private, and to be kept secret during a few months, the marchese explaining to Lord and Lady A—— that he had important diplomatic business to settle in London before his departure, and that his reception in fashionable circles would be greatly promoted if he was supposed to be unmarried. However indignant Lord and Lady A—— might have felt at this, it evidently did not prevent their consent.....*My consent!* No, they never obtained that, but I sank, like a drowning wretch, through the various formalities of a marriage. It was strictly private, nobody but Lord and Lady A—— and our old house-keeper being witnesses of the dreadful ceremony.

It was in the morning, and earlier than usual on such occasions. I had been quite unable to take any breakfast beyond half a cup of tea. As we drove off from the poor old castle I looked out of the carriage window, and saw my mother's pale face suffused with tears, as she stood in the entrance porch, trying to wave her handkerchief; and Lord A—— standing in the court-yard without his hat, and the wind blowing his hair about his temples, trying to bid us farewell cheerfully. It was all like some cruel mistake that occurs in a dream, and we feel intensely but do not understand. I turned to the marchese—I know not what prompted me—and observed a sardonic smile on his swarthy features, that lighted up more palpably as our eyes met. I turned my head aside. My heart sickened to death. Not a word was exchanged during the first hour.

The marchese then drew down the dark green silk blinds of the carriage.

I have previously alluded to his savage patience. He now uttered some shocking imprecations in Italian, and suddenly, as if awaking from a trance, threw aside all delicate consideration and restraint, taunted me with the ruin and poverty of my family, reproached me in terms and in a tone of the haughtiest scorn for my persevering refusal of his hand, and told me he would ever resent and revenge the insult. He then seized me in his arms, calling me his slave, and the creature of his purchase! No words can record his deliberate fury and my dismay. I entreated his forbearance in vain, and he instantly stifled my cries with his large bony fingers. I felt suffocated, and fainted. When I recovered my senses, I seemed to myself to present the miserable appearance of some poor bird that had been unable to find shelter from a storm of rain and wind. The marchese was leaning back in the other corner of the carriage, with his arms folded, and as quiet as an image.

We drove straight to London, where an obscure lodging in the suburbs had been taken. I found we were to live here under an assumed name. The servants of the house attended upon us, except that Andrengo waited at dinner, and also cooked the foreign dishes, none of which I ever would touch. As for the marchese, my worst apprehensions were realized. I was united to a man who had gone through the whole round of an utterly licentious and unbridled course, using his wealth as the familiar demon to obtain every difficult or forbidden thing he fancied; and he had chosen me merely as the last novelty that crossed his path of vice, my resistance adding fuel to his abnormal will. As for love, he entertained for me no single feeling that did not make me shudder. I had often heard my father and mother declare that personal beauty and personal attractions of every kind were the greatest blessings with which a girl could be endowed, and that I possessed them in an eminent degree. Alas! if this was so, how certainly had they proved an unutterable curse to me!

I have said that my worst apprehensions were realized, but they were poor representations of the reality. For how could a delicate girl, the only daughter of a noble family, brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion from the sight or the knowledge of the great vices and contaminations of the world—how could such a girl ever imagine a character in which the cruel anomalies recorded, as I have since found, of a Nero or a Caligula, had attained a similar possession of the blood and the volition? I feel convinced that the marchese, if he had been in a similar position, would have rioted in similar abominations. A strange fever was con-

tinually burning in his veins. My torment, my dismay, my loathing, seemed to be his relief and pastime. He once crushed my fingers so tightly in his powerful hand, because I was pushing him from me, that the blood gushed from nearly all my nails. On another similar occasion he held me by both ears till I fainted; and when I had recovered he handed me a tumbler of water with all the grace of a courtier. The water revived me, and I instantly dashed the remainder in his face.

He stood still a minute, carefully drying his face and beard with his handkerchief, and then, when I was expecting some brutal assault, and not knowing what form of violence it would assume, he advanced in his most elegant manner, and softly took my hand. "Madam," said he, in the mildest voice, "would you like to have a divorce?" Before I could reply he continued, in an altered tone, "To return to the sea-coast, and unlock the ruins of your beggarly castle, there to reside alone upon nothing, or perhaps, for a time, upon the meagre charity and laughing contempt of all who heard your very equivocal story?" I was about to exclaim that I would most gladly leave him, come what might, when he interrupted me at the first word, "No, no; a few years will do for that. Remember, you refused me—yes, refused me—always remember it; and you must have time to repent the insult. But see! the evening draws on. Now, madam, to your bed! I am going out to sup with some friends. Perhaps I shall first come up stairs to see how you look, and to pardon you for throwing that water in my face; but I expect a penitent and submissive air. However, I am, as I said, going out afterward to supper, and at some miles distant. I shall return about midnight most probably, or by two or three in the morning, so you need not sit up to watch the stars for me."

.....To escape; but there was never any opportunity. No refuge, no relief, no hope for me. It was but too obvious that the marchese did not regard me as his wife, but only a slave, and one of the most degraded sort. When I once asked him how much longer I was to remain in these obscure, murky-windowed lodgings, and under an assumed name, he told me with a humiliating smile that I ought to be glad to hide myself in darkness, feeling to what condition my beauty and pride had sunk. And he again taunted me with having been sold to him, and made some remarks about gambling transactions between Lord A—— and himself, when they had *both* pretended to be intoxicated. This I did not well understand, but quite sufficiently to make me feel ready to creep into my grave. I often thought of Lord A——'s worldly-wise remark about the "blessings" of a wealthy marriage—in opposition to a daughter's feelings!

I was frequently left alone, yet never safely alone. I was always watched secretly or openly by old Andrengo. My mother must certainly have sent letters to me, but none ever came to my hand. Where to address a letter to my parents I did not know; but having written several at a venture, marked to be forwarded, I am sure they were all intercepted. The landlady of the house always turned a deaf ear whenever I sought to make any appeals to her kindness or womanly feelings. She said she made it a rule never to interfere between husband and wife. It was neither prudent nor proper. No doubt she was very prudent toward her own interests. She had the purchasing of all the provisions, and robbed us to her heart's content. In all money transactions the marchese was profuse and careless. He once asked to look at a bill sent in by the landlady, and remarked, to my no small surprise, that her charge for cauliflowers was ridiculous, but ordered me to discharge the bill without comment. By these means he held her indirectly in his pay. Whenever I went out to take any exercise, Andrengo always followed me, "to prevent my being insulted." Escape! no, there was no chance of such a thing. I began to sink into an abnormal state. The marchese had said that I ought to court obscurity, considering the abject state to which he had reduced me, and that I ought rather to wish to shun the countenances of my fellow-creatures. I was beginning to feel that it was so, and could not look people in the face. The first stages of madness were no doubt.....

He was insatiate in his modes of vengeance for what he called my insult in having refused his hand so long, and with such declarations of aversion. But just as madness really was settling upon my brain, Heaven granted me a change—a respite. The marchese informed me that he was about to return to Naples, and that I should set out before him, under the care of Andrengo. He himself would follow when he had completed certain affairs. The prospect of being carried out of England would have appeared like the last seal to my doom, but the feeling that I should for a time be relieved from the loathed marital bondage, the fiend-like elegance, the cruel courtliness, the abhorred passion and cruelties of the marchese, at once reconciled me to this sudden departure. I accepted such a change with the feelings of one who has been half suffocated by executioners on a bed of torture, when the dungeon grating has been suddenly opened to the fresh air of heaven.

Every thing was arranged, and even my clothing was packed, without consulting me, during the absence of the marchese for a few days. But he sent word that he should come to take leave of me. It was a very short note, in which there was an expression

of sardonic devotion that made me shudder. He arrived late at night. I had been in bed two or three hours, and was fast asleep. A frightful dream was tormenting me, when I was awake by the reality of his fierce carresses, and perceived that he was intoxicated—a very unusual thing with him. He suddenly sprang into the middle of the room, threw off his clothes, and then commenced reciting some verses in Italian from one of the tragedies, the purport of which appeared to bear some reference to a diabolical and unnatural vengeance not unlike that of old Count Cenci, though he mentioned other names. Presently he stopped, drank a glass of water, and then came sidling and bowing toward me in his most elegant and courtly manner. But I had seen this before, and if ever a foul fiend..... No, he was not mad, or only for a time.....

My departure was not long delayed; and though I was still too weak to travel, often having fainting fits, and a singing in my head, Andrengo, at less than an hour's notice, announced that the carriage—a dirty old hired thing—was at the door, and I partly walked and partly was carried down stairs, and was put into it. Andrengo sat on the box with the coachman.

Arrived in Naples, I was taken to a house on the outskirts of the city, apparently the least picturesque locality that could be found, except that Vesuvius was constantly before my vision. Andrengo and two women, who were equally creatures of the marchese, took up their abode with me. I found that I was to be called the Signora Emilia Daràno, and was not to be known as the wife of the marchese, but only a poor relation. It may be well supposed how indignant this might have made me; but I was past all that, and scarcely felt it except now and then when the thought of my family crossed my mind. I did not even much speculate as to what were the ultimate intentions of the marchese with regard to me. My predominant feeling was a sense of relief and free breathing, and existing in quiet without any immediate expectation of his detested presence. I once or twice even found myself singing, or at least humming, a few bars of a song.

To my surprise, I now discovered that my liberty was comparatively restored. I walked about the gardens not only of the house, but the gardens and vineyards, and even the orange groves, of the neighborhood, quite alone. No doubt I was watched by some means, but the watching was not apparent. It was merely intimated to me by Andrengo that the marchese had strictly forbidden that I should enter, or approach near, the city of Naples. This I cared little about. What were the gayeties and brightness of life to me? The period of his arrival was quite uncertain.

Weeks elapsed. The brilliancy of the climate and scenery charmed me, and my naturally fine health began to return. Blessing my temporary release, though looking forward with horror to the arrival of the marchese at no distant day, I wandered among the delicious gardens and orange groves in the neighborhood, enjoying the air and the odors, and, above all, the wonderful luminous indigo blue of the bay, the colors and lights of the sky above, and the peaceful-looking Vesuvius. The city, at no great distance, certainly caused some vague wish and curiosity at times, but the prohibition did not much trouble me. To be alone seemed the greatest blessing, but a far greater was at hand.

Oh, tremble young heart, tremble young soul, when out of too deep a misery there suddenly springs up too much happiness! Enjoy it to the utmost in your power; speak of it only in whispers of adoration; clasp the present moment to your bosom even as I clasped and was clasped by *Mim*, my first, my only love!

* * * * *

During one of my rambles I found myself entering a lovely wood full of trees of exquisite foliage, and among which there were many flowers and fruit trees that seemed to have planted themselves, and were growing as wild as they were beautiful. Seating myself at the foot of one of the most umbrageous trees, and opening a book, I tried for a long time to read, but in vain. Vague apprehensions, and thoughts as vague, and an inward fluttering, prevented me. Misgivings I had, and knew not about what. Presentiments, yet without form or sense of their purport and direction. The same page was read and read again and again, so unable was I to fix my attention upon the meaning of the words. Still I persevered, with many sighs at my own strange foolishness, when gradually the page became obscured by a moving shade. I looked up, and a young man, evidently an Italian, passed close by me with a noiseless tread. He had a sweet and earnest countenance, and when our eyes met he lingered on his way. I could not, I had no power to withdraw my eyes, and after he had loitered onward a few paces, he slowly returned, and paused before me. Ah, what tears!—what tears I am shedding, dear, dear Otty, while my hand writes of this! Flow on, sweet fountain! for while anguish mingles with your waters, sweet emotions of love's divine passion predominate over all. And yet I can not continue to write this—to describe—indeed, it is not possible, much as I wish to linger, even as he lingered—and to relate, or to.....

He could not speak English, but my Italian seemed better than usual, and, indeed, he evidently understood what I was about to say almost at the first word; nor was I slow

to apprehend his meaning. We sat on a green bank side by side looking into each other's eyes I know not how long. No expression, no one word of love passed our lips, but there was little need of words. When he gently took my hand at parting, the touch ran through my veins. No agreement was made as to our meeting again. He murmured something to that effect, but my voice was lost to me. By what means I got home I have no idea, as I neither saw my way nor felt the ground beneath me. As for my dinner or my supper, not one morsel could I touch. Remember, my dear Octavia, and whoever may read this narrative when I am no more, that I was not yet in my twentieth year, and this was my first affection. Not that I was conscious at this moment of the state of my heart, though its constant heaving and fluttering might have told me, one would think. Andrengo and the woman of the house seemed to scrutinize my face more closely than usual, it seemed to me, but perhaps this was fancy.

Next day I dressed myself with more than usual care in order to take a long walk; but the looks of these people alarmed me, and I went no further than the garden boundaries. It was the same next day and the day after. Something of what was going on within me must have been written on my face. I began to feel that it was so, and shrank from their gaze.

On the fourth day, when I had made up my mind to go out at all hazards, a letter arrived from the marchese, informing me that his return to Naples was indefinitely protracted, and that in the mean time he desired to have my portrait. This much surprised me, but I subsequently discovered that it was to pacify Lord and Lady A—, who were astonished at receiving no letters from me. Moreover, I was instructed that the marchese desired to have me painted in a classical character, and chose for his subject a full-length figure of Venus, on first seeing Adonis, who was to be in the background. He gave a sort of description of how he wished the figure of Adonis to be painted, which showed that he was thinking of himself; and yet there was an under-tone of irony in his expressions that both disgusted and puzzled me. He mentioned a young painter in Naples who had been highly recommended to him, named Sebastiano—, a descendant from the celebrated Sebastiano del Piombo. I was to go to his studio forthwith, being always accompanied by a daughter of the woman of the house. I was very little disposed to the sort of painting indicated, but glad of the opportunity of seeing Naples.

Accordingly I went next morning, attended by Simona, to the studio of Sebastiano. The recognition—need I say it was immediate?—made the whole floor shake beneath

my feet, as it seemed, though no doubt it was my shaking knees. He at once saw my dilemma, and hastened to relieve my embarrassment by informing me that he had expected my arrival, having received a visit from a noble friend of the marchese, who had fully explained his wishes. I was quite unable to reply, and excused myself on the ground of my imperfect knowledge of the Italian language. With regard to the composition and general treatment of the picture, I left it entirely to so accomplished an artist. Something to that effect I stammered out. Ah, my dear —, I had no wish to be flattered into a Venus, even though I saw a living Adonis stand before me!

We had a preliminary difficulty about the arrangement of the drapery, and I refused to listen to the girl Simona, who assured me that whatever might be thought of such matters in England, it was common enough in Italy, and that she herself had been several times painted as an unchristian goddess without injuring her religion (*sbattiezzi*), and was once modeled in terra cotta and exhibited. This girl was of a far more amiable nature than her mother, and seemed to have taken a kind of regard for me. She was a curious mixture of innocence and immodesty. She would laugh at the most improper things.

As for the number of visits the picture required, they could not be calculated beforehand, any more than they could easily be counted afterward. How happy I was!

After the third or fourth visit, Simona asked my permission to go out for a while to see some friends who resided at no great distance. I was so astonished, delighted, and confused at the request that in my agitation I ordered her never to think of doing so; and in a few minutes, when she renewed her request with easy effrontery, I consented, with a foolish air, murmuring something about her speedy return. How happy, how speechlessly happy I was!

What is the wisdom or the use of being reminded, or of reminding yourself, that nothing lasts? Of course it does not; the grand question of life is what state we are in while something lasts. Again and again I visited Sebastiano's studio, and on almost every occasion Simona left us alone for an hour or more; latterly, indeed, she dispensed with the formality of asking my permission, and spared me the awkward position of acquiescence. I was too happy. Yet I was delighted and terrified by turn. Often I as completely forgot the marchese—his very existence—as though he had long been dead. Then I started with horror, as if just awaking, when the revolting recollection of him suddenly rose up in my imagination, coupled with the intolerable thought of his return—his return to me—a wife, and no wife; and,

besides, no longer his. Thus was my heart uplifted and cast down alternately. Sebastiano fully comprehended the danger of my position, as also of his own; but his chief apprehension was on my account. Still we lived our life—lived in our present hour of bliss, like the butterfly and the convolvulus. How *could* we expect it to continue? how *was* it to end? And even if the appalling end could have been foreseen, I can scarcely now perceive by what means it could have been altered.

Month after month thus passed. During the first four months of my arrival—the third of my visits to Sebastiano's studio—a few lines from the marchese now and then reached me; but during the last five months not a word. Andrengo hinted that his lordship was seeking to obtain some very high post. I devoutly hoped the difficulty would continue. Only one month had I resided with the marchese in London for our "wedding tour," and yet it had seemed like years, to such a pitch of utter detestation and disgust he had brought me.

I was now beginning to persuade myself that he would never come to Naples. Why should he? What did he really care for me? What was there in me that he could not readily find elsewhere? What self-delusion! One morning a thunder-clap fell upon my brain! A letter arrived from the marchese, announcing his speedy return, though he could not be certain to a day.

.....So ill—so lost—so continually fainting. I was often prostrated in a kind of conscious, apprehensive delirium. As soon as I was able, and in deafness to the remonstrances of the nurse, as I was really not well enough to go out, I hurried to Sebastiano. The conference and the decision were the agitated work of less than five minutes, and we agreed to fly to France or Spain, and thence to England.

Returning home, I determined at once to write to my mother, addressed to our old castle, with directions to be forwarded, as in all probability the post-office people there would know where to send. The thought struck me that for greater secrecy no letter should be written till we escaped from Italy, but having recently come across a volume of the tragedies of Alfieri, a passage in the opening scene of *Mirra* had greatly affected me, and I determined to copy this. My mother would at once recognize my hand, and could not fail to apply the lines to her wretched daughter:

"*Mirra infelice strascina una vita
Peggio assai d'ogni morte....non oso
Pinger suo stato orribile: mal puote
Un padre intender di donzella il pianto;
Tu madre, il puoi. Quindi a te vengo.*"

Having copied these lines and carefully sealed the letter, without writing another word, it was taken to the post-house by Se-

bastiano. Every moment was now occupied in preparing for flight, or rather in thinking in a most confused manner as to preparations. I packed and unpacked and repacked, and then threw every thing aside as too bulky. My dear infant, of course, greatly enhanced my difficulties. My nurse I could not trust; but Simona's attachment to me had increased. She had greatly taken to my little one, and I resolved to propose to her that she should take the place of the nurse, and fly with us; but I reserved this communication for the last moment.

The morning of the day arrived when we were to fly from Naples, starting from Sebastiano's studio. It was now my usual hour for going out, when a man from the post-house, with two letters in his hand, met me at the door. One was from the marchese to Andrengo; the other was addressed to me in a strange hand. It was only a cover, but it inclosed the letter I had addressed to Lady A—, which was now returned to me! I reeled back to my room, and was unable to leave my bed for the rest of the day. With a secret influence like this, it was obvious that escape from Naples was scarcely possible. You are no longer surprised, dear Otty, at being so long without any news of me up to this date. What else may be in store, heaven—or the other place—only can know. But I will proceed with these letters whenever I am able.

Early next morning Andrengo sent up word to me by Simona that the marchese was on his way to Naples, and might shortly be expected. I instantly dropped off into a stupor, in which I was conscious of all manner of anguish, but understood nothing.

When I came to myself I found I was still lying in bed, and presently I heard the step of the marchese. My temples throbbed violently, and I felt myself staring wildly. He entered my chamber in his most courtly and graceful manner, and in a kinder tone than I had ever heard him use since our wretched marriage, inquired after my health. I was amazed even to speechlessness; and judge how this must have been augmented when he smilingly informed me that he had been to Sebastiano's atelier to look at the picture, which he much admired; and he added, carelessly waving his perfumed handkerchief, that he had also been to the nurse's apartment to see the child, and thought it was very like me—with some exceptions. He glanced toward a mirror while making this last remark, as if to intimate a resemblance to himself. And yet I fancied he was looking toward my face in the glass. I almost made an inward vow never to rise again from my bed, but to die there. That night I carefully fastened my chamber door.

I was in some sort obliged to get up in a day or so, but always fastened myself in at night, pleading pains in the head and side.

I might have added the heart-burn, for I'm sure my heart burned day and night. The marchese bore all this with apparent unconcern. But one night, after a day of intense heat, and during a storm of thunder and very vivid lightning, my door was suddenly burst open, and the lightning streamed into the room as though it had caused the fracture, and in the midst of the broad gleam I saw the marchese.....as I had certainly become insensible, and blessed the tempest and the horror that had made me so.

I was again rapidly sinking into a state, as in London, of not caring what became of me, when the marchese abruptly informed me that he wished to have the picture taken to his palazzo in the city, and as Sebastiano had told him that a final sitting would be necessary, I had better go directly to his studio for this one sitting—more, if it was necessary. Had I heard rightly? No doubt I must have looked deaf or stupefied, for the marchese repeated his commands. I could not help thinking there was a latent gleam of sardonic pleasure in his countenance at the mental torture and confusion in which I was placed. Amidst all this I was still only too glad of an opportunity of a few private words with Sebastiano, as it was clear this state of things could not and should not continue, and that we must at once settle upon some plan of ending it. For my part, I was quite ready to die.

Simona, as usual, accompanied me. Directly we arrived at Sebastiano's door the girl startled me by asking leave to go at once to see a dear friend. It was obvious that she had a lover, and, indeed, she sometimes forgot that it was Edoardo, and called him Batti.

The instant I entered the studio, where Sebastiano was sitting with his head resting on both hands, he leaped up in surprise, and could scarcely hear me explain why I came, so great was his excitement on the necessity of our immediate flight. But when I told him of my inclosure to Lady A.—having been returned to me, and which he had himself taken to the post-house, he stood the picture of dismay and hopelessness. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered, he sat down by me, and we both talked hurriedly of all sorts of things and at the same time, both devising impracticable schemes, all ending in sighs and tears, till it was time for me to depart. Simona was waiting for me below.

Arrived at home, I had to be carried up stairs from exhaustion. The marchese remarked that he was not surprised at it; sitting to painters was always very fatiguing. Next day I was too unwell to go out; but on the day following the marchese ordered a carriage for me, and again I went to Sebastiano, the girl leaving me as before.

Remembering the depressed figure presented by Sebastiano at my last visit, my

breath was taken away on entering by finding him with a drawn sword, practicing, now at a large looking-glass, and now at a small black spot on the wall! I sat down and actually laughed, just as some hysterical people will laugh during a funeral, or when taken unawares by the announcement of a strangely shocking accident. Sebastiano looked half offended. He was to write a few lines to the marchese, inform him of our mutual devotion, and call him to a mortal contest. As soon as he would listen I represented to him that the marchese, besides his height, lithe movements, and unusual length of arms, was practiced in all sorts of unfair sleights, by means of all which advantages he had killed several antagonists in duels. I had heard him coolly boast of it. Sebastiano said he did not believe the marchese was a man of high courage. I replied that I thought he was a strange mixture of most cautious apprehensiveness and desperate courage, like a cat, and that he was equally skillful, cool, cruel, and remorseless.

"Then," exclaimed Sebastiano, "I will lay myself open to his wounding, in order that I may make one mortal thrust."

"Ah, my dear Sebastiano," said I, weeping bitterly, "and what would then become of me? You would certainly die of such wounds."

He stood lost a moment, and presently seized the sword again, and made lunges in the air in a paroxysm of abortive passion. I wept the more to see it.

All on a sudden a new thought flashed across me. I hurriedly left Sebastiano, saying I would very quickly return. The recollection of the marchese having once tauntingly asked me if I would like a divorce had occurred to me. I made my way to the doctor who had always attended me, and whom I much liked, and had a confidential interview with him. He expressed the greatest distress and perplexity at what I told him of the marchese, whose abominations and brutalities under so courtly an exterior not a little surprised him. In England, he said, I should have a strong case, but the laws were not the same in Italy. He gave me a private note to a great lawyer who resided in the next street, desiring me to explain every thing to him, and after that they might confer, and perhaps act in concert. With this most kind advice I immediately made my way to the great lawyer. He listened imperturbably, as it seemed, even to things most abnormal in the marchese, and then confined himself to questions with reference to my position with Sebastiano, which, in strict confidence, I was obliged to confide to him. He then shook his head with a straight kind of smile, and said that my case proved too much against myself. Of course it did, if the marchese had been suing for a divorce. However, he said he

would carefully study and consider the question in all its bearings, and then communicate with Dr. Maurizzio. And I might implicitly rely upon his legal honor (*giurisprudenza*). I besought him to do all he could for me, and we parted. I found Simona had been waiting some time for me below stairs, and I was obliged to hurry home instantly.

The picture being still unfinished, the marchese went the next day to the studio to complain of the delay. Nevertheless he appeared much pleased with the painting, and went again the day after, and sat some hours, as he informed me, by the side of Sebastiano while he was at work upon it, greatly admiring his skill, though regretting to observe that he often had an unsteady hand. Such talent ought not to be so over-anxious.

The morning for the final sitting arrived, and the marchese took me in a carriage to Sebastiano's atelier. He complimented the artist, and in the most elegant manner insisted upon aiding Simona to undress me behind a screen, and adjust the draperies, after which he handed me a glass of water, and then led me to my position as if it were to a dance. He remained with us while the finishing touches were given. Simona had been sent to his palazzo with a message. If the thoughts and feelings of we three could have been..... [The remainder of the sentence is illegible.]

We returned homeward, but not by a direct route, as the marchese wanted to purchase something in one of the neighboring streets. While we slowly drove along, a strange and intense presentiment—or whatever it was—made me inwardly ejaculate, "Divorce! Yes, indeed! Why should there be this difficulty? When will the world, with all its civilization and wisdom, see the humanity and morality, as well as the reason and justice, of a divorce in cases where"..... The marchese was reclining on a back cushion, with a half-audible inward sort of whistling and careless beating of time with the fingers of his left hand. We drove past the house of Dr. Maurizzio. The door was blocked up by a loose heap of building stones; the windows were all closed, and the balcony full of rubbish. The house was evidently uninhabited. The carriage presently stopped, and the marchese, humming part of an air in a new opera, alighted and left me. Words fail me. Surely if I had been one of the most wicked women in the world, some persons besides a dear friend like you, Otty, will pity me. The marchese returned with a basket of fruit or something. I don't know how we got home.

The Detestable dressed himself with more than usual care for dinner, and assumed toward me all the fine manners of his first courtship, and something more—profound respect, superfluous attentions, ardors, and

sometimes what he intended for loving leers, of a kind that made my flesh creep and the room swim. Then he checked himself, with a courtly bow presenting me fruits, sweetmeats, flowers, as if inspired with the most delicate admiration. This to me, whom he had treated with every remorseless insult, offense, grossness, contumely, in undisguised resentment and vengeance, on account of my persistent refusal of him when he made his proposals for me! this to me, when he so well knew that I ever groaned within at being the slave and victim of his abhorred.....

I do not think the wine was drugged, but instead of giving me strength, or acting as a restorative, it rather prolonged the fainting fits to which I was now subject. The marchese must surely have thought me dead sometimes. The wonder is that one so wretched should ever have recovered consciousness.

The painting was sent to the marchese's palazzo, and he gave a grand *festa*, being in celebration of his return to the higher circles of Naples. As he had never acknowledged me publicly as his wife, of course I was not present. But he invited Sebastiano, and would accept no excuses. Moreover, he praised the young painter before his guests, and specially presented him to several noblemen of wealth as one highly meriting their patronage and friendship. Could I, can any one, understand all this? and after the sudden disappearance of my kind friend Dr. Maurizzio? But very soon it will be clear enough. The marchese, however, had not yet carried out his scheme of entertainments and hospitalities. He must certainly have considered me to be a worm that was unable to turn (*ritorcere*).

Nothing but my terror of the danger to which I should expose my dear Sebastiano would now have prevented my telling the marchese every thing, for he had actually invited him to come and dine with us at our obscure suburb villa, *en famille*! A few hours after hearing of this, Simona secretly placed a note in my hand from Sebastiano, in which he expressed the very same feeling, declaring that only his alarm at what might happen to me prevented him from making the marchese fully aware of all that had passed, and of the unalterable love we bore each other. He came. What else could he do? He did not know what to do or think till he had seen me. And then how could we exchange a word? Our very exchange of looks must be avoided. This insuperable difficulty was, however, easily swept away, as the marchese politely excused himself to us after dinner by saying that he had a slight headache, and wished to take a few turns round the neighboring gardens.

Left alone with Sebastiano, it will readily be supposed that we rushed into each other's arms, with a torrent of hurried words; but

we sat speechless, looking at each other. The confounded (*confonduto*) state of mind and feeling to which the Abhorred had reduced us could not possibly be endured any longer. Sebastiano rose from his seat, and approaching me with measured steps, took my hand very gently in his, and said, "My dear, my adored Emilia, *say* what you wish to be done—something must immediately be done—only say *what* you wish, and I place my life, even as I have already placed my heart, at your feet." These words caused me a burst of tears, so that I was quite unable to speak or think. Finding me quite unable to reply, Sebastiano's face lost all its fine, softly curving outlines, and seemed to have hardened into a kind of metallic visor as he declared that he would kill the marchese directly he re-entered the room. Two or three ornamental stilettos were lying about, and he at once selected the longest. This roused me from my stupor. I could not agree to it. I suppose a woman always flinches at blood when the moment comes. Besides, to be quite honest, I was afraid the marchese, who was as lithe and agile as a tiger, would be more likely to kill Sebastiano. He allowed me to replace the stiletto with a deep sigh of despair. Now we found our tongues, fearing the return of the fiend, and proposed first one thing and then another. We agreed to try and escape from Naples at the very first chance. But when we called to mind the prompt return of my letter, and next the sudden disappearance of Dr. Maurizzio, we saw how futile the attempt was almost sure to be. Then we simultaneously proposed to die together, and I suggested that we should throw ourselves in the bay infolded in each other's embrace. To this Sebastiano objected, as he could not endure the thought of my being devoured by the sharks, which were so numerous at that season. Poison was then decided upon; but it then struck me that, as we had fixed to die, we might at least try the bare chance of escape together with that of being able to pass a few days together in concealment. Having the means in our hands, we could die directly the necessity arrived. This was final. The attempt needed money, and Sebastiano had plenty. I had none, not even a jewel.

The marchese returned, saying he was much better, and apologizing for having left us so long. He spoke much about the painting, and the copy he wished to be painted for Lord and Lady A——, which he intended to send to England, and thence onward to where they resided. But it was only the head and bust that he wished to have copied. As he said this he laughed in a strange sort of under-tone, at which I should have felt scorn and disgust enough had I not been too agitated within. He then spoke casually, and with a careless air of friendly interest, of the important com-

missions for pictures which would shortly be given. When Sebastiano bade us adieu for the night, the marchese gracefully embraced him as he left the room.

This completed the business of the mental rack so far. No more in this way could be done and suffered. The elegant fiend listened at one window till the last sound of Sebastiano's footsteps had died away; he then came and stood in front of me for some time in a menacing attitude without word or motion.

"Wretch!" cried I, aloud, unable to endure this a moment longer; "wretch! monster! what is in your mind? Speak it at once! Murder me at once! I defy and spit at you!" Saying this, I made an effort really to spit upon him, but my parched lips and mouth refused any thing beyond a husky sound.

His eyes flashed with a light far worse than the eyes of any wild beast of nature as he sprang upon me without uttering a word, flung his arms round me, bore me off to my apartment, dashed me anyhow upon the bed, and commenced tearing off my clothes as if I had been carried into a jungle.....My cries and screams brought no one to my assistance. It seemed I was not yet to be murdered. The ferocious sensualism and the devil-like spirit of revenge held equal sway. He wound and rewound me in his long arms, and I heard the half-articulated words, "Me! to refuse *me!* to dare to insult one like me by persistent refusals! But you have found your reward!" I heard no more until the monster could retain his secret no longer; yet he chose his moment. He whispered like fire in my ear; he hissed it through his lips; he knew all; had known it ever since his return! My deluded paramour, the favored rival, the fool of my choice, who had helped me to dishonor the noble house of Albarozzi, should assuredly die, and my hand should be the instrument.....

On coming to myself I found I was alone, and I lay tossing about in a fever of confusion of thoughts and apprehensions. A slumber of exhaustion ensued, and probably lasted for several hours. I awoke with a start, and saw the marchese standing at the foot of my bed. He had dressed himself for a supper-party in Naples. He said it would be pretty well over before he got there, but that he needed a little relaxation and amusement. Before he went, however, he commanded me to take an oath, the terms of which he dictated. They were of the most impious and awful kind, invoking my soul's eternal perdition, and calling upon my Maker to record the same if I ever broke the oath. It was to the effect "that I would not, directly, indirectly, or in any manner, inform, or endeavor to inform, Sebastiano that all was known, that he was to die, and by my hand."

I sat up in bed, and looking the marchese full in the face, refused to take any such oath. I said, calmly, notwithstanding my involuntary shudders, "I know you intend to have us both assassinated in some secret manner; and that it would be delightful to you to inform me, after I had assisted in the death of one I love, that my own turn was then come. I at last know what you are in all respects. You are not the sort of cruel monster one reads of in some romances, but one so much worse in several respects that nobody ever reads of them, because nobody dare paint them. This is my answer. I repeat that I will not take that oath. I see the unsheathed stiletto under your vest. Kill me without more words."

Saying this, I laid myself back upon the pillow, closed my eyelids firmly, and awaited the blow. Some minutes—for minutes they seemed—now elapsed. The marchese then said, in quite an altered voice of polite composure, "Would you do me the favor to open your eyes for a moment?" I did so. He slowly drew forth the stiletto. It was the one that Sebastiano had taken up. "You have seen this before?" I closed my eyes again, and awaited death. The last malignant pleasure of revenge and the last pang of my wretched and defeated life had transpired. But the expected blow did not come. "Ah!" murmured the marchese; "I see by my watch that I shall not arrive at my fair friend's supper-table till daybreak. I must therefore hurry away. As for the oath, I shall find means to bring you to your senses. All that I have willed to be done shall be done, and perhaps something more. I have the honor, madam, to wish you a very good night."

Days passed away, partly occupied, no doubt, in maturing his scheme. Was he not, if it were only in his savage and remorseless patience and self-command, unlike all we ever..... Poor Dr. Maurizzio, what had become of him? He often occurred to my thoughts. In the conversation I had which proved so ruinous to him what had most surprised me was that he did not appear much surprised at all I told him. He said that not only Italy, but Paris, Vienna, and some other places, contained men like the marchese.* They were the greatest possible examples of the abuses of the power given by wealth. He regarded

* The editor is aware that in the writings of an admired psychological and great dramatic poet (Mr. R. Browning) there may be found a certain duke who speaks of his murdered wife's portrait in a manner worthy of the marchese. And in Count Stendhall's work, *De l'Amour*, there is a similar character. A certain Italian nobleman, having reason to suspect the fidelity of his wife (Madonna Pia) in consequence of finding a gentleman's watch on her toilet-table, carried her off to reside on pestilent marshes. Every day he paid her a visit, and showed her the watch, without uttering a word, and continued to do this till she took the malaria and died.

them as monomaniacs, who ought to be put under surveillance, if not in confinement, instead of moving at large in society, and misleading, seducing, or marrying innocent young ladies, whose parents were deluded, as the young girls themselves were often dazzled, by their riches. Besides, who could predicate an incarnation of vicious extremes under an elegant person and the most courtly manners? Alas! alas!.....to think of the divinely human face which Raphael might have been inspired to dream of, and to paint—even that of my Sebastiano—and then to think of the inhuman, abnormal, gloating calm of the Abhorred (*abborrito*), by whom I had been insidiously purchased for a slave, and treated worse than a slave! And yet, again, to think that the worst—yes, though nothing beyond could be thought possible—was still to come!

Where had they dragged me? Was it a dungeon, or a vault for the dead? Or was it one of the cellars under the house? And I in my night-dress, torn and split, and my hair all flying about! The three men wore no masks, but their faces were blackened with broad perpendicular bars, like a horrid kind of helmet. The black skull-cap of one of them fell off, and I was sure that I recognized the head of Andregno. The cellar was lighted by a lamp with a shade over it. Beneath it the marchese was seated upon a stone ledge, as in judgment, with his back against the wall. I found myself lying upon the damp flooring, with three men standing round me, like torturers or executioners. Two of them had rods in their hands, of osiers or other dried water-plant, bound together.

"Will you take the oath?" said the marchese, in a low tone. What I replied I do not know, but it was to the effect that I dared not, would not, could not take such an oath!

The marchese then, placing one leg slowly over the other, began to relate how a certain Russian noble of former years, but not very remote (to whom the parents of an unwilling daughter had given her in marriage), had discovered that the young lady had actually committed the insulting crime of loving another. That private meetings took place. That the princely husband discovered the dishonor, and that his wife even admitted her criminal preference. That the insulted noble caused her to be stripped and thrown among his ruffian soldier serfs (*heyduks*), and that he then ordered the insufferable culprit to be flogged with long whips all the way to her native town; and that when, covered with blood, she sank down upon the road, being unable to fly a step further, he directed.....

There is a blessed law in nature that sensations can only be wrought up to a certain

degree, so that tortures are often defeated either by the sense becoming deadened, the victim becoming quite insensible, or dying very quickly. No doubt it became apparent that I should die without taking the oath. This was not the marchese's intention, as it would destroy his fine scheme of revenge. But if pain had failed by being self-defeated, he thought that horror and apprehension might be successful.

.....Andrengo soon returned, bringing in something heavy, which he placed before the marchese, a little distance from his feet. It was an iron brazier full of live coals. He then fanned the fire with a large and richly ornamented Indian fan which the marchese had leisurely opened and handed to him. Andrengo—for I was certain it was he—again went out, and very soon came back with what appeared to be a large copper bolt taken from the outer door of the cellars. This he thrust into the brazier, and turning toward me significantly, put one finger into his mouth. What could the wretch mean? Looking up at the other two ruffians, with interrogatory dismay, they both raised a forefinger and pointed the tip toward one ear. Andrengo now knelt down and fanned the fire.

"As you are resolved to die," said the marchese, after a long pause—"as you prefer to die rather than take the oath I have dictated and ordained, it shall not be in any way you may fancy, but in the way I think most appropriate. When that bolt, which at present has scarcely attained redness, arrives at a white heat, it shall be applied to the orifice of an obdurate ear; and then it shall be thrust into an obstinate, husband-hating mouth—you must pardon so harsh an expression—till the tongue becomes a hard cinder, and the adulterous palate ashes."

* * * * *

"Whose child is it? Confess, or expect far worse than I have threatened!.....Kill you? Not I; there are several things to be done before that. Torture? Yes; be sure of it.....Is the *chiavistello* white hot yet? Once more—whose child is it? It is not mine. The eyes, the mouth, the shape of the head, besides the fact that.....And now not a moment more. Confess, I say, and give the name!".....I confessed. After a little he said, "It was not at all necessary to my knowledge, but your confession was my will and pleasure. And now the oath!"

* * * * *

My entreaties, my prayers, my screams for mercy, for some human consideration, my cries for death to come—death to come at once—at once—all were disregarded; and at last I cried out in my agony, "I consent!" Water and restoratives were then given me by one of the torturers; time was allowed; more water was given me; a napkin steeped in cold water was bound round my head;

and calling upon God to forgive me, I took the required oath.

Weeks intervened. What were weeks, months, any time, to a fiend of patience, and deadly, cold, yet ever-burning inward continuity like the marchese? So he pretty well left me alone, though constantly watched closely by his creatures, till I had sufficiently recovered. Tortured and outraged as I had been, it would have defeated his designs to kill me. I was to be the medium of his revenge upon Sebastiano. What was to be done with me afterward I knew not, and did not much care to think. I had been forced and horrified by preliminary barbarities, with others more monstrous threatened, into taking an oath of the most awful nature not to endeavor by any means to forewarn my beloved Sebastiano of his impending fate, and I was to assist in bringing it about. How I should ever be able, how my impassioned affection could possibly allow me, to do the latter remained to be proved. But I had certainly taken the oath, and saw no means of evading it. "Unless," mused I—"unless I could kill the monster, or get him killed in any way." Ah! there was little chance for that with one of his wary brain and rapid hand. With my thoughts and emotions constantly enveloping my lover, I only wished we could once more meet, and die together, and be at rest and peaceful blessedness in heaven.

The day was at hand. I felt like what I supposed any woman would feel who was about to be tried for her life, and certain to be condemned and executed. The marchese had been frequently giving dinner and supper parties at his palazzo, and now and then water parties on the bay, to most of which Sebastiano had been invited, and by one means or other compelled, in a manner, to be present.

One morning the marchese entered the room where I was seated, trying to read, and taking a chair, bowed to me in his most elegant style, and seated himself by my side. He took my hand very softly, pressed it gently, looked at it, and then said, in what he intended for a sympathetic tone, "Ah, 'tis a pity, really it is a pity, that so fair a hand will shortly have to execute so fatal a deed." I snatched back my hand, and looked at him. "Yes," he proceeded—"yes, Emilia, this is the day I have fixed, and every thing is prepared. If I remarked that it was a pity so fair a hand as yours should have to do so foul and yet so very just an act of vengeance, how much more is it to be regretted that the hand of a fine and still more promising artist should be finally suspended in its work—cut short midway in a brilliant career! However, I shall possess the last and the best of his productions, and shall often look at it with much pleasure and satisfaction when you are both no more.

This was one of my reasons for ordering it to be painted. But the other and less obvious reason was in consequence of the perverse and insulting aversion you presumed to manifest toward myself—one who had conferred upon you the wasted honor of his hand. I was curious—I may say desirous—of ascertaining if you were capable of very different emotions toward another object, and I therefore determined to place you in circumstances of some degree of temptation. The result, signora, has fully justified my anticipations."

I sat speechless. The marchese awaited my reply, but reply or comment was impossible. He had actually plotted—for how else can it be regarded?—plotted that I should fall in love with a most lovable object, in the secret hope of finding food for his devilish appetites for varied torments and revenge because I had mortally wounded his gross self-love!

He left the room, bending gracefully toward me as he was passing out. I was not left long on the present occasion. Every thing was now to be brought speedily to a crisis. Andrengo entered, and bowing low informed me that his lordship had invited a number of his noble friends, including the Signor Sebastiano, to a water excursion in his yacht on the bay; that the party was intended to be rather numerous; that they would have musicians and feasting; that the excursion was for two or three days if the present fine, hot, and calm weather on the bay continued; and that I was to make preparations accordingly, and at once. The yacht would put out in the course of an hour or so that same morning, and within half an hour a carriage would be at the door, into which he, Andrengo, had been ordered to see me seated, and to attend me with respectful homage.

I wonder if it is at all common for extreme circumstances to cause an absolute change in the nature, or at least in the natural character, of a person? If the extreme circumstances do not crush, surely this may sometimes take place. And I think such a change must at last have been wrought in me. Instead of sinking prostrate upon the floor at this announcement, I heard it with so unmoved an air that Andrengo did not know what to make of me, and thinking that I had not clearly heard or not understood all he had said, he repeated it. I told him I would be ready. It was only to throw a few things into a leather bag (*tasca di pelle*) for myself. He would attend to the marchese's requirements. No doubt it would be a delightful excursion. He looked a little puzzled, I thought, as he retired. Certainly the last remark was hardly a sane one.

Directly the wretch withdrew I rose and paced about the room, feeling inwardly called upon to do something, but not knowing

what. As for preparations, I made none beyond collecting a few articles of clothing. A number of persons of rank were to be of the party, Andrengo had informed me. Was I for the first time to be presented as the Marchesa di Albarozzi? and then was I to be denounced before them all? I could not think it. That would be much too open a plan for the feline character of the Abhorred. He could not take Sebastiano's life or order any body to do so, with my assistance, before his friends; and he would be almost as unlikely to make any public talk of what had occurred and what he intended to do. I did not feel much care about solving his foul problem. I was prepared for every thing by being unprepared for any thing, if you can make sense out of such a thing, and I seemed to have got into a strange state between firmness and stupidity.

The carriage soon arrived, and was not kept waiting beyond a minute or two. Andrengo bowed with abject servility, and addressed me as "la marchesa" as I stepped in. This was the first time I had ever been so addressed; and from the wretch who had acted as my chief torturer in the cellar, though he fancied I had not recognized him under his disguise! What did this mean, and what was it to lead to? Not that I cared. We drove direct to the bay.

A small boat rowed us off to the yacht, which was at a little distance. Before arriving alongside I saw that the marchese was already on board; and presently Sebastiano appeared, and bent over the rudder end of the yacht as he gazed at my advancing boat. On getting into the yacht I found the marchese in a state of angry exclamation, very unusual with him, in consequence of a blunder made by his secretary in the wording of the invitations. None of his noble friends had arrived, that day week having been specified by mistake. However, the marchese was determined not to be disappointed in his intended amusement—neither, he added, should I or his friend the Signor Sebastiano; he therefore ordered the sailors to put out into the bay without loss of time.

The invitation, then, of several noble friends had been a subterfuge. No such witnesses were to be near. Still there were five or six sailors and two servants, besides Andrengo; how were all these to be blinded? Meanwhile, how pathetic was the unsuspecting face of my lover! What he was suffering was from the anomalous pain of our relative positions, little dreaming of its approaching end. As the day wore on, while we sat or walked upon the deck, he tried now and then to obtain an exchange of glances; but I would not notice this, as I perceived that we were closely watched every instant. I seemed to have lost the sense of fear and apprehension for myself, chiefly

no doubt because my feelings were absorbed by Sebastiano. How to break my oath I did not know, even had I dared to think of that; and how I should be able to keep it, I knew still less.

The marchese was very talkative and fluent, and quite exerted himself to be "enter-taining." We had supper at an early period of the night, after which the marchese arranged that we should fish for an hour to enjoy the cool night breezes after so hot a day, as it was too early for bed-time.

Something peculiar had been constructed for this occasion. As the deck would have been too narrow for the number of visitors who had been invited, as we were informed, two platforms, each of about four feet width, had been attached by iron hinges to one side of the upper edge of the deck. These lay flat at the side of the yacht, like leaves of an English table, but could be raised to the level of the deck by means of cords at each end. These cords were solely for this purpose, but would instantly break with a man's weight if he stepped upon the platforms. Two long iron brackets were therefore fixed flatly underneath each platform, and these being drawn outward by little ropes, strongly and securely sustained these additions to the width of the deck. I am not good at describing things, and can only narrate what happens or appears to me, and what I may have felt and thought, so you must try and understand these two platforms. As for me, the marchese took care to instruct me all about them well enough.

Both the platforms were now raised, and the long iron brackets drawn outward beneath them, all the hinge parts being well oiled to make them work easily. "So, so," thought I, as this was being done; "I have been made the wife-and-no-wife of a cunning artificer, and am beginning more fully to appreciate his genius." The lurid dawn of his plan began to break fitfully upon me.

The marchese called for two chairs, and bowing courteously to Sebastiano, pointed to one of them, and then to the foremost platform, as he said their fishing lines ought not to be too close together. He then placed his chair upon the platform, and seated himself with his fishing fooleries (*frascherias*) beside him. Sebastiano did the same. I was left to look on, and admire and expect, or feel quite sick of the thing, as usual on such occasions. I have said that the Detestable, like Nero, was highly accomplished in various ways, and among others he was a fine swimmer, and used to boast that no sea could drown him. I wondered if he was aware that Sebastiano was also a swimmer? It seemed as if that thought had not occurred to him. Murderers generally forget something or other. My oath—that now flashed across my mind; but the moment of trial had not arrived.

There they sat. I felt sick at soul, yet gradually fell into a dull, wandering sort of reverie. How foolish people look who sit fishing so gravely and catch nothing! The marchese must be a rich man. Though I always detested his face, yet I once thought he was handsome. But this was a mistake. His nose is too long, and the want of chin is ill compensated by his long upper lip—all of which are characteristic of the baboon's ugly and ferocious disposition. What a contrast to the Raphaelesque face of Sebastiano! Could the same creative hand have made this—and that? I wished I was not so religious. I was only half an Italian, or I should have killed the Abhorred long since—and with good cause. But my English blood had never enabled me to contemplate such an act. And so he had triumphed, and had got us both in a deadly net. Were fish plentiful in Naples? Our bills were no criterion of the cost of any thing, as we were always robbed by the housekeeper. She had certainly been my keeper, and watched me like an evil spirit—a familiar of the one who sat there! Was I calm—and with death hovering in the air, round and round? Yes, I was calm, except a constant fluttering at the heart, and sometimes a throbbing of the temples. But all would soon be over now.

There they sat, pulling up their lines now and then—sometimes with nothing—sometimes with a poor shining little victim, who was thrown to bounce and flap about upon the deck in the melancholy silver moonlight. I took several of them up, unobserved, and dropped them over the other side of the deck into the water. The dismal occupation continued nearly an hour (to think of this, with what was passing in the minds of all three!), the monotony being only varied by the sinister appearance once or twice of the dark dorsal fin of a shark. But they did not wish for any thing so large as that, even if they could have dealt with it in the water or on the deck. Eventually the "sport" was concluded, and we went below to retire for the night.

The sleeping places were small, and the partitions so thin that I fancied a whisper could be heard from one to the other. The cabin appropriated to Sebastiano was next to mine. The marchese had returned to the deck to say a few words to the sailors, and the thought of exchanging some sign or token, I knew not what, with my lover, instantly occurred to me. Speak above my breath I dared not; and if I could make him hear a faint whisper, then what could I say to him? In this dilemma, and every instant so precious, my fingers involuntarily gave a light tap on the partition next to Sebastiano's cabin. It was not answered, and in my excitement I tapped again a very little louder. An interval of silence occurred, and then a soft tap responded. But it was at

the door of my cabin. I was in dismay at Sebastiano's rashness; and yet he was not aware that all was known, and might have fancied that I had called him in order to exchange a hasty word or two. I very softly opened my cabin door, and there stood Andrengo! "Did la signora la marchesa call for any thing?" said the wretch, in a tone of abject servility. I choked at the sight of him, and shutting the door in his face, threw myself upon the bed, clasping my forehead with both hands. After a time I began to pull off and throw my dress on this side and that, like a despairing creature, or one in a state of fever. Presently the marchese opened my cabin door by some means he had for unfastening the lock from without, and entered. He closed the door after him. I begged of him not to remain, the cabin was so small, the night so hot, and I overheated, and wanting to be alone. He replied in a grave and rather loud tone that it would be highly unbecoming to leave me alone in the very next cabin to a gentleman, however punctilious that gentleman might be, and no doubt *was*, in the present instance. I was, of course, too young and innocent to see the force of this, but it was proper that he should watch over my fair fame, and his own honor—with more in the same vein, the abhorred, sardonic fiend, who was watching over me and some tortures of the mind are no more endurable than the tortures of the body.....but I was much stronger than he had imagined, though I left a handful of my hair in his grasp.

It was some time before daybreak that I made my way up to the deck, less than half dressed, and all in disorder. Only one of the sailors was there, standing dreamily by the helm. He looked at me with great surprise, and still greater pity, but said nothing. I sat down near him. After a while he said, softly, as if to himself, "The stars look bright and peaceful; and the world below often looks bright too, but seldom peaceful." This made me burst into tears, and that was a blessed relief to me, as I had been in a state of madness or fever. I then rose, and went to the fore part of the deck, to be quite alone. Leaning over the side, I looked down into the water as if I were looking into my grave, for I felt something dreadful was soon to be done. Who was to do it? According to my oath, I was to do it. But I did not feel that it could be so. Let me examine this oath, thought I, and let me well consider my religious and conscientious obligations. I had taken an oath, of the most appalling kind, to God, with God's perfect knowledge that while my lips were forced by tortures to repeat certain words, my soul and heart were directly opposed to all the purposes of that oath. Could that be really binding in its true spirit? Did not the voice of God within me denounce such an

unnatural oath, and absolve me? Was I bound most to our Father in heaven or to a fiend incarnate below? And yet—and yet—the terms of that oath made it a terrific thing to break. It was a frightful invocation.

Before sunrise I roused myself from my torpor, and making my way down to one of the unoccupied cabins of the guests who were never intended to be present, I dropped off into a dead sleep.

The day was far advanced before I made my appearance again upon the deck. The great heat of the weather, and some carelessness or other, had caused a part of the rigging to take fire. The flames had just been extinguished. Andrengo was throwing something overboard, first on one side, then on the other. He ceased doing this directly he saw me look in that direction. Sebastiano made some sketches of Vesuvius, under different effects of color from the clouds, while seated upon the foremost platform. We never exchanged a word or a look. Nothing could exceed the elegant and superfluous attentions of the marchese toward me during the whole of the day, not merely in presence of Sebastiano, but even when we chanced to be alone for a few minutes below. "Ah," you will say, "this man—this detestable spirit of outwardly restrained revenge—must have been a lunatic." Alas! no; he had no such excuse. I fear what poor Dr. Maurizzio said about him as one of a class—though the marchese must surely have been one of its very worst incarnations—was perhaps too true. I think it must have been the great jurisprudencalist to whom I applied in the vain hope of obtaining a divorce who betrayed us.

As the sun went down I again noticed Andrengo throwing things over the side of the yacht, which fell with a heavy splash into the sea. They looked like large bones and pieces of raw meat.

Supper was announced, and the marchese, intimating to Sebastiano that they would again try their fortune with the fishing lines before going to bed, took my hand and led me down to the cabin with all the finest airs of his diabolical refinement. He kept up an animated disquisition on the different merits of the Roman, Venetian, and Florentine schools of painting, and thence diverged into remarks on the wild ecstasies and capricious beauties of the Neapolitan national songs and dance music. Glancing with a sickly eye out of the cabin window, while he was thus displaying his misapplied acquirements and disgusting eloquence, I observed the black, sinister fin of a large shark pass along the surface of the water in the fading light. Soon afterward I saw another, almost as large; and then a third, if not a fourth. My throat became choked, as if the fingers of the marchese had clasped it. I rose from my

seat. "Where are you going, Emilia?" said he, in a bland voice. "On the deck; the heat here suffocates." "As you please, marchesa; we will take a few glasses more wine, and then follow you."

On reaching the deck I found Andrengo pouring out wine from a great jug for the sailors, all of whom were already intoxicated. Two of them were lying upon the deck fast asleep. Andrengo, seeing me, made some remark about the fishing lines having got into disorder. Without knowing exactly why, I returned to the cabin below, and saw that the marchese had just poured out two large glasses of wine for himself and Sebastiano. "The fishing lines are all in disorder," said I. The marchese stepped out just to the foot of the ladder, and called for Andrengo. I emptied the wine in the glass of the marchese under the table, placed it in front of Sebastiano, and then placed his full glass where the other had stood. My lover stared at me with provoking surprise. The Detestable re-entered the cabin, and glancing at Sebastiano's empty glass, he drank the full one before him, and proposed that we should all go up to the deck. We went. Perhaps there had been no stupefying drug employed. I did not believe it to be poison. Something more fiendish than that was evidently intended. "Save him somehow! save him somehow!" was rapidly repeated within myself, as you often hear persons who have lost their wits keep on repeating, whether sense or gibberish, the same thing; so "Save him somehow! save him somehow!" was rapidly repeated within me.

The fishing trickeries were not yet in order, so we walked up and down the deck. The two platforms were now raised by Andrengo and one of the sailors, and were lifted up to a level with the deck, and the cords made fast. The two long iron brackets were then carefully drawn outward by their cords. Andrengo placed a chair upon each platform, and the marchese himself went upon the foremost platform, and laid the fishing lines ready for Sebastiano. His own were not yet disentangled. "We will go down again for a few minutes," said he, "and take another glass of wine." So we slowly descended. The marchese watched Sebastiano, and I watched the marchese. The only effect the wine had taken upon him was a degree of dizzy excitement, causing volubility of speech. Meanwhile my dear Sebastiano, not at all aware of the dreadful death so systematically prepared for him, looked now at the marchese and now at me with an innocent though troubled perplexity that was most pathetic to witness. He declined, however, to take any more wine; but I recklessly drank some, feeling a wish to be uplifted beyond myself. Andrengo now came to say that all the fishing tackles were ready. "Very well," said the marchese,

with a sprightly air; "tell the men they may retire for the night." He then turned to me. "Emilia," said he, "we shall return to Naples to-morrow, and I wish, immediately we land, to send off a few words to one or two of my intended guests to arrange another excursion for next week. Will you do me the favor to be my amanuensis, and write what I wish to say? Signor Sebastiano, be pleased to remain here; we shall finish in a very few minutes." He took me by the hand with ceremonious grace—the detestable, the maddening torturer—and led me to the remotest of the little cabins. Closing the door, he said, with a hideous smile, "The time has come." I looked him full in the face. "Could you not," said I, in a tone between a last pleading and a last reproach—"could you not effect your murderous revenge by a far more simple process?" He smiled horribly as before. "Of course I could," said he, "but your oath was to the purport that he is to die by your hand or agency. Go now"—and he lowered his voice to a grating whisper—"go now up to the deck, and draw back the iron brackets from the foremost platform—the *foremost* one, remember!" I stood still and took a long breath. Again I looked with anguish into his face, but it was utterly, utterly beyond mercy or humanity; and I went.

Upon the deck there was not a soul. No, not even my own soul, for that was below with my dear, my beloved, my doomed life-of-life! There was not a breath of wind, and the night was very sultry. Looking over into the sea, a horrible dorsal fin moved along the surface, and passed downward under the yacht! I started, and drew back the brackets from the foremost platform. Without pausing to think, I then, in passing, hastily drew back the brackets from the aftermost platform also, and descended. The two platforms were left in their places, exactly on a level with the deck as before, but supported only by the thin ropes by which they had been drawn up to their level position.

The marchese was awaiting me, just like a wild beast in his lair. I saw the glitter of his eyes directly I had arrived at the bottom of the cabin stairs. He closed the door. His whole face was livid with exulting anticipation, and gleamed as if it had been lighted by a lamp from within. "Well," said he, "have you?" "Yes, I have done it." "The foremost platform, as I directed?" "Yes." "Completely done?" "Completely." "*Traditoraccia!*" ejaculated he between his teeth, "you have *not* done it; you are lying!" Confronting him, I said, firmly, "I tell you that I have done it completely;" and I stamped my foot upon the floor. He paused an instant, looking at me, and then steadied himself with one hand on the door. Perhaps the wine had begun to affect him.

"Come, now!" said he; and repeating the words in a loud and quite an altered tone, he walked with hasty strides to the larger cabin, where my doomed lover was awaiting us. "Now for half an hour's fishing before we go to bed!" said he; and we all three ascended to the deck.

None of the sailors were visible, and the helm seemed to be fastened steadily by a rope. There was scarcely a breath of air, so that the yacht lay asleep like a water-bird upon the surface. We took a preliminary turn up and down, the marchese talking all the time, rather loudly and almost incoherently, about the stars and the clouds, so as to keep Sebastiano's attention directed upward. A splash of something falling into the sea, like what I had noticed before, was now heard. Sebastiano paused, looked at me, then listened, whereupon the marchese redoubled his volubility in order to call off his attention. All this time the inward gabbling of "Save him somehow! save him somehow!" was going on within me, not only in my brain, but the gabbling and tingling seemed to be all over me. I was conscious also of some strange effect from the glass of wine I had last taken; but though I was dizzy and overexcited, I felt exalted above despair.

The marchese's rodomontade now diverged into fishing and into remarks on the beautifully magical appearance of the phosphoric colors and brilliant sparks and flashes seen at fitful intervals in the sea during calm and sultry nights like this. "Can these wonderful lights," said he—"lights and colors which I do not believe you, my young friend, could paint—can they be attributed to merely chemical causes?" and he approached the aftermost platform. My heart seemed beating almost through my side. "Or can they," proceeded he, "be the effect, as some naturalists have fancied, of the lively ecstasies of a sort of animalculæ? No more of this; now for our fishing!" Saying which the marchese stepped forward upon the platform and seated himself.

To my utter dismay and confusion, the light cords proved strong enough to bear his weight—and there he sat! Yes, with the air of a senator, and without any external sign of the demoniac triumph of revenge now at full work within his expectant mind. As for me, I was transfixed. I must have made some mistake! Beyond remedy now—and I approached near to my beloved Sebastiano with the feeling that we would die together. The marchese noticed the action, saw that not a moment more was to be lost, and loudly demanded why Sebastiano did not take his place upon the foremost platform.

Sebastiano, who had at last awoke to apprehensions of a danger of some kind or other, had instinctively hesitated; but on this loud call he advanced toward the fore-

most platform, and had one foot upon it when an involuntary cry burst from me, and I clasped my arms around him! With an infuriate look the marchese started up from his chair. But the sudden jerk caused the two cords to snap asunder, the platform instantly fell, and he was precipitated into the sea!

Calling loudly for help, Sebastiano was about to spring into the water. I had scarcely relaxed my hold, but now I infolded him with renewed energy, crying out, "No, no, no! You are not aware! you are not aware!" The marchese quickly re-appeared, and striking out, with piercing cries of terror, he reached the side of the yacht. Seeing this, Sebastiano, notwithstanding my clinging, made his way to the place beneath which the marchese was struggling to gain a hold. And a hold he did gain with his strong fingers upon the upper ridge of the fallen platform, still crying out for help with a terrified voice. In vain Sebastiano endeavored to stoop down and seize his hands, as I defeated the intention by whirling wildly round. The head of the marchese, nevertheless, rose nearly to a level with the deck by his own violent efforts, and Sebastiano, in his turn, now forcing me round, I gave a frantic spurn downward with one foot in passing. Sebastiano now threw himself flat upon the deck with his arms over the side—but my destroyer had disappeared!

A confusion was raging over the deck, drunken sailors, nearly naked, staggering about, only half awake, Andrengo wringing his hands—I know not what went on. Suddenly the most frightful, piercing shrieks were heard from the sea at no great distance. They ceased abruptly. In a few seconds they were renewed near to the yacht; and then, two crimson stumps, whether of legs or arms, appeared above the surface, were swung over backward, and went down! We saw no more, heard no more; but we knew enough.

Falling heavily upon my knees, I returned thanks with loud-uplifted voice to God for giving to me—the slave and victim of the worst passions and vices of the worst of men—spirit and strength at this one supreme moment to save my dear, my only beloved.

You are very kind, my girl, whoever you are, to tell me these things. It is not usual, I suppose, under my sad circumstances..... And so this is a prison? It is not half so bad as people say, only it wants air—fresh air. Perhaps I have been favored a little on account of all I have gone through; and, besides, you tell me I am very likely to be liberated. Ah! liberty comes too late for me. Every thing is now too late for me—even death. Cruel old Death! he should have come before.....

What a moment that was, down in the

little close-shut cabin, when I said I *had* done what he told me, and I stamped upon the floor! The action made him pause an instant, but there was no time. I have observed in life that when an action or gesticulation is totally at variance with the character of the speaker, or with the declaration made, the speaker is telling an untruth, directly or indirectly. Have you also noticed that, my girl? I stamped upon the floor in declaring I had done something to kill my lover, and my subtle-minded tyrant accepted it as a firm declaration of obedience. What a fool he must have been!.....But as to stamping down, I was inspired at the moment. He would have got out but for that!.....

Acquitted as being of unsound mind! My mind was sound enough, my girl, or the sharks would have chopped up my dear, dear lost lover instead of the Abhorred. Let me look closer at you! Are you not Simona? And you tell me that three of the sailors jumped or tumbled overboard to try and save the devil from hell? Two of them were drunk, and one sober, who was drowned, while the drunken men got safely back. Acquitted, too, you say, in consequence of some of the confessions extorted from Andrengo by the rack. Ha! ha! I'm glad he was put on the rack. I hope they brought a white-hot copper bolt for his mouth, so that he might remember what was done to force me to take a lying oath. But they got some truth out of him.

Unsound mind! Poor dear Dr. Maurizzio never considered me in that light; but I fancy that much learning had made him a little mad, when he said the Detestable was only one of a class. Laws, too! and the great lawyer who betrayed us! Suppose the cases had been in some degree reversed, and that I had been much less than half as wicked as the marchese, how certainly and how easily he could have obtained a divorce from me! But those who make these laws either have no sense or foresight, or they care nothing for justice and real morality. My head begins to go round, but my heart is in the middle of the world.

It can not be that men and women are all of the same species. Apart from mere varieties, some bipeds evidently come from a different source. When I think of the tenderness and delicacy of Sebastiano, the pure and steady-burning ardor of his passion for me, his constant self-abnegation, and refined considerateness for one whose enslaved and degraded position might have generated disgust and scorn—when I think of his true nobility of soul, the angelic fire of man's best nature, and then contrast all this with the abnormal.....

Don't tell me any more about the confiscation of all his dear paintings, all his dear, beautiful sketches, by the Neapolitan government; it consoles me to know they will

be preserved, admired, and honored, though I resent the unjust and totally unfounded accusations against him. He never knew of the plot against his life till after my victorious struggles had prevented him from saving the Abhorred. Say no more, poor silly girl, about his dying wish that I should have his best paintings. How would they have looked upon prison walls, or upon these walls? If this is not a prison, it has all the eye-watched, stifling air of one.

No wonder he had a fever, after what his mind had to endure for weeks, besides the events of those last hours on board the yacht, and the final scene. Here are the dear fragments—the torn pieces of his letter from San Pietro's Hospital. I have talked to them, as I do to myself now, and kissed them, and wept over them, till the letter has become mere damp, illegible rags, and all I can now read are the words, "My adored! my adored!" But in my brain all he wrote is forever written—yes, forever, as foolish loving people say, when they are likely to die in a few weeks or days.....

Simona came to me one evening, with an expression of which I had never thought her happy, careless face was capable. As soon as we were quite alone, she came and sat down close by me.

"Ah, dear, sweet Lady Emilia," said she, in an under-tone, "you little know the concluding trial his lordship had prepared for you when you returned next morning to the dismal house in the suburbs after the sharks had done what he intended. One of the cellars—you remember the cellars" (I nodded and smiled)—"was hung all down the walls with dark red cloth, and lighted by two or three tapers. In the middle of the cellar stood a little bier, and upon the bier was a little, little coffin of a black-red color, like the color of a Tuscany rose, and in this coffin there lay a little white image with a red silk cord—a sort of very tight necklace....."

"Away! away! away with your accursed secrets! Do not utter another word, lest a mad heart should kill you! I knew it—I dreamed it—I was sure it would be done one way or the other—and now you have put the finishing light to our picture! Ha! ha! ha!" laughed I, "poor silly chattering bird, that little knows what it says, look down from your idle perch—look at this little foot! What are the white camellias, the intolerant poppies, the brilliancy of the cactus flowers that make their stony mother-beds blaze in the noontide—what are the stocks and wall-flowers that hide the rocks on the sea-shore, or the anemones that crowd the young green rye of the open fields with dazzling purple and scarlet stars—what are they all to this one foot! Vanity, my dear, blossoms up to the edge of the grave, and peeps over. Thus do we forestall our epitaphs. Still, believe me, it really used to be considered as beauti-

ful when I lived in the natural world like other young ladies of my station; but *now* look at it! look at it *now*, and think of the Bay of Naples by starlight, and the life, the spirit, the exalted soul of that one moment!"

I shall write no more. Enough of all things. Farewell, my Otty. "Now," said I, "put me to bed, my good girl. Don't steal any of the fragments of his letter out of my

bosom when I am asleep; and if I never awake again, be sure to take care they are all buried with me. Now, my dear, kiss me—kiss me once more, as if it came from *him*! Ah, that was from heaven! Happy, happy death! And now good-night to you, dear—and to all else on earth. Lay me out gently—place flowers upon my faded bosom—and put white slippers upon my feet. Good-night, my love!"

THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[First Paper.]

INTRODUCTION.—OUR COLONIAL PROGRESS.

FIFTY-ONE doubtful and divided men, of infinite variety in opinions, education, and character, met in the hot days of July, 1776, in that plain room at Philadelphia where was decided the chief event of modern history, to found a republic. They were about to reverse all the inculcations of recent experience, and to enter at once upon a new era of uncertainty. From all the models of the past they could borrow little, and they overleaped barriers that had affrighted all former legislators. Not Cromwell and Hampden, not the plebeians of Rome and the Demos of Athens, not the republicans of Venice nor the Calvinists of Holland and Geneva, had ventured upon that tremendous stride in human progress that would alone satisfy the reformers of America. Educated in the strict conceptions of rank and caste which even Massachusetts had cultivated and Virginia carried to a ludicrous extreme, they threw aside the artificial distinction forever, and declared all men equal. One sad exception they made, but only by implication. Rousseau had said that men born to be free were every where enslaved; but Adams and Jefferson demanded for all mankind freedom and perfect self-control. Yet still the same dark shade rested upon their conception of independence. But in all other matters they were uniformly consistent. In all other lands, in all other ages, the church had been united to the state. The American reformers claimed a perfect freedom for every creed. Men trained in the rigid prelatical rule of Virginia and the rigorous Calvinism of Massachusetts joined in discarding from their new republic every trace of sectarianism. Religion and the state were severed for the first time since Constantine. Of the many important and radical changes that must take place in human affairs from the prevalence of the principles they enunciated a large part of the assembly were probably unconscious. Yet upon one point in their new political creed all seemed to be unanimous. The people were in future to be the only sovereigns. The most heterodox

of all theories to European reasoners, the plainest contradiction to all the experience of human history, they set forth distinctly, and never wavered in its defense. The English Commons had been content to derive all their privileges from the condescension of the crown. The people of France were the abject slaves of a corrupt despotism. Two or three democratic cantons in Switzerland alone relieved the prevalence of a rigid aristocracy. All over Germany, Italy, and Scandinavia the people were so contemned, derided, and oppressed as scarcely to deserve the notice of the ruling classes. The few ruled over the many, and slavery was the common lot of man. Nor when the reformers of America proclaimed the sovereignty of the despised people, torn and dismembered by the tyranny of ages, could they hope to escape the reproach of wild enthusiasm, or to be looked upon as more than idle dreamers.

Yet the chiefs of the republican party were men so resolute, pure, sagacious, as to deserve the esteem of the most eminent of the Europeans. Touched by a secret pang of admiration for an integrity which he did not share, the historian Gibbon, in the midst of a stately review of the miseries and the joys of all mankind, confessed the sentiment while he clung to his salary and his place. Robertson and Hume, bound to the scheme of royalty by pensions, honors, and official station, dropped a sigh for that independence which they were never to know. Adam Smith lent the Americans a full and generous sympathy. Fox, Burke, and Barré, Wilkes, and even Chatham, joined the brilliant but narrow circle of the friends of America. On the Continent philosophers and poets, princes and statesmen, watched with a singular attention the revolt of the New World against the traditions of the Old. Voltaire from his Swiss retreat, or in the assemblies of Paris, rejoiced over "Franklin's republic." Vergennes was amazed at the blindness of the English ministry, and the folly of their king. And when the story of Bunker Hill and of the rising fame of Washington came like a sudden illumination

over the Atlantic, all Europe began to study with critical interest the characters and the histories of the men who had already shown a consciousness of their natural rights and a power to defend them. The congress of deputies at Philadelphia was no longer an obscure and isolated assemblage; it was plainly laboring upon a grand political problem under the scrutiny of all mankind.

In the following sketch of the progress of the colonies up to the period of freedom I shall endeavor to describe the country as it appeared to Adams and Jefferson, Chatham and Burke, its poor resources, its savage territory, its isolated and divided people. Nothing, indeed, gives us a clearer view of the mental vigor of our ancestors than that they should have foreseen and secured the union of so many distant settlements into one grand nation,¹ and should have predicted with John Adams that the day of independence was the opening of a new era of hope for millions yet to come. A notion had prevailed among Europeans that America could only be the parent of degenerate and feeble races. Buffon had suggested and Raynal confirmed the theory. No man of intellectual ability, no poet, philosopher, or statesman, Raynal said, has yet appeared in the New World. Franklin, Washington, the two Adamses, Jefferson, rose up before mankind almost while he spoke. Yet whoever surveyed the slow advance of civilization in the wilderness under the restraints and discouragements of the English control might scarcely wonder at the doubts of the French philosophers, or hardly see in the long chain of feeble settlements the future homes of civilization.

At the founding of the republic the colonists were accustomed to boast that their territory extended fifteen hundred miles in length, and was already the seat of a powerful nation. But of this vast expanse the larger part even along the sea-coast was still an uninhabited wilderness.² Although more than a century and a half had passed since the first settlements in Massachusetts and Virginia, only a thin line of insignificant towns and villages reached from Maine to Georgia. In the century since the Declaration of Independence a whole continent has been seamed with railroads and filled with people, but the slow growth of the preceding century had scarcely disturbed the reign of the savage on his native plains. On the coast the province of Maine possessed only a few towns, and an unbroken solitude spread from Port-

land to the St. Lawrence. A few hardy settlers were just founding a State among the Green Mountains destined to be the home of a spotless freedom. In New York, still inferior to several of its fellow-colonies in population, the cultivated portions were confined to the bay and shores of the Hudson. The rich fields of the Genesee Valley and the Mohawk were famous already, but the savages had checked the course of settlement. It was not until many years after the war of independence that the fairest part of New York was despoiled of its wealth by a careless agriculture. Schenectady was a frontier town, noted for a mournful doom, and even Albany and Kingston were not wholly secure from the stealthy invasions of the Indian. Pennsylvania, a frontier State, comparatively populous and wealthy, protected New Jersey and Delaware from their assaults; but Pittsburg was still only a military post, and the larger part of the population of the colony was gathered in the neighborhood of the capital.³ Woods, mountains, and morasses filled up that fair region where now the immense wealth of coal and iron has produced the Birmingham of America.⁴

The southern colonies had grown with more rapidity in population and wealth than New York and Pennsylvania. Virginia and the Carolinas had extended their settlements westward far into the interior. Some emigrants had even wandered to Western Tennessee. Daniel Boone had led the way to Kentucky. A few English or Americans had colonized Natchez, on the Mississippi. But the settlers in Kentucky and Tennessee lived with rifle in hand, seldom safe from the attacks of the natives, and were to form in the war of independence that admirable corps of riflemen and sharpshooters who were noted for their courage and skill from the siege of Boston to the fall of Cornwallis. The Virginians were settled in the Tennessee mountains long before the people of New York had ventured to build a village on the shores of Lake Erie or the Pennsylvanians crossed the Alleghanies. But still even Virginia is represented to us about this period as in great part a wilderness.⁵ Its own lands were yet uncultivated, and its territory nearly clothed in forests. And in general we may conclude that the true boundary of the well-settled portions of the allied colonies did not in any degree approach the interior of the continent. In the North the line of cultivated country must be drawn along the shores of the Hudson River, omitting the dispersed settlements in two or three inland districts. The Delaware and a distance of

¹ "A voluntary association or coalition of the colonies, at least a permanent one, is almost as difficult to be supposed; for fire and water are not more heterogeneous than the different colonies," says Burnaby, Pinkert., vol. xiii. p. 751. Yet in 1742 Kalm saw the coldness of the people toward England. Pinkert., vol. xiii. p. 461. He was even told that in thirty or forty years they would form a separate, independent state.

² Holmes, *Annals*. Bancroft. Gordon. Ramsay.

³ Before 1796 there were few settlements north of the Ohio. Cincinnati had then only ninety-four cabins, and five hundred inhabitants.

⁴ Hist. Col. Penn., Day, p. 59.

⁵ Winterbotham, U. S., i. Great part of Virginia is a wilderness, says Burnaby, Pinkert., xiii., p. 716.

perhaps fifty miles to the westward included all the wealth and population of Pennsylvania. The Alleghenies infolded the civilized portions of Virginia, and North and South Carolina can not be said to have reached beyond their mountains. So slowly had the people of North America made their way from the sea-coast.

But little was known¹ of the nature of the country spreading from the borders of Pennsylvania and Virginia to the Mississippi. It was called the Wilderness. It was usually painted in the fairest colors by those who had explored it. The table-land near the Ohio was supposed to be one of the fairest and most fertile portions of the world;² the rich plains of Kentucky might support a nation; and the forests, the meadows, and the valleys lay waiting to be possessed. But the fear of the savage still guarded the tempting region. The dark and bloody ground had no charm for the pacific settler; the wilderness was pathless, and it was a journey of twelve days in wagons from Baltimore to Pittsburg. But of the immense and impenetrable regions beyond the Mississippi our ancestors had scarcely formed a conception.³ It was a land of fable, where countless hosts of savages were believed to rule over endless plains, and to engage in ceaseless battles. Long afterward it was thought that the vast tide of the Missouri might in some way mingle with the waters of the Pacific.⁴ The great Northwest, now the granary of the world, the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, and the rivers of Columbia were all unknown; nor could the most acute observer, shut up in the narrow limits of the Hudson and the Delaware, suppose that within a hundred years the Atlantic would be joined to the Pacific by frequent highways, or that the frightful solitude beyond the great river would be the centre of a throng of vigorous republics.

Within the cultivated districts a population usually, but probably erroneously, estimated at three millions were thinly scattered over a narrow strip of land. The number can scarcely be maintained. The New England colonies could have had not more than 800,000 inhabitants; the middle colonies as many more; the southern a little over a million. New York had a population of 248,000, and was surpassed by Virginia, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Maryland, and

was at least equaled if not exceeded by North Carolina. Its growth had been singularly slow. The small population of the union was composed of different races and of almost hostile communities. There was a lasting feud between the Dutch at Albany and the people of New England, for it was believed that the former had held a correspondence with the Indians during the recent war, and purchased the spoil taken from the New England villages. The Germans settled in Pennsylvania retained their national customs and language, and were almost an alien race. Huguenot colonies existed in several portions of the country. The north of Ireland had poured forth a stream of emigrants. Swedish settlements attracted the notice of Kalm along the Delaware. In North Carolina a clan of Highlanders had brought to the New World an intense loyalty and an extreme ignorance. The divisions of race and language offered a strong obstacle to any perfect union of the different colonies. But a still more striking opposition existed in the political institutions of the various sections. In the South royalty, aristocracy, and the worst form of human slavery had grown up together. In no part of the world were the distinctions of rank more closely observed, or mechanical and agricultural industry more perfectly contemned. In New England the institutions were democratic, and honest labor was thought no shame. In the South episcopacy was rigorously established by law; in New England a tolerant Puritanism had succeeded the persecuting spirit of Cotton Mather and Winthrop.

In the period before the Revolution it was the custom to look upon the southern colonies as the land of wealth and material splendor. Their soil produced the chief exports of the New World; their system of agriculture, however abhorrent to the feelings of the more cultivated Northerner, was attended by a remarkable success; their population grew rapidly; they held a ruling position among the colonies in the eyes of all strangers. Virginia had so far surpassed all the other colonies as to seem almost the mother and mistress of the whole. Her own people had named her the "ancient dominion," and her progress was so rapid as to suffer no hope that New York or Massachusetts could ever rival her wealth and power. The population of Virginia alone was half a million—more than twice that of New York.¹ Her exports of tobacco, corn, and other productions reached a value of nearly three millions of dollars. Her ample territory was

¹ Holmes. Bancroft. The French Jesuits had explored the country, and hoped to rule it. Parkman, *Pioneers*.

² "The Ohio," says Winterbotham, l. 189—twenty years later—"is the most beautiful river on earth;" but as late as 1819 Michigan was thought to be a worthless waste, and Cass first explored its rich fields. *Life of Cass*, p. 79.

³ St. Louis was settled in 1763, but was still a small frontier town, scarcely known to the colonists.

⁴ New York Hist. Magazine, August, 1871. "The Missouri has been navigated for 2500 miles; there appears a probability of a communication by this channel with the western ocean." This was said in 1803.

¹ Holmes, 1732, *Annals and Note*. The population of Virginia was estimated very differently by different observers; but Holmes inclines to the largest number. The census of 1790 seems conclusive. It gives Virginia 876,000, while New York had but 340,120, Pennsylvania 434,373. See Ramsay.

penetrated by navigable rivers, and it was supposed that the James and the Potomac must at some time form the outlets for the commerce of the West—a hope from which the Hudson seemed forever cut off by the difficulties of transport from Albany to the lakes.¹ But, with all its advantages, Virginia was weighed down by influences that careful observers saw must lead to a speedy decay. No colony, indeed, was apparently less likely to become the founder of a republic and the patron of human equality. Through all its earlier history Virginia had been noted for its intense loyalty to the Stuarts and its hatred of every element of reform. The planters of Virginia ruled over their abject commonalty with a severity that the English aristocracy had never for many generations equaled. All those feudal restrictions and abuses which the Massachusetts colonists had come to the New World to avoid had been brought over to Virginia by its earlier settlers, and fostered into more than European strength. The church establishment was supported by the colony, and all religious toleration was unknown, at least to the constitution. Nowhere had ecclesiastical tyranny been so fostered by the government. The industrial classes of Virginia had been kept by law in stolid ignorance, when Connecticut had enforced the education of all its citizens. Governor Berkeley had boasted, in 1671, that the colony had neither printing-presses, colleges, nor schools, and had prayed there might be none there for at least a hundred years. His wish had nearly been fulfilled. In 1771 the commonalty of Virginia were noted for their ignorance and brutality; the gentry alone controlled the politics and managed the finances of the colony. Virginia, too, had been the first of all the colonies to import slaves,² and had set an example that had been too eagerly followed. She had practiced both white and colored slavery. The English government had early made her borders a convict colony, and the records bear frequent accounts of highway robbers who had been reprieved that they might go to Virginia; and on one occasion London sends “one hundred of its worst disposed children, of whom it was desirous of being disburdened,” to be apprenticed in the colony.³

The ruling class in Virginia were the planters. They were often cultivated and intelligent men, who had been educated in English universities or in the best schools of their native land. Their possessions were immense, and had usually come to them

from their ancestors. Entails prevented any division of the family property, and it was a common complaint at the time that all the land of Virginia was held by a few hands. Mechanical, agricultural, or commercial pursuits were forbidden by custom to the planting class. It was thought beneath a member of the great families to engage in trade, and Scotch emigrants and foreign adventurers pursued a gainful traffic, engrossing the wealth of the country, while the land-owner slumbered in indolence and fell into poverty on his ancestral estate. The towns of Virginia were small and wretched, fever-stricken and neglected. The wealth of the ruling families was wasted in building immense mansions in the solitude of their plantations, where they emulated the splendors of the English country-seats, and exercised a liberal hospitality. One of the wealthiest of the landed proprietors was Lord Fairfax, the early patron of Washington. In his youth he had cultivated letters, and it was even rumored that he had written for the *Spectator*. His estate in Virginia contained more than five millions of acres.⁴ The fine mansion, Belvoir, seated among the fairest scenery of the Potomac, where he lived with his brother, and Greenway Court, which he built in the Shenandoah Valley, where he died, in 1782, were scenes of frequent festivity. But the accomplished lord was ardently loyal; his property, valued at £98,000, was confiscated at his death, and the land he had selfishly withheld was divided among the people. The fair widow whom Washington had wooed and won with stately assiduity was also a large landed proprietor. But the Revolution broke up the system of entails, and gave a new impulse to the prosperity of the colony.

Notwithstanding the establishment of episcopacy, the growth of dissent had been rapid in Virginia, and at the opening of the colonial struggle the Dissenters were more numerous than Churchmen. That valuable race, the Scotch-Irish, had settled in large numbers within its borders. Education, too, had made some progress. William and Mary's College, sluggish as had been its advance, had sent out many cultivated men. Liberal principles and a love of freedom had never been wanting to the people. Eminent Virginians had already become shocked at the fatal results of slavery, and there were no stronger advocates of abolition than Jefferson and Lee. Throughout the whole colony there was a plain desire for enlarged political progress, and, happily for Massachusetts, her wrongs were felt nowhere more deeply than among the Virginia reformers. Nor was the project of independence any where more favorably received than by that large

¹ Winterbotham discusses the question, and decides in favor of the Potomac.

² Gordon, i. 56. Mr. Bancroft has traced with his usual accuracy and force the course of this infamous traffic. Hildreth, i. 565.

³ Calendar, State Papers, English, 1618, 1623, p. 10, 118, 552.

⁴ Sabine, Am. Royalists. Fairfax and Sparks. Life of Washington.

class of the population who had felt in their own lives the evils of a tyrannical government. Her immense territory, which reached, at least in theory, over the mountains to the Mississippi, and through the whole valley of the Ohio, her wealth and commerce, her population, greater than that of any other colony, and, above all, the rare abilities and patriotism of her citizens, made Virginia the centre of reform, and perhaps the most effective instrument in binding the whole country into a perfect union. Happy had she followed the teachings of Jefferson¹ and the example of Carter, and destroyed slavery when she cast aside feudalism.

Less corrupted by European traditions than Virginia—a land where the English and the German, the Swiss, the Scotch-Irish, Quakers, the children of Skye, and the sad hosts of Africa were mingled strangely together—North Carolina had early shown a wider liberality of thought than her powerful neighbor. Caste and rank had less prevalence; her people were industrious, and her prosperity great. North Carolina was already the fifth colony in importance; the population reached nearly two hundred and fifty thousand.² South Carolina, less populous, but with nearly twice as many slaves as whites, was noted for the haughty manners of its planters, the ignorance of its people, the high education of some of its leading men, their open dislike for slavery. No South Carolinian of any intelligence at this period but lamented that so dark a stain rested upon his native colony. Maryland, too, possessed a weight in the country in 1775 that must seem strange to the modern politician. It possessed a larger population than either New York or the Carolinas. Its Roman Catholic planters were sometimes intelligent and liberal. Maryland still belonged to the heir of the Calvert family, but its people cared little for a degenerate race whose early excellence had faded away. A colony of Scots from the north of Ireland had settled at Baltimore, and were probably of greater value to the rising State than most of its planters and all its proprietors. But slavery, an established church,³ a proprietary government, a rigid division of rank and caste, had apparently linked Maryland so closely to Virginia and the South in politics as to give little room for the progress of freedom. It was, indeed, the first colony to express a wish to withdraw the declaration of independence when sudden reverses fell upon the republican armies.

The four New England colonies, separated from the South by an immense distance,

and a journey of many days, and sometimes weeks, by sea or land, were altogether different from their neighbors in politics.¹ Two of them, Connecticut and Rhode Island, were free from all internal control from England, elected their own governors, and practiced a democratic republicanism.² In Connecticut, at least, all men were already equal, all were educated, and slavery was abolished practically. In Massachusetts the governor was appointed by the English king, but his salary was regulated by the province; yet the Massachusetts people had been rapidly advancing in political knowledge; mental cultivation had always marked their chief men. Their Puritan clergy had produced many of the early authors of America; they were usually wise, austere, and patriotic. Liberty, even in that imperfect form in which it existed under a colonial rule, had shown its fairest results in New England. The people were prosperous, the government well administered, the courts pure, the clergy respected, the general morality above that of any other community. The sentiment of human equality had already prevailed over the influence of English caste and Puritan theocracy; a bold, free nation had arisen, not quite so numerous as the Dutch, who had defied the arms of Philip II., or the Swiss, who had overthrown the Hapsburgs, yet capable even alone of founding a republic that not all the powers of the Old World could overthrow. Its population was purely English, its manners republican and plain, its people accustomed to labor and to reflect.

The middle colonies were less democratic than New England. New York, like Virginia, had been weighed down by a system of entails and by immense landed estates that limited immigration. It is stated that the German colonists were so badly treated by its land-owners that they imbibed a lasting hostility for its people, moved away in large bodies to Pennsylvania, and prevailed upon all their countrymen to follow them. They hoped to make Pennsylvania a new Germany.³ A kind of colonial aristocracy had grown up in New York. Its Dutch population were, however, attached to freedom, and the presence of a royal governor and council had not tended to increase the respect for English institutions. Strong religious differences had already agitated the people. The Episcopal Church was opposed to the Presbyterian, and Calvinism

¹ Dwight, *New England*, paints some years later the virtues of his countrymen. In Connecticut, he says, "there is a school-house sufficiently near every man's door," i. 178. See Hildreth, i. 508.

² Palfrey, *New England*, ii. 567, 568, notices the unexampled liberality of the two charters.

³ Large numbers of Scotch-Irish also came to Pennsylvania about 1773. Holmes, *Ann.*, ii. 187. They came from Belfast, Galway, Newry, Cork, 3500, with no love for England.

¹ Jefferson proposed the abolition of slavery in Virginia, but found it expedient to withdraw his project.

² I have usually adopted Ramsay's numbers, which seem confirmed by the first census, i. 146.

³ Episcopacy was rigorously established in Maryland after 1668.

led on the way to independence. In Pennsylvania the proprietary government was conservative, and opposed to violent measures. New Jersey, rich, highly cultivated, and prosperous, was strongly affected by its Presbyterian college at Princeton, and was naturally opposed to prelatical England. It is indeed curious to notice how largely the religious element entered into the dispute between the king and the colonies.¹ The English revolution of 1688 was re-enacted in America, and King George dethroned because it was feared that he meant to assail the consciences of the people. Men felt that should the king succeed in conquering them, he would have a prelate in every colony, and a rigid rule against progressive dissent. In the middle colonies the Presbyterians led the way to freedom; in the southern the liberal Churchmen, Huguenots, and Scotch Presbyterians. Thomas Paine, in his famous argument for separation, relied much upon the fact that the people of America were in no sense English, but rather a union of different races met for a common purpose in the New World, and resolute chiefly to be free. It was this common aim that produced that harmony which was so seldom interrupted between the various inhabitants of the different colonies, and which formed them at last into one nation.

In the course of a century within their narrow fringe of country the colonists had transformed the wilderness into a fertile and productive territory.² Agriculture was their favorite pursuit. Travelers from Europe were struck with the skill with which they cultivated the rich and abundant soil, the fine farm-houses that filled the landscape, the barns overflowing with harvests, the cattle, the sheep.³ The northern and middle colonies were famous for wheat and corn. Pennsylvania was the granary of the nation. In New Jersey the fine farms that spread from Trenton to Elizabethtown excited the admiration of the scientific Kalm.⁴ Long Island was the garden of America, and all along the valleys opening upon the Hudson the Dutch and Huguenot colonists had acquired ease and opulence by a careful agriculture. The farm-houses, usually built of stone, with tall roofs and narrow windows, were scenes of intelligent industry. While the young men labored in the fields, the mothers and daughters spun wool and flax, and prepared a large part of the clothing of

the family. The farm-house was a manufactory for all the articles of daily use. Even nails were hammered out in the winter, and the farmer was his own mechanic. A school and a church were provided for almost every village. Few children were left untaught by the Dutch dominie, who was sometimes paid in wampum, or the New England student, who lived among his patrons, and was not always fed upon the daintiest fare. On Sunday labor ceased, the church-bell tolled in the distance, a happy calm settled upon the rural region, and the farmer and his family, in their neatest dress, rode or walked to the village church. The farming class, usually intelligent and rational, formed in the northern colonies the sure reliance of freedom, and when the invasion came the Hessians were driven out of New Jersey by the general rising of its laboring farmers, and Burgoyne was captured by the resolution of the people rather than by the timid generalship of Gates.

The progress of agriculture at the South was even more rapid and remarkable than at the North. The wilderness was swiftly converted into a productive region. The coast, from St. Mary's to the Delaware, with its inland country, became within a century the most valuable portion of the earth. Its products were eagerly sought for in all the capitals of Europe, and one noxious plant of Virginia had supplied mankind with a new vice and a new pleasure. It would be useless to relate again the story of the growth of the tobacco trade. Its cultivation in Virginia was an epoch in the history of man. Tobacco was to Virginia the life of trade and intercourse; prices were estimated in it; the salaries of the clergy were fixed at so many pounds of tobacco. All other products of the soil were neglected in order to raise the savage plant. Ships from England came over annually to gather in the great crops of the large planters, and Washington, one of the most successful of the Virginia land-owners and agriculturists, was accustomed to watch keenly over the vessels and their captains who sailed up the Potomac to his very dock.¹ The English traders seem to have been often anxious to depreciate his cargoes and lower his prices. Virginia grew enormously rich from the sudden rise of an artificial taste. From 1624, when the production of tobacco was first made a royal monopoly, until the close of the colonial period the production and the consumption rose with equal rapidity, and in 1775, 85,000 hogsheads were exported annually, and the sale of tobacco brought in nearly \$4,000,000 to the southern colonies.² This was equal to about one-third of the whole export of the

¹ J. Adams to Morse, December 2, 1815; and see Gordon, i. 143. Mr. Whitefield tells the colonists in 1764 their danger.

² Burnaby, Pinkert., xlii. 731, notices the flourishing condition of Pennsylvania, and observes that its courteous people are "great republicans."

³ Burnaby, p. 734. "The country I passed through," he says of New Jersey, "is exceedingly rich and beautiful."

⁴ Kalm, Pinkert., vol. xiii. p. 443, notices the rich farms near Trenton.

¹ Washington to his factors.

² Pitkin, Commerce U. S. Doyle, American Colonies, 1869, has gathered together many useful details.

colonies. Happily since that period the proportion has rapidly decreased, and more useful articles have formed the larger part of the export from the New World to the Old.

One of these was rice. A Governor of South Carolina, it is related, had been in Madagascar, and seen the plant cultivated in its hot swamps.¹ He lived in Charleston, on the bay, and it struck him that a marshy spot in his garden might well serve for a plantation of rice. Just then (1694) a vessel put in from Madagascar in distress, whose commander the Governor had formerly known. Her wants were liberally relieved. In gratitude for the kindness he received the master gave the Governor a bag of rice. It was sown, and produced abundantly. The soil proved singularly favorable for its culture. The marshes of Georgia and South Carolina were soon covered with rice plantations. A large part of the crop was exported to England. In 1724, 100,000 barrels were sent out from South Carolina alone. In 1761, the value of its rice crop was more than \$1,500,000. Its white population could not then have been more than 45,000, and it is easy to conceive the tide of wealth that was distributed annually among its small band of planters. They built costly mansions on the coasts and bays, lived in fatal luxury, were noted for their wild excesses, and often fell speedy victims to the fevers of the malarious soil. Indigo, sugar, molasses, tar, pitch, and a great variety of valuable productions added to the wealth of the South. But cotton, which has grown through many vicissitudes to be the chief staple of British and American trade, was, at this period, only cultivated in small quantities for the use of the farmers. It was spun into coarse cloths. But it was not until Whitney's invention, in 1793, that it could be readily prepared for commerce, and to the inventive genius of Connecticut the Southern States owe the larger part of their wealth and political importance.

Extensive as had been the results of the labors of the American farmer at this period, he had achieved the conquest of the wilderness in the face of dangers and obstacles that seemed almost overwhelming. None of the appliances of modern agriculture lay at his command. His tools were rude yet costly, his plow a heavy mass of iron, his cattle expensive, and at first scarcely to be obtained. The fevers and malaria of the new climate, the sharp frosts, the unknown changes, even the not infrequent earthquakes and celestial phenomena, must have covered him with alarm. Before him lay the dark and pathless wilderness, behind him the raging seas. A whole ocean separated him from his kind. In front the savage hovered

over the advancing settlements, and not seldom filled the thin line of cultivated country from Albany to Savannah with the tidings of fearful massacres. Often the frontier families came flying from their blazing homes, scarred and decimated, to seek shelter from the unsparing foe. Yet more cruel or more unfriendly than the terrors of the wilderness, the climate, or even the savage, seemed to the colonists the conduct of their royal government in England. Instead of aiding the struggling settlers in their contest for life, it had treated them as objects of suspicion and dislike. A fear that they might plan at some future time a separation from the mother country governed all the English legislation.² Hence laws were early imposed upon them that might well have checked the whole progress of their agriculture. They were forced to purchase all their supplies from England. They were scarcely permitted to have any commercial intercourse with any foreign country, or even with each other.³ They were obliged to send all their tobacco, sugar, indigo, rice, furs, ores, pitch, and tar directly to England, and there accept the price the English traders were willing to give. It was forbidden them even to send their produce to Ireland. These jealous restrictions must have kept many an acre from being planted, and prevented that rapid progress which free trade could alone incite. Franklin showed clearly that in this way the colonies had always paid a heavy tax to England, of far greater value than any stamp act could ever give, and that the English merchants and traders had already grown rich by the onerous burdens they had laid on America.³ Had the colonial ports been opened to foreign traffic, every article must have risen in price, or the demand for it increased beyond conception. But the English had always treated the colonists with a severity like that which Spain once practiced in South America, and which she now exercises over the creoles of Cuba. Corrupt and worthless Englishmen were sent out as governors, councilors, judges, and even clergymen. They looked with disdain on the colonists they plundered, and hastened back to England to defame the reputation of the abject race. It is plain that most Englishmen looked upon the Americans as serfs. They had no rights that Parliament could not abrogate, and no security even for their own earnings. England plundered the American farmer almost at will, and robbed of his just profits the sturdy laborer in the

¹ England now treats her colonies with the gentleness advised by Burke and Franklin, and her authors condemn the old tyranny as strongly as Americans. Mr. Doyle, of Oxford, has produced a careful essay on the progress of the colonies, 1869.

² Ships might sail for wines to Madeira and some Spanish ports, under certain restrictions.

³ Franklin to Shirley, December, 1754.

¹ The legend is told by Pitkin, 101, and Ramsay.

valleys of Vermont, and the wealthy rice planter in the swamps of South Carolina.

The commerce of the colonies flourished equally with their agriculture. It was chiefly in the northern colonies that ships were built, and that hardy race of sailors formed whose courage became renowned in every sea. But the English navigation laws weighed heavily upon American trade. Its ships were, with a few exceptions, only allowed to sail to the ports of Great Britain. No foreign ship was suffered to enter the American harbors. The people of England were resolved to prevent all foreign interference in the trade of the colonies, and the American ports were rigidly shut out from the commerce of the world. Isolated from the great centres of traffic, and even from exchanging many articles with each other, bound by a most oppressive monopoly, restrained by a selfish policy, the colonists yet contrived to build large numbers of ships, and even to sell yearly more than a hundred of them in England. The ship-yards of New England were already renowned. Boston, New York, and Philadelphia were seats of an important trade. On the island of Nantucket the whale-fishery had been established that was to prove for a brief period the source of great profit, and a school of accomplished seamen. The spermaceti-whale was still seen along the American coast, but the New England whaler had already penetrated Hudson Bay, and even pierced the antarctic. The Revolutionary War broke up the trade, and the English captured two hundred of its ships, besides burning the oil stored on the island.¹ In consequence of the rigid navigation laws, smuggling prevailed along all the American coast, and swift vessels and daring sailors made their way to the ports of France and Spain to bring back valuable cargoes of wine and silks. Boston was the chief seat of ship-building, and its fast-sailing vessels were sent to the West Indies to be exchanged for rum and sugar. In 1743² it was estimated that New England employed one thousand ships in its trade, besides its fishing barks. But when the laws were more strictly enforced, the shipping trade of Boston declined. British war vessels watched the colonial ports, and cut off that large source of wealth which the colonists had found in an illicit commerce with Spain and the West India Islands, and it was with no kindly feeling that New England and New York saw the gainful traffic destroyed which had brought them in a stream of French and Spanish gold.³ The rude English officials not seldom made illegal seizures. Every custom-house officer was turned into an informer, and no cargo seemed altogether secure.

There was no redress except in an appeal to England. Yet the American commerce still flourished, even within the narrow limit to which it was confined, and the colonists bore with admirable patience the exactions and restrictions to which they were subjected in order that New York and Boston might not compete with London and Bristol. In fact, the navigation laws had prevented altogether that natural and healthy growth which might have made the colonial sea-ports even in 1775 considerable cities. But twenty-four thousand tons of shipping were built in the colonies in 1771, and the whole exports were in 1770 three millions of pounds sterling, and the imports about two and a half millions. It was noticed that the value of the tobacco exported was one-fourth larger than that of the wheat and rye.¹ The rise of American commerce had seemed wonderful to Burke, Barré, and all those Englishmen who were capable of looking beyond the politics of their own narrow island; but no sooner had America become free than its trade doubled, trebled, and soon rose to what in 1775 would have seemed incredible proportions. New York, Boston, and Philadelphia became at once large cities, and England was enriched by American freedom.

One gainful source of traffic to the colonial and British merchants had been the slave-trade. Immense numbers of these unwilling emigrants were forced upon the colonial markets, chiefly by the inhuman policy of England. A strong feeling of disapprobation for this species of merchandise had early grown up in the minds of the Americans, and Pennsylvania, New England, and even South Carolina were anxious to discourage it by imposing a heavy tax on slaves. But the English Parliament abrogated all their humane legislation. No sentiment of Christian mercy seems to have moved the bishops, lords, and accomplished statesmen who held the control of the American trade. The English merchants insisted upon their monstrous traffic. In one year six thousand slaves were brought to South Carolina; fifteen thousand were forced upon all the colonies. It is at least an indication of the higher degree of civilization to which the inhabitants of the New World had attained that they were the first to exclaim against the horrors of slavery, and that they taught the English intellect one of the most striking principles of modern progress. If in any particular men have risen beyond the cruel selfishness of the earlier ages, it is in the recognition of the principle that human slavery shall no more be tolerated. The Pennsylvanians as early as 1713 protested against the barbarous traffic.² One of the chief grievances of New England was that

¹ Pitkin. *Mrs. Farrar's Recollections*, p. 2, whose father was a chief sufferer.

² Holmes, *Annals*, 1748.

³ Gordon, i. 153.

¹ M'Pherson. Pitkin, p. 11.

² *Memoirs Hist. Soc. Penn.*, vol. i. part i. p. 362. George Fox had always disapproved of slavery.

the English were resolute to force slaves upon them; and when the colonies became free, they proceeded at once to indicate a period after which no more Africans should be imported into America. They were the first to fix the ban of civilization upon an infamous traffic, which had been sanctioned by the usages of all ages. If they did not abolish slavery itself, it was because the cruel legislation of English statesmen had implanted the evil so deeply in the midst of the new nation that nothing but a fearful civil convulsion could eliminate and destroy it.

In manufactures the colonists can be said to have made but little progress. The English government had rigorously forbidden them to attempt to make their own wares. A keen watch had been kept over them, and it was resolved that they should never be suffered to compete with the artisans of England. The governors of the different colonies were directed to make a careful report to the home government of the condition of the colonial manufactures, in order that they might be effectually destroyed.¹ From their authentic but perhaps not always accurate survey it is possible to form a general conception of the slow advance of this branch of labor. South of Connecticut, we are told, there were scarcely any manufactures. The people imported every thing that they required from Great Britain. Kalm, indeed, found leather made at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, as good as the English, and much cheaper. He praises the American mechanics; but, in general, we may accept the report of the governors that all manufactured articles employed in the family or in trade were made abroad. Linens and fine cloths, silks, implements of iron and steel, furniture, arms, powder, were purchased of the London merchants. But this was not always the case in busy New England. Here the jealous London traders discovered that iron foundries and even slitting-mills were already in operation; that fur hats were manufactured for exportation in Connecticut and Boston; that the people were beginning to supply their own wants, and even to threaten the factories of England with a dangerous rivalry. The English traders petitioned the government for relief from this colonial insubordination, and Parliament hastened to suppress the poor slitting-mills and hat manufactories of our ancestors by an express law.² The hatters, who seem to have especially excited the jealousy of their London brethren, were forbidden to export hats even to the next colony, and were allowed to take only two apprentices at a time. Iron and steel works were also prohibited. Wool and flax manufactures were suppressed by stringent provisions. American factories were

declared "nuisances." No wool or manufacture of wool could be carried from one colony to another; and, what was a more extraordinary instance of oppression, no Bible was suffered to be printed in America.¹

Under this rigid tyranny American manufactures had sunk into neglect. Massachusetts had ventured to offer a bounty on paper-making, and some Scottish-Irish had introduced the manufacture of linen; iron furnaces had been erected in various parts of the country, and its immense mineral wealth was not altogether unknown. But it is safe to conclude that from Maine to Georgia no species of artistic manufactures existed within the colonial limits. The farm-house and the spinning-wheel were the only centres of a native industry which the British Parliament could not suppress. Of those two great sources of American progress, coal and iron, the latter had assumed some importance. Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Virginia had begun to produce pig-iron in an imperfect state. The ore might be exported to England, and even Ireland, and it was already known that the colonies could produce such large quantities of the metal as would supply their own wants, and perhaps those of Europe.³ As they were not suffered to manufacture even a nail or a pin, a wheel or a plow, England made immense profits by returning the raw iron to America in various articles of trade. Coal was known to exist within the colonies, and was mined in Virginia.² Speculative observers foresaw the day when furnaces and factories might spring up along the banks of the Delaware and the Potomac, and the mineral wealth of the country be made to contribute to the prosperity of the colonies. But of that immense and inexhaustible store-house of the finest coal the world possesses which lies in the Lehigh Valley and upon Mauch Chunk Mountain our ancestors could have had no conception. No one supposed that beneath the rude and pathless forest, on lands that seemed destined to perpetual sterility, covered with savages, and terrible even to the hunter, there lay mines richer than Golconda, and stores of wealth beyond that of Ormuz and the Ind. Or had any statesman of 1775 ventured to predict that on the site of Fort Pitt, in the heart of a terrible wilderness, at the junction of two impetuous streams, was to spring up, within a century, a city where coal and iron, lying together in its midst, should be the source of a boundless opulence, he would have lost forever all

¹ Bancroft, v. 266.

² Kalm, Pinkert., xiii., p. 473. Pennsylvania, he thought, can supply all the globe with iron, so easily was it procured. "But coals have not yet been found in Pennsylvania (p. 406), though people pretend to have seen them higher up," he says.

³ M'Farlane, Coal Regions. The mines near Richmond were worked long before the anthracite bed of Pennsylvania was discovered, p. 614.

¹ Report of Board of Trade.

² Pitkin, 7.

reputation for discretion. The journey from the Delaware to Pittsburg was long the terror of the Western settler.

It was long after the Revolution that a hunter who had been out all day on Mauch Chunk Mountain, and had found no game, and who was returning weary and disheartened to his cabin, with no means to purchase food for his family, struck with his foot as he passed along a black crystal. He stooped and examined it.¹ The first specimen of that priceless mineral which has transformed the wilderness into a populous nation, and contributed to the comfort of millions, lay before him. The rain fell fast. The hunter was tired and hungry. Yet he took up the apparently worthless stone and carried it with him to his cabin. Mauch Chunk then lay bare and bleak, the haunt of wild beasts and savage men, and had not the hunter preserved his shining mineral, might still have hidden its secret stores for another decade. He showed the specimen to a friend; it was taken to Philadelphia. The mountain was explored, and a company formed to work the mine. But it was at first unsuccessful, and many years elapsed before Pennsylvania became conscious of its hidden treasures, and discovered that it possessed mines richer than those of the Incas and perennial fountains of industrial progress. The unlucky discoverer, it seems, reaped little profit from his good fortune. His land was taken from him by a prior claim. He died in poverty. Great companies, possessed of enormous capital, and spanning with their combined railroads half the continent, now encircle the Mauch Chunk Mountain with their avenues of trade. Coal has been found heaped upon the sides of the hills, and compressed in huge masses in the valleys. The richest and almost the only bed of anthracite in the world has been discovered beneath the path of the solitary hunter.

The wild men of the woods and marshes were to our ancestors objects of interest as well as terror.² In the earlier period of the colonial history their numbers had been exaggerated, and it was believed that a hundred thousand painted savages might at some moment throw themselves on the white settlements. But it was found at length that one nation was alone formidable, and that an Indian empire had risen beneath the shadows of the forest that resembled in its extent, its cruelty, and its love of glory the most renowned of European sovereignties and conquerors. In the seventeenth century the Six Nations had their seat in that fair and fertile portion of New York that reaches from Albany to Lake Erie. Onondaga was their capital. A single sachem ruled with un-

disputed authority over the obedient league.³ A passion for conquest and a love of martial fame had led this singular confederacy to exploits of daring that seem almost incredible. They held in a kind of subjection all the territory from Connecticut to the Mississippi. The wild tribes of Long Island obeyed the commands of Onondaga; and even the feeble Canarsie, on its distant shore, trembled at the name of the Mohawk. Under the shade of the endless forests, over the trackless mountains, and across rapid rivers, the war parties of the Six Nations had pressed on to the conquest of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and all Virginia yielded to their arms.⁴ They fought with the Cherokees on the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky. The Illinois fled before them on the fair prairies, now the granary of the continent. The savages seem to have resembled the extinct races whose bones are found in the prehistoric caves of Kent and Dordogne. They were cruel, and rejoiced in the tortures of their captives. Their wigwams were filthy and smeared with smoke, adorned with scalps, and hung with weapons of war. Cunning and deceit formed a large part of their tactics. They rejoiced to fall upon their enemies by night and massacre the flying inhabitants of the blazing wigwams. Yet in their rude society the savages manifested the elements of all those impulses and passions that mark the civilization of Europe.⁵ They were fond of fine dress, and their women produced rich leather robes, glittering with decorations in colored grasses and beads, head coverings, adorned with feathers, and moccasins of singular beauty. They danced, they sang, with a skill, vigor, and precision that Taglioni might have envied or a Patti approved. The Iroquois boasted that they had themselves invented twenty-six different dances. They exchanged visits from wigwam to wigwam, and practiced a courtesy that might have instructed Paris. They had their orators, who polished their sentences with the accuracy of Cicero. With a simple faith they worshiped the Supreme Spirit; and yearly, in February, when the germs of life were opening, met to return thanks to their Maker that he had preserved their lives for another year. A white dog was sacrificed, prayers were offered, hymns of thanksgiving sung,⁶ and on the wild shores of the Seneca or Cayuga lake a natural worship hallowed the savage scene.

¹ Schoolcraft, Notes on the Iroquois, p. 83. Onondaga was the seat of government from the earliest period.

² Morgan, League of the Iroquois, p. 13. They penetrated to Virginia in 1607; in 1660-1700 the French assailed them.

³ Schoolcraft, 135-139. Morgan, 384.

⁴ Morgan, 39. They even confessed their sins of the past year, we are told. Their belief in witchcraft, omens, dreams, is told by Schoolcraft, p. 141. They had a vampire, he thinks.

⁵ Mem. Penn. Hist. Soc., i. part ii. p. 317.

⁶ The Indians had the vanity of all feeble intellects, and thought themselves the superiors of all mankind. Colden, i. 8.

Of the numbers of the Indian tribes it is of course impossible to form any exact estimate. But it is believed that in the height of their power the Six Nations never possessed more than seventeen thousand warriors, and that in the year 1774 they had scarcely two thousand. Their whole number was then estimated at ten thousand souls.¹ Their wars with the French and with the native races had rapidly reduced their strength. It was stated by Tryon at this time that the wilderness from Lake Erie to the Mississippi could furnish twenty-five thousand warriors, and was inhabited by one hundred and thirty thousand Indians. In the South the Cherokees were the ruling race, and might, with their allies, produce several thousand men. It was with these fierce and relentless warriors that the English hoped to devastate the long line of frontier settlements from Lake Ontario to the Savannah. Twenty thousand Indians, it was thought, would fall upon the unprotected colonists, and with the scalping knife and the musket force them to submit to the British king. Nothing more incited the colonies to independence than this unheard-of barbarity. It was when all the distant settlements were threatened by an Indian invasion that they resolved upon perfect freedom; and even the patient Washington when he heard the news could not restrain his malediction upon the cruel tyrant, and urged an instant separation.² In periods of peace the Indians had afforded the colonies an important branch of trade. Furs and skins were exported in large quantities to Europe, and the most successful trappers were the Six Nations, who brought their wares to Albany, and the less warlike tribes who dealt with the merchants of Fort Pitt. Gold and silver were of no value to the savages. They would only receive their payment in wampum or strings of shells³—a currency that passed freely over all the continent—or in powder, shot, and muskets, rum, and sometimes articles of dress. A fine uniform or a glittering coat was sometimes exchanged for large tracts of land. A string of periwinkle shells, purple or white, was valued at a dollar; and the first church in New Jersey, it is related, was built and paid for from contributions in wampum.⁴ New York and Albany in the early Dutch period had almost adopted the currency of the savage. There are, indeed, marked traces of the influence of Indian customs and superstitions among the whites. Their omens, dreams, and intense belief in witchcraft, their incantations and spells, seem to have convinced Cotton Mather

and the New England divines of their close connection with the spirit of evil,¹ and helped to increase the sense of a present Satan in the neighboring forests. To the wild hunters of the border the savages taught their keen study of nature, their caution, and their impassiveness. The frontiers-men borrowed their moccasins, hunting shirts of leather, and caps, their patience of cold and hunger, and rivaled them at last in the pursuit of game. At the close of the Revolution the power of the Six Nations was broken forever. They had taken the side of the English, except only the friendly Oneidas, and the last of the Mohawks found a refuge in Canada.² The other tribes sold their possessions, and nearly all moved away. Canandaigua, Cayuga, Oneida, Onondaga, gave names to flourishing white colonies from New England, and with the destruction of the Indian rule New York rose rapidly to the first place in population and power among its sister States.

Next to the Indians, along that wide fringe of border land that skirted the banks of the Hudson, the declivities of the Alleghanies, and the western counties of the Carolinas on the brink of the Wilderness, lived the hardy race of the pioneers. The home of the woodsman was usually a log-cabin; his chief wealth his musket and a family of healthy children. Far away from the centres of civilization, more familiar with the manners of the wigwam than of the city, generous, fanciful, fond of nature, and of the trees and rivers, mountains and plains, around him, always ready for change and new adventure, the pioneer lived in ceaseless excitement, and sank at last to rest under the green sod of some untried land. His life was, indeed, never secure from the treacherous assaults of the wild men of the woods. The Indians were as fickle as they were mobile and active. The pioneers, trained in constant watchfulness, produced some of the most noted and possibly the most eminent of the men of the Revolution. Washington himself was in his early youth educated in the arts of frontier life. Poor, self-instructed, accurate,³ truthful, at nineteen he had as a surveyor studied the wilderness west of the Alleghanies, and learned the life of the woods. At a later period he traveled on foot with a pack on his shoulders from Winchester to the Ohio, through the heart of the forest. Later still he led the provincial troops through the woods and mountains, and became famous as a commander; and when the fate of freedom rested on him alone, his experience in the forest and the wilderness

¹ Campbell, Tryon County, p. 24 and note.

² Washington to Reed. Reed, Original Letter, p. 66. He denounces "the tyrant and his diabolical ministry."

³ Schoolcraft, p. 258.

⁴ Colden, I. 11, notices that they had no slaves. They adopted the captives they saved alive.

¹ Satan was believed to haunt the New England woods in the form of a "little black man." Cotton Mather.

² Morgan, p. 80.

³ The careful drawings of the self-taught Washington show the methodical nature of his mind. See Sparks, Life.

guided him to the victories of Trenton and Princeton. Daniel Boone, the founder of a State, was a more accurate example of this wayward class. From his cottage on the Yadkin, where, surrounded by wife, children, and comparative ease, he might well have lived content, an irresistible desire to explore the mysterious wilderness drew him away. He climbed the tall Cumberland Mountains, and saw with a kind of rapture, he relates, the lovely plains of Kentucky, the buffaloes cropping the rich meadows, the flowers blooming in the waste.¹ He descended into the paradise, was captured by some Indians, who came upon him and his companion from a cane-brake, escaped, was found by his brother in the wilderness, to his unspeakable joy; and when his brother left him, built a hut, and lived alone, he declares, in inexpressible happiness. From the summit of some commanding hill he delighted to trace the windings of the Kentucky through its ample plains, or hunted for his daily food through the teeming woods. "Through an uninterrupted scene of sylvan pleasures," he writes, "I spent my time."² He resolved to return to North Carolina for his family, and found a settlement in the smiling waste. He sold his farm. With wife and children and a small band of settlers, he climbed again the wild Cumberland Mountains. The Indians attacked the small party, his son fell in battle, but the ardent pioneer persisted in his vision, and founded Boonesborough, on the banks of the Kentucky, in the wilderness he loved so well. A small stockade was built. It was attacked by the Indians. Boone was taken prisoner in a warlike expedition, but instead of torturing him, the Shawanese adopted him into their tribe and treated him as a brother. Again he escaped, and in his wooden fort at Boonesborough sustained a siege that had nearly proved successful. The savages were repulsed, peace and liberty came together, and the bold pioneer died in the scene he had looked upon with rapture, the founder of a new nation, and surrounded by a grateful people.³

Such were the men who led the way to the frontier settlements, who first crossed the Alleghanies, who penetrated beneath the shadow of Lookout Mountain, or ventured into Cherry Valley, when the Six Nations still ruled over Western New York. They formed a long line of isolated colonies, and disputed with the savages the possession of the wilderness. Behind them, protected by their necessary vigilance, the more peaceful settlers cultivated their ample farms and lived in prosperous ease. Yet the border land was never safe from a hostile invasion.

¹ Filson's Kentucky. Boone's Narrative.

² Narrative, p. 36.

³ Filson, p. 49. "He lived at last," it is said, "in peace, delighted by the love and gratitude of his countrymen."

When the English first incited the savage tribes to a general rising the whole frontier was penetrated by a series of murderous attacks. The settlers on the outskirts of North and South Carolina fled from their blazing homes or perished in an unsparing massacre. The Indians who followed Burgoyne filled New York with slaughter. Vermont and New Hampshire trembled before their threats. Cherry Valley armed in its defense.¹ The fate of Wyoming has been told in immortal song. The shores of the Hudson were no longer safe. Brandt and his band of savages penetrated into Orange County, and the massacre of Minisink alarmed the Huguenot farmers in the rich valleys of the Shawangunk and the Dutch in the hill country around Goshen. As the savages pressed on into Orange County they came to a school-house which was yet filled with its children. They took the school-master into the woods and killed him. They clove the skulls of several of the boys with their tomahawks; but the little girls, who stood looking on horror-struck and waiting for an instant death, were spared. A tall savage—it was Brandt—dashed a mark of black paint upon their aprons, and when the other savages saw it they left them unharmed. Swift as an inspiration the little girls resolved to save their brothers.² They flung over them their aprons, and when the next Indians passed by they were spared for the mark they bore. The school-master's wife hid in a ditch and escaped. It was amidst such dangers that our ancestors founded their new republic, and forced on the course of progress.

Within the more cultivated portions of the country the most influential person in every town was usually the clergyman. In New England the authority of the ministers was no longer what it had been in the days of Cotton and the Mathers. A revolt had taken place against the spiritual hierarchy which had opened the way for intellectual freedom. But the New England pastor was distinguished always for virtues and attainments that gave him a lasting prominence. In his youth he had passed through a spiritual exercise which had fixed him in the path of virtue. He examined his own nature with the accuracy of a Pythagorean. He had laid down rules to himself that formed the guiding principles of his life. Sloth he abhorred; he resolved to lose no moment of time; to do nothing that he should be afraid to do in his last hour; to consecrate himself to the service of his Maker.³ The image of ideal virtue had dawned upon him in its surpassing loveliness, and he wandered away into the still woods and pleasant fields filled

¹ Campbell, Tryon County, is full of the trials of frontier life.

² Eager, Orange County, p. 391. It was July, 1779.

³ Edwards, Diary and Life.

with sweet visions of the divine Messiah. Yet he knew that the world was full of trouble and vexation, and that it would never be another kind of a world. It was thus that Jonathan Edwards meditated in the dawn of his intellectual youth, and many another ardent follower of Calvin. The New England minister was fond of scholastic theology. He keenly pursued the delicate and refined distinctions of election and grace, of free-will and predestination, but seldom wandered far from the decisions of the Geneva school. Yet he had learned self-control, and was well fitted to direct the conduct of others. Elected by the voice of the people to the ministry of a town or city congregation, his scholarship and his decision gave him a political and personal influence that he was not afraid to use.¹ The clerical families were often connected by the closest ties of relationship, and the pastorate descended from generation to generation. The Cottons and Mathers ruled over Boston for nearly sixty years. Edwards was the grandson of a clergyman, succeeded to his charge, married a clergyman's daughter, and married his own daughter to the Rev. Aaron Burr. Yet the people of Northampton, where he was settled, with the largest salary in New England, rebelled against his authority. He removed to Stockbridge, and became at last president of the College of New Jersey on the death of his son-in-law, Burr.

These cultivated men were usually ardent patriots. But their patriotism was no doubt stimulated by the dread of a religious rather than political tyranny. A fear prevailed in all New England that Parliament and the king were resolved to impose bishops upon each of the colonies, and to enforce by law the ritual of the Church of England. Whitefield had warned the colonies of a coming woe. The imprudent conversation of young Episcopal ministers in Connecticut and Boston added to the apprehension. Archbishop Secker had suggested the idea of an American episcopate,² and the project was already entertained in England of reducing New England to a subjection to the national Church by lavish bribes to its independent clergy, and by the reform or suppression of all the colonial charters. Cambridge had even been suggested as the seat of a colonial bishop, and an Episcopal church had already sprung up beneath the shadow of Harvard College under the auspices of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in America. Then Mayhew of Boston began a series of publica-

tions that sounded an alarm throughout the country. He felt the danger; he saw the unscrupulous nature of the men who ruled in England. The "overbearing spirit of the Episcopalians" he brooded over, until he almost felt once more the clerical tyranny from which the gentle Robinson had fled, and which had impelled the *Mayflower* over the stormy sea. "Will they never let us rest in peace," he cried, "except where all the weary are at rest?" Is it not enough that they persecuted us out of the Old World?" Yet Mayhew was still sufficiently loyal to hope that King George was "too good and noble" to suffer it. When the controversy with England began, Mayhew was ever ready to support the liberties of his country, and his pulpit resounded with patriotic exhortations. Almost every Congregational minister was equally faithful. Like the Huguenot and the Covenanter, they even fought in the ranks, and sometimes led their townsmen to battle, and fell among the first.

The clergy of the middle and southern colonies were persons less distinctly the leaders of the people than in New England. The Episcopalian ministers were often mild and amiable men who cared nothing for politics. They were inclined to the English rule, but were not unwilling to share the fortunes of a new nation. Some, however, were bitter and relentless in their Toryism; their violence helped to bring discredit on their cause, and their religious intolerance led them to their ruin. In New York the Dutch and Presbyterian clergy were often eminent for their virtues and their scholarship; their churches in the city were to the eyes of our ancestors splendid, their salaries high, their congregations numerous and attentive. The Presbyterian church in Wall Street, the new Dutch church, and even the old, were scarcely surpassed by Trinity and St. Paul's. Meantime a new religious influence had been impressed upon the nation by the preaching of Whitefield, and in 1742 a revival had swept over the country that never lost its effect. Villages and cities had been stirred by the impulse of reform. Many strange and some not attractive scenes had followed it. Children held their meetings for prayer apart.³ Women had been roused to unreflecting fanaticism, and imposture and hypocrisy had flourished in the general excitement. Yet it was acknowledged that every where morality had received a real impulse at the hands of faith. The clergy themselves profited by the general movement, and became better fitted to guide the people. The Roman Catholic clergy at this period had lost much of their early intolerance. The Society of the Jesuits had been abolished, a series of

¹ The minister was sometimes obliged to rule his people with no tender hand, and violent controversy often arose, which sometimes "came to hard blows." Life of Edwards, i. 464. The people of Northampton were of "a difficult and turbulent temper," etc.

² Gordon, i. 143, gives the general apprehension and the plan.

¹ Mayhew, *Second Defense*, p. 64.

² *Observations*, p. 156.

³ Edwards, *Life*.

moderate and reputable popes had ruled at Rome, and reform seemed about to invade the councils of the Vatican. The fanatical reaction of the nineteenth century had not yet begun.

In the towns and villages the lawyers shared with the clergy the intellectual influence of the time. Many of them were well-read and accomplished men, who joined to their technical knowledge a considerable acquaintance with letters, or were noted for their natural eloquence. John Adams had prepared himself by a careful study of his profession to defend with legal accuracy the rights of his countrymen. William Smith, of New York, was known as a faithful historian as well as jurist, and formed the intellect of John Jay. Colden wrote well. In Virginia Patrick Henry had won his first renown by an impassioned appeal against the avarice and the ambition of the Established Church. Jefferson had trained himself by practice in the courts before he essayed to condense in a brief memorial the rights of man. Nothing indeed is more remarkable at this period than the nicety and clearness with which the various points in dispute between the colonies and England were discussed in every part of the country, and the superiority in argument which the legal writers of America showed over their opponents in London when they treated of the professional elements of the controversy. Otis and Adams reasoned with calmness and force, while Johnson raved and Mansfield blundered. In the grand argument which the American lawyers addressed to the suffrages of the civilized world there was a depth of reflection and a wide acquaintance with the principles of the common and international law that proved to acute observers their just claim to freedom. No one could think such men unworthy to found a state.

The chief cities of our ancestors were all scattered along the sea-coast. There were no large towns in the interior. Albany was still a small village, Schenectady a cluster of houses. To those vast inland capitals which have sprung up on the lakes and great rivers of the West our country offered no parallel. Chicago and St. Louis, the centres of enormous wealth and unlimited commerce, had yet no predecessors. Pleasant villages had sprung up in New England, New Jersey, and on the banks of the Hudson, but they could pretend to no rivalry with those flourishing cities which lined the sea-coast or its estuaries, and seemed to our ancestors the abodes of luxury and splendor. Yet even New York, Philadelphia, and Boston,¹ extensive as they appeared to the colonists, were insignificant towns compared to

the European capitals, and gave no promise of ever approaching that grandeur which seemed to be reserved especially for London and Paris. In 1774 the population of New York was perhaps 20,000; that of London 600,000. The latter was thirty times larger than the former, and in wealth and political importance was so infinitely its superior that a comparison between them would have been absurd. Boston, which has crowned Beacon Hill, pressed over the Neck, and even covered with a magnificent quarter a large surface that was once the bed of the Charles River, was in 1774 a town of 15,000 or 18,000 inhabitants, closely confined to the neighborhood of the bay. The Long Wharf may still be seen on the ancient maps; the Common was used as a public resort;² the Hancock House was illuminated at the repeal of the Stamp Act, and the Sons of Liberty raised on the Common a pyramid of lamps, from the top of which fire-works lighted up the neighboring fields. But Beacon Hill was still used by its owner as a gravel-pit, and it was feared by the citizens that he might level it altogether. The Boston of 1774, which proclaimed freedom and defied the power of England, would scarcely rank to-day among the more important country towns. New York was more populous, but it was still confined to the narrow point of land below the Park. The thickly built part of the town lay in the neighborhood of Whitehall. Some fine houses lined Broadway and Broad Street,³ but to the west of Broadway green lawns stretched down from Trinity and St. Paul's to the water. Trees were planted thickly before the houses; on the roofs railings or balconies were placed,⁴ and in the summer evenings the people gathered on the house-top to catch the cool air. Lamps had already been placed on the streets.⁵ Fair villas covered the environs, and even the Baroness Riedesel, who had visited in the royal palaces of Europe, was charmed with the scenery and homes of the citizens. Extravagance had already corrupted the plainer habits of the earlier period. The examples of London and Paris had already affected the American cities. The people of New York drank fiery Madeira, and were noted for their luxury. Broadway was thought the most splendid of avenues, although it ended at Chambers Street. And twenty years later, when the City Hall was built, it was called by Dwight (a good scholar) the finest building in America.⁶ The streets of New York and Boston were usual-

¹ Drake, Boston, 685.

² Riedesel, Mem., iii. 170, etc.

³ Kalm. Riedesel, Mem., iii. 170. Watson, *Annals New York*, p. 227. A stage ran to Philadelphia in 1776.

⁴ New York, Miss Mary L. Booth. Gordon, i. 138, notices the heavy taxes of Boston—higher than those of London.

⁵ Dwight, *Travels*, iii. 329, notices the magnificent style of living, etc.

¹ Burnaby describes Boston as the most cultivated of the American cities. Dwight thinks New York "magnificent" at a later period.

ly crooked and narrow, but the foresight of Penn had made Philadelphia a model of regularity. Market and Broad streets were ample and stately. The city was as populous as New York, and perhaps the possessor of more wealth. It was the first city on the continent, and the fame of Franklin had already given it a European renown.¹ Yet Philadelphia when it rebelled against George III. was only an insignificant town, clinging to the banks of the river; and New York invited the attack of the chief naval power of the world with its harbor undefended and its whole population exposed to the guns of the enemy's ships. The southern cities were yet of little importance. Baltimore was a small village. Virginia had no large town. Charleston had a few thousand inhabitants. Along that immense line of sea-coast now covered with populous cities the smallest of which would have made the New York and Boston of our ancestors seem insignificant, only these few and isolated centres of commerce had sprung up. The wilderness still covered the shores of Long Island, New Jersey, Delaware, and the Carolinas almost as in the days of Raleigh.

To pass from one city to another along this desolate shore was, in 1775, a long and difficult journey. Roads had been early built in most of the colonies. In Massachusetts they were good, except where they passed over the hills. In New York a good road ran through Orange and Ulster counties to Albany. That between New York and Philadelphia was probably tolerable. In the southern colonies but little attention was paid to road-building, and even those in the neighborhood of Philadelphia were often almost impassable. A stage-coach ran in two days from New York to Philadelphia, but the passengers were requested to cross over the evening before to Powle's Hook, that they might set out early in the morning.² Sloops sailed to Albany in seven or eight days.³ From Boston to New York was a week's journey. In fair weather the roads of the time were tolerable; but in winter and spring they became little better than quagmires. There was therefore but little intercourse between the people of the distant colonies, and in winter all communication by land and water must have been nearly cut off. Had it been told to our ancestors that within a century men would ride from New York to Philadelphia within three hours, or pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific in seven days, that the passage from Boston to Charleston would be made within three days, or from Liverpool to New York within ten, they would have placed no more confidence in the prediction than in the

speculations of Laputa. Nor did they dream that Franklin's discoveries had made the closer union of the human race still more certain. The northern cities were usually built of brick or of stone, and many of the farm-houses were of the latter material.¹ The former had been imported from Holland for the first New York buildings; and even Schenectady, a frontier town, was so purely Dutch as to have been early decorated with Holland brick. In the country stone was easily gathered from the abundant quarries on the Hudson or along the New England hills. Many large, low, stone houses, with lofty roofs and massive windows, may still be seen in the rich valleys opening upon the Hudson, almost in the same condition in which they were left by their Huguenot or Dutch builders, and apparently capable of enduring the storms of another century.² Brick-making was soon introduced into the colonies, and the abundant forests supplied all the materials for the mechanic. Fortunately no palaces were built, no royal parks required, no Versailles nor Marly indispensable to our ancestors, no monasteries, no cathedrals. A general equality in condition was nearly reached. Not five men, we are told, in New York and Philadelphia expended ten thousand dollars a year on their families. The manners of the people were simple; their expenses moderate. Yet nowhere was labor so well rewarded nor poverty so rare. Franklin, who had seen the terrible destitution of England and of France, pronounced his own country the most prosperous part of the globe, and was only anxious to protect it from that tyranny which had reduced Europe to starvation, and snatched their honest earnings from the hands of the working classes. He saw that those who labored were the best fitted to govern. The wages of the farm laborer in the northern colonies was probably three times that of the English peasant, and the general abundance of food rendered his condition easier. Fuel, however, before the discovery of coal, seems to have been sometimes scarce and dear. Kalm notices that complaints of its dearth were frequent in Philadelphia—now the seat of the chief coal market of the world.³ Wines and liquors were freely consumed by our ancestors, and even New England had as yet no high repute for temperance. Rum was taken as a common restorative. The liquor shops of New York had long been a public annoyance. In the farther southern colonies, we are told, the planter began his day with a strong glass of spirits, and closed it by carousing, gam-

¹ Watson, Philadelphia.

² Advertisement, *The Flying Post*. Watson, *Ann. Phil.*, p. 257, notices the bad roads.

³ Trumbull, *Mem.*, p. 36.

¹ Kalm. Burnaby. Mr. Stone's valuable edition of the Riedesel memoirs throws much light upon the condition of the colonies.

² Early New York (1669) "was built most of brick and stone, and covered with bed tiles." Brodhead, *New York*, ii. 153.

³ Pinkert., xlii. 407.

bling, or talking politics in the village tavern. Our ancestors were extraordinarily fond of money, if we may trust the judgment of Washington, who seems to have found too many of them willing to improve their fortunes from the resources of the impoverished community.¹ But in general it must be inferred that the standard of public morals was not low. In comparison with the corrupt statesmen of England and France, or with the members of the English Parliament, who were nearly all willing to accept and to give bribes, the American politicians seemed to the European thinkers the most admirable of men. Washington rose above his species, and Franklin, Samuel and John Adams, Jefferson, Gadsden, and Lee were wise and prudent beyond example. Our generals and soldiers, when compared to those England sent over to conquer them, were evidently of a higher and purer race. Burgoyne,² Howe, and the greater part of their associates shocked the rising refinement of colonial society by their gross vices and shameless profligacy as much as by their inhumanity. Gates, Arnold, and Lee, who imitated them, were exceptions to the general purity of the American officers, and of these two were English-born and one a traitor.

The desire for a higher and purer life was indeed the finest trait of American politics and society. The Declaration of Independence embodied the real feeling of the people. They were anxious to promote human equality, to enforce the common brotherhood of man, to cultivate refinement, to escape from the gross vices of mediæval barbarism which still covered all Europe. They had learned the necessity of religious and political toleration by the slow course of experience. In the opening of their history religious toleration had been unknown. New England had persecuted Episcopalians, Quakers, Dissenters. Stuyvesant, in New York, had sent Quakers in chains to Holland, and been reproved by his superiors at the Hague. Virginia was bitterly intolerant, and by the boasted constitution of Maryland in 1649 the Socinian was deemed worthy of death, and whoever reproached the Virgin Mary was fined, imprisoned, or banished.³ But these harsh laws were gradually swept away, and in 1775 a practical toleration prevailed in all the colonies. No one of any intelligence any longer desired to propagate his

faith by penal laws. An equal progress had been made in politics. Virginia was willing to abandon its entails and its oligarchy; Massachusetts to assert a democratic equality; New York to break down its colonial aristocracy forever. All the colonies united in throwing aside the restrictions of European prejudice, and by a remarkable revolution provided for the creation of a republic, in which the people should be the only rulers.

I shall conclude this imperfect sketch by a brief review of the intellectual condition of America. It had produced no Shakspeare nor Milton, it possessed no poets and historians; but it is quite probable that the Northern States of America were better educated in the ideas of Milton and Shakspeare than even England or France. Of the people of New England the larger proportion could read and write, while of the two centres of European civilization the great majority of the population were sunk in hopeless ignorance. From the dawn of its history New England had insisted that its people should all be educated; and New York and Pennsylvania had not lingered far behind it.¹ Connecticut imposed a heavy fine upon every father of a family who had neglected to teach his household the elements of knowledge,² Massachusetts had enforced a similar provision, and even South Carolina had directed a school to be planted in every township. It was the aim of the New World to open the minds of all its people to the light of literature, and to cultivate the whole community. It sought mental as well as political equality. But in France and England the royal governments found no leisure and had little inclination to teach their people. It was only in Protestant Holland and Germany that men were yet allowed to learn the "sweet influences" of a rule of letters.

In their eager and resolute desire to make knowledge free to all, our ancestors at once planted in the wilderness the printing-press. Three years had not passed after the landing of the first colony in Pennsylvania when the clank of the machine that had reformed Europe and discovered America resounded under the shade of the primeval forest.³ It was with knowledge rather than arms that the followers of Penn hoped to found their state; and fifty years earlier Massachusetts had erected its first printing-press at Cambridge, and had consecrated New England to literature and thought. Our ancestors were plainly resolved that the New World should be a land of printers. Pamphlets, sermons,

¹ Washington to Reed, Reed's Original Letters, p. 68.

² Riedesel, Mem., iii. p. 125. Lord Auckland was constantly intoxicated. Burgoyne and his mistress spent half the night drinking Champagne while his troops were starving. Such were the morals England taught to the colonies.

³ Bozman, Maryland. Lord Baltimore probably hoped to make Maryland a purely Roman Catholic colony, but in 1649 England would not permit it, i. p. 351; ii. p. 662.

¹ Ramsay, i. 26.

² Ramsay, i. 78. In Connecticut the parent neglecting education was fined twenty shillings. Baroness Riedesel noticed that all the women of New England could read. The Virginians of the back country she finds ignorant and "inert." They sometimes exchange wives, are cruel to their slaves; but she was no friendly judge.

³ Thomas, Printing, and Bancroft.

political pieces, resounded through the wilderness, and before the close of the seventeenth century Cotton Mather alone had printed in England and America three hundred and eighty-two of his own productions. In the opening of the eighteenth (1704) a weekly paper, *The News Letter*, was published at Boston.¹ It was then the only newspaper printed in British America. It was a foolscap half sheet, and was thought sufficient to contain all the news of the day. In 1725 William Bradford issued at New York the *New York Gazette*, a foolscap sheet. The two Franklins, James and Benjamin, edited at Boston the *New England Courant*; and suits for libel, imprisonment, and fines were the reward of several of the early editors. James Franklin was in jail for four weeks; Zenger, of the *New York Courant* (1733), was also soon in the grasp of the law. But through all its early trials the printing-press passed successfully. The newspaper became as necessary to the colonists as their daily food. In 1775 five were printed in New York, and as many each in Philadelphia and Boston. The free school proved the best ally of the printer, and popular education laid the foundation of a nation of readers. The power of the press was soon manifested. Reform and revolution followed in its path. Yet the rude machine at which Franklin and Bradford labored seemed to lag behind the wants of even an early age; to print a few hundred copies of a small sheet required incessant toil; and Faust himself² must have looked with amazement and awe upon one of those giant printing-presses that in our day consume their miles of paper, pour forth ten thousand huge sheets of accurate typography every hour, and relate the story of mankind.

Various colleges or schools for the higher education of the people had already been planted in America. Harvard had long held a high renown even in Europe, and had been fostered by liberal donations from English Dissenters. In its earlier history it had been unlucky in its principals: one had proved to be a Jesuit, another a Baptist.³ To preside over Harvard was a favorite aim of Cotton Mather that was never gratified. Many of the eminent men of the colony had been cultivated in its careful course of study. Samuel and John Adams were its graduates, and it had long been the school of Massachusetts and of Boston. Classical learning still formed the foundation of all mental training, and no one was thought capable of professional excellence who was not learn-

ed in the languages of Greece and Rome. Yet it is worthy of notice that Washington had never construed a line of Virgil, and was wholly self-educated, and that Franklin learned his pure style and strong passion for letters and science in the composing-room.

Dartmouth College had been recently founded to teach the Indians, which it failed to do. Yale was more flourishing. Columbia College, in New York, founded in 1756, had but two professors and twenty-five students; but among them were to be numbered John Jay and Alexander Hamilton. In New Jersey Princeton College, under the presidency of Dr. Witherspoon, a cultivated Scotchman, flourished, though with a poor endowment; it had sixty students and fine buildings. In Virginia William and Mary's College had been founded with an ample liberality by the two sovereigns whose names it bore; it was endowed with a large income, and was designed to make Virginia a scene of wide intelligence. But the region of slavery could not be made favorable to mental progress. The college languished;³ its students were few; it is chiefly memorable as having furnished Jefferson with some facilities for study.

In all the American colleges it is doubtful if three hundred students were educated annually. More scholars are now gathered at a single university than in the year 1775 were found in all the famous seats of learning of the country. Yet the colleges, however imperfect, were still of real value to the people. They spread an acquaintance with the chief masters in science and letters, and helped to supply the press with literature, and diffuse knowledge. Yet of the earlier American authors who attained fame, the chief had never passed through a regular course of study. Irving had gathered the charms of his perfect style from nature and practice in the newspapers. Cooper, Halleck, Drake, were self-educated and refined. Pure literature, in fact, is seldom taught in colleges, which have usually been little more than professional schools. The chief aim of education must always be to excite inquiry and awaken the slumbering faculties. A just conception of its purpose our ancestors had formed. They saw that there should be no limit to the spread of knowledge, and hoped that a system of instruction would grow up among the people that would prove a lasting bond of union. Their extravagant vision has been in part fulfilled. The common-school system has flowed from the germs which the Puritans, Huguenots, and Dutch planted in the wilderness, and the college is gradually assuming a more popu-

¹ Mr. Hudson, in his interesting account of American journalism, notices a previous newspaper, in 1690, which had the unusual fate of lasting only one day, p. 44.

² The invention of Hoe's rotary press has made the cheap newspaper possible, and cultivated the minds of millions.

³ Winthrop.

¹ Burnaby, Pinkert., xlii. 783. Princeton College had only "two professors besides the provost."

² Ramsay, i. 263, notices its decay. Burnaby, Pinkert., xlii. p. 714.

lar character.¹ In the period of the Revolution, with one or perhaps two exceptions, the colleges were firmly on the side of progress. Harvard gave its brightest geniuses to the cause of freedom, its transatlantic Hampden to fall at Bunker Hill, its Adams to found a nation. Yale was rigidly patriotic. Princeton College, under Witherspoon, formed a bulwark of independence. Yet the influence of the colleges was only a faint impulse compared to that of the general intelligence of our educated people, and that strong passion for liberty which had grown up from the simpler school-house and the modest library.

Books, which had discovered America and first disturbed the wilderness, were not wanting to our ancestors. The booksellers sold freely the new works of Johnson, Burke, or the famous Dr. Goldsmith, and one Boston house numbered ten thousand volumes on its shelves. Several public and private libraries already existed. Kalm mentions the collection of excellent works, chiefly English, in the public library founded by Franklin in 1742 at Philadelphia. The wealthier people of the town paid forty shillings currency in the beginning, besides ten shillings annually. Several smaller libraries were also founded near it. Boston showed a "more general turn for music, painting, and the fine arts" than either of the more southern towns.² But literature still hesitated to flourish in the New World. Mather, Edwards, sermons, pamphlets, newspapers, were the chief sources of the mental progress of our ancestors. It was idle to look for a Homer or Shakspeare in so wild a land;³ nor is it likely that a fourth epic will be sung for many a cycle. But reading was a characteristic trait of the whole people, and curiosity and inquiry the chief impulses of their civilization. In military affairs the colonists had shown courage and capacity. New England troops had grown famous at the conquest of Louisbourg, the siege of Havana, and the fall of Quebec. While the English ministry were denouncing them as a feeble, abject race, more intelligent observers in England knew that the colonists were only cowards in cruel and inhuman deeds. Virginia's troops had fought bravely in the wilderness, and Washington was the most renowned of the colonial commanders. In military stores, guns, powder, arms, the country was deficient; nor did its people suppose that they would ever be drawn into another great war.

Around the thin line of settlements occu-

¹ In cities, it is said, colleges seldom flourish, yet the eagerness with which students avail themselves of the advantages of the Boston Latin School or the New York Free College, a school of mines or a popular law school, shows that utility must be one trait of the college course.

² Burnaby, Pinkert., xiii. 747.

³ Rameay, i. 275. Its earliest poems were in Latin.

pied by our ancestors a circle of various and almost hostile races hemmed in their progress. Between the austere and Puritanic New Englander and the loose, profligate,¹ yet often courageous clergy and people of Quebec there could be no friendship. Canada refused to join in the cause of independence. Its French population turned with aversion from an alliance with heretics and Saxons. To the westward the Canadian and clerical influence governed all the Indian tribes. The Mississippi was held by the Spaniards and by a few English planters who steadfastly refused to join the colonists.² New Orleans, recently transferred to Spain, was at first unwilling to sell arms and powder to the boats that had sailed down the great river from Pittsburg. The English in West Florida were hostile to the colonies; Spanish Florida was still undecided. It was with no confidence in any exterior aid that the colonists looked out upon their beleaguered territory in the hot days of July, 1776. On every side around them they saw the impending horrors of a war of extirpation. Canada teemed with military preparations; the savages were aroused through all the wilderness; the cities on the coast were threatened with sudden ruin; Howe was already landing on Staten Island; disunion tore the ranks of the reformers. Yet on the 2d of July, 1776, a bell rang cheerfully over Philadelphia that spoke the liberation of America. Samuel Adams had won his cause.³ The 2d of July seemed to John Adams the grandest day of all the ages.

THE BEAKER.

I PLEDGE to thee this golden cup,
Filled with my life's red wine;
Drain if thou wilt the generous draught,
For every drop is thine.

Look down into its sparkling depths,
And watch the bubbles bright
That rise from out its ruby heart
And break in foamy light.

Then take the cup I pledge to thee,
Filled with a draught divine;
My soul lies trembling on the brim,
And every drop is thine:

Is thine to take or to reject;
But if reject thou must,
Toss to the winds the worthless wine,
And crush the cup to dust!

¹ Riedesel, Mem., iii. p. 87. Macgregor, *Progress of Commerce*, i. 141, notices the immorality of the Canadians. One minister of state stole £400,000.

² Gayarré, *Louisiana, Spanish Dominion*, p. 109. Finally the Spaniards attack the English.

³ Samuel Adams, to his disciple and kinsman John, was the "wedge of steel" that split the bond between England and America. J. Adams to William Tudor, June 5, 1817. So Jefferson looked to Samuel Adams as his guide and teacher.

THE PLAINS.—A PROPHECY.

Go ye and look upon that land,
That far vast land that few behold,
And none beholding understand—
That old, old land which men call new—
Go journey with the seasons through
Its wastes, and learn how limitless.
The solemn silence of that plain
Is, oh! so eloquent. The blue
And bended skies seem built for it,
And all else seems a yesterday,
An idle tale but illy told.
Its story is of God alone,
For man has lived and gone away
And left but little heaps of stone.
Lo! here you learn how more than fit
And dignified is silence, when
You hear the petty jeers of men.
Its awful solitudes remain
Thenceforth for aye a part of you,
And you have learned your littleness.

Some silent red men cross your track;
Some sun-tanned trappers come and go;
Some rolling seas of buffalo
Break thunder-like and far away
Against the foot-hills, breaking back
Like breakers of some troubled bay;
Some white-tailed antelope blown by
So airy like; some foxes shy
And shadow-like move to and fro
Like weavers' shuttles as you pass;

And now and then from out the grass
You hear some lone bird cluck, and call
A sharp keen call for her lost brood,
That only makes the solitude
Seem deeper still, and that is all.

That wide domain of mysteries
And signs that men misunderstand;
A land of space and dreams; a land
Of sea-salt lakes and dried-up seas;
A land of caves and caravans
And lonely wells and pools; a land
That hath its purposes and plans,
That seems so like dead Palestine,
Save that its wastes have no confine
Till pushed against the leveled skies;
A land from out whose depths shall rise
The new-time prophets; the domain
From out whose awful depths shall come,
All clad in skins, with dusty feet,
A man fresh from his Maker's hand,
A singer singing oversweet,
A charmer charming very wise;
And then all men shall not be dumb—
Nay, not be dumb, for he shall say,
"Take heed, for I prepare the way
For weary feet;" and from this land
The Christ shall come when next the race
Of man shall look upon his face.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

ROME, 1874.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE press every where, and very naturally, re-sents a recent law which it believed to menace its freedom. This is instinctive; for the hand of arbitrary power is first laid upon the press, which is the public tongue. Its freedom is the palladium of every truly free government, and its utmost abuse is not an evil as great as the constraint of its liberty. But while we shall all probably agree upon this, and while the chief advocates of the law in question deny that they cherish any hostility to the press, nothing is more notorious than the discontent of many public men with the incessant vituperation and misrepresentation to which they are subjected in the newspapers. The point is well worth considering whether the press, which in its comments constantly presents so lofty an ideal of public life, does all it can to make that ideal practicable. Indeed, the impartial reader—namely, the intelligent and discriminating person who is now perusing these lines—must often ask himself, as he rises from his daily feast of the newspaper, whether it does not seem that the great journal is quite as much intent upon maintaining the consistency of its own expressed opinions upon public men and measures as upon securing that lofty conduct which it so strenuously commends.

This course, indeed, is natural enough, because if its judgment be discredited its influence is im-

periled; and as the press constantly expresses the most positive opinions upon the most inadequate or even inaccurate information, an apparent consistency often requires it to persevere in conscious error. A journal often wishes, undoubtedly, that it had not taken the position which it has taken, but which, having taken, it must maintain. "I am very sorry," said an editor, in effect, "to have called Mr. Smith a liar, a forger, and a thief—very sorry indeed; but, having done so, of course I must stand to it." He had a theory not only that a journal should seem to be infallible, but that he could persuade its readers that it was so. But in the very instance of which he spoke every body knew that he was wrong, for the disproving facts had been published, and his refusal to acknowledge the truth, by showing a want of manly candor, harmed his journal very much more than his persistence in a slander helped its reputation of infallibility.

The simple truth is that if an editor lacks judgment, he can not help showing it; and nothing is a plainer or more ludicrous proof of it than the effort to establish infallibility or to maintain consistency. Yet it is this personal and petty feeling which cripples the press in the work of elevating the tone of public life. Each journal has two or three favorites, whose mouths, according

to its report, never open but pearls and diamonds drop profusely out. They are the greatest of statesmen and most incorruptible of men, while the rest are wretched twaddlers and pettifoggers, imposing themselves upon a good-natured community as great men. Party organs, of course, grind the party tune; but we speak of the press which, whatever party it favors, means to show by the method and tone of its advocacy that it does not serve the party, but the country by the party. The object of such a press certainly should be to co-operate with all good endeavor, and as a powerful means to a loftier and purer politics, to make public life an attractive career for the best men. At the best it has thorns and repulsions enough. But does the press try to remove them?

When Mr. Eugene Hale was appointed Postmaster-General in the early summer there was great speculation upon the motives of the appointment, as if the President's personal knowledge of him and regard for him, and Mr. Hale's character and service, were not to be considered as any reasons whatever. Upon learning that Mr. Creswell could not remain until the autumn, Mr. Hale declined the position on account of his health, which had been impaired by his constant and arduous service in the House during the late session, and there was a general newspaper disposition to smile at the suggestion that so young and rising a man would decline so great an honor for so trivial a reason, and fresh theories were suggested of the real significance of his action by no means, in every case, favorable to Mr. Hale. This is a fair illustration of a prevalent fashion in the treatment of public men. While we are constantly deploring low standards and dishonorable conduct, and justly exposing and condemning the guilty, and while we are regretting that the best men, the most intelligent and the most trained, will not or can not take an active part in public and official life, we persistently do what we can to exclude them, and to perpetuate the evil that we bewail, by a general doubt and censure of all concerned, and by a failure to commend with the same ardor that we condemn.

No honorable man is allured into public life by a wish to make money, and there is no measure more popular than a reduction of salaries. But if public men are poorly paid in money, they have certainly a right to expect to be cheered by the honorable recognition of their services. They ought not surely to be dogged with doubt and clouded with suspicion at every turn. A suitable man is perhaps persuaded to stand for Congress, and is elected. He leaves his business and his home, changes the whole manner of his life, and devotes himself faithfully and intelligently to the duties of his new position. To such a man the position is really arduous. The fate of poor Mr. Mellish showed how sorely the duties may harass a sensitive and conscientious Representative. Yet for all his industry and zeal and actual sacrifice, the chance is that his only reward will be to be classed as one of the Congressional "den of thieves" or nest of jobbers, while his real work passes without the slightest recognition. This method of treatment certainly does not make public life more attractive: and if we think it wise to deny public men both money and repute, to starve them and to snub them,

it is not surprising that good citizens decide that it is as pleasant to stay at home as to go abroad to be kicked.

It was indignation with what they believed to be a fashion of injustice, a resolution not to suffer their names and actions to be the targets of what they hold to be a reckless and wanton crew of Bohemians, who stab and shoot anonymously—the bravoës of the press—that made so many Senators and Representatives willing to try to arrest the mischief by a very questionable law. The power of the press is indeed enormous. No citizen of New York, or of any other city, but would wince if, upon coming out of his house some pleasant morning to walk down town, he should see his name placarded upon all the curbstones in Broadway as a rascal or a cockatoo. It would be disagreeable in one street of one city on one morning. How would he like to be placarded as a fool or a knave all over the country every morning? "Then let him not be so," replies Cato. True: and you, O Cato, Briareus and Argus in one, have you no duty? In proportion to your power must not be the wisdom and generosity of its exercise? If, as you profess, you would cleanse public life, can it be done by a criticism founded in suspicion and hostility, and wanting the inspiration of patriotic co-operation? There are as much patriotism and honorable ambition in this country as in any other, and there are many men in the public service who are inspired by motives and hopes as high as those which have animated any men at any time. For good reasons, also, the salaries of public men are small; such men are necessarily and properly closely scanned, and held to the severest responsibility. No sensible man would abate in the least degree that strict accountability and that relentless vigilance. But it is no less wise that commendation should be as hearty as censure, and that criticism should be as generous as it is just.

At a pleasant dinner of the dominant sex the "Woman" question, as it is technically called, came up, and it was languidly agreed that when wives gravely and thoughtfully urged upon their husbands, and mothers upon sons, and sisters upon brothers, and sweethearts upon lovers, that they felt themselves radically wronged, and insisted upon the suffrage, it would be granted. And the question passed. But one of the guests said to another that the real difficulty was that what may be called the best women—those, that is, who in the minds of the best men stand for the whole sex—are supremely indifferent to the subject, or are positively opposed to the proposition. The women who advocate it, he said, are conspicuously vain, shallow, self-seeking lovers of notoriety, and of an evident coarseness of fibre; not, indeed, in every individual case, but as a class. And what makes the prospect more hopeless, he added, is that the character and method of their arguments are so feeble and inefficient, their logic is so fatally defective, and, indeed, there is such a total want of what we understand by intellectual ability in their presentation of their own case, that the dispassionate spectator is forced to ask himself how the conduct of human affairs could possibly be improved by an infusion of an endless amount of such incapacity.

The smoke of his cigar curled lightly, and he watched it silently.

"Have you got no farther than that?" asked his friend, smiling; "for this is but the most threadbare form of the oldest Tory argument. Have you nothing to suggest to the court or jury upon the merits of the case?"

The guest who had spoken first replied that the senior counsel, Goldwin Smith, Q.C., had made his plea.

"Not exactly Q.C.," answered the other; and he went on to speak of the recent paper of Professor Smith upon the subject.

It is undoubtedly admirable in force and clearness. It is short, for it is only a magazine article, but one of the few rejoinders which have been made to Mr. Mill that deserve attention. He considers Mr. Mill's theory of the historical subjection of women to men to be fundamentally unsound, and asserts that the lot of the woman has not been determined by the will of the man in any considerable degree, but that the condition of both has been determined by circumstances which neither could control. The family was a unit, politically as well as socially, and nothing, he thinks, can be more unfounded than the theory of Mr. Mill that the present relation of wives to their husbands has its origin in slavery. Sarah's lot, he says, was essentially different from Hagar's; and although Hector was absolute over Andromache, her position can in no way be likened to that of her handmaidens. But Mr. Smith forgets that Mr. Mill does not assert nor imply that the relation of the wife to the husband who loves and honors her is not different from that of a mere slave to her master, but that his powers and rights in the law are not essentially different from those of a master, and so far as they are now ameliorated are but modifications of such rights. The father was the head of the family; but of the whole family, which comprised wives and slaves as well as children. He could marry his daughter at his will by the same right that he could sell his slave. Coming from ancient to modern times, Professor Smith, of course, is familiar with Blackstone's dictum that "the very being and existence of the woman is suspended during the marriage," and that of Baron Alderson, that "the wife is only the servant of her husband." The fact that there may have been the tenderest relations of affection between wife and husband did not change the fact that she was subject to his will: and to be subject to another's will is slavery.

This subjection, however, like the ancient inability to hold property, Professor Smith holds to be a relic of feudalism, and in no sense the contrivance of male injustice. But nothing is plainer than that under the feudal system the woman was, upon whatever ground, absolutely subject to the man. This, says Professor Smith, was due to circumstances. But there was certainly some kind of human agency under the feudal system. "Circumstances," applied to that system, is a word expressing conditions largely determined by human character and feeling. If actual force of arms was the tenure by which rights of every kind were held, the want of that force, or weakness, would be regarded with a feeling in which contempt mingled. And this feeling must necessarily extend to the dependent sex. Consequently women in the feudal times

were both toys and slaves. They were truly loved, indeed: they were the mothers of families: they were queens: but they were still subject to the arbitrary will of another.

As fast as a real Christianity and civilization have prevailed, disabilities of every kind have fallen from women. Professor Smith himself admits it, but says that while feudalism lasted the disabilities or anomalies in the laws of property, for instance, were indispensable to both sexes. But as his chief argument is connected with one of the feudal principles, let us look at this more closely. His real and most plausible position is that law rests at last on the actual force of the community. But in case of rebellion women could not execute a law. Men know this; and therefore if any law in the interest of women were passed contrary to the male sense of justice, men would refuse to execute it, law would not be enforced, government would fail, and society would lapse into anarchy. But the anomaly of the law in regard to real property under the feudal system sprang from the same principle of force. The reason of the feudal inability of women to hold property was that they could not bear arms to defend and maintain it. If, then, women should not have the suffrage because they can not bear arms to enforce the laws, ought they to have property which they can not bear arms to protect? But does Mr. Smith accept the logical inference that a return to the feudal system is the true policy of modern society? On the other hand, if the right of women to hold property, although without the force to defend it, has been found upon the whole to be advantageous to society, is there any good reason to suppose that the right to vote without the force to maintain the law would be disastrous? Has not Professor Smith forgotten facts quite as important as those which he mentions? And among these the very vital fact that the interests of women, upon a broad scale, can not be separated, as by his supposition, from those of men? Moreover, the very kind of law that he proposes as that which men would not defend, namely, that punishing some special offense against the sex, would hardly be enacted if women had a real responsibility. So far as this instance is concerned they are like a party out of power, full of the most vehement and uncompromising assertions and pledges. Could they vote as well as speak, they would be like that party suddenly clothed with all the responsibility of government.

But while the inability of women to help to enforce the laws which they might help to make is the strong argument of Mr. Smith, it is evident that under all his plea is a very strong feeling which is even more powerful than argument with him, as with very many generous men and women. In the opening of his article he says, with emphasis, "The very foundations of society are touched when Party tampers with the relations of the sexes." This is a strong way of stating a feeling, not an argument; what is meant is the relations of the sexes as they exist within the writer's experience, not the abstract and ideal relations. For the relations of the sexes have been constantly changing in the sense of larger independence of the woman and an increasing equality, not of function, but of opportunity. That, indeed, is the real substance of the proposition which Professor Smith combats.

It is not the political responsibility of women, as such, but the welfare of society through the co-operation of the sexes: all the aggregate and various forces of society directed to its development. Men and women co-operate in the family and in domestic life. But that is only a part of the life and interests of intelligent men and women. Let the same co-operation extend to their other interests. The greater the liberty, combined with intelligence and conscience, the happier the result.

The error of Mr. Smith and of those who agree with him is the supposition that the political liberty of women would in some manner conflict with the natural feminine charm or function. They must be candidates and officers and orators and ward politicians, it is said, and how can the delicacy of womanhood bear the strain? But is the delicacy of womanhood the creation of law or custom, or is it a part of the nature of things? The great multitude of women in the most highly civilized countries are compelled in the discharge of their family and most natural duties to chaffer and sharpen wits with tradesmen of every kind. They do this with no necessary sacrifice of the charm of womanhood. But if they may thus associate with men in the market without feminine loss, why not in spheres of a nobler interest? Mr. Smith asserts that the women whose public judgment would be most valuable would be generally excluded from public life by conjugal and maternal duty. Does he not, then, so far dispose of his own objection? Such women would still have, as they have now, interest and intelligence in public affairs, and their good judgment would certainly prevent their voting for a woman merely because of her sex.

Mr. Smith evidently has Mrs. Jellaby in constant view as the result of the political liberty of women. But why not Florence Nightingale? And why suppose that women must of necessity wish to be Lord Raglan rather than Florence Nightingale? Larger liberty does not make men meaner, but more manly, and why should it be feared as the ruin of women, however much it may destroy a false ideal of woman? Mrs. Jellaby is a picture of what a foolish woman may become in the absence of political responsibility; and the public women who justly disgust Mr. Smith and his friends, and who seem to them to represent women as they might, could, would, or will be, were they politically enfranchised, are, on the contrary, the very phenomena which the political disability of woman produces. In the amusing little parlor farce of *The Spirit of '76* a female judge is the most ludicrous of figures. Yet the court of women in Siam, of which Mrs. Leonowens tells us, is not a jest; and Portia, although a fair young judge, is not the less "one of Shakespeare's women," the women of the heart's ideal.

Those who appeal so constantly to human nature and the radical differences of sex should at least trust them a little. Political ambition, however strong, is not the master-passion of human nature. How absurd and how revolting, exclaims some shuddering soul, the spectacle of a husband and wife each the candidate of an opposing party for Governor of a State! Yet is a son often an opposing candidate to his father, or a brother to a brother? Not often. It seems hardly worth while to torture the fancy to figure

possible troubles. If such a conflicting candidacy involves grief and confusion to the family, is an affectionate wife likely to countenance it more than the husband? If the right of a wife to a separate property and to her own earnings does not abolish the family, her equal right to an expression of her political preference, with entire liberty of political action, can not harm it. "The only difference between the sexes is sex," says Dr. E. H. Clarke, in his address at Detroit on "the building of a brain;" and he adds, "but this difference is radical and fundamental." Then it should seem that as the liberty of women to acquire and own property has not ended in driving men from the entire management of great corporations, there is no reason to fear that their equal political liberty will lead them to occupations for which the "radical and fundamental" difference of sex unfits them.

THERE is one lady in literature and in life whose acquaintance is most desirable and delightful. She is the one woman, indeed, whom all men are said, not always without some sarcastic feeling, to wish especially to know. She is declared to be the vision that haunts the youth as his heart opens to the soft influences of love, and her figure, trim and debonair, allures the older fancy of the man who sits "alone and merry at forty year," having seen his earlier Gillian and Marian and a score more happily married. She is, in fact, the domestic magician, the good fairy, the genius of home, the thoughtful, tactful, careful, intelligent housekeeper. She is the very she whom Milton had in mind when he wrote,

"Herbs and other country messes
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses."

Her name is Phillis—not exactly a romantic name, nor, indeed, meant by the poet for a romantic name; for he has just before sketched another kind of woman:

"Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighboring eyes."

Such a cynosure could not possibly have been named Phillis: Artemis, perhaps, or Hildegard; Constance, Edith, Mildred, or Cunigunda, but by no possibility Phillis. That is a pastoral name, a shepherd's sweetheart. Indeed, the two kinds of women are perfectly indicated and distinguished in these lines of *L'Allegro*, which have no detail of description. The impression of womanly difference is nowhere more completely given. One picture is that of the lofty, haughty, "high-born Helen," the superb Lady Clara Vere de Vere; the other is that of the thrifty Baucis, the gardener Adam's wife. And the two are as near in the young man's heart as they are in the poem.

When Mr. William Guppy raised his eyes from the pit of the theatre to Miss Esther Summerson sitting in the boxes, the "image imprinted on his art" was that of the cynosure of neighboring eyes, stately among stately towers and ancestral trees. But doubtless when Mr. William Guppy, as lovers will, abandoned himself to blissful dreams of the possible home that should grow out of his lofty passion, it was another vision that he saw; it was the high-born Helen coming down to

breakfast in a sweet morning-cap, a neat-handed Phillis. For love, which soars and sings, also builds its nest. The one instinct is as deep and sure as the other. The cynosure of worshiping hearts and eyes is but the romantic aspect of Phillis: and because she is so lofty and so lovely will she be the miracle-worker in the household. The secret sorrow of a thousand homes is that the lady of the towers and battlements does not prove in fact to be the neat-handed Phillis.

Indeed, it is a kind of national complaint and lamentation that the neat-handed Phillis is disappearing altogether. This is the significance of the servant-girl question. This is the root of the alarming conviction that Phillis is changing into Biddy, whose fit epithet is not neat-handed. This is the meaning of the cry for bread—light, sweet, well-baked bread, not the clammy dough which is served to a despairing land. This is the reason of the wondering question, What has become of roast meat? and of the melancholy conviction that henceforth baked beef is to replace the juicy sirloin of tradition, history, and elegant literature. Of the accomplished and intelligent young women who honor the Easy Chair at this moment by their attention, of course the immense majority can broil a steak to a turn, or mix the airiest bread, or boil potatoes as new-fallen snow. But there are some unfortunates who can not do it. Let us pity them. They would probably tell us that they have not studied poetry and music, the French language, croquet, and the Boston, to become kitchen drudges: and they will not fail to remind us that Cinderella did not charm the Prince as a kitchen-maid, and that she ceased to be Cinderbreech and emerged from the chimney-corner when she married him. But will they please to curb their wrath for a moment and listen to Dr. Clarke? "Unless men and women both have brains, the nation will go down. As much brain is needed to govern a household as to command a ship; as much to guide a family aright as to guide a Congress aright; as much to do the least and the greatest of woman's work as to do the least and the greatest of man's work." Now the dressing of messes by the neat-handed Phillis is one of the important elements of governing a household; and the Princess Cinderella was the better housewife because she had once been Cinderbreech. Nelson was the better admiral because he had once been cabin-boy. Dickens was the better story-teller because he had once been reporter. The obvious truth is that if Darby can afford to pay a hundred dollars monthly to a *chef*, Joan need know nothing of messes; but how many such Darbys are there?

These remarks, or similar ones, have been often heard by the gentler reader, and are somewhat familiar to her, not to say wearisome. "Oh yes," she says, "I know all this: men want women in the family to be angels and French cooks rolled into one. Heaven save the mark! Suppose that women on their side were to expect men in the family to be heroes and gentlemen as well as 'good providers?'" Well, madame, they ought to expect it and to insist upon it. Perhaps you have played the little game of parlor magic? There are homes in which that game is always played, and they are the happiest

of all. In them the real value of neatness and order, of thrift and taste and temperance, is understood, and the Beauty who once lay lapped in lofty towers knows that the romance which enshrined her amidst those battlements and tufted trees is preserved and forever refreshed by the art of the neat-handed Phillis. And upon *his* side *he* does not reverse the order of the story and of nature, and sink from the Prince into the Beast.

THE general popular conception of Iceland is composed of two parts, Hecla and the geysers, while the more erudite add to this the knowledge contained in the famous chapter "Of Snakes in Iceland." "There are no snakes in Iceland." The island lies as vague in the mind as Bayard Taylor describes the first glimpses of it as caught by travelers, glimmering, indistinct, intermittent. Yet all the Northern lands, as seen in the sagas, with the fierce life of jarls and vikings and seakings—lands lying in chill mists, and overblown with icy winds—leave an impression of profound sadness. The short summer, the bleak earth, the wild tempests, and the incessant elemental warfare waged by the seamen—and all the people seem somehow to be seamen—show human life under the hardest conditions. And yet as the traveler admires the airy architecture of France and England, and loiters in the soft air of Sicily, he remembers that the impulse whose results he sees was given by the Norse, the Northmen, the Normans. Out of strength came forth sweetness.

This romantic melancholy of the North is exquisitely reproduced in William Black's story of the *Princess of Thule*. The opening chapter conveys the very feeling of vague sadness which is the under-tone of the Norse literature; and although the scene is only the Hebrides, it is filled by an imaginative touch with all the weird charm of the sad Northern scenery. How Scott would have delighted in Sheila! None of his own Northern women are more characteristic. She is a new figure in literature, a creation. We hope that the party which sailed in the summer from Aberdeen, in Scotland, for Iceland had copies of the *Princess of Thule* as an introduction to the sentiment of the region which they were to explore. They have told their story, and have given us newer and fresh pictures of that remote and strange and fascinating life. It is peculiarly attractive to us Americans, because we can see in it something of our own political spirit and tendency, the common heritage of our race. If their source is in the Aryan stock, it is peculiarly in "the second swarm," the Teutonic branch, from which we spring, and they give us a sense of kinship to the North which we can never have to the South or the Latin lands.

The first historic settlement of Iceland, of which the millennial anniversary has been celebrated this year, resembles in some points that of Massachusetts Bay. Winthrop and his company were English gentlemen who came to find a home where they could enjoy their faith unmolested. They were self-exiled, and brought with them a certain intelligence and cultivation. The tradition of Iceland is that Ingolf of Norway and Leif of the Sword, with their families, landed near Reikiavik, the present capital, and made a settlement a thousand summers ago.

About ten years afterward the fair-haired Harold, King of Norway, reduced the independent jarls or kings to his supreme authority, and many of them fled beyond sea and settled in Iceland. They were "the best blood of the race," and they founded a kind of republic. After a little more than a hundred years Christianity was established upon the island, and then followed the literary age of Iceland. The monkish influence did not suppress the oral sagas, which were gradually written out, so that, as Bayard Taylor thinks, the manuscript literature of Iceland is the richest in the world. During four centuries the island remained a semi-republic, and then fell through civil wars into the hands of the King of Norway, and so to Denmark by inheritance in 1380.

Mr. Taylor, under the spell of the Hebrides, seems to accept all the traditions of Scandinavian explorations and settlements in America. He says that Leif in the year 1000 made a settlement at the mouth of the Taunton River, and that for twelve years there was intercommunication between this region, or Vinland, as it was called, and Iceland and Greenland. Moreover, he adopts the tale of Dighton Rock, and says that the marks upon it are runes, and that they were made by Thorfinn Karlsefne. And, that our relation to Iceland shall be complete, he adds that in 1356 a vessel went from Greenland to Nova Scotia for timber, and was blown by stress of weather to Iceland on its return. "It is impossible that the knowledge of these voyages should not have been current in Iceland in 1477, when Columbus, sailing in a ship from Bristol, England, visited the island. As he was able to converse with the priests and learned men in Latin, he undoubtedly learned of the existence of another continent to the west and south; and this knowledge, not the mere fanaticism of a vague belief, supported him during many years of disappointment." But Columbus, when he discovered America, was not looking for another continent, but for a western route to India. Had he had "knowledge" of the continent, would he have sought his new route in that direction, or did he suppose the land of which, according to the story, he heard, to be the Cipango that he sought?

The millennial celebration was very simple and characteristic. There was a Lutheran religious service in the cathedral, and a banquet at the university, and dancing on one day, and on another an assembly upon the ground where the

Althing met nearly ten centuries ago. Speeches were made to which the king responded, and there was every where a placid and pleasant festival. The real event was the new constitution, which went into operation on the 1st of August, and which is the first step toward "home rule." Until thirty years ago the government was a simple Danish despotism. But in 1844 Iceland was admitted to a consultative part in its own government. In 1874 the king permits it to levy its own taxes, but only by the law of two Houses of a Legislature one branch of which he controls by the right of appointment. The new constitution is like the French charter of fifty years ago, or the *motu proprio* concessions of the Pope to the Roman States in 1846. But the remoteness of Iceland and its comparative unimportance will secure its political tranquillity. The glimpse that the world has had of the island during the last summer is very pleasing: a simple, industrious, intelligent people; a peaceful, pastoral, lonely landscape; the heavy-outlined Heccla, its snow mantle made golden by the sun; the desolation of extinct volcanic action, and the geysers throwing out jets of water a hundred feet high, in form like a bunch of the pampas grass in blossom.

On the evening of the celebration, when the speeches were made at the university of Reikiavik, in Iceland, there was an illumination at the Cornell University, in the United States. It was in the house of Professor Willard Fiske, one of the few Americans who are familiar with the Scandinavian language and lore, and who first called public attention in this country to the millennial festival of Iceland by proposing that books should be sent by American scholars and publishers to replace the losses which Iceland has innocently suffered, and so to offer the hand of peaceful friendship to our solitary sturdy brethren of the North Sea. At the celebration Professor Fiske's friend and colleague, Bayard Taylor, wrote a little poetical greeting from America to Iceland, which was translated into the Icelandic language, and read to the company amidst great applause:

"Set far apart, neglected, exiled,
Thy children wrote their runes of pride,
With power that brings in this thy triumph
The conquering nations to thy side.

"What though thy native harps be silent,
The chord they struck shall ours prolong;
We claim thee kindred, call thee mother,
O land of saga, steel, and song!"

Editor's Literary Record.

HISTORY.

MR. PARKMAN has produced another volume, *The Old Régime in Canada* (Little, Brown, and Co.), of his history of the Canadian French. Of the various themes of American history that remain to be thoroughly explored—and there is no country whose annals will demand in the future more careful labor than ours—the exploits of the early French settlers on the St. Lawrence must always seem one of the most interesting. The Jesuits, whose peculiar character Mr. Parkman paints with candor, hoped to found a clerical empire on the banks of the magnificent

river, and convert the savages to the Roman faith. But they were less fortunate than in Paraguay or even Japan. They showed traits of heroic endurance and fanatical courage. They traversed the frightful wilderness, bore cold, hunger, torture, death, without a murmur, lived among the treacherous Iroquois, sustained by omens and visions, converted the gentler Hurons, and taught the Canadian woods to resound with the praises of Mary. But in many particulars the papal missionaries were no less barbarous than the savages they came to convert. The Mohawk was not more exultant over the torture of a captive

than were the Jesuits at the pyre of a Huguenot. They surpassed the Indian in treacherous insincerity; they pursued their rivals, the Sulpitians of Montreal, with relentless hatred. Quebec was torn by the conflicts of the hostile Roman Catholic sects while the Iroquois were screaming their war-songs beneath its walls. The Jesuits condoned the greatest crimes where the Church was benefited by them, and conformed to the worst excesses of the savages in the hope of winning them to a formal Christianity. In their deepest danger they trusted in relics, pictures, and images; in their fierce ambition they spared no one who opposed their imperious rule.

Quebec, under the guidance of the priests, became a scene of political and moral decay. Peculation reigned in all the civil departments. The Jesuits chose the officials, and chose them only for their intense devotion to the Papal Church. They might rob the public treasury at will so long as they obeyed the priests implicitly. Honesty was almost unknown. The children of the colony were left uneducated. A throng of nobles, priests, and nuns consumed the products of the industrious. Beggary awaited most of the settlers (p. 381). The attempt to plant feudalism and priestcraft upon American soil was fatal to the commerce and industry of the colony, and it was a happy exchange for the people of New France when the English banner waved over Quebec. The chief interest, however, of the period of which Mr. Parkman treats lies in the war between the French and the Iroquois, the dangers of the feeble settlement, and the timidity or the weakness with which the colonists met the foe. The Mohawks dragged their victims from beneath the walls of Quebec, and the timid towns-people did not dare to fire upon them. For nearly half a century the Iroquois held the colony in a kind of subjection, and the courage of fanaticism was scarcely equal to that of the wild men of the woods.

Mr. Parkman's volume has many of the elements of a valuable history. His accuracy and careful research are every where apparent. His style is clear, his subject new. He has, indeed, made it his own by his previous studies, and while he may be sometimes drawn into a higher admiration for some of the clerical pioneers than their conduct merits, his research, industry, and care are a good example for all students of American history.

A colder and more critical historian might perhaps have produced a work on the early history of this country more valuable to the student than *The Pioneers and Patriots of America*, by JOHN S. C. ABBOTT (Dodd and Mead), but it would have been less entertaining and less valuable to the ordinary reader. Mr. Abbott writes of a life in which he has participated by a vivid imagination and warm sympathies. He writes of Waterloo as though he were one of the Old Guard; of Kit Carson as though he had tracked a deer with him through a Western wilderness.

This sympathy has a value of its own, which the public recognize, though the critics do not. This value is perhaps more apparent in the series of American pioneers than in any thing else Mr. Abbott has ever written. He is not a pioneer. His life has been spent in civilization. We doubt whether he ever caught a trout, or shot a deer, or bivouacked for a week in the woods.

But we have never read pictorial descriptions so vivid, so realistic, of pioneer life as these afforded by the *Pioneers and Patriots of America*. In *Miles Standish* we see the drama of early New England life; in *Peter Stuyvesant* the quieter course of the early Dutch history of New York; in *Kit Carson* and *David Crockett* the romance of Western pioneering.

BIOGRAPHY.

EVERY literary traveler who has spent a fortnight in Utah feels called upon to write an account of Mormonism. Magazine and newspaper articles and pamphlets and books on Mormonism have accordingly been produced until the reading public has become satiated with a subject which possesses no other attractions than those of a most pathetic tragedy. But it is certain that no "Gentile" could tell the true story of Mormonism; and not until Mr. Stenhouse produced his work on the subject did the American reader possess any thing which deserved to be called a history of this American religious and social monstrosity. His work was comprehensive, calm, conclusive; all that research, personal experience, and candor could do was done to give the American public a trustworthy account of the rise, progress, and present condition of this extraordinary *imperium in imperio*. But one phase, and a most important one, of Mormon life no man could write. Its effect on womanhood could be described only by a woman who had experienced its burdens and its bitterness. Thus the fitting complement of Mr. Stenhouse's volume is *A Woman's Life in Polygamy*, by Mrs. T. B. H. STENHOUSE (A. D. Worthington and Co.). The volume is what its title indicates, not a comprehensive history of the system, but a personal autobiography of one who has suffered the effects of its despotic sway over body and intellect and conscience. In her pages the physical tyranny and brutality of Mormonism are less prominent than in her husband's book, but the degrading effects of this singular superstition on mind and heart, the struggle of the woman's better nature against a perverted conscience, a false religion, a poisonous social influence, all tending irresistibly to her own self-degradation, are far more effectively described. The pitiful feature of Mormonism is that woman is compelled to perform a moral *hari-kari*, to assist in her own moral and social sacrifice. The wife-burning of India is merciful and ennobling when compared with the immolation, the living sacrifice, which Mormonism has required of its victims. The blasphemous travesty of Scripture, the hideous anthropomorphism which it has evolved out of the Bible, is a fitting foundation for such a system. It begins by degrading God; it ends by destroying the family and corrupting both man and woman. According to Mormon theology—not the theology which is preached by the missionaries in Europe, but that which is taught to the people in Utah—Adam was God, who is like a well-to-do farmer; the Virgin Mary was the lawful wife of God, who after the Resurrection will take her again as His wife, and raise up immortal spirits in eternity; the marriage at Cana of Galilee was Christ's own nuptial feast, Mary and Martha were His plural wives, and the women who "ministered unto Him" stood to him in the same relation; and men are the saviors of

their wives, who can not be saved except they are obedient to their husbands and please them. There is nothing in the worst forms of Rabbinical literature, nothing in the most blasphemous assaults of a vulgar and unintelligent infidelity, worse than this. Educated under such a system, the woman is taught to practice a religious asceticism that has no parallel in the history of the world. She is required to crucify not merely her body, not merely her affections, but her womanly self-respect, to her superstition. With a refinement of cruelty that seems well-nigh incredible, the first wife is compelled to join the hands of her own husband and his second wife, and thus to ratify the ceremonial that is the funeral service of her own heart. The bitter struggle between self-respect and a perverted conscience, between a woman's instinct and a superstition that has become a second nature, which in Mrs. Stenhouse's case preceded this act of renunciation, and the heart-sickness which succeeded, she has described as only a woman could who had personally experienced the conflict and the death. The episode of Mary Burton discloses the same inherent tragedy, though from a different point of view. And not the least sorrowful feature in this mis-called religion, the influence exerted by once-degraded wives to seduce all women to their own level, is not concealed.

Yet Mrs. Stenhouse writes without bitterness, without vituperation. The calmness and candor of her narrative render it the more terrible an indictment. To the psychological student, to whom Mormonism is a mental problem insoluble, and the seemingly stolid acquiescence of woman in her own shame an inexplicable mystery, not the least interesting feature of this volume will be the fact that it traces so clearly the process by which superstition gained, first an influence, then an absolute control, over a mind originally intelligent and over a will originally independent. There is of course, incidentally, an interior view of the domestic life of Mormonism; and we believe the chapter on the Mysteries of the Endowment House is the only trustworthy account which has ever been given to the Gentile world of the secret ceremonies which accompany "celestial marriages."

The Life of Napoleon III., by BLANCHARD JERROLD (Longmans, Green, and Co., London), is one of those necessarily occasional and exceptional works which add to our real knowledge of history. In general, the historian can do little else than gather up the information respecting men and events which contemporaneous publications have made known, or which later historians have recorded, and weave them anew in a simpler and a more compact form, or in patterns more graphic and picturesque. But occasionally a historian, by his investigations, really opens to the reading public a new chapter in history, as Motley has done in his histories of the Netherlands and the Dutch Republic. Occasionally a biographer, admitted to the private papers and sacred confidences of a public man, is able to give us a knowledge of his life and work which no one could do who viewed them only from the outside. Mr. Jerrold tells us in his title-page that his work is "derived from state records, from unpublished family correspondence, and from personal testimony;" and in his preface that he had "the benefit of help abundantly be-

stowed by the imperial family," and access to family papers of extreme value; and the pages of this first volume bear out his assertion. We do not remember to have seen before the fragments of autobiography here published. Some of the letters of Louis Napoleon are certainly new. Of his materials Mr. Jerrold does, indeed, make some unnecessary display. Fac-similes are of no particular value except to show the handwriting, and one letter in fac-simile serves this purpose as well as half a dozen. Even the letter written in infancy, with its blot where the sharp nib stuck in the paper and scattered a small shower of ink around, is just such a reminiscence as well-nigh every mother has of her son, and is interesting rather than valuable. If Mr. Jerrold has the advantage of possessing the confidence of the imperial family, this advantage has its drawbacks. He writes as the defender of the dead emperor's memory. His admiration for Napoleon III. is frankly expressed in the opening sentence of his preface. It re-appears in his brief characterization of the man on page 69, and, if possible, still more clearly in his somewhat overanxious defense of the ill-conceived and ill-executed attempt at Strasburg. Mr. Jerrold's prejudices do not materially impair the value of his work thus far; but we shall be agreeably disappointed if he is able to write either dispassionately of the *coup d'état*, or critically of the illusive glories of the reign that followed, and that ended so ingloriously. Mr. Jerrold's very familiarity with his theme detracts from his clearness as a writer. Still the work is of value not only to the scholar, but also to the general reader. The democracy of Louis Napoleon's later life—for he was at once an imperialist and a democrat—appears in some striking phases of his boyhood experiences. The gradual development of his character is not perfectly traced out for us; but the material is all here, and the reader may trace its growth for himself. The descriptions, particularly of domestic life at Malmaison and at Arenenburg, are graphic and realistic. It is impossible to read the story of the life in Italy without a sincere respect, almost a reverence, for Hortense, and a recognition of the source whence Louis Napoleon obtained some of those imperial qualities, and particularly that resolution of purpose and that reserved power, which made him the master of the French people and, for a time, the foremost man in European politics. The present volume leaves the subject of the biography just landed in exile on our American shores; the second volume is promised this fall; the third and fourth in the following spring.

Professor HOPPIN has somewhat impaired the value of his *Life of Admiral Foote* (Harper and Brothers) by his frankly confessed ambition to make a volume which should be a "contribution to the material of future history." In literature as in religion no man can serve two masters; and it is rarely if ever the case that the volume which is a contribution to the material of future history is also an important contribution to present popular knowledge. The fashion, introduced of late years, of composing history by copying out *in extenso* the original documents on which it is founded, of which Mr. Froude affords an illustrious example, adds less to our knowledge than to our means of knowl-

edge, and in lieu of a historian gives us a scribe. We want a judge, clear-minded, acute, impartial, who shall examine and sift the evidence for us, and embody his findings in a clear and concise statement. We get instead a stenographer's report of all the evidence, which we are left to sift for ourselves, that we may make our own findings. Professor Hoppin has been apparently assiduous in his collection of materials; but those which he has gathered he has embodied in his volume, according to the modern method of historical and biographical writing. In many instances a brief statement of their substance would have been every way better for the general reader. The extracts from Admiral Foote's journals and private letters are of real value, because they interpret his personal character. But the long discussion concerning the abolition of the whisky ration is of small importance except as an indication of the admiral's interest in the moral welfare of his men; and the official reports of the military operations during the civil war belong decidedly not to history, but to the material for history. Wherever Professor Hoppin has allowed himself a free pen he has used it to good advantage. His descriptions of engagements, as at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, are all the better for being simple outlines. He has succeeded in his professed purpose "to keep on the exact level of truth;" he has done well to correct some fabulous newspaper stories, such as Admiral Foote's apocryphal reply to General Tilghman's surrender; and the reader's respect and even admiration for the subject of the biography will be enhanced by reason of the quiet and self-restrained style of the biographer.

POETRY.

OF the new poems in *The Legend of Jubal, and other Poems*, by GEORGE ELIOT (J. R. Osgood and Co.), the best is also the least pretentious—"Agatha." This is a simple and beautiful idyl, a picture none the less beautiful because so slight, of old-fashioned and somewhat mystical piety and saintliness. We rise from reading it with kindlier and warmer feelings for even the mistaken recluse who knows so little of the freedom and joyousness of Christian life that she can say,

"The years are light, dear lady: 'tis my sins
Are heavier than I would. And I shall go
All the way to Einsiedeln with that load:
I need to work it off."

It is a genuine poet's sympathy that enters so heartily and portrays so sympathetically and so appreciatingly such a heart as that of Agatha. There is no approximation to an incident; there is hardly a justification for the slightly dramatic form into which the poem is cast. But the painting is full of feeling, and feeling of the healthiest and happiest description. It is, indeed, in realistic pictures of life that George Eliot, whether as a poet or a novelist, excels, and neither in her prose nor in her poetry do we read any thing tenderer than this simple picture of Agatha. But when she turns aside from the actualities of life, and endeavors, as in the *Legend of Jubal*, to translate a mystical philosophy through the medium of a pure ideal, she is less successful. If we understand the meaning of this legend at all, it is that our only comfort in the death hour is our remembrance of our own past, and our only hope of immortality is that of living in the mem-

ories of others in our work, the soul itself being absorbed in the great All,

"Quitting mortality, a quenched sun-wave,
The All-creating Presence for his grave."

The philosophy is a pitiful and painful one. Were it truth, it still would *not* be poetry; there is in it nothing inspiring: no rhythmical attire, no poetic ornament, can redeem it from its essential coldness and lifelessness. In depicting the known and the present, George Eliot is almost without a peer. In attempting to soar into the unseen and unknown, she fails. To her there is, in truth, no unseen, no unknown. In an atmosphere so rarefied as that of *Jubal* the souls of most mortals will gasp and faint for want of any thing to sustain that hope and good cheer which are the soul's life. In the words of the *London Spectator*, "While the author invests her real self-knowledge or memories in a liquid cloud of soft external beauty she is truly poetical, though in a modest region of poetry; but when she embodies an impassioned faith of her own in an imaginative form she seems to us to show how far her visionary power lags behind her imaginative insight."

Sea and Shore (Roberts Brothers) should be read, as we read it a few weeks ago, with the ocean at our feet, breaking into spray upon the rocks, rolling in on the shelving beach of stone in endlessly reiterated cataracts of foam, or striking the jutting point of rock, and tossed by it in perpetually repeated but infinitely diversified fountains, with the sun painting evanescent and reappearing rainbows on a canvas ever forming and ever disappearing, and the illimitable blue of the sea in the far-distant horizon melting into the illimitable blue of the sky. It is a true interpreter of the voices of the sea to one who listens with a vague adoration to its eloquent unknown tongue; it is a delightful reminiscence of the sea, and, as we read it now, in our library, brings back the music and poetry and fragrance of the ocean. We do not know who is the compiler; we are at a loss to conceive why he should have kept his name from the public; but he loves both the sea and poetry, and his work is one not of a professional book-maker, but of a lover of the poetry of nature. We recall no volume so small that contains so much exquisite poetry, so many masterpieces, and pieces of such various forms of beauty and power.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOT since in our boyhood days we eagerly devoured Mr. Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* have we read a more interesting account of sea-life than *Nimrod of the Sea; or, The American Whaleman*, by WILLIAM M. DAVIS (Harper and Brothers). There is an attractive romance in the sailor's life, as well as a very prosaic and repulsive reality. Both aspects are presented with an apparent truthfulness by Mr. Davis. He professes to have wrought his account of the American whaleman from his own journal of an actual voyage in the fore-castle, and something of both the vigor and the rudeness of the fore-castle characterizes his pages. He is not without a certain poetic appreciation of the natural beauties of the scenes through which he conducts his readers; he enjoys thoroughly an adventure, whether it be one in which he is a participator, or one of which

he is only an auditor, and he imparts his own zest to his narrative. His humor is genuine, and if somewhat rude, as befits a humor bred in the forecastle, is not coarse nor unseemly. The privations, the hardships, and the moral and intellectual famine of the sailor's life are honestly portrayed, and no boy of intellectual capabilities will be attracted to abandon a good home for the experience which Mr. Davis describes. The moral and spiritual capabilities and needs of the sailor are appreciated and recognized, and no Christian reader can fail to be impressed with a sense of shame that modern Christianity does so little for those who are too often the sole representatives of Christian civilization in heathen ports. "A scant ship's library of uninteresting religious books, and an inexhaustible store of tracts entirely too childish for men famishing for intellectual food," constitute the sole nutriment we provide for Jack on shipboard; and, according to Mr. Davis, on shore there is, or was, but one Christian port on the west coast of America where there was "a door to welcome or a roof to shelter the sixteen thousand souls engaged in whaling, other than that of a gaming-house, a grog-shop, or a brothel." Jack's vicious companions and vicious habits on shore are less to his dishonor than to ours. The whaling trade has fallen off in relative importance since mineral oils have come generally into the market; but it is still a not unimportant branch of commerce. And incidentally Mr. Davis affords considerable information respecting it. By diagrams he makes plain the structure of the whale and the elements in its value; he describes its habits; he very graphically portrays the processes by which it is captured and killed, and by which it is afterward cut up and its oil extracted. A number of illustrations add to the attractiveness of the volume to juvenile readers rather than to its intrinsic value to adult readers.

The less that is said about the plot of *Scrope*; or, *The Lost Library* (Roberts Brothers), the better, for little or nothing can be said of it except in criticism. The book would be quite as well, or somewhat better, without a plot. The real attempt of the writer, Mr. F. B. PERKINS, is to render for New York somewhat of the service which Dickens rendered for certain phases of London life in his *Sketches*; and if the American author had made as unpretentious a book as that of Boz, he would have made a better one. No reader will become absorbed in the search for the lost library, and no one will be thrilled by the exciting incidents, as improbable as exciting, which are introduced in the latter half of the story, chiefly because a novel must have incidents, or it would fail to justify its title. The merit of *Scrope* lies in the fact that Mr. Perkins is familiar with certain aspects of metropolitan life—aspects not very flattering to our civilization—and has described them, with some pardonable exaggeration, but with real fidelity to the truth of things. The book auction; the old house on Hudson Street, relic of a past generation; the Shadowing Wings, with its patron president, Mrs. Button; Gowans's bookstore; the subscription-book publisher's office; "Paradise;" the gambling hell; the séance—are all painted by one who has seen the originals and caught their spirit. The painting is sometimes rough; the scenes themselves are sometimes of

a sort that do not deserve portraiture; the character sketching, as in the interview of Mr. Button, the subscription-book publisher, with Mr. Jacox, the agent, runs into caricature. But even the caricature is a counterpart of the original, and there are some truths that can be told only by exaggeration. The cultivated reader will perhaps object to what he will term an air of vulgarity in these pages; but, for the same reason, he would object to seeing the inside of "Paradise," or to investigating too deeply the religious spirit of Dr. Toomston's church and congregation. It is, however, well that the plague spots of our civilization should be disclosed to the public, and the man who makes the disclosures is to be commended for his courage and his candor, provided his own spirit is pure, even though the scenes and the society to which he introduces us may not be congenial.

The Principles of Science, by W. STANLEY JEVONS, of University College, London (Macmillan and Co.), is a contribution to what we may call the metaphysics of science. It is a discussion not of special sciences, but of the methods which, in the judgment of the author, must underlie all scientific investigation. The work is quite too abstruse for the ordinary reader in its thoughts, and is unnecessarily obscure at times in its forms of expression. But it is a book of radical thoughts, the product of a bold thinker, and deserves the careful consideration of scientific men, especially such as are engaged in the work of scientific investigation. The author directly combats the method of Francis Bacon, and declares that "hypothetical anticipation of nature is an essential part of inductive inquiry, and that it is the Newtonian method of deductive reasoning combined with elaborate experimental verification which has led to all the great triumphs of scientific research." He apparently regards all inductive knowledge as quantitative, all results based on induction as probable results only, and demurs "to the assumption that there is any necessary truth even in such fundamental laws of nature as the indestructibility of matter, the conservation of force, or the laws of motion." The importance of his conclusions in their bearing upon the relations of religion and science is indicated by his declaration of his "strong conviction that before a rigorous logical scrutiny the 'reign of law' will be found to be an unverified hypothesis, the 'uniformity of nature' an ambiguous expression, the certainty of our scientific inferences to a great extent a delusion." Of course sentiments so radical and so inconsistent with much of current scientific opinion are worthy of consideration only as they are sustained by a careful and thoughtful process of reasoning. Without pronouncing on Mr. Jevons's conclusions, we are very certain that they will be found sufficiently sustained to be entitled to the gravest and most serious study.

The author of *Prairie and Forest* (Harper and Brothers), PARKER GILMORE, justifies his pseudonym "Ubique," for in his pursuit of game and fish he appears to have been almost every where upon this continent, and his book affords a fuller description of the game of North America, their habits and haunts, than we have ever before seen. In his company you may hunt the bison on our Northwestern prairies, the musk-sheep in the wil-

dernesses of the Hudson Bay country (though that he has ever personally visited the latter region is not clear), the moose in the wilds of Maine, the caribou on the northern shores of the St. Lawrence, the wapiti deer among the upper waters of the Missouri, the Virginian deer in the Adirondacks or among the Alleghanies, the prong-horned antelope on the plains of Sonora and Northwestern Mexico, grizzly bears among the Rocky Mountains, wolves and foxes any where in the far West, and birds of all descriptions, from a snipe to an eagle. His counsel to the American people respecting the preservation of fish and game deserves to be heeded, but will not be. And the next generation will perhaps read in this volume of species, hunted in this age by "Ubique," which will in that age be extinct, or nearly so. For the hunter there are practical directions as to outfit, seasons, and methods which we judge to be valuable. We can speak from personal knowledge of the wisdom of his counsel only as to fishing tackle. The general reader will find some useful information as to the natural history of American birds and animals, and some entertaining adventures. Like most camp stories, there is occasionally room for suspicion that the incidents are colored and improved for the hearer's benefit. Yet they are simply told and modestly, and there is none either of that egotism or that palpable exaggeration which too often mars and sometimes quite destroys the value and even the true interest of books of hunting adventure. — Very timely is the little treatise on *Hydrophobia: Means of Avoiding its Perils and Preventing its Spread* (Harper and Brothers). The author, H.

BOULY, is described as a member of the Institute of France and general inspector of the veterinary schools of France, and it is evident from the language of his lecture that he has had a large personal experience in dealing with this dread disease. The translator, his pupil, A. Liantard, is a professor in the New York College of Veterinary Surgeons. The author describes in great detail the *early* symptoms of rabies in a dog. Most frequently manifesting itself in the canine species, it is also not unknown in other animals, and is even more dangerous in the cat; for the dog will obey his master even after the disease is considerably advanced; the cat will not. He warns us against the caresses of sick dogs, for if the saliva from the mouth comes in contact with even a scratch, there is danger that the poison may be communicated; and in the early stages of the disease the symptoms are not easily recognizable by any except one thoroughly familiar with it. He repudiates muzzling as useless, since the rabid dogs are almost uniformly those that have escaped from home, where they are never muzzled. He recognizes no remedy but an instant and vigorous cauterization of the wound, but shows from statistics that less than half of those persons who are bitten by even rabid animals die from the bite, which is therefore by no means necessarily fatal. The book, which is a pamphlet of only sixty-one pages, is not only helpful, but on the whole hopeful; we only wish it could have been published six months ago. It is worth reading, and the *résumé* at the close is worth cutting out and keeping for easy reference by all owners of dogs.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

OUR *Astronomical Record* for August begins with the announcement of the discovery of a new comet, the fifth of this year, on the 19th of the month, by Coggia, at Marseilles. The absence of Watson and Peters, and the short nights and long twilights of the summer season, seem to have combined to interfere with the search for asteroids, of which no new ones have been reported since June by either American or European observers.

In *Solar Physics* Professor Langley, of the Pittsburgh Observatory, announces that he has during the past year been at work upon the relative temperatures of different portions of the sun's surface. At the recent meeting of the American Association he stated that he had used a delicate thermopile, such as was first employed in similar investigations by Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution. Langley's observations fully confirm those published in 1845 by Professor Henry, showing that the solar spots are colder than the adjacent photosphere, but not necessarily colder than the portions of the photosphere near the solar limb, since the heat from the latter is mainly absorbed by the sun's atmosphere.

Stone reports from the Cape of Good Hope that, at the recent solar eclipse observed by him, he certainly saw the Fraunhofer lines in the spectrum of the corona, and that at the moment of totality the spectrum of the disappearing edge of

the sun showed all the principal Fraunhofer dark lines reversed to bright ones: the former observations seem to show that the light of the corona is reflected from the photosphere of the sun.

The United States government expedition to the Southern Pacific Ocean for the observation of the transit of Venus has been heard from at the Cape of Good Hope, where the parties stopped on the 5th of August.

Professor Wright states as the result of some observations made with a delicate polariscope upon Coggia's comet that its light was polarized in a plane passing through the axis of the tail, that is, as nearly as could be estimated, in a plane passing through it and the sun. The percentage of polarized light was not large.

Secchi has also observed the appearance of Coggia's comet, and announces the undoubted evidence of polarization. The linear spectrum of the nucleus was by careful examination resolved into a banded spectrum.

The possibility that the diurnal rotation of the earth may be, within small limits, a somewhat irregular movement has been suggested by Professor Newcomb as a possible explanation of certain apparent inequalities of long period in the motion of the moon. A test as to the plausibility of this explanation was found by Newcomb in the observations of the eclipses of the satellites of Jupiter, and at his request the necessary numerical investigations have been made

by a young Russian astronomer, Mr. Glasenapp; from his results Newcomb concludes that although the observations are too uncertain, and the residuals too irregular to prove the hypothesis, yet it seems to be rendered worthy of reception as being in the present state of our knowledge the most probable explanation of the outstanding differences of long period between the theoretical and observed longitude of the moon.

Dr. Gould has communicated a few of the results arrived at by himself in the prosecution of his labors on the "Uranometria Argentina." He states that a great circle or zone of bright stars girds the southern sky, intersecting the Milky Way at the Southern Cross. A trace of this zone of bright stars is also perceptible in the northern sky.

To the two stars, Procyon and Sirius, whose irregular movements enabled astronomers to predict the places of their disturbing companions, Mr. Rogers, of Cambridge, adds a third, Eta Draconis, whose movements are also irregular.

Pogson, at Madras, announces that the means at his command have been lately increased so that he expects to clear away the large arrears of work accumulated at that observatory. Hitherto this has been impossible.

The formation at Prague of a mathematical society is announced.

In the study of the *Physics of the Globe* we notice that Mallet, having carefully examined the volcano of Stromboli, concludes that its mechanism is very similar to that of a geyser. He finds its special phenomena explained by assuming that the lowest portion of its crater, which is of a funnel shape, is prolonged as a tube to a depth of 400 feet or more, until it reaches to a little below the level of the sea. Into the lower end of the tube small quantities of lava find their way, thereby heating up the sea-water that percolates into the interior, and forcing out water, lava, and stones at regular spasmodic bursts. He finds that nothing distinct can be gathered from the inhabitants of the surrounding islands in support of the long-established tradition according to which atmospheric changes were supposed to produce the volcanic eruptions.

The changes of level that have been noticed in Great Salt Lake have been by some referred to the marked variations from year to year in the climate of the basin that drained into this lake, while others have very plausibly contended that besides meteorological influences there are others equally important to be considered; thus the slow seismic changes, by reason of which one portion of the basin may be elevated while another is depressed, may in a short time completely alter the relative depths of the water on opposite sides of the lake. As a standard to which to refer these changes, Dr. Park, of the Deseret University, has, at the request of Professor Joseph Henry, erected a monument near the shore at Black Rock: four such monuments on opposite sides of the lake would, we apprehend, be necessary in order to afford information sufficient to satisfactorily answer several interesting queries concerning this subject.

Captain Dutton, in some remarks on the contractional hypothesis as explanatory of the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes, concludes that Fourier's theorem relative to the cooling of

the earth shows that the greatest possible contraction due to secular cooling is insufficient to account for the phenomena attributed to it; by far the larger portion of this contraction must have taken place before the commencement of the paleozoic age, and the larger portion of the residue must have occurred before the beginning of the tertiary; and yet the whole of this contraction would not be sufficient to account for the disturbances which have occurred since the close of the cretaceous.

The earthquake of 1873, October 22, in Germany, has been made the subject of some study by Professor V. Lafaulx and Professor Kortum, of Bonn, who conclude that the origin of the shock was at a depth of between three and six English miles. The velocity with which the earthquake wave ran along the earth's surface was about eleven miles per minute.

Under the new organization of the *Meteorological* service of France, Rayet, astronomer at the Paris Observatory, has official care of the observations taken in France; Froat investigates the disturbances, and sends storm warnings to the principal French sea-ports; Sainte-Claire Deville is general inspector for meteorology. The storm warnings sent from England to the French sea-ports will probably also be continued.

The publication at Paris of the atlas of general movements of the earth's atmosphere having ceased some years ago, Hoffmeyer, director of the Danish Meteorological Office, proposes to publish an equivalent atlas for the North Atlantic and European stations, which work will respond to a long-felt desideratum.

In the last annual of the Hungarian Meteorological Institute Schenzl gives the results of observations made during eight years at Ofen on the temperature of the earth at depths of from four to twenty feet. On the average, he finds that twenty-one days are required by the temperature to penetrate to a depth of three feet. The stratum at which the temperature is constant is at Ofen not so deep as at Munich.

The first report has been received from the new Magnetic Observatory at Zi-ka-Wei, in China. This institution possesses a complete set of self-recording magnetic instruments, and promises to constitute an important station for magnetic observations, the only other prominent magnetic station in that country being that at Peking, under the direction of Fritsch.

In the *Molecular Sciences, Optics, Acoustics, Electricity*, etc., we note that Becquerel announces that experiments made at his suggestion on the possibility of rendering photographic plates sensitive to every color have been productive of remarkably interesting results. Following Dr. Vogel's idea of coating the plates with transparent films, he has been able by the use of chlorophyll to obtain a spectral image of much greater length than when plain collodion is used. The characteristic absorption band of chlorophyll dissolved in collodion was well photographed.

The fact that two differently colored spots, when viewed each with but one eye, are by the mind combined into a single spot of an intermediate color, exactly as if the two colors had been combined by a rapid rotation of each before the eye, has long been an inexplicable phenomenon, the solution of which seems at last to have been found by Von Bezold.

The modified form of the spectroscope suggested by Professor Eaton, of Philadelphia, promises to be exceedingly convenient and economical. Eaton's modification consists principally in attaching to one of the faces of an ordinary bisulphide of carbon prism or dense glass prism a thick plate of glass with *parallel sides*. With this apparatus the dispersion is four times greater than that of the ordinary sixty-degree prism.

Professor Mayer continues his experimental researches in acoustics, in which he has by a series of brilliant experiments laid bare the hidden processes of hearing in both insects and mankind.

Professor Barker, in an interesting discussion of the relations announced by Professor F. W. Clarke relative to atomic heats, urges the claims upon scientists of the "chemical physics," "a field of research avoided," as he says, "by the chemists, and ignored by the physicists."

Mr. Thayer, student in the physical laboratory at Harvard College, publishes some experiments showing that in the case of condensers made with solid dielectrics the slowly diminishing current which is observed when the plates of a polarization battery are connected may be due to a decomposition of the material separating the plates of tin-foil; the current was not sensible when the dielectrics were absolutely dry.

The theory elaborated during the past five years by Edlund, of Stockholm, as to the physical nature of electricity has lately received an excellent support by the review by Emsmann of all the arguments for and against its correctness. Edlund assumes, as we have formerly stated, no new imponderable substance, but merely makes use of that property of the ether of the opticians which was of no importance in the theory of light. He shows, namely, that the inertia and slightly imperfect elasticity of the ether molecules, by reason of which they require a small amount of time in order to effect their movements, is that property that gives rise to the peculiarities of electrical phenomena. In short, electricity, galvanism, and magnetism are but manifestations of the workings of that same ether that suffices to explain the phenomena of light and heat.

Among *Ethnological* communications worthy of notice we have one by Mr. Lawson Tait, in which he draws attention to an arrow-head, figured in a late number of the *Scientific American*, having a feathered edge, "so that if the weapon with which it was armed was propelled with any great rapidity its revolution would be a matter of necessity, and would result in a greater steadiness in its line of trajectory."

Evidence seems to be accumulating upon us that while mankind have invented many of the instruments of comfort and happiness, they have borrowed many from the animal world. In other words, man is not the only "tool-using" animal. Sir John Lubbock tells us, "Elephants break off boughs and use them as fans. Monkeys use clubs, and throw sticks and stones at those who intrude upon them. They also use round stones for cracking nuts." Mr. George J. Romanes several months ago called attention in *Nature* to the "care of monkeys for their dead." He has made experiments upon the same subject with reference to rabbits, and observed that rabbits shot near the warren crawl if

possible into it, and after dying will be brought out by their companions.

The seventh session of the International Congress of Anthropology and Prehistoric Archaeology, which was announced in a previous number of this magazine, was closed on Sunday, the 16th of August, at Stockholm. The meeting was a triumphant success, over half the members being present. The only American whose name we notice among the officers was Professor Whitney. The king and the city of Stockholm extended the most hearty welcome to the distinguished guests. The next meeting will be held at Buda-Pesth.

In the *Revue d'Anthropologie* M. Topinard discusses Camper's system of facial-angle measurement, and attributes the disrepute into which it has fallen to the carelessness and want of mutual understanding among those who have used it. The same may be said of every branch of ethnology. But the time has come for the establishment of a better and more uniform terminology. The abandonment of a merely geographical arrangement of objects, and a disposition to adopt a more rigidly scientific classification, will be instrumental in effecting greater uniformity of terms.

Under the head of *Microscopical Science* we notice in the July number of the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science* the following simple and easily made cement, which is highly recommended by Mr. Busk, and possesses the advantage that it can be used under water or weak spirit, so that the cover can be affixed beneath the surface of the fluid, and the admission of air bubbles thus effectually prevented. This caoutchouc size, as he terms it, is prepared by melting caoutchouc in an iron or porcelain cup till it is reduced to a viscid tar. When cold it is dissolved in benzine to the consistency of thick gold size. After application to the edges of the glass cell it is allowed to dry fifteen minutes to evaporate the benzine; after which the cover, completely immersed in fluid if desired, is applied and pressed firmly into place. When the surfaces are dry, a solution of shellac or other varnish completes the mounting.

Careful microscopic examination has shown that caries in teeth is largely due not merely to the acids of the mouth, but to a vegetable parasite, *Leptothrix buccalis*. Besides this there are other vegetable and even animal growths; these are not much affected, except as to their abundance, by the ordinary means employed to clean the teeth, but soapy water appears to destroy them. The fungus attains its greatest size in the interstices of the teeth, and after the action of acids, taken with the food or in medicines, or such as are formed in the mouth itself by some abnormality in the secretions, which make the teeth more or less porous or soft, the fungi penetrate the canaliculi both of the enamel and of the dentine, and by their proliferation produce rapid softening and destructive effects. Those interested will find an able article upon this subject in the *Lancet*, December 13, 1873.

We find in the *Medical Record*, July, 1874, an account of two cases of the fatal malady called malignant pustule, and known, when occurring in cattle, as "the blood," and to which the French give the name charbon, and the Germans that of Milzbrand. A microscopic examination showed

in the blood and in the greenish-yellow spots and in the parenchyma of the gastric walls enormous quantities of Bacteria; the disease was communicated from the first patient to the *post-mortem* assistant of the hospital, and both cases were fatal. Subsequently, Dr. Orth inoculated a rabbit with the fresh blood of the second case, and from this one another, and so on till eight were injected. Masses of Bacteria were found in the blood and connective tissue of all these animals.

In *Zoology* the most interesting discovery is that of Professor E. Van Beneden, of Liege, who shows that of the two membranes of which the hydroid polyps are composed, the outer (ectoderm) gives rise to the testes and spermatozoa, and the inner to the ovaries, so that the outer layer is male and the inner female. He considers that the process of fecundation in animals consists in the union of an egg with a certain number of spermatozooids, this act having no other end than bringing together chemical elements of opposite polarity, which, after having united for a moment in the egg, separate again; for in most animals, as soon as the division of the yolk into two portions appears, the elements out of which the outer layer is formed are already separated from those which constitute the internal layer of the embryo. The new individual is formed at the moment when the union between the elements of opposed polarity is effected, as absolutely as the molecule of water is formed by the union of atoms of hydrogen and oxygen.

Van Beneden maintains, from the facts afforded by other embryologists, that the same sexual differences occur in the two embryonal layers of the vertebrates, and he thinks it probable they will be found to exist in all animals. This bears out the prevalent idea that the sex of animals is determined at the time of fecundation of the egg.

Through the explorations of Dr. Packard in the caves of Kentucky, Indiana, and Virginia, in connection with the geological survey of Kentucky, some forty additional species of insects have been added to our cave insect fauna. In the famous Weyer's Cave, near Staunton, Virginia, about twenty species were discovered where none were before known to exist. The larvæ of the two blind cave beetles (*Adelops* and *Anophthalmus*) were found, and many facts bearing on the distribution and origin of cave animals collected.

In the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* is appearing a series of papers on the nervous system of the sea-anemone (*Actinia*), by Professor P. Martin Duncan. In the August number he gives a *résumé* of our knowledge on the subject. He substantiates the discovery made by Schneider and Rötteken of isolated nerve cells near the pigment cells at the base of the tentacles of the *Actinia*, supposed to be eyes. In connection with these nerves are certain round refractive cells (Haimean bodies) and other long cells, called the Rötteken bodies. The former, he thinks, carry light more deeply into the tissues than the ordinary epithelial cells. This is also the case with the elongated Rötteken cells and others similar to them, called bacilli. All these, he believes, with Schneider and Rötteken, when in combination, concentrate light. "When they are brought together in this primitive form of eye they concentrate and convey light with greater power, so

as to enable it to act more generally on the nervous system, probably not to enable the distinction of objects, but to cause the light to stimulate a rudimentary nervous system to act in a reflex manner on the muscular system, which is highly developed." "The evolution of an eye," he adds, "probably took the path which is thus faintly indicated in the *Actinia*, which doubtless has an appreciation of the difference between light and darkness." Duncan discovers, as he thinks, very fine nervous filaments at the base of the body of the *Actinia*.

A noteworthy paper has been published by Mr. H. N. Moseley, of the *Challenger* expedition, in the proceedings of the Royal Society, on the anatomy and affinities of a singular terrestrial articulate animal known as *Peripatus*, and usually regarded as a worm. It seems, however, that the young breathe air through tracheæ, which are wanting in the adult. *Peripatus* would for other reasons be regarded as related to the insects were it not that the two nervous cords are widely separated, instead of being united at intervals into ganglia, as among true insects. Moseley shows that *Peripatus* has affinities both to the true insects and the myriopods. He then speculates on the derivation of insects from some form, such as *Peripatus*, and thinks it "may well be placed among Professor Hæckel's *Protracheata*." "If these speculations be correct," he adds, "the crustacea have [had] a different origin from the tracheata"—a view already suggested by Packard, who had previously, unknown to the author, regarded *Peripatus* as a stem form of insects, and connected them with the worms.

Professor Peters finds new coincidences between the development of the *Cæcilia* and other batrachians. He states that these creatures possess neither amnion nor allantois, that they are, at least in part, viviparous, and that at a certain period of the year they are aquatic.

M. Dareste gives in the *Archives of Experimental Zoology* a memoir on the origin and mode of formation of double monsters.

An interesting paper on the sound produced by European fishes, by M. Dufosse, appears in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, while M. Baudelot prints in the *Archives de Zoologie Expérimentale* a paper on the scales of the bony fishes.

Some valuable contributions to *Agricultural Science* have appeared in the reports of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture for 1873, in which, among other articles, we find the proceedings of the winter meeting of the Board of Agriculture, and the reports of the pathologist, pomologist, and chemist of the board. The winter meeting, was, in fact, a large farmers' convention, in which lectures were delivered and discussions held of considerable scientific value. A lecture was delivered by Professor Atwater, on "Commercial Fertilizers at Home and Abroad," in which it was shown that the fertilizers are very much better and cheaper in Europe, and especially in England and Germany, than in our own country, and that this difference was largely due to the control exercised by means of chemical analysis over the trade in commercial fertilizers.

The establishment of an agricultural experiment station in Connecticut was discussed at the meeting, and steps taken for the presentation of

the subject to the people of the State, and of a petition to the Legislature for an appropriation of money to found and carry on a station.

The report of Professor Johnson, chemist of the board, contains analyses of thirty-one specimens of fertilizers in common use in the State. "The analyses of the manufactured fertilizers reveal perhaps but one positive adulteration, viz., a sample of ground bone largely mixed with oyster shells. They demonstrate, however, the fact that in most cases the consumer has no guarantee that he gets his money's worth, commercially considered, when he purchases them, and they confirm the view that he will never be able to buy with such assurance until he stipulates for so many pounds of this and that fertilizing element, nitrogen or phosphoric acid, as the case may be, in a well-defined state of solubility or availability, instead of buying so many tons of so-called ground bone or superphosphate, it may be on an old analysis, or without analysis at all."

Quite a good idea of the recent progress and present status of investigation in agricultural chemistry may be derived from the transactions of the "Section for Agricultural Chemistry" of the meeting of the German *Naturforscher und Aerzte*, held at Wiesbaden in September, 1873. Nearly forty persons were present, among whom were a number of the directors and chemists of the German experiment stations. The proceedings consisted chiefly of accounts of new investigations in animal and vegetable chemistry and in physiology.

Dr. Von Wolff reported a series of experiments on the digestive capacity of swine for various fodder materials. Cock-chafers (*Maikaefer*), which are sometimes collected in large quantities in Germany, were found to be quite nutritious, forty-four per cent. of the albuminoids and ten and a half per cent. of the fat being digested by the swine. The digestibility of barley, maize, beans, pease, cocoa-nut cakes, was also tested. The high digestive capacity of swine for carbo-hydrates was strikingly demonstrated. The opinion which has been maintained that the fats of the animal body are made from the albuminoids of the food alone was controverted by some of these experiments in which the albuminoids of the food were insufficient to cover the increase of fat in the bodies of the swine, so that the carbo-hydrates appear also to have taken part in the formation of the fat.

Dr. Von Wolff reported also some experiments on the digestive capacity of sheep for hay when fed alone, and with turnips. Previous experiments have shown that when to "crude fodder materials," as hay, materials rich in carbo-hydrates but poor in albuminoids, as potatoes, meal, or starch, are added, the digestion of the crude fodder, and particularly of its albuminoids, is thereby decreased. In this case the decrease in digestion of the albuminoids of the hay when turnips were added was considerably less than had been found to be the case with potatoes or starch.

Professor Mayer, of the University of Heidelberg, gave accounts of experiments on the absorptive power of leaves and other superterraneous parts of plants for ammonia. Various plants were found capable of absorbing carbonate of ammonia in the gaseous form and in solution. No special facility on the part of legumi-

nous plants for absorbing combined atmospheric nitrogen appeared from these experiments.

Dr. Fleischen, of the experiment station at Weende, reported a new respiration experiment with sheep, in continuation of and with similar results to those which have been going on for some years past at his station.

Other investigations by Wolff on the influence of different amounts of phosphoric acid upon the development of oat plants grown in aqueous solutions, and by Weiske and Wildt on the excretion of hippuric acid, our space will not allow us to describe.

Accounts lately received of the transactions of the first meeting of the directors of the Italian experiment stations, held at Rome in January, 1873, show that a considerable amount of valuable work has already been done, and that the prospect for the success of these institutions, lately established in Italy, is very encouraging. No less than twelve stations were represented at the meeting.

In the department of *Engineering* we may chronicle the proposition to build another international bridge across the Niagara River at Grand Island. Charters for this purpose have already been granted by the Legislatures of Canada and New York. Another project of considerable importance is that of a company to bridge the Mississippi at Carondelet, which meets, however, with much opposition. A board of engineers has been sitting in St. Louis during the past month to consider the plans and location of the bridge, acting under instructions from the Secretary of War.

Work on the East River Bridge continues. The key-stones of the arches in the Brooklyn tower were raised to their places August 8. They weigh eleven tons each. This tower is now 225 feet above high tide, and will probably be finished by November. The New York tower is now 148 feet above high tide, and it is expected will be carried above the spring of the arches before cold weather. The Brooklyn anchorage is now forty feet up, but that on the New York side is not yet begun. The Brooklyn City Council has voted an additional \$2,000,000 to the enterprise.

From the Hoosac Tunnel we have the report that much additional arching will be required to make transit perfectly safe, and the work is being executed by the Messrs. Shanly, who completed the excavation of the tunnel. Apropos of the much-discussed Channel Tunnel, the *Engineer* records the statement that the Great Northern Railway of France has volunteered to contribute its share of £80,000, provided the British railway lines contribute their portion, for the purpose of meeting the estimated cost of running preparatory driftways to determine the character of the bed of the Channel, and thus set at rest the question of the ultimate practicability of the project.

The recently launched iron steam-ship *City of Peking* has made her trial trip with great satisfaction. Mr. John Roach, her constructor, has received a contract to construct three additional steam-ships for the same line.

The Henderson hydraulic brake, which has of late received much attention, was given an experimental trial some weeks ago on the West Chester and Philadelphia Railroad. The train

consisted of five passenger cars and one baggage car, attached to a powerful locomotive, which were run about ten miles up the road, making a number of stops to test the efficiency of the brake. Three stops were made with the following results: 1st. Grade descending 15 feet to the mile; speed, 35 miles per hour; train stopped in distance of 630 feet, and in $20\frac{1}{4}$ seconds time; boiler pressure, 105 pounds. 2d. Grade as above; speed, 32 miles; stopped in 540 feet; boiler pressure, 115 pounds. 3d. Level; speed, 35 miles; stopped in 840 feet, in $28\frac{1}{4}$ seconds; pressure, 105 pounds. These results will compare favorably with those obtained by the most approved forms of power brakes. The construction of the Henderson brake, to which allusion has already been made in these columns, is extremely simple, a fact which constitutes one of its principal merits.

The last month was signalized by the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Hartford. The number of papers presented was quite large. The only one, however, which falls within the scope of this department is that of Professor T. Sterry Hunt on a new wet process of copper extraction. The process, which is too long to describe in detail, involves the employment of protochloride of iron, which converts the oxide of copper into a soluble chloride. From this solution the copper is precipitated by metallic iron. The speaker affirmed that in this process the injurious elements of the ores, such as arsenic, antimony, and tin, remain undissolved, and the metallic copper obtained is so pure that it can be made into fine copper by a single fusion.

The Chief of the Bureau of Statistics furnishes the following statement of the principal exports from Great Britain to the United States during the seven months ending July 31, 1874, as compared with the corresponding period of 1873:

Articles.	1873.	1874.
Copper (unmanufactured).....cwt.	43,804	724
Copper (manufactured).....cwt.	1,286	707
Hardware and cutlery.....£	479,895	864,334
Iron and steel (bar, bolt, etc.)...tons.	21,095	2,397
Iron (railroad of all kinds).....tons.	134,393	72,631
Iron (hoop, sheet, boiler).....tons.	13,834	3,396
Tin plates.....tons.	58,462	53,405
Old iron.....tons.	27,400	5,269
Steel.....tons.	12,624	7,603
Lead (pig, etc.).....tons.	2,287	1,455
Machinery.....£	348,904	135,791

The comparison is instructive, as showing a heavy decrease in every item given.

From reports recently made to the government Land-office the following statistics indicate the extent and distribution of the Rocky Mountain coal-field:

Locality.	Area.	Coal Area.
	Square Miles.	Square Miles.
Texas.....	237,000	30,000
Indian Territory.....	69,000	40,000
New Mexico.....	122,000	20,000
Kansas.....	80,000	80,000
Missouri.....	67,000	24,000
Nebraska.....	84,000	84,000
Iowa.....	55,000	24,000
Wyoming.....	68,000	20,000
Colorado.....	102,000	20,000
Montana.....	145,000	74,000
Dakota.....	150,000	100,000
Total.....	1,182,000	516,000
Approximate coal area of British Amer..		737,000
		1,253,000

SEVEN ASTRONOMERS ROYAL.

In connection with the valuable astronomical papers published in this Magazine during the present year—a year of unusual significance in this department of science—the following summary, copied from a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review*, and showing the work accomplished by the astronomers of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich since 1674, will be of great interest to our readers. The record has special reference to lunar observations.

The Royal Observatory at Greenwich was built in the reign of Charles II., “for the rectifying the tables of the motions of the heavens, and the places of the fixed stars, so as to find out the longitudes of places for the perfecting the art of navigation.” Flamsteed, a contemporary of Newton, was appointed the first “Astronomical Observer” of the king, or “Astronomer Royal,” in 1674, and the work of the observatory was commenced in 1676. The earliest mural circle, or large circle attached to the face of a wall, with a graduated scale, for exact observations in the meridian, was constructed by Flamsteed at his own expense in 1689; and with this exact instrument the systematic study of the moon’s movements was initiated, two years after the publication of the *Principia*, which contained the final development of Newton’s great theory. In 1694 Flamsteed supplied Newton with a series of observed places of the moon for use in his calculations. A notable illustration is afforded of the appreciation which was given to astronomical science at this time in the fact that the first mural circle in the observatory was constructed at Flamsteed’s own expense; that Flamsteed’s salary for his public service was £100 per annum, with a deduction of £10 per annum for a tax, and was coupled with the condition that he should instruct two of the Christ-church school-boys in nautical astronomy, and that the salary of an indispensable assistant was also paid by him. Flamsteed died on the last day of the year 1719, being at that time sixty-four years of age. His observations were printed five years after his death, under the title, *Historia Cælestis Britannica*, and the second volume of this work contained places of the moon computed from observation.

Flamsteed was succeeded in the Royal Observatory by Edmund Halley, who was also a contemporary of Newton, and who began his work at the observatory when he was sixty-four years old. It is probable that he was induced to enter upon so laborious an office at such an advanced period of his life on account of the great advantage the position afforded him for prosecuting certain researches into the moon’s movements upon which he was already engaged. He constructed a new transit instrument and a mural quadrant, and pursued his investigations with these. About ten years after his accession at Greenwich the reflecting quadrant—the mechanical contrivance which rendered lunar observations at sea for the determination of the longitude possible—was discovered independently by Hadley in England and by Godfrey in America. Tables of the comparison of observed and computed places of the moon from 1722 to 1739 were constructed by Halley, and these were subsequently printed. Edmund Halley died in 1742.

The third Astronomer Royal was James Bradley, whose name is inscribed in the annals of science in imperishable characters on account of his being the inventor of the zenith sector, and the discoverer of the aberration of light, and of the nutation of the earth's axis. He administered the affairs of the Royal Observatory from 1742 to 1761, and the era of what is termed the "exact observations" of Greenwich is generally considered to date from about this time, or, more exactly, from 1750. His observations were printed after his death by the University of Oxford.

During the rule of Bradley at the Royal Observatory the French astronomer Lacaille determined the horizontal parallax of the moon, or, in other words, its distance from the earth, with much greater precision than had been found possible previously; and Mayer, of Göttingen, also completed a series of lunar tables, based on observations of eclipses and of occultations of fixed stars by the moon, which were found to give the proper places of the moon within a minute and a half of celestial longitude. These tables took into account fifteen distinct forms of irregularity. Bradley compared the actual corresponding places of the moon with the forecasts of these tables, and reported in regard to them that they unquestionably rendered it possible for sailors to find their position in the open sea, by observing the distance of the moon from certain standard fixed stars, within one degree of longitude, and that they therefore virtually fulfilled the object for which a public reward had been offered. Mayer's wife, in consequence, after his death received the sum of £3000 from the British government in recognition of the important service thus rendered to the science of navigation. Mayer's tables were extended and otherwise improved twelve years afterward by Mason, and the possible errors in observing and calculating longitude at sea were pronounced to be then further diminished very nearly one-third.

In the last year of Bradley's life, John Harrison, a Yorkshire carpenter and mechanic, rendered the construction of the chronometer so perfect that it became possible for the sailor to carry Greenwich time with him through long voyages, so that thenceforth he could make the chronometer serve the same purpose as observing the distance between the moon and a star. In 1761 Harrison sent a chronometer to Jamaica which went wrong only five seconds and a tenth during the voyage, and this it was found would not have involved an error in longitude for the ship's place of more than two miles. The sum of £20,000 was awarded to Harrison by an act of Parliament for this improvement of the marine chronometer. The observation of lunar distances at sea became of only secondary importance after this. But it was still held of great consequence, on account of its supplying the means of checking and verifying the performance of the chronometers, and of replacing them altogether in case of accident.

In the year in which Harrison perfected the construction of the marine chronometer, Dr. Bliss succeeded Bradley as Astronomer Royal. But he died within four years, and so left no material contribution to the efficiency of the observatory. Neville Maskelyne followed him in 1765, and continued his distinguished services as Astronomer Royal for the long term of forty-six

years. He had been so fortunate as to have been previously engaged in observing the transit of Venus at St. Helena in 1761, and co-operated in the subsequent observation of this phenomenon eight years afterward, on the historical occasion when Cook was sent to Otaheite. Maskelyne introduced at the Royal Observatory the method of noting the transits of celestial bodies over a system of five vertical wires placed in the field of the telescope, and first ventured upon the refinement of reckoning the meridian passage of a star within tenths of seconds. The distinguished honor also belongs to him of having commenced the publication of the *Nautical Almanac*, which first appeared two years after his appointment as Astronomer Royal. He was engaged with the preparation of a fine mural circle for the observatory when his useful life was brought to a close, at the advanced age of seventy-nine years.

During the reign of Maskelyne at the Royal Observatory the French mathematicians Laplace and Lagrange had been making important progress in investigating theoretically the moon's movements. A slight continued acceleration of the moon's rate of traveling, and a gradual shifting of the points where the planes of the orbits of the moon and of the earth cross each other, and of the situation of the moon's farthest departure from the earth in each turn of its revolution, were traced to a gradual diminution in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit. The disturbing influence of the equatorial bulging of the earth, and of the varying distance of the sun, had also been detected. In consequence of these rapid and important advances in theoretical knowledge the French Academy of Sciences thought it well to offer a prize for new tables of the moon in which all these discoveries should be taken into account. Tables were published in answer to this appeal in 1802, by Tobias Burg, of Vienna, and these were still further developed, as it was then thought, in 1811, by the astronomer Burckhardt, who discussed no less than four hundred observations of the moon for this purpose. The extended tables of Burckhardt were thenceforth adopted in the preparation of the *Nautical Almanac*, under the impression that they were the best then available; but it unfortunately happened that a complicated and involved form of expression had been used in them, which served to conceal for a long time certain inherent imperfections. It was only in subsequent years that it was discovered these tables allowed errors in the moon's calculated place as large as half a minute of longitude.

John Pond succeeded Maskelyne at the Royal Observatory, and he had the satisfaction of adding a large transit instrument to the equipment of the place. He gave great attention to establishing the positions of standard fixed stars that could be used as the graduations of the heavens from which the moon's movements had to be measured. The great improvement, however, which he introduced into observational astronomy, and which enabled him to accomplish his object of getting more exact observations of the fixed stars, was the very beautiful method of observing the image of the star reflected from the still surface of mercury at the same instant that the star was seen through the telescope. The half of the angular measure that was included between the lines of sight in which the two observations were made of necessity gave the height

of the star above the horizon. In this way all levels and plumb-lines for getting the bearing of the horizon were summarily dispensed with. The observation found its own horizon by the simple expedient of establishing reflection from an absolutely horizontal surface. This method of getting observations above the horizon is of the most exquisite perfection of delicacy and exactness, and is so entirely satisfactory that it is still in use in observing altitudes and polar distances with the great meridian instruments at Greenwich.

The seventh individual in the series of distinguished men, which completes the list of the Astronomers Royal of Great Britain, is Sir George Biddell Airy, who succeeded Pond in 1835, and still happily fills the place of "astronomical observer" at the great national observatory. It would not be an easy task to enumerate all the good services that this energetic veteran has rendered in his long term of thirty-nine years' service. But some of these must be named on account of the direct bearing they have upon the perturbational history of the moon and the perfection of the tables of the moon's movements. While Mr. Airy was yet directing the operations of the observatory of the University of Cambridge he introduced the admirable and most important practice of having all current observations at once reduced, with the necessary refinements of correction, and printed side by side with the corresponding terms of the tables that presumably represent them, so that each particular failure in the table might be apparent at a glance. Before this period all the moon observations had been taken by meridian instruments; that is to say, the place of the moon was noted on the instant that it crossed the meridian, by measuring its height in declination above some standard fixed star, and its distance in right ascension from the same star counted in seconds of time that elapsed between the consecutive meridian passages of the moon and star. This method of observing is very exact, but it of necessity limits very materially the number of moon observations that can be made. As soon, therefore, as the present Astronomer Royal had fairly entered upon his career of public service, he set himself to add to the equipment of the observatory an instrument by which good observations of the moon could be taken *out of the meridian*. The instrument which he constructed for this purpose was the fine altazimuth, that is still in use, and that answers the end for which it was contrived admirably. With it the position of the moon is compared with that of standard fixed stars when it is still far from the meridian on either side, and, what is of still greater importance, the moon is also observed in a part of its orbit in which no observation at all can be taken upon the meridian, and in which part, therefore, there was previously no means of checking off its irregularities of pace. By this expedient of extra-meridional observation the number of satisfactory observations of the moon has been trebled. In the year 1848 Mr. Airy printed the reduced and corrected observations of eight thousand places of the moon that had been made at the Royal Observatory between 1750 and 1830, and which had, up to that time, been of no practical avail, on account of not having had these essential reductions and corrections applied.

Other notable improvements in instrumental work that have been effected by the present Astronomer Royal are the adoption of a plan, which he himself devised, of taking the observation of both the direct and reflected images of a star upon the meridian by the same instrument, instead of employing two instruments for the purpose, as was previously done; and the fusion of the two great meridian instruments, namely, the transit and the mural circle, into one, so that both declinations and right ascensions can be read off at one observation, instead of requiring two instruments and two observers. The transit circle which has thus been introduced at Greenwich has now superseded the double-instrument system at all the best observatories.

The near approach to perfection which the lunar theory and the tables of the moon have made has mainly resulted from two centuries of unintermittent work at the national observatory, which commenced with Flamsteed, and which, happily, has not yet ended with Airy. It is, at the present time, just two full centuries since the warrant was issued by the second Charles for the appointment of an "astronomical observer" to look after the scientific interests of navigation, and it is certainly a notable circumstance that through this long stretch of two hundred years there have been only seven Astronomers Royal. If the one exceptionally short-lived Astronomer Royal be withdrawn from the list, the official lives of the remaining six make up the term of one hundred and ninety-six years, and this gives very nearly thirty-three years for the official life of each individual of the series—a very fair allowance indeed, considering the work that is accomplished in the time.

THE SPECIES OF AMERICAN SQUIRRELS.

Mr. J. A. Allen, well known as one of the most accomplished and thorough of American zoologists, has lately published a synopsis of the general results obtained by him from an investigation of the American *Sciuridae*, or mammals belonging to the squirrel group, including the squirrels proper, the flying-squirrels, ground-squirrels, marmots, etc. As the result of his inquiries, based upon the immense amount and variety of material in the National Museum at Washington, he has occasion to reduce the number of species still lower than that allowed by Professor Baird in his monographs of the same forms, finding that many of those which have hitherto been considered as species are in reality merely climatic or geographical races, several of which are referable to a common type.

A striking generalization obtained in his investigations has reference to the increasing intensity of color of the species in proceeding from the north southward, this being very evident in the fox-squirrel of the Mississippi Basin, the belly of which in the northern part of its range is almost white, while in specimens from Lower Louisiana it is reddish-fulvous, or a deep orange. Equally decided differences exist in specimens of the same species as they proceed from east to west.

Mr. Allen now considers that we have at least five more or less well marked areas characterized by certain peculiarities of color variation in mammals and birds, as well as by a close relation between the areas, the prevalent tendencies of change of color, and the amount of aqueous pre-

precipitation. The first of these regions is that of the Atlantic slope, which includes not only the country east of the Alleghanies, but a large part of the British possessions, extending westward as far as Fort Simpson, and northward and westward to Alaska, including, apparently, all that territory north of the Alaskan Mountains and having an annual rain-fall of about thirty-five to forty-five inches. This region, in view of its great extent, he selects as representing the average or normal type of color, the variation in other regions being in the direction of intensity.

The second region embraces the Mississippi Valley, or more properly the Mississippi Basin, and is termed the *Mississippi Region*. Here the annual rain-fall reaches forty-five to fifty-five inches, and sometimes more. In this region the tendency is to an increase of fulvous and rufous tints, these reaching their maximum in the limited area of greatest humidity, although a general increase of color is more or less characteristic of the region.

The central portion of the Rocky Mountains forms the third region, to be called the *Colorado Region*, as including the greater part of that Territory within its limits. Here the general tendency is to an increase of intensity of colors, as compared with the region west of it, with a development of rufous and fulvous tints. The humidity here is less than that in either of the other regions named, the rain-fall being only from twenty-four to thirty inches.

The fourth area Mr. Allen calls the *Campestrian Region*, and includes the arid plains and deserts of the continent, containing not only the "great plains," so called, but the plains of Utah, Nevada, Western Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and southwest to Lower California. Here the rain-fall ranges from three inches to twenty, being below fifteen generally. Here a general paleness of color is the distinctive feature.

The fifth region, called the *Columbian Region*, begins on the Pacific coast at about the fortieth parallel, and embraces a comparatively narrow belt to Sitka. Its peculiarities are most strongly developed west of the Cascade Range north of 45°, and prevail eastward nearly to the main chain of the Rocky Mountains. The average rain-fall is from fifty-five to sixty-five inches. The prevalent tendency in color is to dusky and fuscous rather than rufous tints.

Other subdivisions of a similar character Mr. Allen thinks may be desirable, and may need to be made hereafter, especially for the southern half of Florida, which is characterized by excessive humidity and a subtropical intensity of color; and it may be necessary to recognize as a distinct district the almost rainless portions of the *Campestrian Region*.

Mr. Allen in this communication refers again to the relation between color and humidity previously enunciated by him, remarking that the best mode of expressing it is to say that a decrease of humidity is accompanied by the decrease of intensity of color, this evidently resulting from exposure to the bleaching effect of intense sunlight and a dry, often intensely heated, atmosphere. He refers to the condition of *melanism* as a race characteristic in mammals, and confirms the generalization of Professor Baird that but few mammals possess this in a specific form, and that where it occurs in such groups as

the squirrels, the wolves, foxes, cats, etc., the individual must be considered as a melanistic form of some race the normal color of which is different, generally fulvous or rufous.

Mr. Allen's paper embraces a list of the species of North American *Sciuridae* which he considers permanent, and among the true squirrels he allows but five that are permanent where Audubon gives twenty-four. He, however, recognizes in addition seven geographical varieties, making the whole number of permanently distinct forms twelve. Of flying-squirrels he allows but *one species*; of the genus *Tamias*, or the ground-squirrels, he gives *three*; of the *Spermophilus*, *eleven*; of the prairie-dogs, *two*; and of the true marmots, *three*—making twenty species in all.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF JUPITER.

Dr. Lohse has investigated the velocity of the rotation of the cloud layers of Jupiter at different degrees of latitude on that planet. He finds that, in general, in the middle latitudes of Jupiter, there is a greater stability in the upper strata of the atmosphere than in the neighborhood of the equator, where the velocity of the rotating masses is increased by wind. He sees in this fact a probability that trade-winds prevail there as upon our earth.

THE THEORY OF ERRORS OF OBSERVATION.

Mr. C. S. Peirce, in an interesting article on the laws of errors of observation, and the nature of the so-called personal equation, gives the results of some experiments made upon an entirely untrained observer, a young man about eighteen years of age, who had had no previous experience whatever in observations. He was required to answer a signal consisting of a sharp sound like a rap, his answer being made by tapping upon a telegraph operator's key nicely adjusted. Both the original rap and the observer's tap were recorded by means of a delicate chronoscope, and five hundred observations were made on every week-day during a month. It was found that on the first day the observations were scattered through a very large range of error, the difference in time between the records of the event and of the observation varying in fact between the extreme values from 0.16 to 0.98 of a second. The personal equation proper on the second day was between 0.2 and 0.3 of a second, and from that time it steadily decreased until it amounted only to one-seventh of a second; it then gradually increased until the twelfth day, when it amounted to 0.22 of a second. While this variation in personal equation occurred, the range of errors or discordances was constantly decreasing, until on the twenty-fourth day the probable error of the result does not exceed one-eightieth of a second. This is considered to clearly demonstrate the value of such practice in training the nerves for observation; and he recommends that transit observers be kept in constant training by means of similar observation of an artificial event, which can be repeated with ease and rapidity, it not being essential, he thinks, that those observations should very closely imitate the transit of a star over the wires of a telescope, inasmuch as it is the general condition of the nerves which it is important to keep in training more than any thing peculiar to this or that kind of observation.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of September.—Numerous political State Conventions have been held, as follows: Alabama Republican, at Montgomery, August 22, nominating Mr. White and Mr. Street for Congressmen at large; Ohio Democratic, at Columbus, August 25, nominating William Bell for Secretary of State; Michigan Republican, at Lansing, August 26, nominating J. J. Bagley for Governor; Illinois Democratic, at Springfield, August 26, nominating Charles Carroll for State Treasurer; Kansas Republican, at Topeka, August 26, nominating Thomas A. Osburne for Governor; Pennsylvania Democratic, at Pittsburg, August 26, nominating W. J. Woodward for Supreme Judge; Virginia Conservative, at Richmond, August 27, nominating for Governor ex-Governor Gilbert C. Walker; Missouri Democratic, at St. Louis, August 27, nominating Charles H. Hardin for Governor; New Jersey Republican, at Trenton, August 27, nominating George A. Halsey for Governor; Ohio Republican, at Columbus, September 2, nominating A. T. Wikoff for Secretary of State; Nebraska Republican, at Lincoln, September 2, nominating Silas Garber for Governor; Missouri People's, at Jefferson City, September 2, nominating William Gentry for Governor; Nebraska Independent, at Lincoln, September 8, nominating J. F. Gardener for Governor; Arkansas Democratic, at Little Rock, September 8, approving the new State constitution, and nominating Elisha T. Baxter for Governor; South Carolina Republican, at Columbia, September 8, nominating D. H. Chamberlain for Governor; New York Liberal, at Albany, September 9, but after passing resolutions adjourned to the 29th, making no nominations; Massachusetts Democratic, at Worcester, September 9, nominating William Gaston for Governor; Michigan Democratic, at Kalamazoo, September 10, nominating Henry Chamberlin; New Jersey Democratic, at Trenton, September 15, nominating Judge Bedle for Governor; New York Democratic, at Syracuse, September 16, nominating Samuel J. Tilden for Governor; New York Republican, at Utica, September 23, nominating John A. Dix for Governor.

In nearly all of the Democratic State Conventions resolutions were passed denouncing the Civil Rights Bill and the third term. The South Carolina Republican Convention openly advocated a third term for President Grant.

The majority in Ohio against the new constitution is officially reported as 147,284.

The election in Vermont, September 1, resulted in the choice of Peck (Republican) for Governor by a majority of about 22,000. Luke P. Poland was not returned to Congress. The Republicans elected 183 members of the lower branch of the State Legislature, the Democrats 48, while there are four members representing neither party. The last House consisted of 216 Republicans and 32 Democrats and Liberals.

The election in Maine, September 14, resulted in the choice of Dingley (Republican) for Governor by a majority of between 11,000 and 12,000.

By the September election in Wyoming Territory Mr. Steele, the Democratic candidate for

Delegate, was returned to Congress by a majority of from 500 to 600.

There have been local disturbances in the South arising out of conflicts between the white and colored people. A riot in Lancaster County, Kentucky, August 19-22, reached such proportions that Governor Leslie called upon the State militia to restore order. In Trenton, Gibson County, Tennessee, a jail was broken into, August 25, and a number of colored prisoners were murdered. In the same place Julia Hayden, a colored school-teacher, was murdered. Governor Brown has succeeded in arresting the perpetrators of these outrages.

In Louisiana the conflict temporarily assumed an alarming aspect. The sentiment which became the basis of the secret organization known as the White League—a sentiment sufficiently indicated by the name of the order—was reinforced by the feeling of dissatisfaction among the citizens with the existing State government. These combined elements found expression in a mass-meeting in New Orleans, September 14, called together to protest against the seizure of arms of private citizens. The meeting led to the appointment of a committee commissioned to call upon Governor Kellogg and to request him to abdicate his office. The request was refused. The members of the White League and other citizens in arms stationed themselves at the intersection of the streets on the south side of Canal Street, from the river to Claiborne Street. In the mean time D. B. Penn, the candidate in the last State election for Lieutenant-Governor, had issued a proclamation charging Kellogg with having usurped the government, and calling upon "the militia of the State, embracing all males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, without regard to color or previous condition, to arm, and assemble under their respective officers for the purpose of driving the usurpers from power." Barricades were erected by the citizens, and when the Metropolitan Police appeared on Canal Street a sharp conflict followed, in which the police were defeated. On the citizens' side eight were killed and eighteen wounded. On the side of the police nine were killed and fourteen wounded. Within twenty-four hours after the first outbreak the entire State government was revolutionized, and Governor Kellogg was a refugee in the Custom-house. On the 16th President Grant issued a proclamation calling upon the disturbers of the peace to disperse within five days. On the 18th the government was surrendered to Kellogg under protest. There was no conflict between the citizens and the United States troops.

There have been conflicts with the hostile Indians in Texas and Indian Territory, in which the United States' forces have been uniformly successful.

The military head-quarters of the United States army was removed from Washington, D. C., to St. Louis, Missouri, by order of General Sherman, dated September 5, to take effect October 14.

On the 5th of September the hundredth anniversary of the first meeting of the Continental Congress was celebrated in Carpenters' Hall,

Philadelphia. An oration was delivered by Henry A. Brown.

Senator Brownlow, of Tennessee, has written a letter to Truman Smith in which he says that the effect of the Civil Rights Bill will be "the destruction of the Republican party in the South, and the certain injury of the colored people."

Four hundred Mormons sailed from Liverpool for this country September 2.

An unsuccessful attempt was made, August 24, to assassinate President Prado, of Peru.

The Bishop of Yucatan has issued an edict threatening to excommunicate all Roman Catholics who contract civil marriages.

Don Carlos, August 6, issued a manifesto "to the Christian powers," claiming that his is the party of order, and protesting against the calumnies that have been published against him and his adherents. The Carlists have sustained several defeats.

The Spanish ministry of Señor Zabala resigned early in September, and a new ministry was formed by Señor Sagasta.

The Bonapartists, encouraged by local successes in some of the departments of France, have recently assumed a bolder tone. M. Berger, their candidate for the Assembly from Maine-et-Loire, openly proclaimed his hope for the restoration of the empire. The result of the election was not promising, however. He obtained only 25,000 votes, while the Republican candidate received 45,000, and the government candidate 25,000.

Great Britain and Turkey declined to sign the protocol of the Brussels International Congress.

The Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia was married to the Duchess of Mecklenburg, August 28.

Advices from India of August 24 stated that 8,000,000 persons were still dependent on the government on account of the Bengal famine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A monument to General Nathaniel Lyon was dedicated in Lyon Park, St. Louis, Missouri, September 13.

Prominent among the charities instituted by the St. John's Guild are the summer excursions for the benefit of poor sick children. Thus far there have been eighteen of these excursions. Some idea of the magnitude of this praiseworthy effort is conveyed by the statistics of the first nine of these excursions, the benefits of which were shared by 7441 persons. The provisions consumed consisted of 2670 pounds of beef, 3530

quarts of milk, 2100 loaves of bread, two barrels of sugar, 190 pounds of tea, 1100 pounds of rice, and 254 pounds of butter. This society is accomplishing important results. It has divided the entire city into medical districts, furnishing for each one competent physician, to reach the needs of those not cared for by the dispensaries; and it furnishes medicines and pays for prescriptions. Last winter in its various fields of charity this society had 35,000 beneficiaries.

John F. Lacey, September 1, crossed Long Island Sound in a row-boat twelve feet long, drawn by a kite. The distance was twenty-two miles. There were two men in the boat.

DISASTERS.

September 19.—Burning of the Granite Mill No. 1 in Fall River, Massachusetts. Over twenty operatives, mostly girls, were killed, and thirty-six injured.

September 22.—Collision on the Belvidere Railroad, near Warren, New Jersey, caused by an open switch. One killed and several wounded.

August 24.—Colliery explosion near Hanley, Staffordshire, England. Eight miners killed.

September 7.—Great fire in Meiningen, Germany. Loss in buildings alone \$3,000,000. Nearly 700 families made homeless.

September 11.—Collision on the Great Eastern Railway, near Norwich, England. Twenty killed and fifty injured.

OBITUARY.

August 23.—In New York city, Colonel William C. Alexander, President of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, aged sixty-eight years.

September 2.—At Nashua, New Hampshire, Major-General John G. Foster, U.S.A., aged fifty years.—At Springfield, Ohio, the Right Rev. Thomas H. Morris, senior bishop of the Methodist Church, aged eighty years.

September 7.—In Manchester, Massachusetts, Frederick B. Conway, the actor, aged fifty-four years.

September 15.—At Newport, Rhode Island, the Hon. Benjamin R. Curtis, the distinguished jurist, aged sixty-five years.

August 24.—At his country-seat, Cotswold Hills, near Gloucester, England, Sidney Dobell, the poet, aged fifty years.

August 27.—In England, John Henry Foley, sculptor.

September 13.—At his residence in Valricher, France, François Pierre Guillaume Guizot, statesman and author, aged eighty-seven years.

Editor's Drawer.

BEFORE the destruction, in part, of the Library of the United States at Washington city several years ago, there was in that library a pamphlet which contained an account of a transaction at Annapolis, Maryland, which ought not to pass into oblivion.

Prior to the commencement of the American Revolution Dr. Gustavus Warfield, distinguished for his intelligence and patriotism, resided on Elk Ridge, in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, and was captain of a volunteer uniformed company

of cavalry. A friend at Annapolis, the seat of government of Maryland, notified the doctor that two ships loaded with tea were at anchor in the harbor of that city, and were about to land their cargoes. Determined to arrest the proceeding, Dr. Warfield distributed promptly invitations to the members of his troop of horse and to his neighbors generally to a dinner, to be served up in a grove near his residence. A large company assembled, and, after enjoying the dinner, resolved unanimously that the landing of the tea

at Annapolis ought to be arrested at all hazards. Every member of the doctor's cavalry company volunteered for the required service, and forthwith followed the lead of their captain to Annapolis, where they compelled the merchants who had received portions of the tea which had been landed to throw it into the harbor, and compelled the captain of the ship from which the tea had not been landed to throw his cargo overboard; and they then returned to their homes.

It is due to the participants in this affair to say that it antedates the occurrence when the tea was thrown into the harbor of Boston.

A ludicrous incident at the dinner of Dr. Warfield served to light up with merriment the stern faces of those who had resolved to do what was then rightly considered a daring deed.

Among the assembled guests there was an old man who was not accustomed to see at his own home piles of provisions such as met his eye when the dinner was spread. Feeling his appetite stimulated by the prospect before him, he took possession of a loaf of bread and a ham, and having walked to a distance and seated himself in the shade of a spreading oak, soon, with the aid of his jackknife, disposed of his share of the feast. Then walking back to join the crowd, wiping his knife on his leather breeches, which had neither been changed nor cleaned for long years, and with a countenance glowing with gratification, he exclaimed, "Well, neighbors, if this be war, God grant we may never have peace again!"

SOME time since a party of ladies and gentlemen went on a tour of inspection through Durham Castle. The "lions" were shown to them by an elderly female of a sour, solemn, and dignified aspect. In the course of their peregrinations they came to the celebrated tapestry for which the castle is so famed.

"These," said the guide, in true showman style, flavored with a dash of piety to suit the subject, and pointing to several groups of figures upon the tapestry—"these represent scenes in the life of Jacob."

"Oh yes—how pretty!" said a young lady; and with a laugh, pointing to two figures in somewhat close proximity, she continued, "I suppose that is Jacob kissing Rachel?"

"No, madam," responded the indignant guide, with crushing dignity, "that is *Jacob wrestling with the angel*."

The men haw-hawed, the young lady subsided, and offered no further expository remarks, but groaned under a sense of unworthiness during the rest of the visit.

"SOME years ago," says the correspondent who furnished the above, "I had business which necessitated a journey to a small hamlet about ten miles distant from Nottingham, England, where I was then residing. There being no railway connecting with the place, I was compelled to make the trip on horseback; and as the weather was bitterly cold, I was pretty well frozen by the time I arrived at my destination. After transacting my business, I was about to prepare for return, when my host, a quaint specimen of an almost extinct species, the English yeoman, turning to his wife, said,

"Missis, p'raps Mr. Stone 'd like to take a

glass o' hot rum an' watter. It ud warm him up a bit a-goin' home."

"The old dame, darting at him a look containing several condensed curtain lectures, replied,

"'Rum an' watter! I'd like to know where the rum an' watter's to come from! We only had a quartern at first, *an' you've had the stomachache three times since I got it!*'"

"I stifled my feelings until I got outside, and then I 'exploded,' the naïve confession of the old lady as to her husband's device for procuring a drop of the 'crater' being altogether too much for my gravity."

THE Atlanta (Georgia) News contains an amusing account of the marriage of two colored persons, Andrew and Susy, field hands, of unimpeachable Guinea blood, each of whom was over fifty years of age. With the utmost gravity the preacher began:

"Andrew, does you lub dis yer woman?"

"I duz so," was the reply.

"Will you promise to stick close froo time an' 'tarnity, renouncin' all oders an' cleabin' to her for eber an' eber an' amen?"

"I will dat."

"Will you lub, honor, an' 'bey—"

"Hold on dar, Ole Jack!" interrupted the groom, with no little show of indignation; "'tain't no use talkin' to dis nigger 'bout 'beyin' de wimmen-folks—enny 'cept ole miss!"

"Silence, dar, you owdumptions nigger!" roared the wrathful preacher. "What fur you go fur spilin' de grabity ob de 'casion? Dis yer's only matter ob form, an' in'spensible to de 'casion. Now don't you go fur to open your black mouf until de time fur you to speak. Will you promise to lub, honor, an' 'bey' (Andrew still shaking his head ominously at the obnoxious word) "dis yer nigger, Susy, furnishin' her wid all tings needed fur comfort an' happiness, an' protectin' from sufferin' an' makin' smooove de path of all her precedin' days to come?"

"I suppose I mus' say yes to dat," said Andrew, meekly.

"Den I pronounce dese yer two couples to be man an' wife, an' whom de Lord has joined togedder let no man go fur to put dem asunder."

Here an uproar arose among the blacks, betokening a dilemma entirely unforeseen by Old Jack. For, inasmuch as he had forgotten to require the usual vows of Susy, they insisted that, however firmly Andrew might be bound by the bonds of matrimony, Susy was still single, and the pair were but half married. The matter was at last adjusted by the preacher commencing the ceremony over again, by which means the couple were firmly united, to the satisfaction of all.

A VERY entertaining book is *Hampton and its Students*, and "Two of its Teachers" give some curious instances of the ways and humors of the colored man. The following dialogue is from a chapter on "Incomplete Sanctification," in which a negro is stating his "experiences":

"When you've got de glory in your soul, you can't help a-hollerin' an' a-shoutin'."

"Then, as you have experienced religion, Mr. Jarvis, I suppose you have forgiven your old master, haven't you?"

"It was an unexpected blow. The glow died

out of his face, and his head dropped. There was evidently a mental struggle. Then he straightened himself, his features set for an inevitable conclusion, 'Yes, Sah! I's forgub him; de Lord knows I's forgub him; but—and his eye kindled as the human nature burst forth—'but *I'd gib my oder leg to meet him in battle!*'"

An old negro woman relates how her fourteen children had been sold away from her, and what her feelings were when, at the time of the war, she saw the Union flag hanging across the street, a sign that deliverance was at hand:

"An' den I spreads out my two arms wide—so—an' I hugs dat ole flag up to my bress—so—an' I kisses it, an' I kisses it, an' I says, 'Oh! bress you, bress you, bress you! Oh! why didn't you come sooner, an' sabe jes one ob my chil'en!' An' den de Yankees come a-marchin' up de street, wid de band a-playin', an' de people a-shoutin', an' I was cryin' so I couldn't see nuffin, till all at once I 'membered what my ole missis tell me, an' I wiped my eyes, an' looked to see ef dey did hab horns fur sartin."

A MORE characteristic sketch is that of a colored preacher, Father Parker. His ambition seems to have been fully satisfied when he headed the procession in Norfolk on the day when the Emancipation was proclaimed in 1863:

"I went an' headed dem colored people, a-ridin' in dat yer carriage, a-settin' back on dem yer cushions. An' I sot back—so—an' I lifted up my eyes, an' seed de Union flag a-wavin' an' a-wavin' ober my head—so—an' de music a-playin' an' de people a-shoutin', an' I said, 'O Lord! can dis be me, ole Bill Parker, slave forty year, a-settin' back in dis yer carriage, on dese yer cushions, wid de ole flag a-flyin' ober my head, a-ridin' along at de head ob dis percession of free men?' An' I sot back!"

THE latter part of the book contains cabin and plantation songs, some of which are sung by the Jubilee Singers. The negro melody is commonly very sweet, but the negro theology is somewhat grotesque, judging from the following hymn:

O saints an' sinners! will you go
See de hebbenly land?
I'm gwine up to hebben fur to see my robe—
Gwine to see my robe, an' try it on:
It's brighter dan dat glitterin' sun.

I'm a-gwine to keep a-climblin' high,
Till I meet dem angels in de sky;
Dem pooty angels I shall see:
Why don't de debbel let me be?

I tell you what I like de best—
It is dem shoutin' Methodess;
We shout so loud de debbel look,
An' he gets away wid his clooven foot.
See de hebbenly land.

THE London Court Circular is a paper given almost exclusively to records of what is doing and about to be done among the nobility and gentry of England. The paper is enlivened somewhat by a column of what purports to be English humor, the average quality of which may be inferred from the following specimen:

"A recent story of a hapless visitor to the seaside who found that the rooms he was going to occupy with his family had just been vacated by a gentleman who had died of confluent small-

pox and left the place a corpse reminds me of another story in which the gay *cadaver* figures. A traveler once alighted at a way-side inn, and found there was only one bed vacant. On his expressing his willingness to take that, he noticed a certain hesitation on the part of his hostess, but she eventually agreed to let him have it. He went to bed and slept well enough, and on awaking in the morning he had a look round the room. Finding a long chest of strange construction under the bed, he was curious enough to investigate it, and found therein the remains of an old gentleman carefully salted down. I regret to say that when he paid his bill he was heartless enough to suggest that the gentleman under the bed should pay for half of the accommodation, when the hostess burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'That's grandfeyther, and we've salted him down till we've time to bury him.'"

A WAG is "Max Adeler," and his book, *Out of the Hurly-Burly*, contains much that should cheer the dyspeptic and desponding. In his obituary notices are a few choice bits of poesy that seem, as it were, to "fill the bill." Thus:

The death-angel smote Alexander M'Glue,
And gave him protracted repose;
He wore a checked shirt and a Number Nine shoe,
And he had a pink wart on his nose.
No doubt he is happier dwelling in space
Over there on the evergreen shore.
His friends are informed that his funeral takes place
Precisely at quarter past four.

Another, still more touching:

We have lost our little Hanner in a very painful manner,
And we often asked, How can her harsh sufferings
be borne?
When her death was first reported, her aunt got up
and snorted
With the grief that she supported, for it made her
feel forlorn.

She was such a little seraph that her father, who is
sheriff,
Really doesn't seem to care if he ne'er smiles in life
again;
She has gone, we hope, to heaven, at the early age of
seven
(Funeral starts off at eleven), where she'll never
more have pain.

IN Missouri fact and poesy—the irregular "appropriation" of other people's horses and the painful result following—find rhythmic expression in words to this effect, to wit, viz.:

He found a rope, and picked it up,
And with it walked away:
It happened that to t'other end
A horse was hitched, they say.

They found a tree, and tied the rope
Unto a swinging limb:
It happened that the other end
Was somehow hitched to him.

IN Lord Cockburn's *Memorials*, recently published, some pages are devoted to the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, whom his lordship held in the highest esteem. In May, 1833, Dr. Chalmers delivered a speech in the General Assembly, of which Lord Cockburn writes that "all his views and statements blazed with the fire of his volcanic imagination. How he burns! I shed more tears of pure admiration than I have done since they were forced from me by the magnificence of Mrs. Siddons. And every syllable written in his condensed short-hand. I was sitting next

him, and stole a page of his notes, from which he spoke with intense eloquence for about twenty minutes. When he was done, and began to collect his materials, he missed this page, and upset all the hats and made all the pockets near him be emptied in search of it. I was obliged to confess the theft, when he allowed me to keep the trophy." In 1835 Dr. Chalmers made a long and eloquent written report to the General Assembly in favor of endowment. "As soon as Chalmers had closed," writes Lord Cockburn, "somebody moved a vote of thanks to him; but another member, thinking this not enough, moved that they should first return thanks to God. Some little discussion arose, which the Moderator ended by reading in a technical style from his paper that the question before the house was whether they should return thanks to Dr. Chalmers or, by prayer, to God. On this there was a general and confused cry of 'Dr. Chalmers!' 'Dr. Chalmers!' and 'Prayer!' 'Prayer!' when the Moderator declared that Dr. Chalmers had it, and proceeded to eulogize him accordingly, and the prayer did not take place till a considerable time afterward."

In the Little Rock (Arkansas) *Gazette* of September 15 might have been perused the following advertisement, which would seem to meet the requirements of almost any body who wanted almost any thing:

WANTED—A SITUATION.—A practical printer, who is competent to take charge of any department in a printing and publishing house. Would accept a professorship in any of the academies. Has no objection to teach ornamental painting and penmanship, geometry, trigonometry, and many other sciences. Is particularly suited to act as pastor to a small evangelical church, or as local preacher. He would have no objection to form a small but select class of young ladies to instruct them in the highest branches. To a dentist or chiropodist he would be invaluable, as he can do almost any thing. Would cheerfully accept a position as bass or tenor singer in a choir. Would prefer to run a blacksmith's or shoe-maker's shop, a dancing-school, or saw-mill.

"THE frequent allusions to Platt Evans in your Editor's Drawer," writes a Boston correspondent, "call to mind a characteristic anecdote I heard him tell nearly forty years ago. I was a clerk then in a cloth-importing house in Maiden Lane. Platt came on twice a year to buy goods, and we boys always used to anticipate his coming with great joy, as did our employers, and with the added reason to them that he was always a generous buyer and excellent pay."

"After his purchases came the fun, to which his Jew's-harp always largely contributed. He was the only one I ever heard that really made music on the Jew's-harp. One season when he came he told us he had been newly fitting up his store, and among other things putting in polished mahogany counters, or, as he expressed it, 'spl-splen-did-did coun-counters. N-noth-nothing like them in Cin-cin-na-na-ti.' One day a fellow came in from the country to see about having some city clothes made; and lounging and gawking about, leaning against the counters, etc., at last took out his jackknife, and began whittling the edges. Platt soon saw what he was doing, and caught up his shears, and quietly slipped round behind the man and cut off the whole tail of his coat (they wore swallow-tailed coats in those days), and then said to him, with an expletive not necessary to repeat, 'You

m-m-mend my c-c-coun-counter, and I'll m-m-mend your c-c-coat.'"

THUNDER-STORMS are almost unknown in the Willamette Valley. Occasionally, writes a friend in Salem, Oregon, we hear the low muttering sound, and see the lightning flash off on the mountain-side, consequently those that have been raised here have never enjoyed a regular old Eastern thunder-storm. About a year ago a merchant of Salem sold out and went into the stock business in Eastern Oregon, and moved his family to the Dalles, where they occasionally have a thunder-shower. Some time after they had been there they received a visit from one of the heaviest. A ten-year-old boy was out in the yard when a sharp flash of lightning, followed immediately by a heavy clap of thunder, frightened the boy, and he ran to his mother:

"Mamma! oh, mamma! something busted up there, and it made the fire fly in great long strings!"

THE Drawer for June contained some anecdotes about the "good Mr. Bergh," as the children call him. Here are one or two more:

When Mr. Bergh first began to enforce the laws against dog-fighting, he was waited on by Kit Burns, the proprietor of the largest den in the city where this brutal sport was carried on.

"Mr. Bergh," said Kit, "I sympathize, deeply sympathize, with you and your society in the humane efforts you are making to prevent cruelty to animals. The object is a noble one. But, Sir, let me warn you that the moment your society attempts to interfere with dog-fighting, that moment it will dig its own grave!"

Once when urging the passage by the Legislature of a bill which would more effectually suppress cruelty to animals, a Senator on the committee said he "entirely approved of the objects of the society, but was afraid it might go too far."

"Yes," replied Mr. Bergh, "there were quite a number of persons during the late war who were always afraid the North would 'go too far'; and I never prosecute an offender for some outrageous act of cruelty but the same idea is urged by his counsel as a reason why the jury ought not to convict him—they might go too far."

Last spring there was a strike for higher wages by the drivers of nearly all the city omnibus lines. The horses on these lines are generally emaciated and poorly fed, and numerous complaints have repeatedly been prosecuted by the society against the owners for ill treatment of them. The result of the strike was that for several days Broadway looked nearly deserted—not an omnibus to be seen. On one of these days Mr. Bergh was observed looking on the empty street with a smile of intense satisfaction.

"You look pleased, Mr. Bergh," observed a by-stander.

"Yes," replied the zoophilist, "I am; intensely so. For years and years these omnibus proprietors have worked these poor brutes to death, and only half fed them. Now for a week they have been eating their heads off at their owners' expense, without doing one step of work. How delighted they must be! *What a beautiful instance of retributive justice!*"

One of the members of the society has a pet weakness for horse-racing. He met Mr. Bergh

shortly after one of the stated meetings at Jerome Park, and commented in glowing terms on the beauty of the course, the excitement of the race, and his regret that Mr. Bergh had not been present with him.

"And you enjoyed it?" queried Mr. Bergh.

"Indeed I did," was the reply.

"I was afraid so," responded Mr. Bergh, "*because the pleasures of sin are proverbially sweet.*"

A CORRESPONDENT at Brownsville, Pennsylvania, communicates the following:

Some time ago a worthless white vagabond named Hardin, living near the town of Brownsville, left his home, and after night-fall brought up at the hen-roost of an African residing in the burg. Knowing the propensities of a certain class of his fellow-men, the African kept a watch over his bipeds during the dark hours. No sooner had Hardin possessed himself of the feathered prize than the guard laid hands upon him. Complaint was made before Justice H. J. R——n, a Democrat of the azoic period, and in due time Hardin and his sable accuser were *vis-à-vis* with the aged justice. The testimony was patiently heard, and was overwhelming, and all expected to hear the sentence of the law pronounced upon the prisoner; but, to the astonishment and amusement of all, the justice stated: "The Legislature never contemplated such a case as this when it enacted a law against petit larceny. They knew that Africans were in the habit of stealing chickens from the whites, but the idea of a white man so bemeaning himself as to steal chickens from an African was preposterous and absurd. Therefore, the laws of Pennsylvania having provided no remedy, the prisoner is discharged, and complainant must pay the costs."

DURING divine service at the Baptist church, Davisville, Pennsylvania, the following incident happened recently:

The pastor gave out a hymn, and as the church contained no musical instrument, the singing was conducted in the "good old way," one of the congregation raising the tune. After he had sung a line, it seemed to the minister that the singer had pitched the tune too high, and accordingly he sung out from the pulpit,

"Hold on there; you have got that too high."

The singer stopped, and coolly replied,

"Will you please lower it?"

The minister "lowered" the tune, and the services were continued without further interruption.

Forty years ago rumors in Washington city imputing misconduct to members of Congress were seldom in circulation. The writer, then residing in that city, heard only one report prejudicial to the character of either a Senator or member of the House of Representatives. And as its *dénouement* illustrated the sagacity of Senator Grundy, of Tennessee, it is communicated.

The writer was seated in that Senator's room when a gentleman entered and said,

"A report is in circulation highly injurious to the character of a Senator of the United States."

"Stop!" said Mr. Grundy; "before it is stated I will make a prediction. If a Western Senator is implicated, the government has been cheated out of public land; if the Senator involved is

from the South, a negro has been wronged; but if there is some trick concerning a patent right, the Senator is from New England."

The facts of the case being stated, it appeared that a Senator from a New England State had charged one of his constituents ten dollars for obtaining a patent for an improvement in door locks. This deviation from propriety forty years ago caused more denunciation than that awakened at this day by a well-known disreputable practice of Senators and members of Congress who receive fees for the exercise of their influence to procure appointments, or to cover up official delinquency.

A MEDICAL friend in Cincinnati is kind enough to send us this:

Many years ago the writer of this remembers being made acquainted with the following serio-comic incident: Being engaged in locating wild lands in the northwestern part of the then newly admitted State of Michigan, I one day stopped for dinner at a pretentious "hotel" in the embryotic village of Otsego, Allegan County, and was ushered into the parlor to await the preparation of the meal. Seating myself on one of the high-backed, splint-bottomed chairs that furnished the only sitting accommodation, I made a mental inventory of the contents of the room. No carpet; not a painting, picture, book, or paper of any kind was to be seen, and yet the literature of the apartment was abundant, though peculiar. On the plastered walls were penciled in every conceivable style of chirography the names of the former guests of the house.

On the right-hand jamb of the whitely painted mantel-piece was drawn, with considerable art, the similitude of a grave, with head and foot stones complete. In regular form across the head-stone was written, in a neat text-hand, the following inscription:

Sacred
to the memory of
WARREN A. GAULT,
who died a moral death
by stealing a pair of socks,
Tuesday, June 14,
1838.

If Heaven be pleased when sinners cease to sin,
If Hell be pleased when sinners enter in,
If Earth be pleased when rid of a knave,
Then all are pleased, for Gault is in his grave!

Before leaving the house I was made acquainted with the history of this mortuary tribute to moral obliquity. It appeared that a party of civil engineers, while engaged in running the line for a hypothetical railroad through the wilderness in the vicinity of the village, had made this "hotel" their head-quarters, and while there one night, Gault, one of the chain-bearers, pilfered from Wilder, another of the company, a pair of woolen socks. A suit before the village "squire" fixed the theft where it belonged; the culprit was forced to make restitution of the stolen property, and was fined, and Wilder, the draughtsman of the party, sketched his grave, and inscribed the epitaph thereon.

A GENTLEMAN connected with the Western Union Telegraph Company writes us from Northport, Long Island:

"A young man lately employed by a farmer in this neighborhood is now in the county jail on a charge of burglary. In a letter to his parents he

says, among other useful and entertaining information, there is one old *farmer* here; all the rest are *gentlemen*."

THE recent celebration of the centenary of the discovery of oxygen by Dr. Priestley recalls an amusing doggerel poem, published at the time of the burning of the doctor's meeting-houses, home, and papers. "There was a small attempt by a few people to drive off the rabble, but they were compelled to show their heels by a shower of brickbats."

The famous Dr. Priestley,
Though he preached to admiration,
Yet he never could persuade
The unruly cavalcade
Not to show their detestation.
They burned down both the meetings,
His manuscripts and paper,
And they swore it in their wrath
That they would not leave him worth
A single farthing taper.
His house and all the utensils,
Out-offices and stable;
Nor durst the doctor stay,
But prudently got away,
And rejoiced that he was able.

Before Priestley died the Rev. David Davis, one of the wits of the time, wrote the following epitaph, which the doctor is said to have laughed over heartily:

Here lie at rest,
In oaken chest,
Together packed most nicely,
The bones and brains,
Flesh, blood, and veins,
And soul of Dr. Priestley."

FRIEND A—— was a very intelligent Quaker, a man of character and influence, and highly esteemed in the neighborhood where he lived. He had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and was noted for his prompt and often witty replies to any sallies of humor on the part of his friends, who knew and enjoyed this peculiar trait on his part. One day, as he was standing at his front gate, two of his friends who were walking together came toward him. "Now," said one to the other, "I'll get a joke on Uncle A——;" and carrying out his intention, as they came up to the gate, he said, very gravely, and as if asking an important question,

"Uncle A——, can thee tell us the way to Fool's Town?"

"Instinct will tell thee, Friend B——," was the prompt answer, given with the utmost gravity, and as if the right direction were of the utmost importance.

OUR Irish friends fill a large place in the Drawer, and not unjustly, for there seems no end to their blunders and their wit. The following addition to their store-house of credit is literally a fact:

Mr. H—— sent his Irish servant to one of his neighbors, about a mile distant, to bring home a pig that he had bought. Patrick started off on a nice little pony that belonged to his employer, and in due time was seen coming back again with the pig, his legs safely tied, slung over his shoulder.

"Why, Pat," said his master, "why didn't you lay the pig over the pony, and not carry that weight all the way on your own shoulder?"

"An' sure, Sor," said Pat, "the pony is little,

an' I'm of pretty good size, Sor, an' I thought 'twas too bad to put any more weight on the pony, an' so I'd jist carry the pig meself!"

A VINDICATION OF "LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE."

[TENNYSON'S well-known poem with this title was an eloquent reproach to the aristocratic class, represented by a high-born coquette. The following reply, from the pen of a young English lady of noble birth and high rank, will be interesting. Both sides should be heard, certainly.]

Lady Clara Vere de Vere
Ne'er sought of you to win renown,
Or thought to "break a country heart
For pastime ere she went to town."
She smiled in courtesy, and thought
You somewhat churlish, we confess;
"The daughter of a hundred earls,"
Her kindness why should she repress?

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
John Smith, or Lawrence—any name
Unsullied may be proudly borne.
She gladly knows from whence she came,
And never wished to break a heart,
But merely thought, as hostess here,
There was no need to draw stern lines—
You teach her all there was to fear.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere
Had sadly learned a lesson true:
The cold distinctions man has drawn,
At which she smiled, she must renew.
In pleasant converse churls see love!
And dare reply, with scornful glee,
That they are cold, and know her wiles,
While innocent of guile is she!

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
As is her wont, the neighbors sought,
With humble students converse held,
Nor dreamed of ill in word or thought.
The o'erwrought brain and feeble frame
Were more to blame than her "sweet eyes;"
Young Lawrence surely would have died
Had he been deaf to "low replies."

Lady Clara Vere de Vere
Fearless has sought his mother's side,
And soothed her grief with sympathy,
And of her passion stemmed the tide.
Remorsefully the "bitter word"
Was taken back, which she did hear,
And bore with all the calm "repose"
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."

Lady Clara Vere de Vere
Has sorrows in her stately hall
In common with all human hearts;
But she can bear them without gall.
"Noblesse oblige" she knows full well;
Yet she has faith in modest worth.
Young Lawrence knew the gulf between,
And revered her noble birth.

The Lady Clara Vere de Vere
Believes in "heaven above us bent,"
But thinks "the gardener and his wife,"
With Lawrence, value long descent.
She heeds not what it seems to you;
She knows 'tis noble to be good;
And kind hearts beat 'neath ermined robes,
And faith flows pure through noble blood.

You know not Clara Vere de Vere!
She finds around her halls and towers
Full scope for tender woman's work,
Which amply fills "the rolling hours."
But if her work is thus misread,
Her daughters in far future years
Her course will scarcely imitate,
Withheld by her well-founded fears.

The Lady Clara Vere de Vere
Finds time not "heavy on her hands."
Her people bless her in the gates;
No want is felt upon her lands.
But may the yeoman wise beware,
Nor let the boundary lines be stirred,
Or gentle ladies well may fear
To grant such bores a kindly word.

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